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With the Compliments

of the Author

21.K.
901.

CHRONICLES

SELECTED FROM THE ORIGINALS OF

M. Gaster

Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew.

EMBRACING A PERIOD OF NEARLY XIX CENTURIES.

NOW FIRST REVEALED TO, AND

EDITED BY

DAVID HOFFMAN, Hon. J. U. D. of Göttegen,

AUTHOR OF SOME LEGAL AND MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

Cartaph. "Go faſter, Jeſus, go faſter—Why doſt thou linger?"
Jesus. "I, indeed, am going—but Thou ſhalt tarry till I come."
Old Legend.

"All Chriſtendom or Moordom through, I wot he hath no peer."

"Serioufneſs and Mirth—Recollection and Anticipation—Spirituality and Senſuality—Terreſtrials and Celeſtials—Life and Death, are blended together in intimate combination."—*Von Schlegel.*

"Immortality peals
Like the eternal thunders of the deep
Into mine ears this truth—Thou liv'ſt for ever!"
Lord Byron.

[IN TWO SERIES—EACH OF THREE VOLUMES.]

SERIES THE FIRST—VOL. I.

LONDON:
THOMAS BOSWORTH, 215, REGENT STREET.
1853.

To The Children of The Diſperſion,—

JEHOVAH'S

FAVOURED PEOPLE, DURING SO MANY AGES—

CHRIST'S

SCATTERED FLOCK, DURING AS MANY MORE:

Theſe Chronicles

Are affectionately Inſcribed—

Truſting that, under Providence, they may become a link, however ſmall, in that myſterious but not inviſible chain, that ſeems to be now drawing Iſrael's ſad and long enduring deſtiny to a ſpeedy cloſe—and Her to the only revealed and

TRUE FAITH.

This Work comes to you under the name of an Hebrew renowned in the early Centuries of your laſt Diſperſion—and greatly famed in the Legends of thoſe days—but to your people of more recent times little known. He is now recently returned from a far Weſtern Land, by your Forefathers and by the then Gentiles never ſeen. And yet that remote Land is ſeemingly deſtined by Abraham's God, to perform no ſmall part in the great work of Human Melioration, and alſo of Iſrael's Reſtoration!

Marvel not, O Sons of Abraham!

that this Revelation ſhall prove how much He, who hath been called Cartaphilus the Wandering Jew, hath, ever ſince the days of Veſpaſian and Titus, abidingly cheriſhed a ſure Hope for your Race—as promiſed through

The Rock of Ages—.

Receive kindly, alſo, I pray thee, for my ſake, the Offering of my choſen Editor—His, as well as my own toils therein, are with no vain pretenſion—but ſpring from hearts deeply conſcious of unworthineſs—feelingly alive to the preſent and paſt condition of the Abrahamic Family—and irreſiſtibly impreſſed with the joyous anticipation that Iſrael every where muſt early ſee far better days.

CARTAPHILUS.

London, Auſtin Friars,
September, 1852.

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OF THE

Legend of the "Wandering Jew."

IT is a well known hiſtorical fact that during nearly eighteen centuries, there has been a myſterious and almoſt inviſible tradition quietly paſſing down that long ſtream of time, in various countries of Chriſtendom, reſpecting a certain wonderful perſonage endued with almoſt perpetual life; and who has been known under the general name of the Wandering Jew; but whoſe diſtinctive names, in different countries and ages, have been *Cartāphilus*, next *Ahaſuèrus*, then *Joſephus*, and finally, *Iſaac Lakedion*. The curioſity of the ages has been much exerciſed to know *who* that remarkable individual was—why *deſtined* thus to live and wander—what were his "Sayings" and "Doings"—when and how his Wanderings ſhall terminate?

What the nature of that ideality, or actuality is, which ſo greatly charms us in all ſuch inquiries, and indeed in the contemplation of every remote antiquity (and eſpecially of all myſterious perſonages, be they real, or only legendary), has long been a problem not eaſily ſolved: the fact, however, is indiſputable: for, even the dulleſt mind is ſoon loſt in a pleaſing wonder of belief—or in a moving ſtate of alternate incredulity, and of cheriſhed ſelf-deception; and, be it the one, or the other, I entirely agree with the philoſophy of the *Abbé de Polnitz*, that ſuch emotions are, on the whole, invariably pleaſurable. All antiquity, moreover, is environed by ſome halo of romance—by a myſtic veil, that greatly engages our curioſity,—and we all know that no awakener of the mind is ſo potent as Curioſity—which began with Eva in Paradiſe; and has never ceaſed to rouſe the energies of man, as well as of woman, in all the after ages! Hence originate our love of hiſtory—our delight in poetry—that Protean child of Imagination—our devotion to fictions and legends of every kind—our cheriſhed blindneſs to the tales of fabulous ages—our momentary belief in the marvels of giants, in

the chivalrous deeds of knights-errant—in the doings and ſayings of the renowned "*Seven Champions of Chriſtendom*"—in the faſcinating ſtories of the "*Thouſand and One Nights*"—which neither exhauſted the patience of the fair *Sche-hera-zade* in telling them, nor her earneſt liſteners. In this abundant fountain of curioſity we alſo ſee with what eagerneſs men ſeek into the chronicles of Druidical times—into the figments of the mediæval ages—into the *Mirabilia Mundi*, and the *Polychronicons* of cloiſtered monks. To the ſame veneration for antiquity, and the like effect of curioſity, we may refer the reſpect, and even worſhip accorded by ſo many to *relics!* In connexion with this, we alſo find an eagerneſs for the *prolongation of life* through many artful and myſterious devices—the faith with which myriads, even down to the preſent hour, have ſought after a ſuppoſed *Elixir Vitæ*, to gain that imaginary perpetuity of life,—and finally, the readineſs of our credence in every legendary ſtory of life's metempſychoſis,—all being ſure proofs of the two ſources of our pleaſure in this regard, to which I have ſufficiently alluded, viz. love of Antiquity, and the power of Curioſity! And yet, all antiquity is but comparative: what is myſterious to one mind, through a ſeeming great age, is not neceſſarily ſo to another, when practiſed in ſuch inquiries: its contemplation, however, to moſt perſons, is extremely vague, perplexing, and contradictory:—all long periods are very apt to bewilder, unleſs filled up by epochs and æras,—and eſpecially by the graphic memorials of man's thoughts and actions, be they the veritable facts of hiſtory, or the ſheer coinage of a prolific fancy. But, let the ſkiagram be ſomewhat occupied in either way, how clear do the paths and viſtas of very many conſecutive ages then ſeem to become! By this means is it that hiſtory, true or falſe, may cauſe even Time's *Initiative* hour to kiſs the fleeting *Now;* and make the remoteſt period ſeem *proximate;* and thus, too, not only to the philoſopher's thoughtful mind, but to far humbler intellects; and, indeed, to every human being in the leaſt accuſtomed to think of the paſt, or to be curious as to the preſent and the future. The capacity, however, of dealing ſagaciouſly with the *future* belongs to the deeply thoughtful and experienced alone; and only to the more clever intelligences among them: but the *paſt* and the *preſent* have each its "*local habitations*" and diſtinctive "*names*," that give fixity to the thoughts of even common minds,—whereas, any portion of a *coming* age is ſhrowded in doubts, and often is wholly inviſible,—and, as to the boundleſs future, it hath abſolutely no epochs, even in the imagination—no ideal ſhores or mounds, on which the eye of thought may repoſe for any contemplation.

The Epiſtle addreſſed by Cartaphilus to his Editor, will ſufficiently explain the origin, nature, and objects of his Chronicles; and his pages will often explain, to every uſeful extent, the preſence or abſence of truth, in regard to his mere traditional hiſtory. But,

as the veritable Chronicles, now given to the world, will clearly manifeſt that this *tradition* hath taken great liberties with the juſt fame and true character of our much renowned perſonage, it is but fair to Cartaphilus that his Editor ſhould preſent to his readers the fragmentary and ſparſe materials of the *Legend* itſelf, as contraſted with the "Selections from his Chronicles" that now are given. Cartaphilus is quite too experienced a philoſopher in men's cuſtomary ways, to take offence at Tradition for its vile mixture of idle falſehoods with undoubted facts reſpecting him. As might be expected from the nature of verbal reports, and of ſuperſtitious rumour, Cartaphilus has appeared to far leſs advantage in the Tradition, than he does in his own Chronicles. The Tradition, or Legend, will be now ſtated briefly, though ſufficiently for our purpoſe, from all the meagre exiſting ſources: the mendacity of Time cannot injure Cartaphilus, after this *revelation* of himſelf; and whether theſe miſtakes and falſehoods be found in Spaniſh, Italian, German, and other ballads—or in the Hungarian, Bavarian, and Gallic traditions—in the chronicles of Vienne upon the Rhone; or finally, in whatever form his legendary ſtory may have been told in the pages of the mere Fictioniſts, it is now hoped that his genuine Chronicles will for ever ſet at reſt, not only profitleſs curioſity, but all diſparaging tales, and ſuperſtitious rumours as to his paſt, preſent, and probable future deſtiny!

The "Wandering Jew" has been ſaid to have made ſeveral "Revelations" of himſelf perſonally—but ſtill very *partially*, and only by his occaſional preſence, and always verbally. No tradition has ever aſcribed to him much loquacity, either as to his ſayings or doings: but ſilence, dignity, poverty, the ſtigmata of crimes, and myſtery have uſually been the lineaments of his reputed character!—and, in ſuch revelations, there have always been ſurpriſe and terror in thoſe who heard his few words reſpecting his *curſe*, and the *ſource* of it! Whether as Cartaphilus, Ahaſuerus, Joſephus, or as Iſaac Lakedion, the tradition has ever been that he is "*doomed to wander*"—hath "*perpetual life*"—and generally that his alternations of "*extreme age*," and of "*renewed youth*" are as ſo many ſeeming deaths and reſurrections!

Whence came theſe traditions—why ſo general—and why ſo uniformly aſſociated with the idea of Jewiſh hoſtility to the illuſtrious Nazarene?—theſe are the queſtions we ſhall now ſtrive to reſolve, and as briefly as may be.

Doubtleſs, every reader will remember that, at the cloſe of Saint John's Goſpel, there is recorded a very myſterious *Converſation* that took place between Jeſus (after his reſurrection) and his great diſciple Peter. It ſeems that John, whom Jeſus ſo much loved, was then ſeen by Peter approaching them; when Peter ſaid; "Lord! what ſhall this man do?" Now, it muſt be borne in mind that Peter aſked this queſtion immediately after Jeſus had prophetically

declared that Peter ſhould die an unnatural death. It is therefore probable that Peter was deeply intereſted, and perhaps too curious to know what ſhould be John's fate alſo. Jeſus, therefore, in reply to Peter, ſays, "If I will that John ſhall tarry *till I come*, what is that to *thee?*—follow thou me."

And, in the 23rd verſe it is ſaid—"then went this ſaying *abroad* among the brethren, that *that* diſciple ſhould *not die:* yet Jeſus ſaid not unto him He ſhall not die—but, if I will that he ſhall tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Theſe remarkable paſſages have been ſuppoſed by many to be the *firſt ſource*, or true origin, of the legend of the Wandering Jew: and, though this is quite poſſible, and even very probable, it would ſtill need ſome explanation as to the *manner*, in which that converſation *could* have given it birth.

Now, no one at this time can ſuppoſe that the Apoſtle John—the beloved of Jeſus—could be one and the ſame perſonage as the much-famed, and ill-famed erratic Jew; but merely that, before Jeruſalem's deſtruction (which occurred about thirty-ſix years after that converſation) the ſaying of Jeſus that John ſhould *tarry till he came*, was referred by the Jews to the *final coming* of Jeſus: and hence that *miſtaken* view of the matter may eaſily have given riſe to the notion *at that time* (eſpecially among the common people) that one of the diſciples would *never die:* for the tarrying till Jeſus ſhould again appear would naturally be deemed equivalent to perpetual life; whereas Jeſus clearly meant nothing more than that John ſhould witneſs his coming,—not in the glory of his laſt appearance on earth, but in his propheſied one of *Jeruſalem's deſtruction;* which, as we know, *was* the lot of John, and of no other Apoſtle! John did live at the time of that calamitous event—that "coming of Jeſus" was well known of him; but the other Eleven had all periſhed, in various ways, ſome time before Jeruſalem's deſtruction. As the Jews, therefore, neither expected the deſtruction of their city; and, when it came, regarded it not as any fulfilment of a prophecy, nor in any way as the "*coming of Jeſus*," they ſaw in thoſe words of Jeſus to Peter, and alſo in John's greatly protracted life (which endured quite thirty years beyond that propheſied event), more than ſufficient to raiſe a rumour among the unbelieving multitude, that this John, or ſome one elſe among the Nazarenes, ſhould tarry till Jeſus ſhould *actually* come, if come he ever ſhould: for, though very many Jews believed not in the Nazarene as the promiſed SHILOH, they had ſeen and heard too much to doubt as to his being a very wonderful perſonage, and a mighty prophet. Hence it was that, when the crude report had once gained ground among an unenlightened maſs, (whether full believers or not in his meſſiahſhip), viz. that one of the diſciples ſhould *not die* till Jeſu's coming, John's actual death, near ſeventy years after the crucifixion, would not ſtop, nor even arreſt in any way the pervading rumour,—eſpecially as copies of that Goſpel were then extremely rare, and ſeldom

in the hands of Jews or Gentiles of the common ſort. The tradition, *once out*, would not only ſpread, but aſſume additions and various forms; and might thus have eaſily become the *ſalient point* whence aroſe the entire Legend of the Wandering Jew.

So again,—there is another prophetic declaration of our Saviour's, that may have tended to add to, and confirm the rumour; and which has been equally miſunderſtood.

It will alſo be remembered by the reader, that Jeſus uſed the following ſtrong language upon another occaſion. "Verily I ſay unto you, there be ſome of them which ſtand here, who ſhall not taſte of death, until they have ſeen the Kingdom of God come with power!" Here Jeſus, doubtleſs, alludes to thoſe who were not apoſtles, or poſſibly not believers; and chiefly to the younger portion of his hearers; who, as he knew, would live to witneſs God's terrific manifeſtation of his *power*, not only in Jeruſalem's proſtration, but alſo in the wide diffuſion of the Goſpel, by miracles and preachings—which was emphatically called the "Kingdom of God,"—though Jeſus alſo well knew it would encounter ſore perſecutions, but ſtill would ſo radicate itſelf, that all the Powers of Darkneſs ſhould never prevail againſt it!

It is, indeed, true that after ages early and correctly explained all of theſe paſſages: but the *legend itſelf* could not be thereby extinguiſhed—and poſſibly never will be. It was, then, thoroughly among the people of all the nations—it had aſſumed new aſpects, and had given birth to many ſtrange ſtories, and even to artful devices in ſuperſtitious countries, ſo as to have occaſioned evidently falſe, as well as miſguided, and ſometimes very plauſible, *imperſonations* of that myſterious perſonage!

I have already intimated that the Gentile and Jewiſh chriſtians of the firſt century, knew not how to underſtand theſe paſſages of the then ſo recent ſcriptures: they thought not of Jeruſalem's prophetic deſtiny as ſo nigh; or as equivalent to "*Jeſus' coming*;" but they ſuppoſed that ſome *one*, or *more* perſons were to remain on earth, to witneſs the ſecond Advent of the Saviour, and the brightneſs of his kingdom, at ſome perhaps very remote period! And this interpretation the Heleniſtic Jews, and the Gentiles generally would be the more inclined to give, as the Greek national legend of Prometheus had aſcribed to that wonderful ſon of Japetus an *immortality of woe!* Bound in chains to the Caucaſian rocks, a vulture preyed eternally upon his liver, in puniſhment of that *daring genius*, which had cauſed him to ſubſtitute *human reaſon* for the divine wiſdom; and to rob even the ſupreme god Jupiter (only a perverſion of the name of Jehovah) of thoſe gradual revelations he would vouchſafe to man! This Grecian *myth* was eaſily applied by them in ſupport of the erroneous views they may have taken of theſe paſſages in the New Scriptures: and no marvel is it, if after ages, eſpecially among the rude and ſuperſtitious, ſaw the imagined

"WANDERER OF AGES" in any poverty-ſtricken and aged Jew, whoſe miſeries had driven him into caves and hidden receſſes—or in other wretched exiles from humanity,—but who ſtill were as innocent of the crime and curſe of Cartaphilus, as was the Apoſtle John himſelf!

Suffer me, then, to trace the *actual* progreſs of this marvellous tradition from ſuch lights as we do poſſeſs; and to ſtate it chronologically, and wholly irreſpective to the now publiſhed veritable Chronicles of Cartaphilus.

The firſt explicit and authentic mention of the "Wandering Jew" will be found in the Latin Works of *Roger de Wendover*, a monk of St. Albans, who died in the year of Grace 1237. This work having been merged in the more extended one of MATTHEW PARIS, a Benedictine monk of the Congregation of Clugny, likewiſe of the monaſtery of St. Albans, about the year 1250,—we there alſo find the ſame account given of this myſterious perſonage. It appears, then, from Roger of Wendover, confirmed by Matthew Paris, that, in the year of the Nativity, 1228, a great convocation of Biſhops and of other church dignitaries, had aſſembled at St. Albans; among whom was an Arch-biſhop of Armenia Major, who had come to England upon a pilgrimage to the relics, lately depoſited there by the Cruſaders. The converſation, after a time, happened to turn upon the ſubject of that famed Wanderer of Ages, then named "Joſephus"—the faith that might be placed in the long known tradition—and as to the cauſe of his terrific curſe. In the courſe of that intereſting inquiry, the Archbiſhop, through his interpreter, a knight, was aſked whether "he had ever ſeen or heard of that man, of whom there was much talk in the world, and who is ſtill alive, and who, when our Lord ſuffered, was preſent and ſpoke to him." In reply, the knight ſtated, that "his lord, "the Archbiſhop, well knows that man; and ſhortly before his lord "had taken his way towards the Weſtern Countries, the ſaid "Joſephus had ate at his table in Armenia, and that he had often "ſeen and held converſe with him. On being further interrogated, "the knight ſtated for his lord, that, at the time of the ſuffering of "Jeſus Chriſt, and when ſeized by the Jews and carried into the "Hall of Judgment before Pontius Pilate—that governor finding "no fault with him, nevertheleſs ſaid, 'Take ye him and judge "him according to thy law'—whereupon the ſhouts of the Jews "increaſed, and he releaſed unto them Barabbas, and delivered "Jeſus to them to be crucified. When therefore the Jews were "dragging Jeſus forth, and had reached the door, *Cartaphilus*, then "a porter of the hall in Pilate's ſervice, impiouſly ſtruck the Saviour "on his back with his hand, and ſaid in mockery, '*Go faſter*, "*Jeſus, go faſter, why doſt thou linger?*' And Jeſus looking back "upon him with a ſevere countenance ſaid to him, '*I am going*,

"*and thou wilt wait till I return.*' According as our Lord ſaid, "this Cartaphilus (now called Joſephus) is ſtill awaiting his return! "At the time of our Lord's ſuffering, Cartaphilus was thirty years "old; and when he attains the age of a hundred years, he always "returns to the ſame age as he was at that time! After Chriſt's "death, and when the Catholic faith gained ground, this Cartaphilus "was baptized by that Ananias who baptized the Apoſtle Paul, and "then took the name of Joſephus. He often dwells in both diviſions "of Armenia, and in other Oriental lands, paſſing his time amidſt the "biſhops and other prelates of the church: he is a man of holy "converſation—of few words, and circumſpect in his demeanour, "for he does not ſpeak at all, unleſs when queſtioned by the biſhops "and religious men; and then he tells of the events of old times, "and of thoſe which occurred at the ſuffering and reſurrection of "our Lord, and of the witneſſes of the reſurrection, namely, thoſe "who aroſe with Chriſt, and went into the Holy City, and appeared "unto men: he alſo tells of the creed of the Apoſtles, and of their "ſeparation and preaching,—and all this he relates without ſmiling "or levity of converſation—as one who is well practiſed in ſorrow "and the fear of God, always looking forward with fear to the "coming of Jeſus Chriſt, leſt at the laſt judgment he ſhould find "Him in anger, whom, when on his way to death, he had provoked "to juſt vengeance. Numbers come to him from different parts of "the world, enjoying his ſociety and converſation; and to them, if "they are men of authority, he explains all doubts on the matters "whereon he is queſtioned. He refuſes all gifts that are offered "to him,—being content with ſlight food and clothing. He places "his hope of ſalvation on the fact that he ſinned through ignorance; "for the Lord when ſuffering prayed for his enemies in theſe "words—'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'"

Such is the narrative we have in the pages of Matthew Paris; but without comment by him, or by his predeceſſor Roger de Wendover; and yet doubtleſs, with entire belief in the fact that it was ſo given by the Armenian prelate, and alſo in the perfect veracity of that narrator.

We next hear of this ſingular perſonage, ſomewhat more than a century later,—that is, in the meagre chronicles of the *fourteenth* century—which alluſion to him, however, has abandoned the names of Cartaphilus, and of Joſephus, and given us that of Isaac Lakedion: and it alſo makes no mention of periodical alternations of age and youth; but ſtill imputes to him perpetual life!

Our next acquaintance with the unhappy Jew is one of a very wonderful character; and is altogether ſo extraordinary, that we ſhould much rather have expected to have found it among the monks of the ſeventh century, than connected, as it is, with a name of no ſmall celebrity in the *ſixteenth* century! I allude to the very famous interview he is ſaid to have had with the renowned Cornelius

AGRIPPA—himſelf a very wiſe man, and no little of a wanderer,—which, even in thoſe days, was in itſelf regarded as a ſomewhat ſuſpicious circumſtance, eſpecially if the traveller was at all addicted to the *occult ſciences*, or, unfortunately, had gained to himſelf, from overmuch learning, the name of magician! Agrippa, doubtleſs, was at that time much occupied in the *alchemic* arts; but not ſo fearfully and *diabolically*, as the ignorance and ſuperſtition of many, even in that comparatively enlightened age, imputed to him. Judicial aſtrology, alſo the remnants of necromancy, and the ſuppoſed alliance of magic with the triſmegiſtic or alchemic arts, were not yet quite out of vogue; ſo that the *ſpirit of the age* ſtill cheriſhed a multitude who firmly believed that Cornelius Agrippa was a moſt ſuſpicious man, and that his ſtrange doings in the adyta of his retired ſtudium, would not endure the light; and that therein would be found ſuch *familiar ſpirits*, and even *diaboli*, as take delight in miſleading and poiſoning men's ſouls, through the artifices of his unnatural learning! An examination of the character, and publiſhed works of Agrippa, however, would induce impreſſions much at variance with the chronicle now to be detailed. The date of this remarkable interview, ſaid to have taken place between Cartaphilus and Cornelius Agrippa, has not been given: but as Agrippa died in 1539, it is certainly the firſt revelation the Jew made of himſelf, ſince that in Bohemia; after which he aſſumed the name of Iſaac Lakedion; but again reſumed that of Cartaphilus in Italy, about thirty-ſix years before his viſit to Agrippa. The ſtory I muſt ſomewhat condenſe; and alſo preſent it in a more ſeemly garb, though in perfect harmony with this portion of his legendary hiſtory.

Imagine, then, the famed Necromancer, Cornelius Agrippa, buried in an abyſs of thought—ſurrounded by divers crucibles and alembics, with ſkeletons of various animals that garniſhed his walls. Upon his table lay ſome ponderous and worm-eaten folios, in confuſion—many ſtrange mixtures of metals, placed in acrid fluids—numerous amalgams upon his right and left:—alſo, the *Elixirs*, the *Salts*, and the *Sulphurs*—the *Ammonias*, and divers other ingredients of his potential and ſecret art! A ſhelf, nigh at hand, was burthened with many ſmall veſſels, the curious contents of which the ſhining labels told,—ſuch as, *Mandibularum liquor*, or the oil of jaw-bones—*Mandella*, or the ſeed of black hellebore—*Jaſſa*, or the herb Trinity, and very many others!

The ſhades of night were gathering over Florence; and the lovely valley of the Arno had yet ſome feeble glimmerings of twilight repoſing upon its green boſom, as if reluctant to part with ſo much beauty, or to cloud its charms by night's darker mantle. Suddenly, Agrippa heard a low quick rap at his door:—a tall figure entered, with much courteſy in his demeanour—nobly formed—myſterious and awful in his carriage, and whoſe eye could ill be divined, as both *youth* and *age* were ſo ſtrangely blended, as were

never before ſeen in any mortal countenance! No furrow was upon his cheek, nor wrinkle on his brow: his large dark eye flaſhed with the brilliancy of early manhood, and yet with all the intellectuality of long-experienced age! But his ſtately figure ſeemed to have the weight of ſome years, and his hair ſtreamed upon his ſhoulders in ample locks of fleecy white, blended with ſome of nearly jet black! His voice, though he had uttered only a ſentence, was tremulous, but melodious—ſoul-ſearching—and enunciative of the ſobriety of wiſdom! A ſilken abnet, inſcribed with many oriental characters, encompaſſed his waiſt in ſeveral ample and graceful folds: in his hand he held a palmer's ſtaff—upon his feet were gorgeous ſandles, faded and worn: on his ſhoulders was a purple Ephod, of rare and exquiſite workmanſhip, likewiſe the worſe for time and wear; and upon the lappets of which, in front, were the Hebrew letters *Thauf—Reſh—Yod*, and *Aleph;* and on that behind, ſuſpended two cubits in length, was ſeen, embroidered in gold, a *triangle*,—beneath that a *ſingle eye*, the centre or pupil of which was formed of an ineſtimable ſapphire, the laſhes of thin dazzling rubies; and, over the upper lid of the eye was inſcribed the letter *Beth!*

The eye of the Stranger was quick in reſting a moment upon a graceful, but moſt intenſely black dog; whoſe ſmall and piercing eye ſhot forth the intelligence, more of man than beaſt; and whoſe general expreſſion ſeemed to amble upon the very borders of humanity! Time and circumſtances, at that inſtant, permitted to the Stranger no cloſer ſcrutiny of the remarkable animal: but thought is ſpeedier than action,—and he could not ſhut out a ruſh of ideas, inſpired in him by that devoted and much-famed attendant upon the great philoſopher; for the Jew had heard of what the crude people ſo ſtubbornly inſiſted—that this jet black dog was naught but the very *demon* wherewith Agrippa wrought his marvellous deeds in the magic art! Still the Jew ſpoke no further words than at his firſt entrance; but gazed upon *Monſieur* (for ſo Agrippa had named his dog), then repoſing at his maſter's feet, amidſt many ponderous volumes and opened manuſcripts on the floor around him! As the Stranger entered, and uttered a few words of civility, there was an eye of the dog keenly intent upon him, and the other upon Agrippa, ſeemingly to inquire of his lord whether he ſhould give to the Jew a kindly welcome! A morſel was inſtantly caſt to the noble beaſt (his well known ſignal of hoſpitality), and quickly the philoſopher and his dog were on their feet, to welcome the approaching gueſt.

Agrippa gazed involuntarily, for a moment, in ſilence and wonder mixed with awe, upon the high intelligence of the ſtranger; whoſe eyes ſhone with unnatural luſtre in the evening dawn,—but whoſe countenance was pleaſing to behold, and powerfully awakening—there being deep-laid ſorrow, wiſdom, and reſignation, that ſeemed to reveal a tale of long-accuſtomed miſery, entirely ſoftened by the ſupremacy of mind!

"Pardon me, O Agrippa! this untimous intruſion, ſo unbidden, upon thy privacy," at length ſaid the Jew: "thy vaſt fame hath reached unto the world's limits; and I could not leave this fair city without communing with *thee*, its brighteſt ornament—ſo loved by ſome, and ſo dreaded by others!"

"Thrice welcome art thou, O Stranger," ſaid Agrippa, "but thy curioſity in thus ſeeking me, will, I fear, be ill requited: for fame is often mendacious, whether to *praiſe*, or to *cenſure;* and to Agrippa it hath been both. My many years have been more devoted to profitleſs and vain purſuits, than in the gain of enduring honour, and of real wealth: it is not all *regulus* that hath remained at the bottom of my crucible, O Stranger!"

"Doſt *thou* talk of many and tedious years, O learned and renowned Agrippa!" exclaimed the unknown one, "doſt *thou*, who haſt ſcarcely ſeen more than three ſcore years, talk of lengthened life, ſpent in much thought and vexation? I do remember me that, when quite a youth, O Agrippa! I uſed to gaze upon the bright orb of day as he declined,—and thought with delight of his ſpeedy renovation in the far Eaſt, after he had quenched his rays in the boundleſs waters! and then fooliſhly coveted that *my* life ſhould be like unto his—and be for ever! But, my Agrippa, a young head can *wiſh* for more than old ſhoulders can *endure*,—and long experience hath taught me that far better is it to ſlumber among thoſe tombs on the Arno's banks, than, like the ſun, to riſe into renovated life, and thus, for ages, to purſue the ſame dull and toilſome exiſtence:—But the tyrannous deſtiny of that Sun is *mine!*"

Agrippa ſhrank within himſelf, as the thought flitted through his mind, that a dangerous madman was poſſibly before him! But the ſtranger mildly continued, "I fear I trouble thee with my viſit, and by my unwonted ſpeech, that hath been too much of my poor ſelf." "Thou indeed haſt wondered me much, good Stranger," rejoined Agrippa. "Not ſo much, O Agrippa, as thou mayeſt *me* wonder, if report doth not belie thee—and, if thou wilt grant my requeſt. I would have thee tell me of that MARVELLOUS MIRROR, which thy potent art of magic hath enabled thee to make—the renown of which hath brought even me, Cartaphilus (for that is the name I bear), within thy door, ſeeking after ſuch ſtrange knowledge. Tell me, I pray thee, is it indeed true that whoſoever looketh into that Mirror, with faith, doth ſee therein the *far-diſtant*, and the *long dead?* If ſo it be, then much doth Cartaphilus deſire to look into that truthful mirror, ſince his eyes are wholly cloſed upon ſuch far diſtant ſcenes—upon the long dead—upon thoſe that departed hence centuries ago—yea, Agrippa, upon very many dear friends! To me, O Agrippa! all life is but as a vale of tears: myriads of myriads caſily die—and *when*, and as they *would not:* but Cartaphilus follows not—rivers do change their courſe—the ſolid rocks do diſintegrate—the mountain tops repoſe, at length, upon the boſom of

the valley—the proud mauſoleums reſiſt the elements only for a time, and even the ſolideſt of them do fade away at laſt! *Not ſo with me!* O give me therefore, I pray thee, but one look into thy much famed mirror, ſo that my earlieſt life—the one of my *real* youth, may again be ſeen of me."

Agrippa was greatly moved,—but at length replied, "Whom wouldſt thou ſee? oh, wonderful man!" "Son, or daughter, never had I at that time," anſwered the Jew, "but earneſtly do I crave to ſee REBECCA, only daughter of Rabbi Eben Ezra—a princeſs of every virtue, and the moſt beloved of all Jewiſh or other maidens. I would behold her, as ſhe was in youth—before Shiloh was fully revealed:—*as ſhe was*, I ſay, when with her I wandered, as Cartaphilus, ſon of Mariamne, upon the flowery banks of the Kedron, in her father's garden—or, as we rambled in joyous careleſſneſs, and with the boundleſs innocence of earlieſt mutual love, upon the heights of Ramoth-Gilead."

Agrippa trembled as the aſpen: "Who, and what art thou? and whether of Gehenna, or of Paradiſe, I wot not: but thy petition ſhall be eſſayed, come what *may* from the *nether* world," exclaimed Agrippa with tremulous lips—whereupon he incontinently chaunted much ſtrange language—and then he poliſhed his mirror with the ſofteſt furs—next, divers thin veils of ſhining goſſamer were ſuſpended before that metallic mirror; and many lights, of various colours, were ſeen ſtreaming in from all directions! Agrippa then ſuddenly aroſe, raiſed his arms aloft towards Heaven, and anon depreſſed them towards Gehenna; when lo! quick as a meteor burſts, a maſs of dazzling white light ſhone around, and the mirror ſparkled as the meridian ſun!

"Thou art ſeemingly of but few years, compared with what thou ſayeſt," cried Agrippa, "and the mirror cannot be faithful, unleſs my *wand* ſhall waive once, for every *ten* years ſince the maiden lived:—proceed now, O ſtrange man! to number theſe *tens*, ſince laſt ſhe breathed—or, if thou liſteth, ſince the early youth of which thou ſpeakeſt: and be thou moſt *faithful* not to deceive me." As bidden, the anxious and ſoul-wrapped Jew numbered 149 times! Agrippa gazed in maddening terror; and at length ſank with exhauſtion upon his couch. "Wave on! wave on!" Sternly yet imploringly exclaimed the Jew; the wand ſoon continued to move, and but twice more—noting thereby juſt 1510 years in all—when lo! the mirror's ſurface was filled with numerous forms, reflected from its ſhining diſk, ſeemingly as large as life, upon the goſſamer veils that encompaſſed the mirror! All thoſe forms were in the habiliments of ancient Paleſtine—each engaged appropriately in rural ſports and actions! Upon this ſweet ſcene the Jew gazed in wild rapture, as if his eyes would devour, what his arms could not embrace! In the diſtance were lofty mountains, aſpiring to kiſs the clouds; and hard-by was deſcried Ramoth-Gilead, an ancient City

of Refuge! In the foreground was a luxurious valley, garniſhed with various goodly flowers, and refreſhed by a limpid ſtream, guſhing through wide crevices of rocks, and anon, gently laving the banks—upon which were ſeen indolently repoſing many fleecy ſheep, a tamed gazelle, and numerous domeſtic animals—the cheriſhed pets of a female of matchleſs beauty,—who then was ſheltered from the noon-tide ſun, by lofty cedars grouped there by nature's taſteful hand! "'Tis ſhe!—'tis ſhe!" cried the enraptured Cartaphilus, "yea, Rebecca as ſhe was in the days of the then *Holy Temple*—a work of human art the greateſt and lovelieſt—as was *ſhe* the perfecteſt of nature's gifts! I muſt, I will *ſpeak*." Cartaphilus ſpoke to her! and lo! inſtantly thereon, the charm was diſſolved; a cloud gathered over the mirror; the dazzling light had wholly vaniſhed; and the myſterious Jew ſank, as one ſenſeleſs, upon the couch!

Reviving, after a time, he ſeized the hands of Agrippa, and ſaid, "Oh, many and boundleſs thanks unto thee, learned Agrippa—thou Prince of all the Magicians! I pray thee, receive this purſe of coſtly jewels. In it thou wilt find more of value than in any other within my abnet—and worthily do I beſtow it on thee." "No!—No!" exclaimed Cornelius Agrippa, "keep thy jewels, of whatever worth; I will none of them—no *Chriſtian* man, perhaps, *dare* receive them: but tell me, I do implore thee, *who thou art?*—ſuch a recompenſe, I *may* take of thee; but not thy jewelled purſe—there ſeemeth danger in it."

"No peril to thee is either in my will, or in my power, moſt worthy Cornelius Agrippa," replied the Jew. "My name thou already haſt; but *that* reveals me not unto thee, as it ſeemeth. But now behold! I pray thee, that exquiſite *painting* ſuſpended on thy walls, upon the left: doth it not repreſent the SAVIOUR bearing his Croſs?—and look further upon thy right; yea, at that *portrait* and then *upon me!* Agrippa was loſt in wonder; for the likeneſs was indeed perfect! "That portrait, oh myſterious man!" ſaid Agrippa, "is the faithful repreſentation of that wretched infidel Jew, who ſmote the Saviour, and urged him on when groaning under the weight of his Croſs. "'Tis I—'tis CARTAPHILUS, the miſerable Wanderer now before thee!" exclaimed the Jew, and inſtantly ruſhed from the chamber. Agrippa retired to his couch, but not to ſleep.

Such, in ſubſtance, is the wonderful revelation, ſaid to have been made at that period by the Wandering Jew!

In about ten years thereafter, on Eaſter Sunday, of the year 1542, we again find him, liſtening attentively to a ſermon in a church at Hamburg. As the ſtory goes, he then had the name of AHASUERUS. He was obſerved in that Church by two German ſtudents from Straſbourg; who repreſented him as being remarkably tall, with

ſnowy hair reaching below his waiſt—and with a beard that extended, when ſeated, to his abnet. Though the weather was then ſevere, his feet were quite naked. His lower limbs were covered with wide Turkiſh thigh-garments, above which was a cloſely fitting veſtment around his body: and over that a looſe and very ſmall caracalla, or cloak. He converſed freely with the ſtudents in various languages promptly giving them his name; and ſtated that before the Crucifixion he had been a proſperous cordwainer! He acknowledges that he had joined the multitude around Pilate's judgment-ſeat; and had clamored loudly for the releaſe of Barabbas, and for the death of Jeſus; but that he had ſo done, more from excitement, than from any ſpecial religious hatred of the Nazarene, or perſonal rancour againſt him. He further ſtated, that when Jeſus was groaning beneath his croſs, he had urged him on—was then *curſed* with perpetual life, and never ſince had known reſt!

These ſtudents repreſented Ahaſuerus as being wonderfully abſtemious; as accepting alms only that he might diſtribute them among the poor; and as anxiouſly exhorting them to beſtow their prayers for his ſpeedy death!

We next hear of him at Straſbourg, about twenty years after his appearance at Hamburg—that is, in the year 1562. Upon entering Straſbourg, he notified the magiſtrates that they ſhould not record him as a ſtranger; for that, if they would ſearch their regiſters, the fact would be verified that, juſt two centuries before, he had paſſed through their city; whereupon the books being conſulted, they were found perfectly to ſuſtain the marvellous aſſertion!

During his ſojourn at Straſbourg, the Jew made many kind inquiries after the youths of that city whom he had ſeen at Hamburg as ſtudents, and whoſe converſation had ſo much pleaſed him. He then ſtated that he had viſited, during the intervening twenty years, all the Oriental countries.

Thirteen years after this, we again hear of him in Brabant, in the year 1575; when he is repreſented as ſtill meanly clad; but as being a man of ſurpriſing knowledge, and of pleaſing manners—as ſpeaking the German in abſolute purity; and alſo, as ſo fine a Spaniſh ſcholar, that no nobleman in the Duke of Alva's court could equal him! But here, again, we find the Jew under the name of Iſaac Lakedion, as is ſeen in the famed BRABANTINE BALLAD. Its Engliſh garb is probably a crude tranſlation; but ſeems to have been nearly as current in Britain as in Brabant. It has much of that legendary and ballad intereſt which mark the effuſions of thoſe days. This poetic chronicle, of twenty-four verſes, is quite too extended to be here given at length; and yet, perhaps, too germain to our ſubject to be wholly omitted. The ballad is deſcriptive of his perſon—his miſeries, his travels, and of the converſation held by him with the worthy burgeſſes of Brabant. Poſſibly

the reader may be pleaſed at the inſertion of a few of the verſes. The Burgeſſes ſay unto the Jew:

"'We uſed to think your ſtory
Was but an idle dream;
But, when thus wan and hoary
And broken down you ſeem,
The ſight cannot deceive—
And we the tale believe.

"'Are You that man of ſorrow
Of whom our authors write—
Grief comes with every morrow,
And wretchedneſs at night?
Oh! let us know, are you
Iſaac, the Wandering Jew?'

"Then *he* replied—'Believe me
I ſuffer bitter woe;
Inceſſant travels grieve me,—
No reſt's for me below;
A reſpite I have never,
But onward *march* for ever!

"'Twas by my *raſh* behaviour,
I wrought this fearful ſcathe;
As Chriſt our Lord and Saviour
Was paſſing to the grave—
His mild requeſt I ſpurn'd,
His gentle pleading ſcorn'd.

"'A ſecret force expell'd me
That inſtant from my home;
And ſince, *the doom* hath held me
Unceaſingly to roam,—
But neither day nor night
Muſt check my onward flight!

"'I have no home to hide me;
No wealth can I diſplay;
Yet, Unknown Powers provide me
Five farthings every day!
This always is my ſtore—
'Tis never leſs, nor more!'"

It may here be remarked as an intereſting characteriſtic fact, that, whilſt the Germans and French have always ſpoken of the "Wandering Jew" kindly, and as meritorious, at this time, of our

ſympathy, and even of our deep compaſſion, the Spaniards, on the contrary, in all their legends reſpecting him, have ever regarded him with unmingled deteſtation, and as an object to be hunted and cruelly perſecuted. Whether our unhappy Jew appeared as Cartaphilus, as Ahaſuerus, Joſephus, or as Iſaac Lakedion, he is always repreſented in other countries as philoſophic, dignified, and learned —not as invariably poor—and always as kind and well-bred. He is generally deſcribed as aged and care-worn—as often having an immenſe white beard—grizzled hair—rather tattered garments—and as being no little fond of crude traces of Oriental finery.

We ſometimes find our Jew repreſented as a *Scholaſtic cobbler*,—in which caſe he is ſaid to have worn a leathern apron: and, indeed, it may be invariably ſaid that the legend (brief as are its chronicles) takes its peculiar features and colouring, in a large degree, from the character of the people themſelves, or of the age in which he happens to be noticed. In Spain, for example, he is ſaid to have been often ſeen with an awful *ſtigma* upon his forehead,—which conſiſted of a flaming crucifix—conſuming his brain for ever; but which continued to grow juſt as faſt as it was thus conſumed; and hence occaſioned him unceaſing agony—a fable in juſt harmony with divers other fearful things in that country, which are *not* legendary.

According to Xeniola, this dreadful mark was concealed by a black bandage: and that author ſtates that the INQUISITION, though long in ſearch of him, could never take him! Cartaphilus, however, in his veritable Chronicles, contradicts that author; and minutely deſcribes the fierce cruelties he endured in that odious Inſtitution. The ſame author ſays that the Inquiſitors often heard of his magical incantations; at which time he would diſplay the croſs during ſome dark night! and, from this, probably, ſchool-boys, in moſt countries, have derived their alarming trick on their fellows, of ſticking ſmall bits of phoſphorus upon their own foreheads, in the form of a croſs; which, in the darkneſs of night, might well occaſion dread to timid and ſuperſtitious youths. But Cartaphilus, in his faithful Chronicles, ſuſtains a far more dignified character than in theſe legends; and converts moſt of ſuch tales as to magic, and ſome of them as to the hated ſtigmata, and other myſterious appearances about him, into the contrivances of ſuperſtitious monks, and of the fierce papiſts of thoſe times—and ſhowing that theirs are not veracious pictures of his own ſufficiently miſerable life, made ſo from many other cauſes than ſuch as ſprang from his ſuppoſed magic, and diabolic arts.

The next time we hear of the famed Jew is in France, in the year 1604, when it is vaguely recorded that the learned *Pére Louvet* of Beauvais, ſaw him at that place on a Sunday, coming from maſs! for the legend has, in this reſpect among others, been faithful in aſcribing to him a ſpecies of faith in Chriſtianity. But in his Chronicles, the exact truth of this matter is ſtated with much detail; and forms the baſis of moſt of the ſtirring events of his miſcellaneous

and wonderful life—at all times in conflict with *papacy*, but ſeldom in oppoſition to Chriſtianity of ſome ſort: and finally, his creed ſettles down into the moſt orthodox and fervent piety. But to proceed. At *Beauvais*, it is ſaid that he recited to the children, who were uſed to ſurround him, many ſtories of the Saviour's ſufferings; and that this was done in ſuch melancholy tones, as failed not to draw tears from their young eyes, and alſo to open the previouſly tied purſes of his more aged auditors! Theſe alms, nevertheleſs, were received by him in a tone of majeſty; and ſeemingly as of right—imparting thereby to his hearers the idea, that he was *conferring*, rather than *receiving* a favour.

During nearly twenty years, France was greatly moved by the appearances, at intervals, of this myſterious perſonage,—and, doubtleſs, this ſtimulated others to perſonate his character in various ways; and thus to extort from the credulous multitude charities, which, according to his own Chronicles, he never exacted from the good people of either ancient or modern Gaul, or in any other land whatever.

Space will not ſerve me to detail his ſeveral appearances at *Venice*, *Neapolis*, and at *Salamanca*. Theſe accounts are meagre, and but little varied. At Naples, the *on dit* was that the Jew had been marvellouſly ſucceſsful as a *gambler*—a charge that aroſe, no doubt, from Neapolitan corruption, and their own propenſity to that vice, ſo at variance with the other legends reſpecting the Jew, and which is contradicted in every page of his truthful hiſtory.

The next revelation of himſelf took place at Bruſſels, on the 22nd of April, 1771. Upon that occaſion, he graciouſly ſat for his portrait,—which, being engraved, was made to accompany a rapid ſale of a new edition of the famed Brabantine Ballad of 1575—ſome verſes of which have been given.

In very many cottages of Belgium may now be ſeen this ſame wood-engraving of his portrait. Belgium being a land in which all that concerns our ſempiternal wanderer is highly valued; ſo much ſo, that no two names are ſo univerſally known to the Flemings as that of CARTĀPHILUS and of NAPOLÉON! And here may be briefly noted, what is given by *Brand*, a learned antiquary; who ſtates that a few years before he was then writing, probably about the year 1760, a remarkably curious Iſraelite made his appearance in Scotland. This Jew maintained a very hermetic life and exterior: but he was ſometimes found wandering to and fro in the ſtreets of towns and villages, ever followed by a train of playful, or miſchievous boys; whilſt the aged pedeſtrian would be muttering—"*Poor Jack alone!*"—"*Poor Jack alone!*"—and always in ſo ſingular and plaintive a mood, as to occaſion much ſympathy. The Author adds—"*they thought him the Wandering Jew.*"

In concluſion of this ſketch of the Legend, I have only to add that of all the revelations Cartaphilus is ſaid to have made of him-

ſelf, none is more intereſting than that which took place at *Vienne* upon the Rhone, in Dauphiny—the burial place of *Pontius Pilate;* and alſo in the vicinity of that river in which periſhed the beautiful *Salomè*, niece of Herod, tetrarch of Galilee—the ſame maiden that ſo artiſtically *danced* off the head of John the Baptiſt. This appearance of the Jew at Vienne occurred in 1777 : but, unhappily for our preſent purpoſe, we ſcarce have a fragment left of the detail ſaid to have been then given ; and ſo will it remain, unleſs Cartaphilus himſelf ſhall furniſh it in the ſecond ſeries, and laſt volume of theſe his Chronicles—if deſtined to ſee the light : and which detail he may alſo furniſh in the words of the records (if yet extant) in the preſent monaſtery near Vienne ! In that monaſtery there was, and may be, a Latin chronicle of the, ſo called, "CONFESSIONS of Pontius Pilate !" It is ſaid to conſiſt of four large folio pages ; in which are ſtated the early hiſtory of the melancholy tragedy upon Mount Calvary, in a way of great tenderneſs and truth,—and in which evidences will be found, either to confirm thoſe Confeſſions of Pilate—or, that Cartaphilus himſelf furniſhed them in the year 1777, when, for a time, in communion with the people of Vienne !

I may not end this *hiſtoriette*, without expreſſing ſome unaffected ſurpriſe that, as this tradition may be found in almoſt every age and country, yet that ſo barren are the chronicles, even of the ſuperſtitious ages, that ſcarce fifty printed pages would ſuffice to quite exhauſt what has been tranſmitted to us concerning this famous perſonage—and that no one has yet attempted to make even thoſe materials aſſume a more narrative and connected form ! A lively intereſt has at all times been manifeſted in all that relates to him. The Editor hopes, therefore, that his veritable Chronicles from A.D. 27 to 1850, may not only place Cartaphilus in his real and only *uſeful* point of view, but awaken the too erratic mind of the young, and of the ſciolous among the aged, to the *ſpirit* of thoſe conſecutive ages, and to the philoſophy of that hiſtory, civil and eccleſiaſtic, in which Cartaphilus ſo amply deals—and more eſpecially, to the intenſely intereſting worth of all *prophecy*, as applied to the whole.

Why, permit me to aſk, ſhould the entire ſtory of the fated Wanderer, be ſuffered to repoſe upon a few imperfect, ſcattered, and often idle legends ? Why, out of ſuch a *multum in parvo*, and, in this point of view, ſuch ample and rich materials, ſhould naught but wretched *dramas* be written, to amuſe an ignorant and ſuperſtitious crowd ? Or, why ſhould even the fine conception of the "*Curſe of Kehama*," or the gorgeous romance of "*Salathiel*,"—which only traces the Jew *fictitiouſly*, during a few brief years, and in contradiction of the entire legend, and, moreover, with no adherence to utilities and probabilities, but only in the faſhion of a pleaſing novel, be deemed ſufficient to exhauſt our intereſt ?

M. Eugene Sue, ſome years after theſe Chronicles were nearly in readineſs for the preſs, ſaw fit to adopt a ſimilar title for a work of loathing immorality—but of undoubted genius—in which, however, the Jew is permitted to make no figure,—is ſcarcely, at all, recognized as one of the *dramatis perſonæ;* and in which there is a ſtrange and tedious *mélange* of magnificent deſcriptions, worthy of any pen, blended with much that, in manner and ſtyle, would ill ſuit even a daily journal!

"The Chronicles of Cartaphilus," however, are ſpread over nearly nineteen centuries—the ſtory of the Gallic Noveliſt extends over but a few years of the *preſent day*,—the one is addreſſed to the moral and thoughtful—the other to the ſenſuous and thoughtleſs multitude—the latter has been moſt extenſively read—the other may lie duſty on the undiſturbed ſhelf! but Cartaphilus would bluſh with very ſhame, could he ſuppoſe that his carefully elaborated, and veracious chronicles, his recurrent muſings, and his many eccleſiaſtic heterodoxies, (though often enlivened by his ſtories of real events, and by the details of his anomalous life) ſhould be regarded by any one, in the leaſt as partaking the character of a *novel!* And finally, why ſhould the haſty notice of the Jew by *Göethe*, (in the mere *traveſtie* of the Brabantine Legend) and the few Italian, German, and other Ballads, be allowed to *fritter away* the ſympathy of ages in a much cheriſhed tradition regarding a perſonage, ſo ſtrangely and intereſtingly connected even with the dawn of our holy religion; and who, if ever a Wanderer, is equally the ſame at this time? We therefore now refer our Reader to his only veritable and uſeful chronicles:—they may be found to generate ſome profitable thoughts in the heart and mind of every reader, who deſires to deal with the long paſt—the preſent—and the future, as ſources of pleaſing and ſalutary inſtruction.

THE EDITOR.

London,
Upper Brook St., Groſvenor Sq.,
March 10, 1851.

EPISTLE OF

Cartaphilus to his Editor.

SOMEWHAT more than eighteen centuries have paſſed ſince, in the ſeven and twentieth year of my age, my hand was firſt ſet to the labour of recording the marvels of no ordinary Life—as ſeen of thee in my original *Polychronicon*—for by that name were the many Volumes called, when entruſted by me to thy judicious reviſion and ſelection.

As thoſe manuſcript rolls embraced within their ample range the events of many ages, the whole were aptly ſo called by me,—not only as expreſſive of that fact, but becauſe divers other perſons, in the early centuries, thus ſtyled their ſimilar works, and at my ſuggeſtion: and of this might I ſtate unto thee various inſtances; but will ſpecially note only the Latin Polychronicon of the worthy *Ralph Higden*,—afterwards done into Engliſh by the admirable *John of Treviſa*. Now this Ralph Higden was well known of me; and often would we converſe together in the cloiſters of St. Werberg—which is the preſent Cathedral in the goodly old city of Cheſter, he being a Benedictine there; who, in kindneſs and good qualities, and in holy zeal, did much remind me of Simplicius, the firſt Benedictine I ever knew—as will be found recorded in the LXXXVIII Section of theſe my Chronicles. The monk Higden lived unto a good old age, being ſomewhat more than a nonagenarian—came into life at the cloſe of the third Henry's reign, and departed in the year of Grace 1363.

In the ſame monaſtery of St. Werberg, alſo lived one *Ranulphus;* who likewiſe entitled his ſimilar work in the like way:—but, as the times now are not as then, I willingly yield to thy ſuggeſtions, not only to ſhorten and winnow down, by ſelection, my voluminous rolls, but to change the name thereof unto CHRONICLES—and likewiſe to do the whole into veritable and readable Engliſh—rendered the more neceſſary, as divers parts thereof could not now be poſſibly read by any, even of the riper ſcholars of the preſent day! And, even as theſe Chronicles now are, (after our united toil in this regard) much do I fear the ſtyle of theſe volumes—permitted

now to ſee the light, after ſo many centuries of concealment—may not yet be in a faſhion as ſimple and uniform and pure, as ſhall meet the taſte of the preſent age.

But, in truth, my Editor, it is not of the nature of Cartaphilus to come up to the height, nor to deſcend unto the lowneſs, of the faſhion of writing ſo uſual at this time. The ſmoothneſs of a current doth ſhow deep water, I confeſs; but whether it be ſo with the ſtyle or manner of a writing, is a matter not ſo readily yielded by me. All uſe of words, their collocation, and their orthography, are matters far better underſtood now, than formerly: for, in theſe reſpects, every one writes well, and more ſweetly, than was the wont in ſome paſt centuries: and yet is Cartaphilus compelled ſtill to think that expreſſiveneſs, cloſe thought, and diſtilled learning have ſomewhat ſuffered thereby,—and that the now idle dread of neologiſms (by thoſe who are *puriſts* as to manner, and *ſcatterlings* as to ſubſtance) hath alſo added its ſhare of ſignal defects in very many of thoſe countleſs volumes of the preſent day, with which the almoſt mechanical facility of mere conventional compoſition, and the yet greater facilities of ſteam publication, have deluged the world.

Doubt it not, worthy Editor, that if the *individuality* of any one who hath ſeparated himſelf from the common herd, be a matter deſirable to be known, and that if the ſame may be ſomewhat aſcertained by ſuch ſmall inſtances as his calligraphy—his tone of voice—or even by his peculiar ſhake of the hand, and divers others, (ſo cognizable by the *deep* philoſophy of ſome in the now age)—much more, in this regard, may be gleaned from his peculiar ſtyle of writing—a matter that irrepreſſibly belongeth to every individual, who hath, indeed, any decided warp and woof of character, to be in any way manifeſted. Cartaphilus, therefore, loves to ſee, in every ſetter down of his thoughts, that individualization which is given out by his own manner of writing, whatever it be: for this reveals unto the reader the very texture and marrow of the author's mind; and enables us the better to go deeper into his natural veins of thought—if any he have.

It was alſo my wiſh, courteous Editor, as thou knoweſt, to have retained, in various portions of the "Selections" made by thee from my "Polychronicon," ſome ſpecimens, juſt as they were written by me in the various ages: but, in this likewiſe (of thy judiciouſneſs) have I been overruled—and mainly by the juſt fear of the Puriſts, and alſo of the Multitude—who ſhun ſuch novelries, and hard readings, however ſparſely they may be found!

But, my Editor, thou *haſt* ſpared one pervading feature; for the which my readers may thank thee, as I do: I mean the *dramatic* and *narrative* forms, into which truth, and my own nature, enforced me, even from the commencement of my Polychronicon. In all the ages of the world, as thou well knoweſt, Dialogue and Narrative have pleaſed the popular taſte, as finding their geneſis, probably, in

man's earlieſt and moſt natural mode of imparting his thoughts. This we ſee throughout the Pentateuch—in the Iliad and Odyſſey —in the pages of Livy, and in divers others among the ancients—without making ſpecial mention of Bunyan, De Foe, and others, among the moderns,—all of which have awakened and preſerved more of popular favour than any other writings whatever, however learned, didactic, and perfect in ſtyle ſuch others may have been.

Whether or no, the concluding ſeries of theſe Chronicles (extracted from my original Polychronicon)—which brings down my eventful narrative to the cloſe of the preſent year of Grace M.DCCCLII, ſhall ever ſee the light, time will diſcloſe through the now volumes; which, if in kindneſs received, will bid me reveal matters—in a ſecond ſeries, poſſibly of greater intereſt; and yet only ſo, becauſe more germain to the known and ordinary vein of thought.

And now, unto thee and them, let me ſay that, although I have never had a *beadman* in all the eighteen centuries of my marvellous life,—yet do I "*confeſs*" my great ſolicitude for the reception the Public may give unto this my firſt revelation! It is a faithful and well meaning chronicle—indited, ſurely, by the moſt notorious perſonage the world hath known,—one who, being an eye-witneſs through ſo many changing ages, could ſcarce fail to deſcribe ſcenes and events, and the impreſs of his times, more feelingly and truthfully, than thoſe who have to deal only with by-gone centuries as to themſelves, and with tranſactions in which they have had neither part nor lot.

In the preſent volumes, however myſterious and doubtful the character of the Chronicler may heretofore have been, he believes and earneſtly hopes that the Pious—the Infidel—the Thoughtful—and the Worldling may, poſſibly, be edified and entertained: and that, whilſt all Sects and Faiths may find therein ſomething in regard to their cheriſhed opinions, (either to confirm, or to drive them from their reſpective creeds) the *ultimate* opinions of Cartaphilus will diſplay the lovelineſs and power of Truth—and of that Truth, alone, which was the "*Brightneſs*"—the "*burning and ſhining Light*," from before which all "*the clouds paſſed away!*"

As Cartaphilus now ſees, in the preſent "*Signs of the Times*," many things to aſſure him that mankind are undergoing a more rapid change, (Intellectual, Moral, Religious, Political, and Phyſical) than the world hath ever witneſſed, he truſts the advantage of his *long and varied experience* may not be neglected; and that the popular character which his Editor has graciouſly permitted his Chronicles to retain, may commend them even to lighter readers than were thought of, when firſt he began to note the paſſing events of the days of Tiberius Cæſar!—and alſo, that thoſe well verſed in the "rerum divinarum et humanarum Scientia," may find in them divers matters not to be contemned; and ſome things that belong to the innermoſt *adyta* of the human heart.

Cartaphilus, indeed, hath not entitled his volumes "MIRABILIA MUNDI," as ſome have had the vanity to do,—and yet, without ſhow of wonders, or of deep learning, he may truly ſay there are in them divers mental and phyſical marvels and myſteries worthy of note—veraciouſly true, and in no wiſe drawn from fancy's ſtorehouſe: and, as to ſome others, the courteous reader muſt himſelf judge how far the anomalous nature of Cartaphilus may have blended his own fertile imaginings with queſtionleſs truths—a mixture that can never lead to error, either *de qualitate*, or *de ſubſtantia*, in any well regulated mind. Nor hath the "Wanderer" the leaſt need to render any account whence he drew his furniture throughout the ages, (as the Britiſh Chronicler DANIEL, and many others doubtleſs had to do) ſeeing that, in the preſent volumes, he deals mainly with things ſeen, or done of him—or deals in confidence with others whom he valued as entirely veracious: and hence hath he, happily, no occaſion to charge his margins with lumber of that ſort—ſufficient weight and authority being found therein, as he hopes, (from the intrinſic circumſtances) to ſatisfy any generous and judiciouſly confiding reader. And to all this Cartaphilus muſt add that, in truth, he hath ever had but poor reliſh for thoſe "marginal ſtuffings," in which the overcharged in learning—or the ſciolous pretenders—do ſo often annoy their readers. Such ſumpter mules (burthened with references and citations) may be had even for a maravedi of thought, to a talent of labour—alike profitleſs to all, ſave in caſes of real doubt, and of equal intereſt; and then ancient and cotemporary authorities *are* invoked.

The many hereſies, ſchiſms, and heterodoxies, moreover, which have ſignalized my own life, and thoſe of all other ſuch agitators, will have wholly paſſed away before my labour of chronicling ſhall have wholly ended: and, though the greateſt among offenders in this way, (as my varied hiſtory ſo painfully ſhows) yet hath Cartaphilus not been living and doing ſo long, but that he hath wrought, as well as wened, divers goodly things towards man's much needed wiſdom,—and likewiſe in aid of his phyſical melioration:—and if ſo, then, as he hopes, in ſome atonement for the many evils to the inner man, which, doubtleſs, he hath cauſed. Now, among the greateſt marvels of his mixed life, and the one he doth moſt complacently regard, (and eſpecially at this time) is his ſteady rejection, in all the ages, of every *doctrine* and *diſcipline* that peculiarize the Latin Church,—as almoſt every page of his Chronicles, ſo far as they relate to the Church, do amply teſtify. And this reminiſcence is the more agreeable to him, not only as he communed ſo often and affectionately with many of its pious luminaries in every age, long before, and ever ſince, Rome's biſhop aſpired to an extra-territorial juriſdiction, (for none of the centuries—nay years—have been without ſome ſhining light, worthy of love) but alſo, as he hath ever abſtained from epithets of unfeeling ſeverity—and from every groſs

vituperation towards that Church. And this hath been his courſe, though ſo often an eye-witneſs of its fierceneſs, and its mournful departures from the ſimplicity, eternal truths, and irreſiſtible facts of the primitive faith—all likewiſe ſeen and heard by him too brightly, and diſtinctly, not for him to *know* (and *feel* as it were) the day and hour and motives of all the daring innovations of the Latin Church. Throughout his pages, dear Editor, thou wilt find he hath but faithfully chronicled the *facts* of its marvellous deeds —proving thereby *hiſtorically*, its early, continually adding, and finally deep and aſtounding violations of, and additions to the Apoſtolic fabric; until it hath become ſo eſſentially *one* and *invariable* in its factitious and terrene ſpirit, that, humanly ſpeaking, it *can* never be aught elſe than what *it is*, *and hath been*, *and was propheſied that it would be!* The attempt, then, is vain to amalgamate, to modify, or, in any way, to blend the two ſyſtems: they are the *oppoſites* of each other; and this ROMANISM will never vaniſh, nor change, until the times of the Gentiles be fully accompliſhed! That this is no dogmatical aſſertion of Cartaphilus, is proved by the entire hiſtory of that Church during nearly ſixteen hundred years—for it had its days of comparative purity of doctrine, and of obſervances:—and, as we find an *unmiſtakeable* prophecy reſpecting it: and an equally *gariſh* fulfilment, Cartaphilus is compelled thus to think, and thus to chronicle,—but never oblivious of whatever of luſtrous and of holy zeal—whatever of charity, of expanſive benevolence, of human learning, and of primitive ſimplicity, were manifeſted by very many individuals of that Church—whether of the laity, or of the clergy—Benedictines, Franciſcans, Dominicans—or, whether they were of the *Whites* of Citeaux, or of the *Blacks* of Clugni.

And, in every page of theſe my Chronicles, you, my Editor, will have remarked therein two pervading features—*firſt*, that although never could I harmonize with the Roman Church in any of its peculiar doctrines, obſervances, and diſcipline; yet *ſecondly*, that my zeal of oppoſition never betrayed me into ſuch judicial blindneſs, as would cauſe me to join in an indiſcriminate "*Hue and Cry*" of the often ſciolous, and ſometimes mendacious Proteſtants —and more particularly in regard to, what they have named, the "*Dark Ages*"—as if thoſe centuries had been conſigned to utter follies, corruptions, ignorances, and to total unacquaintance with the Bible—and alſo to an hoſtility to human knowledges—and further, as if the now *certainly* greatly Reformed Church, and the vaſt maſs of learning we now have in it, owe no debt of gratitude to thoſe very Ages, of which they ſo harſhly ſpeak! Cartaphilus believes and *knows* that much of this is a modern error—the more unpardonable, as there are ſtill extant ſufficient chronicles of thoſe times—and veraciouſly accurate, too; and ſo beautifully eloquent, divinely charitable, eminently pious, and thoroughly orthodox in

very many particulars, as to aſſure any candid mind that the Church of thoſe "Dark Ages," or that of the Mediæval times, was never in that ſtate of profound darkneſs and corruption, which ſome illuſtrious writers of the laſt and preſent centuries have ſo fondly imagined, and ſo reckleſsly and daringly repreſented! Doubtleſs, the expreſſion "Dark Ages," (from the Eighth to the Twelfth century) hath ſome juſt meaning: thoſe centuries ſurely *were dark*, compared with ſome others that preceded and followed; but thoſe Ages are yet much darker to all who fail to ſeek after the *lights* that actually belong to them: they are ſtill far darker, from their prejudices—from the miſrepreſentations of indolent or ſciolous authors—from their ſlovenly habit of yielding aſſent to traditional miſtakes, or ſheer falſehoods: and they are now again darker than once they were, from the fact of the loſs of countleſs manuſcripts, during a ſucceſſion of fierce wars, of conflagrations, and of many accidents. But theſe greatly miſrepreſented Ages were not ſo dark, "*in themſelves*," (as a wiſe, and liberal, and very ſearching Proteſtant writer of the preſent day hath clearly proved*)—but that there were in them times in which the Church was *not dead*, but comparatively induſtrious, zealous, meritorious, and orthodox—Ages that did much to preſerve the ſtores of by-gone times, profane as well as ſacred—reſcuing, no little of what we now poſſeſs, from the graſp of heathen and barbaric ignorance—from the rude deſtruction of ſectarian animoſity and ſuperſtition: and, though poſſibly we have not remaining at this time the one thouſandth part of the reſults of their unobtruſive toils and reſearch, we ſtill have quite ſufficient to aſſure us that light, and piety, and good feeling, and burning eloquence, and even good taſte, were by no means extinguiſhed in the Cloiſters, or elſewhere! And, how evident is all this to thoſe who ſearch, and will read with candour! Let them but turn, with that ſpirit, to the familiar epiſtles of Gildas, of Alcuin, of Boniface—and of very many others in thoſe, ſo called benighted ages,—and in thoſe epiſtles will be found nothing to offend a generous mind; and little even of the ſcholaſtic ſeverities, and of thoſe theological refinements, that have marked many of the ages: but theſe cloiſtered writers evince the deepeſt tenderneſs of friendſhip—a lively intereſt in rational domeſtic enjoyments—the playful ſallies of wit—all the courteſies of a refined life—and an enlightened and diſintereſted concern for the world's action and good,—all of which teach us, what too often is forgotten, that cultivated man, in all the ages, and of all faiths, when not inflamed by rude oppoſitions—by the paſſions of war, of conflicting policies,

* Cartaphilus here alludes to the Rev. S. R. Maitland's very able Eſſays on the "Dark Ages;" which had only come to his knowledge when addreſſing this letter to his Editor; and in which, he ſays, he earneſtly concurs in nearly every ſtatement made in that very able work.

or of religion, evince the like noble feelings, and manifeſt them in the like elegant and ſcholarly way.

The fact perhaps is, that during thoſe centuries, it was not ſo much the darkneſs of Church and State, as the *wickedneſs* of both; and that *within* the cloiſters there was probably little of either. The general multitude were fierce, ignorant, idle and corrupt—ſlavery abounded every where—oppreſſions were rife every where—arms were the only profeſſion of the great; and among the poor were few excitements of any kind, ſave thoſe connected with war and religion. The gentler ſex ſought repoſe and refinements in the cloiſters,—whilſt the milder ſpirits among the men took ſhelter in the monaſteries; and there created a literature, and preſerved an exiſting knowledge, that ſoftened their own natures, and diffuſed out of doors a radiance of peace over the troubled and warlike maſs—to which the Arts of muſic, painting, architecture, and ſculpture were wholly indebted—and all of which laid the broad foundations of that refined taſte and knowledge that energized modern Europe, and which have made Chriſtendom ſo eminently civilized among the nations of the world.

Neither truth, therefore, nor hiſtorical juſtice, nor policy, will juſtify the ſevere dealing of many Proteſtant writers, not only towards thoſe Ages, but alſo in regard to many excellent individuals, though of cœnobitic memory—or, even as to the Roman Church itſelf, as to ſome particulars. God knoweth that, in all of the ages, and unto the preſent hour, that Church is ſignalized by follies and ſins and ſuperſtitions, quite ſufficient to *mark* it as the ſure antitype of prophecies in both the Teſtaments, without robbing it of a ſingle merit it ever did poſſeſs: and hence Cartaphilus conſented not, at any time, to cloſe his heart againſt the many individuals, who (during the whole of that long ſtream of time that defines the origin, progreſs, culmination, and decline of the Roman Church) were often, and now are, ſuch bright exemplars of learning, of piety, and of the moſt lovely and winning Chriſtian charity and ſimplicity. Who, that hath a heart, (whilſt he may weep over their miſtaken faith in ſome things) ſhall refuſe to Saint Columbanus, of Bangor, afterwards the Evangelizer of the Suevi, and of other barbaric nations—to Saint Benedict, of Caſſinum, and alſo of Gregorian fame—to Saint Bernard of Citeaux—to the Venerable Peter, and his Notary, both of Clugni—to the Abbot Bonus, of Piſa—to the Abbot Gerbert, of Bobbio—to Rabanus, of Mentz—to Odo, of Clugni—to the excellent and ſimple-hearted Johannilinus, abbot of Feſcamp, to the inimitable monk Bardo, of Fulda, and afterwards Archbiſhop of Mayence—to the much famed Lanfranc of Bec, the luminary of his age—to the juſtly renowned Saint Eligius, the Goldſmith,—afterwards biſhop of Noyou—to Ulricus, a monk of Clugni; and, in fine, to very many others of thoſe Earlier and alſo Middle Ages: who, I ſay, can juſtly withhold from them a large

ſhare of beautiful piety, of good ſenſe, deep acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, fervid eloquence, and of embelliſhed taſte? Cartaphilus ſurely cannot: he ſees their virtues—he marvels at their attainments—delights that, under Providence, they were the inſtruments who preſerved much excellent wheat, amidſt ſo many weeds and tares and brambles of all kinds! And yet, good Editor, I have ſaid that no faith whatever have I in any human plan that hopes for a compromiſe-union, or modified amalgamation of the greater diviſions into which the Church of Chriſt hath ſo long been divided. But, nevertheleſs, that theſe diſſenſions will ultimately paſs away the Chronicler doubts not: but not by any faſhion of man's mere contrivance: no policy of State, or of Church—no human wit, or philoſophy, or religion, will ever *blend* thoſe churches; or deſtroy either, or raiſe a perfect one out of the disjecta membra of all, or of either:—and yet, as Cartaphilus thinks, the work will infallibly be done! And this, his conviction, reſts upon the fact that the Anglo-Saxon Church was one of great purity, and almoſt wholly according to the now Proteſtant opinion of orthodoxy—and that the actual condition of that early church was at all times well known to the Latin Church. The Homilies of the Anglo-Saxon *Alfric* deny nearly every doctrine of faith and of diſcipline that characterizes the Roman, as diſtinguiſhed from the Reformed faith, promulgated ſix centuries after: and, at the time of that Reformation, it was vain to appeal to thoſe primitive Homilies; and equally bootleſs that the Reformers triumphantly declared, "Lo! here are the *novelties* with which you charge us—are they not older than thy doctrines?—we deny them to be innovations now, as did that early Church in the times of our Saxon fathers." But thoſe homilies became very odious to the Latin Church, and ſo remain to this day! And was it not equally ſo at all times with regard to the Waldenſes—thoſe earlieſt *witneſſes* of the true faith?—but *their* clouds will alſo paſs away—other *witneſſes*, of the far Eaſt, will unite with thoſe of the central valleys—thoſe again with the remnants of the Anglo-Saxon times—and the whole, in bright effulgence, will ſhine from the remoteſt Weſt, and ſend forth a light deſtined to energize and encompaſs the earth! Doubtleſs, there will be a *preparation* for all that mighty change—but even that *forerunner* will not effect the downfall of the Latin Church; nor cauſe the perfection of either of its great opponents.

There are words of Prophecy that are not to be gotten over, and which are yet in gremio temporis. And though prophecies were not given to enable man to *foreknow* any thing; yet, after they *are fulfilled*, he is derelict in duty, who ſhall neglect to ſee, in the *events*, the ſure *interpretation* of thoſe prophecies. So alſo, even before their accompliſhment, man ſhould be a patient and humble looker-on,—that he may not be coldly inſenſible to the ſigns of the times. Whilſt, therefore, prophetic hiſtories were not deſigned to

be thoroughly underſtood before their actual fulfilment, yet they ſhould ever awaken attention,—and when accompliſhed, ſhould be fully ſeen, and acknowledged as bright manifeſtations of God's ſure omniſcience. It is with prophecy, as with moſt of God's revelations of knowledges—we, at firſt, look through a glaſs darkly, and attain to approximations only, and until the fulneſs of the reſpective times has actually come: and in this way only can man's preſumption be ſtayed, and his faith be kept alive: and hence the eyes of the mind ſhould never be cloſed,—neither by incredulity, that cauſes us to regard ſuch matters as wholly inſcrutable,—nor by preſumptuous faith, that ſhall make us think we ſurely have unravelled all the myſtery, and defined the very points of the future! Even Cartaphilus, then, looks doubtfully and fearfully on the preſent and on the future, though earneſtly ſtriving to draw leſſons from an embodied and clearly viſible paſt: and yet, (with neither incredulity, nor preſumption) his convictions are deep that man has the competency to pronounce that the *dawn*, at leaſt, of a very marvellous change is at hand—a dawn, not likely to endure very long, ſince a century and a half more may eaſily accompliſh greater changes, than all that yet have occurred, during the many paſt centuries:—and thus will the "*Fulneſs of the Gentiles*" be found to ſynchroniſe with the commencement of the *Seventh* millennium!—a matter that, more or leſs, hath reſted in the mind of man during quite two thouſand years,—as will be found recorded in one of the ſections of the third century of theſe Chronicles.

But, though it is not for man to ſay *affirmatively*, as to when and how any future event will accompliſh a prophecy; yet may he often juſtly ſay *negatively*, that certain predicted times have *not* yet come,—becauſe he is ſure that certain other *prior* events have not yet taken place:—neglect of this diſtinction hath ſometimes cauſed the great preſumption and ignorance of thoſe, who define the very year as cloſe by, when the world ſhall ceaſe to exiſt; or when certain other prophecies are to be fulfilled!—and yet man is fully competent to aſſert that this *cannot* be ſo—becauſe he knows that ſome prophecied events have not yet occurred—and alſo, that theſe cannot take place in ſo brief a time: and thus, by a cloſe inſpection of the *paſt*, as compared with the *preſent*, he may alſo ſay with confidence, that the *actual now* doth reveal ſtrong probabilities, nay proofs, that the early *future* muſt itſelf be one of ſignal changes; and be ſuch as *cannot* ariſe without ſuperinducing much of that Fulneſs of the times of the Gentiles, ſo often ſpoken of by the prophets:—and this is all that man ſhould venture to ſay, or that Cartaphilus ſhall dare to utter.

The infallible progeny of ignorance is ſuperſtition; and hence is it that the crude multitude are ſo apt to confound *ſagacity* with *prophecy:* but prediction is not neceſſarily *divino numine afflatus*,—far from it; for there be very many ſound predictions that are not

prophecies. Is not the long-paſt ſomewhat a mirror of the long-future? Cartaphilus ſo thinks; for man changes but little even with ages,—the like cauſes beget like effects; and the great events of one age are often very ſimilar to thoſe of another age, having been brought into exiſtence by thoughts and impulſes founded in man's eſſential identity of nature in all the climates, and in all the times.

But this *diving into the future* belongs only unto the long experienced; and, even among them, only to the cloſely obſervant and thoughtful; yet, doubt it not, my Editor, that if the ſigns of all the ſeaſons may make one wiſe as to coming ſtorms and convulſions in air earth and ſea, ſo alſo may a careful inſpection of the doings of men, and of nations, enable him to be a ſeeming prophet, as to the conduct and fate even of Empires—and why not of the ſo called Popedom?

How the many links are connected in the vaſt chain that binds the paſt preſent and future, is not given to man clearly to ſee: but that the chain exiſts, and that there is far more of *repetition* in the nature of thoſe links—or in the whole eventful hiſtory of our ſpecies, than can be noted by the multitude, the "Wanderer of Ages" doubts not: and keenly doth he deſire to hold this opinion ever in view, and to judge upon that belief.

That the religion, therefore, of the Wonderful Nazarene muſt even yet paſs through divers ordeals—that it muſt occaſion ſtill further ſtruggles—varied, numerous, doubtful, triumphant, waning, growing, generous, perſecuting, heavenly, diabolic—and finally, glorious—is the firm belief, not of Cartaphilus alone, from his much experience, but of every obſerving mind.

Marvel not therefore, worthy Editor, at the Protean forms religion hath ſo often aſſumed, or ſhall yet aſſume;—for it doth take its complexion (at leaſt for a time) from any peculiar *ſtatus* of the nation where it is: nor ſhouldſt thou marvel that, in ſuch nation, it ſhall manifeſt itſelf *one*, and anon *various:* for, as the mixtures of many fluids and ſalts and earths may produce great changes and internal commotions, and yet, after a time, that mixture doth end in a homogeneous maſs—ſilent, tranſparent, and uſeful,—ſo will it be with Chriſtianity—and at no diſtant day!

A writer of the laſt century hath well obſerved, (as you, my Editor, may remember) that "When the cannons of Princes began war, the canons of the Church were like to be deſtroyed. It was firſt *mitrum* that governed the world, and then *nitrum*—firſt Saint Peter, and then Saltpetre." But the times are again deſtined to change,—when neither mitre nor nitre will tyrannically triumph—but the primitive Church of the Chriſtus and his Apoſtles will be as the genial and fructifying Sun of the temperate zone.

"Plurimi *tranſibunt*, *et multiplex erit ſcientia*" ſaith the prophet Daniel,—alluding to the comparatively latter times—

"*Many ſhall run to and fro, and knowledge ſhall be increaſed.*" Now, doubtleſs, there have been in the various ages ſince that prophecy, divers pourings out of the Spirit of Knowledges—but none to be compared with that manifeſtly Divine effluence, that ſo ſignally marks the preſent age: for, without any vain imaginings thereon, the ſtir among the nations—the inventions and diſcoveries of the paſt half century—the homogeneity of opinions—the breaking down of mighty barriers, and of mountainous prejudices—the annihilation of ſpace and of time, giving to the multitudes of all lands, of all faiths, and of all practices, a means of blending and of *compariſon* (which is knowledge)—alſo the almoſt miraculous diffuſion over the earth of the people of all nations—the raiſing up of thoſe multitudes to a nearer approach to the true dignity of human nature—the liberalizing and rationalizing of the illuſtrious few; whoſe intelligence, wealth, and power are now being turned into channels of far more practical uſefulneſs than ever before were known,—and finally, the eſtabliſhment of that *firm ſtatus*, on which alone can be founded the *kingly power* of Chriſt, to prove infallibly thereby his former *prophetic* and *prieſtly* offices,—all theſe are at this time, as I think, more plenteouſly developed, than in any other of the ages known in man's truly miſcellaneous hiſtory—verifying, not only that we are, comparatively, in the "latter times," but that theſe words of prophecy are now fulfilling, as it were, *per ſaltum*, and likewiſe with aſtounding clearneſs! And, in this belief, Cartaphilus is far from being alone; the general and irreſiſtible feeling of the multitude, and the ſober judgment of the learned and ſtudious, are largely in that way; and none can, nor do deny, but that theſe times have revealed more of Man's high deſtiny, phyſical as well as intellectual, than during very many previous ages! Hence is it that, now, the "WANDERER OF AGES" muſt no longer withhold theſe Chronicles of his much experience, and varied muſings on his conſecutive times—believing, as he ſurely doth, that the *Turk* muſt ſoon fade away—the *Creſcent* vaniſh before the *Croſs*—the *Children of the Diſperſion* brighten in the eſteem of all faithful Nazarenes—the *Land of Promiſe* be again revived in beauty and in great glory—the *Second Babylon*, and the *Man of Sin* be coupled in their fall, ſynchronouſly, with that of the *Arabian Prophet*, and of his City,—ſo that, when the "Time of the Gentiles" ſhall be ended, it may be loſt in the eternal Fulneſs of the "CHILD OF BETHLEHEM;" and all memory of hereſies, ſchiſms, and perſecutions—all colliſions of Faiths, be only as things beyond the Flood!

And though, after the experience of ſo many ages, and after a retroſpect of all hiſtory, we find the alternations of improvement and degradation in man's condition, to have been very many, and ſometimes even alarming as to his ultimate deſtiny; yet Cartaphilus hath never ſolidly doubted but that in man's entire career, there *hath* been a gradual melioration, up to the preſent hour; and that

the cloſe future is pregnant with the ſeeds of his perfectibility,—which are deſtined to a far more rapid development and permanency of reſults, than heretofore!

Individuals and nations may have greatly improved, and then degenerated—arts and philoſophy, as we know, have ſhone with vaſt brilliancy, and then been nearly loſt in after darkneſs: yet, as the world of nature ſuffers nothing to periſh quite, but only to encounter divers changes that counterfeit deſtruction,—ſo is the world of intellectuality and of morals equally conſervative; and the beautiful, nay aſtounding marvel is, that ſometimes the *actual ſtatus* of man becomes ſo gravidly pregnant, as to force out (not by accident, but by a ſpecies of neceſſity) ſuch diſcoveries and inventions, as ſhall never be loſt: and thus, not only revive what was apparently periſhed, but eternally preſerve them, as accumulated ſtores in the vaſt garner of human knowledges!

Cartaphilus hath ſeen Athens and Rome in the days of their glory,—the City of Conſtantine in her infancy and maturity—Palmyra, when ſhe had the luſtre of the ſun, and all the grace and beauty of the orb of night—Perſepolis in the majeſty of her ruin—Babylon and Nineveh and the Egyptian Thebes, as alſo Cteſiphon and Sileucia and Suſa, all yielding dazzling proofs of their former wonderful greatneſs: he hath likewiſe witneſſed Arabia in her night of ignorance, and in all of that ſudden illumination, which broke upon the world as a flood of light from Superior Intelligences: he hath ſeen the conflicts of mighty armies for the reſcue of Jeruſalem, and took no ſmall part in thoſe marvellous Cruſades—he hath gazed in admiration upon the many daring deeds, and, often with delight, on the amenities of Chivalry—ſo ſalutary in thoſe fierce and feudal times—he hath marked the origin, growth, and decline of the great ſyſtem of Feudality—hath revelled amidſt, and pondered over, myriads of volumes of ancient days, and looked with wonder on thoſe more modern ones, which were the gifts of kings and princes, or the *Inſigna Ornamenta* in churches and monaſteries, all as gorgeouſly ſhining in precious jewels, in burniſhed and chaſed gold, blended with exquiſite purple and pure white pearls, as was ever crown or diadem ſeen on imperial brows!—and yet Cartaphilus may truly affirm that all theſe evidences of ſkill and learning, and of man's mighty doings, fade clean away in the far greater brilliancy of thoſe aſtounding actualities, that mark the paſt one hundred years, and eſpecially the laſt half century! And theſe have come upon the world, certainly, through no accident, nor even from the individual wit of man,—but by that ſure law of nature's own unavoidable parturition, (ſo to ſpeak) that doth ſynchronouſly deſignate the *individuals*, as exigences demand, who are to give birth to thoſe ſurpriſing progenies of the mind that are deſtined eventually to ally man and his great career with the Supernal Intelligences!

And now a word only unto the long diſperſed Flock of Israel. The day (doubt it not) is faſt dawning upon thee when the "Restorer" ſhall aſſemble thee from the twelve winds of Heaven—when the Gentiles ſhall ſee thy righteouſneſs, and all kings thy glory—when not a tittle ſhall fail of all that Iſaiah declared unto thee, more than two ſcore and a half of centuries ago—a day of perpetual brightneſs unto Iſrael, in which thy Shechinah ſhall encompaſs thee, when thou ſhalt no more be termed "Forſaken," neither ſhall thy land any more be termed "Deſolate"—when all the nations ſhall delight to bow down themſelves at the ſoles of thy feet, and call thee The City of the Lord! For in His wrath He ſmote thee, but in His favour will He have mercy on thee.* But yet, oh Iſrael! harbour not the thought that thy promiſed Reſtoration is to be largely of earth—*earthy*—for ſuch would be like thy firſt great error in the days of the only Emanuel. His then kingdom was ſpiritual, and ſo will it for ever be—the *wall of partition* was then broken down—and ſo it will for ever remain: Iſrael *will* be reſtored; and, as the Prophets ſaid, ſhall become great and very glorious: Jeruſalem and the whole Land of Promiſe ſhall again be theirs, and in great beauty—but not theirs alone—the Gentiles, indeed, ſhall greatly honour thee—but not for thy worldly glory—*Faith* and *Obedience* ſhall be thy chiefeſt dignity: —now *this* is a myſtery, yet wholly unknown unto thy people! —cheriſh it, for it is infallibly true.†

Man is too apt to regard learning as a mere *exiſting fact*, rather than as a maſs of aſſured *principles and truths!* There be now, and ever have been, very many ſtudents, who, on all matters are content to acquire what is written or aſſerted reſpecting ſuch matters, and who deal dogmatically with the maſs as knowledge *in fact*, but with little concern whether they be knowledges *in truth*: and hence is it that the learning earneſtly toiled for in one age, is often worthleſs and contemned in the next,—and ſometimes merely becauſe it hath been ſuperſeded by a new ſet of opinions,

* See Iſaiah, chap. lx. &c.

† It here appears that Cartaphilus eſſentially differs in opinion from the popular idea among Jews and Gentiles, as to the nature of the long expected Reſtoration of the Jews. He does not believe that it will ever be a ſudden, national, excluſive, and bodily reſtoration of Iſrael to Jeruſalem and to the once Holy Land—but that they will unite in one Church with the whole Gentile world—that, by reaſon of their perfect faith, and lively obedience, they will be greatly diſtinguiſhed and beloved in the Church—and that, although the *earthly Paleſtine* will alſo become again blooming and verdant, it will be alike for Jew and Gentile—and that the *Spiritual* Paleſtine is mainly ſignified by all the prophets: and finally, he cautions them againſt falling into the like erroneous expectation of an earthly reſtoration—for that the ſecond coming of the true and only Meſſias will be, like the firſt, mainly to promote his ſpiritual kingdom, but in which Iſrael will be as eminent for the purity of her faith, as ſhe formerly was in her ſtolid incredulity.

poſſibly, as remote from reality or truth, as thoſe that have been rejected! This anxious gain of ſuppoſed or falſe knowledge—this ſedulous dealing with the *fact* of man's opinions, as if thoſe opinions conſtituted genuine learning—and this treaſuring up, and applying them all, as if real ſcience,—and finally, this contentment thus to acquire and thus to uſe them, in lieu of aſcertained truths, have been in all the ages the miſchievous cauſes of perpetuating error, and of rendering veritable learning ſo ſtationary, by inducing man, from youth to age, and from century to century, to purſue idealities inſtead of actualities—traditionary opinion inſtead of known and immutable principles!

How often hath it been the lot of Cartaphilus, in all the times, and in all the regions in which his deſtiny hath caſt him, to be forced to ſmile with contempt at the idleneſs of vaunted learning; and ſometimes with even bitterneſs to reprove their folly! To know, however, the ſpirit of our times, we muſt neglect neither its vanities, nor its prejudices. When ſo engaged, but only for a time, how deep would be my mortification, and my hopeleſſneſs of man's intellectual freedom! And often, when communing with the learned jargon of the Aſtrologers, or of the Alchemiſts, or with the ſpecious ſubtleties of the Logicians, or with the metaphyſical crudities of the ſchoolmen, or with the right facts, but wrong cauſes, of the Phyſiologiſts, my wearied mind would ſhrink from the lumbrous volumes, and with the deſire never to ſee them more.

Often have I converſed with *Anſelm*, (before and after he was Canterbury's biſhop) and been delighted with his *truths*, but much confounded and encumbered with his ragged habiliments—his mere human ſubtleties—and with his *errors*, though often clad in robes of revealed, or of heavenly inſpired principles! Alſo, often have we communed reſpecting his famous *ontological* method, as given by him in his *Prologium:* and likewiſe as to his other writings, eſpecially "*De Libertate Arbitrii*"—"*De Veritate*,"—and particularly, as to his views of original ſin; which he fondly cheriſhed, but failed to commit fully to paper, and which he ſo much regretted, when almoſt in articulo mortis.

So, alſo, many times have I communed with *Peter Lombard*, when teacher at the abbey of St. Genevieve, and afterwards when he became biſhop of Paris! His "*Maſter of Sentences*" furniſhed us ample means of diſputation; which failed not to make him largely ſuſpect me of hereſies. But the biſhop was no maniac in dialectics—he was far wiſer than ſome who had gone before him; and more ſo than many who ſoon followed,—but ſtill a mere infant compared with others who now live: and yet, doubtleſs, even theſe are babes compared with thoſe who ſhall diffuſe the promiſed light, in leſs than a century and a half hence!

In the like way, and with ſimilar feelings, did I converſe with *Berenger, of Tours*—he who was ſo wiſe, in a degree, and ſo miſ-

taken alſo, in a degree, eſpecially in the myſterious matter of Tranſubſtantiation,—and who, had he lived four centuries later, would have then proved a mighty coadjutor with Luther, have had more ſtability in his faith, and would have been incapable of the follies that ſomewhat ſullied his character.

With *Hugo, of Amiens*, and with *Moſes Maimonides*, I had many diſputations, neither of whom could agree with me,—the latter eſpecially, whoſe Jewiſh and Arabian, alſo medical and metaphyſical—civil and theological education, gave him a wonderful amount of human knowledges, according to the faſhion of his day; —ſo that he became the "Glory of the Weſt"—the "Light of the Eaſt!"—and yet his "*Sepher Hammiſoth*," or Book of Precepts—and his "*Moreh Nevochim*," or the Teacher of the Confounded, occaſioned us very many warm words.

With the famed *Roger Bacon*, and with the two *Lully's*, all of whom ſtudied nature more than mind, I converſed often and largely: and though, in their dark gropings, they found ſome precious ſtones, they unhappily poſſeſſed not the art wherewith to poliſh them—nor the knowledge how to claſs them—nor an acquaintance with their ſeveral relations, whereby to avoid ſerious errors.

Bonaventura had much worth and gentleneſs, a ſweet ardour of religious feeling—leſs of ſcholaſtic follies than uſual—and far leſs of myſteries than moſt of his fellows. But this worthy "*Doctor Seraphicus*" loved the aſcetic ſeverities; was too ſuperſtitious—too much of an idolater of the Virgin and of the Hoſt—and too much of a New Platoniſt, and alſo of an Ariſtotelian, for me to harmonize with. His illuſtrious contemporary and opponent, the Dominican Aquinas (with all his eloquence and wit and human maſſes of knowledge, ſo called,) never enabled me to view him, like others did, as the "*Fifth Doctor of the Church*"—the "*Angel of the Schools*," and the "*Eagle of Divines!*"

John Duns Scotus, a Franciſcan, a few years thereafter, doubtleſs alſo made a marvellous noiſe in the world; and, nearly to the extent of Aquinas,—heaped Pelion upon Oſſa, in the voluminous bulk and variety of his writings; but in a manner far inferior to Aquinas. His notions on the ſubject of Grace, and of the Immaculate Conception—and likewiſe his ſterile refinements in the ſcholaſtic theology generally, and in the miſguided and ill-underſtood metaphyſics of the Stagyrite, muſt for ever claſs him among the moſt uſeleſs and vain of labourers.

With the fanciful, loquacious, and plauſible, and ſomewhat learned, *Abelard*, I could never arrive at any comprehenſible and certain point:—his miſtreſs *Eloiſa*, of famous memory, was more truthful and natural, and, as I think, more virtuous. Her Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, were all ſuperior to his: and her *heart of devotion* merited a better fate: but Abelard was ſoulleſs—and poſterity to this hour has never done juſtice to the ſuffering Eloiſa.

But with the claſſical and poetical, yet ſage *Francis Petrarch* of Arezzo, I delighted to hold converſe,—and often did ſo, eſpecially when he was at Montpellier and at Boulogne, as a law ſtudent!—which ſcience, however, little ſuited his taſte: and often afterwards at Avignon, at Verona, Rome, Milan, and at Vancluſe, when in the full maturity of his fame—and of his paſſion! His love for the ancients greatly charmed me; and far more than his wild paſſion for Laura; and then he and I ſometimes journeyed together, (as has been fully recorded in the ſecond ſeries of theſe my Chronicles) I, being at that time a youth, under the name of *Tacaſulriph*, an anagram of my more favoured name.

Of all that have purſued knowledge ſince my Claudian and Neronian days, none have ſo well pleaſed me as Petrarcha: but whether that chaſte and wonderful genius could have been in any reſpect wiſer, had he lived now, inſtead of then, is no matter of doubt with Cartaphilus—whoſe reſponſe would be *no*,—as *he* alone is greateſt and the moſt uſeful who can, by the force of vaſt and inherent genius, enlighten the ignorance that is around him—diſpel the prejudices of his own age—reſiſt the habits of his own times—and, from the moral and intellectual Piſgah (almoſt of his own creation) look down upon the valleys overrun with the weeds, and clouded by the miſts, that nearly repel the viſion of all others! Petrarch, indeed, did not *wholly* accompliſh this; and, moreover, became almoſt the victim of Love!—a noble paſſion indeed,—but, can any paſſion that may make one the abject ſlave of another be eſſentially noble? Religion makes none a ſlave; but its inſidious ſubſtitute hath perverted the human ſoul and made ſlaves of thouſands—not indeed to Heaven, as all hiſtory ſo abundantly proves. And, though Petrarch was alſo called religious, it was ſtill too largely after the faſhion of his times: and yet, in mere human learning, I know of none ſo rational as he.

With *Matthew Paris* and *Matthew of Cracovia*, (the former a Benedictine of St. Albans, who hath made ſome brief memorial of Cartaphilus in his Hiſtoria Major, and the latter, whoſe writings were not to my fancy) I ſeldom communed; as both, like Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Gregorius of Tours, were too marvellouſly addicted to the recording of every idle and ſuperſtitious fancy, and were ſo highly gifted with faith—as to take in all things *gulosè!*

As for *Theophraſtus Paracelſus*, I have elſewhere recorded, in full, my opinion of him,—and will only now add that his incarnated folly, and groſs ſenſuouſneſs, cauſed him to be ſpecially odious to me. *Paulus Jovius*, and the two *Scaligers*, frequently amuſed me greatly—the former was ſomething of a phyſician, ſomewhat of an hiſtorian—and wholly a biſhop, de facto—but not a *pious* one: for his mendacity and his venal flattery could not be concealed, even by his highly gifted eloquence,—and it would be as vain to deny him the former as the latter.

The two Scaligers, father and ſon, were doubtleſs extremely eminent men—the former, Julius Cæſar, the latter, Joſephus Juſtus: the father, a Romaniſt of extraordinary attainments—the ſon, a Proteſtant; and both decidedly the moſt learned men of their age. But, unhappily, they were both *morbidly vain*, and diſguſtingly *arrogant*—ſo that they, as well as their learning, were hated by very many, and their uſefulneſs was thereby greatly impaired.

In the mere glance now given of the learned labours of a few, to ſhow the ſad tendencies of learning miſapplied—or falſely ſo called, I was then, and am now reminded by nearly all of thoſe days, of ſome wiſe ſayings, in this regard, eſpecially of my then valued friend St. Bernard, of Clairveaux; who, though not very learned either in the uſeful, or in the idle knowledge of his day, was ſtill very deep in all the riches of heavenly wiſdom, and in the ſoundeſt reſults of cloſe thought, and of earneſt ſelf-communion. As to the vanity of curious and of preſumptuous knowledge, and the motives for its acquiſition, Bernard thus expreſſed himſelf. "Some "there be who deſire to know, merely for the ſake of knowing—a "mean *curioſity!* Some wiſh to know, that they themſelves may "be known—a mean *vanity!* Some ſeek for knowledge cauſa "lucri—an avaricious *baſeneſs!* Some deſire to know, ſo as to "edify their neighbours—a noble Charity! Others, again, that "they may themſelves be edified—which is Wisdom!"—and, if Cartaphilus be now permitted to add thereunto, he would ſay that ſome thirſt after knowledge, that they may ruin ſouls—and this is Diabolism!

And yet, in all that hath now been ſaid, Cartaphilus would in no wiſe be miſunderſtood. Knowledge is not neceſſarily vain, the juſt application of which is not at once obvious: he condemns only that which is wordy—unprincipled—or ſheerly idle: for Cartaphilus knows of very many, who knew full well that they did not themſelves underſtand what had been ſo laboriouſly written by them!—thoſe, indeed, who ſedulouſly coined words and ſentences, and faſhioned myſteries, only to deceive, or to gain factitious and temporary fame! And others are known of him, who, *ex induſtria*, have added folly to long traditional folly—ſuſtaining their grounds by falſe facts, or by the groſs abuſe of their mental energies, in ſupport of daring and miſchievous theories, that they might be wondered at, and noiſed about! Such was the caſe with moſt of the Necromancers, the Aſtrologers, and with many of the Alchemiſts—and doubtleſs, with ſome of the preſent day, that ſhall be nameleſs, at leaſt if living, when my chronicles ſhall ſee the light.

But, unhappily, as well I remember, it was the fate of ſome few to be hated and dreaded for *real* knowledge; and to be claſſed with wizards and magicians, though they were ſincere ſearchers after truth; and who honeſtly believed they were unveiling nature, and who, in part, had done ſo—and yet, as may be admitted, far from the extent they had ſo fondly imagined. To that extent their

vanity was unfortunate; but not miſchievouſly diſhoneſt: and the truths they did reveal, or the approximations to veritable knowledge made by them, juſtly entitled them to the regard of their own times, and to the gratitude of poſterity: and among theſe we may claſs Roger Bacon—whoſe was a moſt inquiſitive mind, uſefully employed, in the main, though no little affected by the popular prejudices, and idle fictions of his day.

Albertus Magnus, alſo, for every ſpecies of learning bounding upon truth (perhaps, as far as the ſpirit of his times allowed) has great merit mixed with the uſual alloy: likewiſe Cornelius Agrippa was extremely bright with varied learning—though too cynical and vain, and not ſufficiently willing to repel the foul charge of too cloſe an acquaintance with familiar ſpirits! So alſo in this claſs we may place *Thomas Aquinas*,—of vaſt depth of thought, and acquirements, and yet with no little chaff: and *Machiavelli*, ſo remarkable for thorough knowledge of man's wicked heart, and equally for a moſt *cunning* mode of uſing it ſelfiſhly! And preeminent over all is the great dramatiſt, Shakſpeare, wholly wonderful for the moſt truthful and ſearching acquaintance with man's marvellouſly varied nature, and for language that never failed to expreſs it all perfectly! His learning was moderate—but his *creative* power, out of ſmall materials, was immeaſurably in advance of his times, and abundantly ſhows that, had he poſſeſſed much learning, he could never have abuſed it.

But nearly on a level with the poet, and far beyond him in learning, ſtands my cloſe and ever valued friend, Francis Bacon—he whoſe ſhining light dims not with age—whoſe glory it was to pierce the remote future—to ſcan all paſt and preſent *facts*, and from them to extract the moſt abiding reſults by *compariſon*—a mode of gaining actual knowledge more ſure than any other,—and in which the great author of the "*Novum Organum*," and "*De Augmentis Scientiarum*" manifeſted a clearer inſight into the fountains and adyta of truth, than any of his predeceſſors. And yet, even that illuſtrious ſoul ſhowed earthineſs—as his cloſing ſcene ſo lamentably revealed!—but never in the way of perverting his vaſt attainments.

The Lord Verulam ſaith of Hiſtory, that its true province is to repreſent the *events* themſelves, and with only the more *direct counſels*—leaving the more ſtudied obſervations and concluſions thereon to the liberty and faculty of each man's judgment. And yet he further ſaith, "I cannot be ignorant of a *form of writing*, "which ſome grave and wiſe men have uſed, containing a ſcattered "hiſtory of thoſe actions they have thought worthy of recording, "with politic diſcourſe and obſervation thereon—not incorporated "into the details, but ſeparately, and as the mere principal of their "intention: which kind of *ruminated* hiſtory hath place among "books of policy, rather than among books of hiſtory."

Now this hath often been the hopeful *deſign* of theſe my humble Chronicles—which will be found, perhaps, a ſomewhat more "ruminated" record of events, than is ſpoken of in the firſt book of the Lord Verulam's "Advancement of Learning:" and yet, Cartaphilus truſts that the deſigned character of his pages will not have ſuffered by the many politic diſcourſes, and other thoughtful ruminations which his very *nature* urged upon him, and which his *anomalous condition* perpetually cheriſhed. But his hope ſtill is that theſe, and even the *perſonal adventures* of the "Wanderer," often ſo anomalous, may not be found to impair the worth of his Chronicles as a carefully elaborated Hiſtory.

And now, my Editor, (as in all of our many interviews, thy wonder at my eventful life hath been often great) permit me to ſtate for thee, and for ſuch as may take ſome intereſt in *him*, who hath been called "The Wandering Jew," what the great Ocean of Life truly is: for *my one* life hath been little elſe than *typical* of the aggregate of the many lives that have paſſed down the long ſtream of time, ſince firſt I breathed! and, moreover, the whole world is fuller of myſtery, and each man therein is more a microcoſm of marvels, than even the moſt experienced and thoughtful have been wont to perceive or to conceive!

Paſs thy mental eye with me, but for a moment, over life's ſhoreleſs Ocean,—and there thou wilt ſee how the children of men are caſt therein, as it were from the clouds—and wilt learn what manner of reception, and of after-dealing they muſt experience—yea, from their firſt breath, until extinction comes in death! All therein is but as a ſtorm, with only here and there a ſpot of calm; and the myriads of freſh lives are thrown upon that ocean, like drops ſhed by the Pluvian Jove! Some are as bubbles; and, ſurviving an inſtant only, are loſt for ever amidſt its boundleſs waters,—ſeemingly, as if thoſe beautiful and gariſh and inflated drops were formed but to dazzle and to die in a ſingle act! Others, having a faſhion of ſome more ſtrength, are rudely caſt about, and are ſeen buffeting with force—giving thereby no ſmall hope of endurance: but ſuddenly they, too, vaniſh on the extended ſurface, and the waters of life know them no more! But lo! next we behold very many, full of activity, joyouſly floating about—now here, anon there; and ever vaunting of much power: they joſtle among themſelves, and againſt divers others of far more weight—they cruſh the weaker, and change the forms of ſome that be naturally ſtronger: they ſeem deſtined to ride over the waves, reckleſs of the ſtorm, and to avoid harm from all the many rocks and iſles they meet: and yet, an unlooked-for and heavy cloud incontinently pours down its raging winds, and watery maſſes on them; and the whole are quickly merged beneath the ſurges and foams that abound!

And look again! Some feeble globules are here ſhed as mere

dew upon thoſe waters: they give no expectation of continuance: yet, if thine eye will cloſely follow them, they mature marvellouſly into form and ſolidity—they grow from ſtrength unto ſtrength—they are every where ſeen, and for a long time,—they are daſhed about as things that cannot be drowned; and, as a cork upon the actual billows of a raging ſea, they periſh not, but endure until time and ſlow friction, together with the internal ſeeds of waſte and diſſolution ſhall bring death even unto them! And yet even *their places* are ſoon forgotten of men,—none leaves an enduring wake; the waters of life cloſe up, and the myriads that flattered them, and who were aſtonied at their deeds, now give but feeble utterance of their names,—and after-ages can make but poor reference to any of them: or, ſhould their names ſurvive, and even ſome of their works, great may be the doubt as to the localities of their once wide renown!

And ſuch, forſooth, is Life! It is as the ſhadow that hath departed—as the dream of the night, ſtriven to be recalled to memory on the morrow—as the tale of woe told unto the giddy and unfeeling! It is as a drop of precious odour caſt upon a troubled ſtream; or, as the vapour hurried off by the evening breeze! What, then, is all Life but an ill-aſſorted compound of idle fancies—vain hopes—fleeting actualities—ſore diſappointments—galling tears—unmeaning laughters—heavy ſighs——and, at length, of terrific deaths, and loathing corruptions of the body—yea, often ere the tomb is tenanted!

Life, moreover, is not only the moſt uncertain of things, but Death is revealed to us in forms, ſo infinitely various and unexpected, that garniſhment but ſeldom comes. Goes not the bride unto her nuptial chamber full of joy, and may ſhe not there find her death-couch?—doth not the ſucceſsful warrior often periſh at the moment of receiving his reward?—and the happy mother, gives ſhe not birth to the heir, who hath been her long cheriſhed expectation—and dies he not in the hour after? So ſuch things often are: for the long abſent traveller voyages over perilous ſeas to the home of his affections—arrives upon his native ſhore; but death ſtops him ere the wife of his boſom, or his hopeful children, or his aged parents, can hold him in their arms—ſuch being the uncertainty of life!

Death, moreover, ſometimes becometh "*dainty-mouthed;*" he paſſeth by unheeded the poor and lowly,—but maketh great havoc among the lordly, and thoſe with filled coffers!—then, anon, becoming gluttonous, he feedeth ravenouſly upon the bodies of the impoveriſhed and vile,—ſo that none may vaunt in ſecurity at any time, ſince they know not the ſigns when death ſhall change his reliſh.*

* Cartaphilus, in a letter of June 1849 to his Editor ſtates that, whilſt encompaſſed by the Cholera, which then raged in London, he was repoſefully

And the *manner* of death alſo; oh, how full of vagaries, how diverſely doth it come!

The experienced chirurgeon hath but ſcratched his finger—it ſoon feſters, and he periſhes of a lock-jaw! The philoſopher, in ſheer abſence of mind, doth ſwallow the plum he ſhould have maſticated—and death comes to him of choaking! The luſty youth daſhes his top with violence,—it rebounds with equal force, ſtrikes a tender part, and he ſinks in death!—A pebble, or a peeling, trips one up—the ſkull is fractured, and life is ſoon gone! What ſea, then, is more beſet with perils, than that of Life? Health and riches avail nothing to make its tenure ſurer: prudence, with all its Argus' eyes, penetrates no veil that ſhields an accident. In the midſt of ſuch hidden chances, who ſhall be indifferent to death's coming, ſave him, whoſe life of virtue doth make death but the entrance into a far more bliſsful exiſtence than life here can ever be? But, when ſoul and body have been made, during a long life, naught but the receptacle of every corruption, the aſhes of the deceaſed are then vile indeed: and not a whit more worthy do they become by all the gorgeous paraphernalia of his careful funeral,—nor is the inner man, though wholly freed of the body, in the leaſt leſs odious than as it was before; for then, all diſembodied ſpirits are thoroughly known of each other. Pagan, Jew, Chriſtian, Mahomedan—whatever the faith may have been, death ſeldom hath found him able to introvert his mind, and truthfully to ſay, his life hath been ſo pure, that the tomb hath no terror in it.

How different have men's views been as to Death and Life!—and which, therefore, is the ſounder philoſophy—that of Ennius—of Solon—or of Euripides? The Chriſtian hath a higher ſource, whereby to reſolve all ſuch queſtions: and yet the truth may be ſomewhat extracted from theſe three Heathen poets.

(The wiſh of *Ennius* was,)
"*Let none beſtow upon my paſſing bier*
One needleſs ſigh, or unavailing tear."

(That of *Solon* ſays,)
"*Let me not unlamented die, but o'er my bier*
Burſt forth the tender ſigh—the friendly tear!"

(And *Euripides* hath it,)
"*When man is born, 'tis fit, with ſolemn ſhow*
We ſpeak our ſenſe of his approaching woe;
With other geſtures, and a different eye
Proclaim our pleaſure when he's bid to die."

writing the preſent Epiſtle; and that the daily reports of its ravages (often ſo fitfully made among rich and poor, and in the beſt, as well as in the meaneſt parts of that great metropolis) occaſioned him to indite the preſent ſentence, and with a feeling of no ordinary conviction of its truth.

But, my Editor, all know that, hateful as death uſually is, life is ſometimes equally ſo; and that men often run ſtraightway to the cord, to the ſword, the river, the precipice, or to poiſon—ſeeking after death: and yet ſuch Wanderers in ſearch of a Tomb, (*væ miſero mihi!*) have often no ſuch happy refuge. *Vere, protinus ad laqueum, ad gladium, ad flumen, ad precipitum, aut ad venenum currunt homines*—but Cartaphilus hath choice of neither, and cannot exclaim, *O præclarum illum diem mortis, cùm ad illud animarum concilium proficiſcar!* None for him will ſound a death-trumpet—no one will admoniſh him to pack up his little all, and haſten for death's ſpeedy coming—none will ſay to him—*Sarcinulas collige—brevi aderit dies, qui te ad plures ducit*—He, alone, muſt bide his time!

And here am I reminded of what Athenæus hath ſaid of Ninus, that great monarch of Aſſyria, whoſe Life and Death are ſo much to my now purpoſe.

"Ninus had an ocean of gold, and alſo other riches—more than the ſands of the Caſpian ſea: but he looked not on the ſtars, and deſired not to ſee them! Ninus ſtirred not up the holy fires among the Magi; nor did he touch his god with the ſacred rod—as by law he ſhould have done: he never offered ſacrifice, nor worſhipped the deity, nor adminiſtered juſtice, nor ſpake to his people, nor numbered them: but Ninus was moſt valiant to eat, and to drink; and having mingled his wines, he caſt the reſt upon the earth. This king now is dead; behold his ſepulchre, and what of himſelf he ſaith!"

"*Formerly I was Ninus, and drew the breath of a living man; but now am I nothing but vile clay. I have naught but what I did eat and drink, and, in my luſts, miniſtered unto myſelf: theſe were and are my only portion. The riches with which all thought me ſo bleſſed, met together upon my death, and bore themſelves away, like as the mad Thyades carry off a raw goat!*

To Hades am I gone: and when there, neither gold, nor ſilver, nor horſe, nor chariot carried I with me: but I, who once wore a crown, am now but a little heap of duſt!"*

With this will I end my long epiſtle—ſave that unto Albion will I now utter a word of reproof and of kind admonition. I pray thee, then, my Editor, have patience with me a while longer, that I may apoſtrophiſe that famed "*Lady Iſland*," ere I depart from its ſhores—poſſibly for the laſt time. It is a land in which Cartaphilus, at various times, hath had more repoſe and ſecurity, during

* Cartaphilus mentions that a portion of this vein of thought on the mutations of Life was ſomewhat occaſioned in him, after reading that admirable work of Jeremy Taylor, on "Holy Living and Dying." In a degree they reſemble each other: the Editor therefore prays the reader to note the manner of the two, and aſſign to each its due.

ſome centuries of his anomalous life than elſewhere: but Albion is now in ſore peril of her "*Candleſtick*," and may become as low as any of the Seven Apocalyptic Churches, if unto Pope Leo ſhe returneth, or with King Henry, or with Queen Elizabeth ſhe wholly remaineth!—for "madneſs lies" in either path.

Oh Thou, that dwelleſt in the midſt of the waters, who once waſt as ſtrong and clear as thoſe briny waves—whoſe now treaſures are boundleſs, and whoſe children are from the riſing unto the ſetting ſun! Yet thy end may ſoon come, and thou periſh as did the mighty nations of the olden time, if Roman idols be again embraced of thee, and if their falſe lights ſhall once more bewilder and beguile thee! The meaſure of thy covetouſneſs, O Albion, hath alſo been very great, and ſtill is ſo; thy pride is as the miſts that ſoar upon thy Cambrian hills—thy knowledge, though vaſt, is often greatly miſapplied—thy means of unmixed Faith is yet greater than of all the early nations, or of any yet around thee—thy ſilver and thy gold and thy treaſures from land and ocean, are ſtill more abundant than any other chriſtian or heathen people ever had—and yet, oh Faireſt Daughter of the Seas! tell it not in Gath—publiſh it not in Aſkelon, that now the modern Spiritual Babylon hath bewitched thee greatly! Receive not that dread "mark" propheſied of old: caſt off from thee that infallible cauſe of untimous decay, and certain ruin; but live again, as well thou mayeſt, in renewed luſtihood, if to thy earlieſt Saxon faith before Auguſtine's days, thou ſhalt return. "*Is wiſdom in Teman? Is counſel periſhed from the prudent?—hath their wiſehood vaniſhed?*" Remember, O Albion! that Iſrael and Judah, though now a "ſcattered ſheep," will again flouriſh in Zion: for 'tis only becauſe they of Abraham's ſeed will join in the true faith, and never take part with the "Seven-hilled Babylon." The lions of Aſſyria, at one time diſperſed thoſe favoured people of Paleſtine; alſo a fierce king of Chaldea "broke their bones;" and yet the fiercer power of Imperial Rome deſtroyed them wholly as a nation, and ſprinkled them over the earth, even as worthleſs rubbage! But ſtill Aſſyria and Chaldea utterly periſhed; and Rome's vaſt ſtrength and boundleſs empire ſo faded, at firſt, into mere impotency, as to leave ſcarce the name of an Italian dukedom—and thus continued until a new dynaſty of aſſumed power, and of impious pomp and pretenſion aroſe—claiming to rule the nations of the Univerſe, as the vicegerents of Him who created it! And now, O Albion, thy own inquiſitive people (after raking up the aſhes of all thoſe people, and with an almoſt idolatrous veneration of *mere antiquity*;—yea, the aſhes of the once mighty Nineveh, alſo thoſe of "Chaldea's Excellency," likewiſe thoſe of the "Phrahs of Egypt," and of the once Kingly, Republican, and Imperial City) ſhould not themſelves become oblivious that age is faſt creeping upon thee alſo; and that all things, ancient and buried, (when brought to light) are only to

be now prized as revelations—ſhowing how and why and when they periſhed, as the holy Prophets had foretold! But the inner ſoul and mind of thoſe long interred people, are ſtill nearly without mementos—*thoſe* cannot be raked up with their aſhes and with their monuments—ſo *impotent* are the outward works of man to tell us of his intellectual being! Remember, then, O Albion, that, in the greatneſs of thy vaunted greatneſs, nothing is ſo worth preſerving as the evidences of thy Soul's Doings—not thoſe of thy hands in bronze and in marbles, but only of thy ſound Religion—of thy favour with Him who values the Heart alone. And, as *thy* lights have been ſo many, and pure, and bright, how much greater thy now ſin, than that of Chaldea and of Egypt, if, in theſe latter times, like JOASH, thou ſhalt be blinded by the "Myſterious Babylon," whoſe deeds, unlike thoſe of the proud City on the Euphrates, are done amidſt the effulgent halo that encompaſſeth Calvary! And if the now ſuſpicion againſt thee ſhould be ripened into an awakening reality, doubt it not, O "Lady Iſland!" other people in after ages will *rake thy aſhes too*—doubt it not, oh Albion, that the mere *penumbra* of idolatry in *thee*, would be far more odious, than its *radiance* was in thoſe of the days of Eſar-Haddon. Unto thine integrity, as once it was, be now ſtedfaſt—caſt from thee the ſhibboleths and peculiar indicia, and all the faſhions, and the merely terrene ways of that "*marked*" Church—imitate alone their virtues—their many holy means—their cheriſhed glory in, and zeal for, their religion,—yet not with the vain ambition of proſelytiſers. But ſuch *virtues* as they ſurely do poſſeſs, can give thee *no warrant* for thy adoption of any other part; or, as ſome have done—the whole! nor doth it juſtify thy doubts as to the purity of thy own far purer faith, becauſe there are ſpots upon thine own ſun: but rather ſtrive to diſſipate them all—a far eaſier taſk than to faſhion a poliſhed Mirror of Faith out of the *diſjecta membra* of a religion, which, though ancient, perſiſtent, and with wonderful *unity*, in ſome things, is yet equally full of obſtinacy againſt light—of variableneſs according to recurring policies—of earthy proclivities—of diſſenſions and contradictions—of theoretic purities, and practical ſenſuouſneſſes—of heavenly mildneſs, and of fierce dictation!—theſe all, being the droſs of that merely *terrene* ſoul, clearly foreſeen of Prophecy, and which Hiſtory hath abundantly proved. Why then, O Albion! cloſe thine eyes to thine own lights, and purſue the phantoms of Supremacy—of Mariolatry—of Celibacy—of hourly Sacrifices—of Penances—of Indulgences, and of divers more ſuch figments, *becauſe* of their actual or ſuppoſed antiquity, and of the tenacity with which they have been maintained by the Latin Church, when thine own dogmas and obſervances are far more ancient—are apoſtolic, and have *worked well*, whilſt thoſe of Rome have in all the ages brought ſo feeble a harveſt of vital goods? Be adheſive therefore, O Albion! to thy more ſimple and

earlier faith: for, I tell thee, thou wilt ſorely need it in the approaching darkneſs caſt upon that Latin Church—an effuſion of wickedneſs more intenſe, diffuſive, inſidious, and fatuous, than in all the paſt times! Doubt it not, oh Albion, their ſtruggle with the Powers of Light will come—Queſtion it not, *their* means of attack, and *thine* of reſiſtance, were never before ſo great: and I further tell thee that, as the various rulers of nations ſhall at length wholly forſake their paſt modes of War and of Peace, ſo will thoſe great Powers of Belial and of Heaven, each caſt off their earthy feebleneſs for the mighty conflict! Momentous reſult! Let the *Spiritual Waterloo* be alſo thine!

Now, although ever ſince the Council of Trent, in 1563, the *theory* hath continually been that all juriſdiction, civil and eccleſiaſtic, muſt flow from but one ſource—viz., the Chair of St. Peter at Rome—yet we know that, in *practice*, all power is exerciſed by that Church and by *another* power, equally if not ſtill more potent! It is now in vain that we look to one only—we muſt ſeek it not only in the White-robed Pontiff of the Vatican and his miniſters, but alſo in the Black-robed General of the Gesù and his ſoldiers! The ſubordinates of the GENERAL muſt all do as they are bid: and the whole of that Fraternity wield as tremendous an influence over the Pontifex-Maximus, and the Catholic world, as that General does over his own ſubordinates! The miſchievous reſults to the multitude, from this combined power of the two, can be eſtimated by no human calculation—it being infinite and various. The *Few* of the Vatican and of the Gesù may be the moſt learned and ſeductive among men—but the *Multitude* muſt be kept in nearly Cimmerian darkneſs, before the ways of Gehennom and of Heaven can be thus unnaturally combined and ſuſtained! And the greateſt of all the marvels is that among the Multitude of that Church, and alſo among the Few of the Vatican and of the Gesù, there are *Individuals* of ſingular piety, and honeſtly zealous in their cauſe, when not the mere victims of an artful diabolic agency! In the two are found elements born of Hell—whilſt ſome of their reſpective members appear and are among the brighteſt exemplars of Chriſtian zeal and purity—the unconſcious, and we believe irreſponſible agents, of Him who is the ſource of all "deceivableneſs." Myſterious power! Wonderful combination of unnatural elements!

No need haſt thou, oh Albion, for "*Royal Primacy*," more than hath the world at large for "*Papal Supremacy*"—ſave that the Church's *deſigned weakneſs* in things civil and political, (after clearly defining its *ſpiritual* rights and claims) muſt leave their *enforcement* to the conſcience of the Temporal Power, ſhould need there be: for, in the melancholy caſe of a conflict, the Church can never *war* upon the Throne; the former is then in deep *grief*—and muſt ſubmit, until a change of heart ſhall viſit, from on high, both, or one:—then mayeſt thou live long in thy wonted uſefulneſs,

and in the enjoyment of all thy juſt and great renown. SHUN ROME! no cauſe wilt thou then have to fear leſt the owl ſhall ſit ſolitary in thy now gorgeous palaces—the fox bark out of the windows of thy many proud manſions, and the hiſſing reptiles repoſe among the weeds of thy ruined fortreſſes and dilapidated cities! No Jeremiah is *yet* needed to lament for thee: but, if hereafter needed, none would be then vouchſafed: thine own lights, now and ever, muſt wholly ſerve thee,—ſhade them not, leſt thy waters be dried up—leſt thy potency become weakneſs—leſt thy knowledges become as deluſive meteors, and leſt, as of old, God ſhall deliver thee up to the "*Syrians*" though they "*come with a ſmall company of men!*" Doubt it not, oh Albion!—danger now is in all thy paths,—and never before was there greater cauſe to cry out in the words of the Pſalmiſt, "*Help Lord! for the godly man ceaſeth—for the faithful fail from among the children of men.—If the foundations be deſtroyed, what can the righteous do!*" And remember, once more, O Albion! there be other lands in the far Weſt, as well as in the remote Eaſt, whoſe future greatneſs may take place of thine—and endure unto the end—and yet only if *their* own Faith be pure,—and only ſo long as it thus remains,—for no nation that forſakes the Faith hath ſure life. Nations periſh not, nor ever did, and never will, by old age alone: they periſh through ſin alone: full of years, then, as Albion now is, ſtill may ſhe flouriſh in perpetual manhood—but only whilſt her Apoſtolic-Saxon Faith ſhall remain, and her Practice be the like. Accipite animis, atque hæc mea figite dicta.

Only a few words more unto thee, oh Albion!—Thou mayeſt be either the Saviour, or the Deſtroyer of Man's beſt hopes on Earth, and in Heaven,—for there are in thee two ſignal Virtues, flowing from the Source of all Good—"TOLERATION" and "LIBERTY"—the *juſt uſe* of either of which is heavenly—the *abuſe* of which is diabolic! Doſt thou not know that the GREAT DECEIVER hath ſpeciouſly taken unto himſelf both of theſe—but only to miſlead thee and the world whilſt he is enſlaving both? Doth he not *charm* thee with the lovelineſs of the *names* of Toleration and of Political and Civil Liberty—yet only in ſuch a way as to lead thee into the certain abuſe of each, ſo that every crime againſt Religion and Government—againſt ſalutary Toleration, and wholeſome Liberty, may be perpetrated under the divine forms of them all, whilſt thou and the world are becoming in a degree the real ſlaves, and his numerous minions the only Freemen, and the only Perſecutors—to do as they liſt in all of their diabolic ſchemes? Doubt it not! Thy morbid and mawkiſh abuſe of theſe two ſhining virtues is now becoming the moſt powerful of all the Satanic means revealed to mankind for their utter ruin! Doubt it not, oh Albion, that thy "Toleration," without conſervative limitations, and thy "Liberty," without its eſſential reſtrictions, are

faſcinating thee into the abyſs thou wouldſt anxiouſly avoid—into the very pit which the Deceiver hath ſo long aimed to caſt thee and the world, however much thou and thy admirers have ſeemingly ſtrived, during ſome centuries, to dignify man by religious toleration —by humanity to thy foes—and by civil and political liberty! But be wiſe, oh Albion! Virtues, iſſuing from the clear fountains of God's immaculate wiſdom, are the very *purities* with which the Great Deceiver would now ſtrive to miſlead thee!—and thoſe virtues, ſorely abuſed, may be thy overthrow—and will be, if thou remain oblivious of their inherent and juſt limitations. Beware of *traditional pride* in this matter of thy Toleration, and of thy Liberty! It is thy beſetting illuſion—LOOK TO THE JESUITS!

And now hath Cartaphilus delivered himſelf of a duty unto thee, as his Editor—and unto thoſe, if any, who ſhall read theſe Chronicles: and the Jew would only add unto his foregoing Meditations upon Life and Death, his hope that every one will feel through life, as Ninus ſeems to have done only when in the article of death! And now, *velis et remis*, I go for Oriental lands;

LONDON—*Auſtin Friars*, September 16, 1852. . . . Julian Period . . . 6565
Anno Mundi, Supputatione Chriſtianorum 5856
Anno Mundi, Supputatione Hebræorum—3 Tiſri 5612
Anno IVth Olympiadis 657
Ab Urbe Condita, (Terentius Varro) 2605
Anno Seleuc: (*Eloul*) 2163
Æra Juliani Auguſti 1897
Anno Nativitatis XVI Kal: Oct. 1852
The VIIIth Year of the 19 Years' Cycle—(Judaical Civil Year) commencing Sept. 16—1852 5613
Anno Hegiræ, 1ſt Dhu' Chasjah 1268
Anno XVI Victoriæ Reginæ Brit:
Jupiter in Libra—Golden Number 10—Dominical Letters F. E. *Old Style*. Dom: Letters D. C. New Style —Epact 9.

And finally, my Editor, the remaining two volumes of this my firſt revelation, I entruſt to thy diſcretion. I bid thee, and Chriſtendom, a loving, but no ſhort FAREWELL.

CARTAPHILUS.

The Editor to the Reader.

COURTEOUS Reader! it is probable a few words may be expected of thee from the Editor of a Chronicle coming from a ſource ſo little contemplated, and of a character, in many reſpects, ſo anomalous.

That it may not ſuit the taſte of ſome is altogether likely; and that, moreover, it may occaſionally offend others is equally to be expected, however anxiouſly the "Wanderer" and his Editor have endeavoured to gain friends, or at leaſt a docile ear. It alſo may be preſumed that a few will be found ſo faſtidious, as ſcarce to tolerate the blending of ſo great a variety of diſſimilar topics, and perhaps ſtyles, in the ſame work: but as the world is perhaps vaſt and various enough to yield even a numerous claſs of readers of ſimilar taſte, and ſufficiently liberal to weigh ſoberly the ultimate objects and tendencies of the whole, both as to matter and manner, the Editor has ventured to cheriſh the hope that Cartaphilus will be kindly welcomed on his return from Oriental lands,—and that his Scholiaſt may alſo be, though both are as conſcious as any one can be that, in all reſpects the *execution* of the enterpriſe may be regarded as extremely imperfect, compared with the vaſtneſs, and poſſibly the eſſential worth of the general ſcheme or ideality itſelf.

To the entire claſs of Puriſts and Carpers, the Editor will only ſay—read the whole—or none: go not in purſuit of faults, or as to what *might* have been done,—both are liberally, but moſt regretfully admitted—and then let your judgment be a tender one, no leſs towards the long afflicted and ſinning, but now Converted Jew, than towards the retired Juriſconſult,—who, when in eager purſuit of mental occupation, hath, perhaps, inconſiderately and injudiciouſly undertaken a duty towards the "Wanderer of Ages," that ill harmonized with the early readings and vein of thought, ſo uſually among the diſciples of Littleton, and of his great Commentator. But, ſuch as the whole may be, he now preſents it,—neither craving praiſe, nor deprecating cenſure—but ſtill hopeful of juſtice.

Now, as the Jew is again wandering, the Editor (whoſe feeling hath ever been, Ubi ſum, ibi patria—*Where I am, there is my country*—) is grateful for all the benevolences he hath received in this, and in other lands: but now doth he yearn for his natal ſoil; and, nearly in the words of the gifted poet, Tupper, is inclined to ſay

> "Thither thy ſon, O Columbia! is haſt'ning
> There for *true* riches ſecurely to ſearch;
> Not for thy *gold*, California, longing—
> But for ſweet Home, with enough—and a Church."

DAVID HOFFMAN.

London,
6A. Hanover St. Hanover Square,
September, 1852.

Note.

THE Editor anticipates, but only from a certain claſs of readers, the objection that theſe Volumes deal too largely in theological and eccleſiaſtic matters: but the remark would be erroneous in fact, and no leſs unſound in theory than wanting in correct feeling—as it will be found that quite four-fifths of the entire work are wholly free of this objection, if otherwiſe a juſt one; and alſo that the eſſential character of the JEW, and the very aim and ſpirit of his Chronicles demanded the progreſſive development of his anomalous character—the cauſe, effects, and approaching removal of his wonderful deſtiny. Cartaphilus is certainly anxious to win readers—now that the revelation of his Chronicles became neceſſary: but ſtill, with extremely little of an Author's uſual ſolicitude. Well knowing, alſo, the human heart, he has foreſeen equally with his Editor, the probable objection alluded to; and therefore ſtoutly inſiſted, at firſt, that the following letter to the much famed *Cornelius Agrippa*,' addreſſed by Cartaphilus to him in 1535, ſhould not be here anticipated, but be inſerted in its order of time. The Editor, however, had ſeveral reaſons for the preſent chronological departure in this ſolitary caſe, which need no further mention than that he ſuppoſed the peruſal of the LEGEND may have awakened ſome curioſity to know at once ſomething more of the Wanderer's connection with Agrippa; and alſo that as the topics of that ſingular letter reveal much of the eſſential character of our Hero, if ſo he may be called, it would add to the reader's early intereſt in him, and alſo inſpire a juſt hope that ultimately his *orthodoxy* would be all that could be deſired—and hence the inſertion of this letter out of place, though at the riſk of increaſing the objection we both have feared. We, however, have placed it in the *Appendix* to the firſt Volume—to be taken up at the option of the reader.

DAVID HOFFMAN.

THE

Wandering Jew;

OR THE

Chronicles of Cartaphilus,

SELECTED

FROM HIS

POLYCHRONICON,

BY

DAVID HOFFMAN.

1853

Aſaph's ſweet Shophar, making a "joyful noiſe before the Lord." ——A ſullen ſilence reigned around—and the gate of the Inner Court that looketh to the Eaſt, remained ſtill faſt cloſed! Thus was all Jeruſalem troubled, and in ſore ſuſpenſe, during the four entire days before my melancholy birth,—when, at length, the gladſome ſounds were heard from the Meſſengers, hailing the infant year,—and theſe were quickly taken up by the chief Senator of the BETH-YAZEK, who uſhered the well-known cry of "*Mekuddaſh—Mekuddaſh!*" to Iſrael's anxious people.

The air of Judea, uſually ſo ſerene and genial—and the ſkies ſo cloudleſs, when Niſan is proclaimed, were cheerleſs and cold and black with many vapours, during thoſe four preſaging days before my birth; and the hours of the morning watch, of that firſt day which gave me breath, were as full of mental agonies to the father and mother of me their firſt and only born, as were the elements then, and after, with thoſe lurid and unnatural aſpects!

Rumour of a myſterious dream.

The cauſe of my parents' great diſquietude was found in a hideous dream, with which their ſleep was viſited—a dream full of awful preſages concerning their expected offſpring—a dream that baffled the utmoſt ſkill of divination! The ſhocking viſion re-appeared, and with additional clearneſs, on the night of my *eighth* day—a day that had ſomewhat revived their wounded ſpirits, as being that on which, by Circumciſion, I had been ſymbolically allied to the houſehold of faith.

The ſame viſion, I ſay, of horror, as at the hour of my birth —repeated to both my parents ſo early after the joyous event of my circumciſion—and at Night's fourth watch, when dreams are moſt veracious,—viſions, too, that no one, to whom they had been ſacredly entruſted, could in any wiſe reſolve, were potent circumſtances to preſs ſorely upon the minds of thoſe, whom, by nature and our holy laws, we are ever bound to venerate and love —though *they* were the authors of an exiſtence which, to the preſent hour, hath known no joy! As my parents are ſaid to have deeply grieved, they ſurely mourned not ſolely for themſelves:—oh no, *they*, at leaſt, loved me; and their brief example ſeems now the only cauſe of the little kindneſs a few do ſhow me, in this my early manhood!

The world around me had early heard and cheriſhed the vague rumours, as to ſome portentous myſtery at my birth: and whilſt that was freſh in memory, they either hated, or dreaded me, its then wholly innocent object. But alas! ere a ſingle revolution of the ſun and heavens around the plain that man inhabits had been completed, my parents were gathered to their fathers: and, (that the myſterious cup of my affliction might overflow, even in

the dawn of life, and thus adumbrate the future) they both departed to their eternal home, on the ſame day and hour! Wonderful, indeed, are the ways of Abraham's God!

My mother is ſaid to have been the loveliеſt of beings—my father, SERAIAH, the moſt venerated of men: but they were both, by deſcent, *Iſhmaelites*, not Jews; and both were *Proſelytes of the Gate;* who, indeed, faithfully worſhipped God, but had remained uncircumciſed: and my own initiation into the ſtrict faith of our father Abraham, is ſaid to have been occaſioned by the agitation cauſed by thoſe fearful viſions attendant upon my birth.

On their death I paſſed into the hands of a maiden aunt, on my mother's ſide; who being by her own birth and education, but not by previous deſcent, a Samaritan, and hence, by religion, no friend to her Siſter's new-born faith, ſcowled upon her charge from his earlieſt days: and though ſhe gave me the protection of her roof, and ſaw me educated in moſt of the learning of the times, ſtill made my home ſufficiently wretched,—which was greatly embittered, moreover, not only by the myſtery that hung over my natal hour, but by the inevitable hatred alſo cheriſhed towards me by my paternal uncle ANMAR, formerly of Arabia, who regarded me, not only as the immediate cauſe of my parents' melancholy end, but of their ſudden adoption of circumciſion and of the paſſ-over—thereby becoming, almoſt in the article of death, full *Proſelytes of the Covenant*—a faith to which my uncle was no friend, if indeed he were to any.

Tell me, oh my ſoul! *what* were the viſions that ſo weighed down the ſpirits of thoſe who gave me birth, as thus to change them, and ſo ſpeedily to conſign both to an early and ſynchronous tomb?—declare unto me, ye Angels that hover inviſible around us, be ye good or evil, the meaning of thoſe dark and ſhadowy and terrific intimations—oh, tell me, if but in whiſpers, and more obſcure than thoſe vouchſafed my parents—ſo that, peradventure, by much ſtudy, I may reſolve them, and mitigate (or, even though it increaſe) my woes!

At their death, they both charged my uncle (as the ſole depoſitary, among all my relatives of a portion only of their fatal ſecret) ſtrictly to withhold even that ſlight diſcloſure, from CARTAPHILUS, their ſon—for ſo had I been in due ſeaſon named!

During the period of my Aunt's limited protection, and of her far more ſlender affection, I was ſtill encompaſſed by many vague rumours of the idle and malicious world, as to this my myſterious birth and deſtiny,—and theſe were whiſpered to my young mind, long before I could underſtand the leaſt of their import. Theſe, as I grew older, tortured my inner ſoul—gave me up to many diabolical influences—poiſoned all my thoughts,—and eventually

His Parents' death—Hope of Shiloh—His hatred of the Romans.

ſeparated me eternally from every being in Paleſtine, in whoſe veins my anceſtral blood was flowing! Thoſe tender names, "Father" and "Mother," had never reached my infant heart and comprehenſion: they, whoſe devoted cares would have nouriſhed me, whoſe loving counſels would have reſtrained me to the paths of virtue and peace, were now for ever gone;—and I, a helpleſs—degraded child, was caſt upon the icy feelings of a bigoted and ſuperſtitious world; with no other inheritance than a foul ſtory pendent over me, from the firſt hour I breathed—a ſtory, which, though all could liſp, and delighted ſo to do, yet could none define its particulars, nor in the leaſt unravel its pregnant meaning,—for ſuch is the world's malice!

A ſolitary being am I; of whom, as they ſay, even now, "*Heaven has determined ſomething awful!*"—but what?—ah, that may remain for ever the awakening—the tormenting queſtion! I ſee—I feel the myſtery all around me; but as lightleſs as a night of blackeſt ignorance—impenetrable to all alike, and equally ſo to me, though twenty and ſeven years have now paſſed away! * * * Would that no more of Niſan's moons could ſhed upon me their ſoft and ſilvery light!—and that theſe eyes were now ſealed up in eternal ſleep—yea, in eternal death! or rather, would that, if SHILOH is to come, he come quickly,—for that day *muſt* be one of radiance—a day of bliſs to all—a day that ſurely will reſolve all myſteries!

Hope of Shiloh's coming.

* * * The *Prophets* ſay He *is* to come; and many firmly hold, nearly if not in theſe very times!—and our Phariſees, alſo, and the Sadducees, together with the Prieſts and others, do further hold, that he will be a mighty Conqueror—one that ſhall rid our land of ſtrangers—of theſe Idumeans, yea, ſurely of theſe all-pervading and odious Romans—and raiſe Iſrael from her now deep degradation, even unto a lofty national power, and unbounded wealth! O that theſe days would haſten as running ſtreams from Olivet's heights! O that they were at our very gates!—for Jeruſalem much needs a conqueror now,—far more, indeed, than even in Babylonian times: for the iron graſp of Rome, at preſent, ſeems far more fatal to our laws and religion, than was ever Chaldea's heavy hand, and ſore captivity. Our people, *then*, (as a youth, ardent and full of ſtrength) were not only conſcious of their chains, and mourned over their deep ingratitude to Abraham's God, but they longed for the occaſion to redeem themſelves from both. But Roman fetters, in theſe our degenerate days, hang lightly on us; and our motley religion now ſeems as various in its creeds, as if our Maſter Moſes had conferred, upon all who would, the power to thunder forth from any little Sinai, a Law to ſuit their faſhion! Oh, how weary

am I of the times, both in State and Temple!—and, as a Sadducee, (of courſe without a hope of things beyond the grave) *this world* ſhould be good enough for me—and worth the living for—yet only when in its beſt eſtate—only when we remain maſters of our country—maſters of our own mind and actions,—ſeeking, finding, and uſing *riches*, as we liſt:—theſe all, or any, withheld, the tomb of our forefathers ſhould be welcomed as a home of ſweet repoſe, yea, of eternal oblivion. O that Shiloh would quickly come! *

LETTER I.

CARTAPHILUS TO RABBI EBEN-EZRA [*now of Ramoth-Gilead*].

JERUSALEM. *Seleucidæ*, 343. *Tebeth*, 8th day.
[A.D. 31. Friday, 14 December.]

THOU art gone, my friend, to a City of Refuge!—and yet thy alleged crime is ſurely none, ſeeing that it was not only involuntary on thy part, but committed againſt one of thoſe noiſy fellows, who followed that maniac the Baptiſt. Be it thy conſolation, then, to learn that he is now in priſon! Herodias hath contrived this good,—and a woman, as thou knoweſt, when once angered and endued with power, ſtoppeth not; but is a match for a hoſt of men—yea, even of Beel-zebuls!

The Baptiſt.

This new-comer, who hath ſeduced ſo many by his preachings, his baptiſms, and his ſtrange auſterities, ventured to tell even Herod, that God would afflict him with ſore evils, ſhould he take Herodias to wife. She is his niece, indeed, and the lawful wife of his brother Herod-Philip; but, as ſhe hath already become his victim, the evil had better be thus cured, than made worſe. Philip in this hath been much maltreated; but Herod Antipas will have his humour—and ſo will Herodias: and yet I marvel much the "Old Fox" doth not prefer the beautiful SALOME, her daughter—but it may likewiſe come to this at laſt!

Cities of Refuge.

Thy flight, my Rabbi, was rapid and effectual, thanks to our newly repaired roads from the Holy City, to all thoſe of Refuge! They now each and all, are nearly forty cubits in width; the rivers and ſtreams are all well bridged; the ſign-poſts, with their label "*To the Refuge*," are conſpicuouſly ſet up—the magiſtrates, in this at leaſt, having done their duty fully. I hope, moreover, thy ſelected city of Ramoth-

* The SHILOH had in fact appeared thirty years before Cartaphilus thus chronicles,—that is, juſt three years before his own birth.

Gilead is plentifully ſtored,—for this cometh alſo within the Law of Refuge, as thou well knoweſt.

The AVENGER OF BLOOD, I am happy to inform thee, ſoon gave over his purſuit; whether from ignorance of thy firſt abode, or from Herod's winking at thy homicide, I wot not. Thy exile, however, may not be of long duration, as the High-Prieſt is now aged; and his *death*, as thou knoweſt, will neceſſarily releaſe thee, if thy freedom come not ſooner. When *Shiloh* appears, theſe things will all be better managed,—for thy haſty ſlaying of the babbler (though done with intemperate zeal, and yet with no deſign on life) was ſtill done in Shiloh's great cauſe: for this *John* ſurely is not that Shiloh—nor yet his Meſſenger: Shiloh will come in power, and in great majeſty; and not as this man, with a rude garment of camel's-hair—a girdle of ſkin about his loins—preaching in wilderneſſes—and feeding upon locuſts and wild honey!

But ſtill, John's *baptiſms* have taken wonderfully with the multitude! Theſe, however, are now likely to have an end for ever: for he is not only in priſon, whence there is no eſcape, but it is rumoured throughout all Jeruſalem, as well as Galilee, that Herodias, (if not Herod, whoſe fears) doth earneſtly ſeek his death! I will write to thee anon, ſhould John be ſlain.

Many who love thee, even more in thy now misfortune, ſalute thee. The young and noble ARTEMAS, of Cæſaria on the coaſt, is now here from Sepphoris, where he temporarily reſides. He bids me, in the name of his newly made acquaintance with thee, to greet Eben-Ezra and his ſpouſe Priſcilla, moſt kindly. Freely do I add mine own—and not forgetting the young and gentle Rebecca.

FARE-THEE-WELL. CARTAPHILUS.

SECTION II.—*Tebeth*, 16th day. [Saturday, 22 December, A.D. 31.]

I HAVE juſt returned from my Uncle ANMAR'S houſe! Some years had paſſed ſince we communed: but his ghoſt being then about to depart (and as the Phariſees would ſay) either to Abraham's boſom—— or to Sheöl, I judge not which; he ſummoned me to his bed-ſide, and thus addreſſed me. "I know, Cartaphilus, that unto thee I have been as no uncle: but my death being near, I now ſeek to make thee ſome amends; and will diſcloſe all, though that be little, which thy parents vouchſafed reſpecting thoſe dreadful viſions that ſo greatly tormented them; and which haſtened their ſouls, as I truſt, to Paradiſe—if an hereafter there be indeed. And, though charged by them both to reveal to thee nothing, left, as they falſely

Viſit to his Uncle.

ſuppoſed, thou ſhouldeſt be made thereby ſtill more unhappy, than thy unknown though rumoured deſtiny would doubtleſs make thee, my judgment and conſcience now bid me declare unto thee the brief words then entruſted to me. Theſe, poſſibly, to thy mind, may ſhadow ſomething to unravel the great, and now long-enduring myſtery:—but to mine, they have yielded nothing but mingled doubts, and vexatious fancies."

The Prophetic dream.

"Know, then, that nought of the portentous "viſions would they yield me—ſave that Thou, their "infant ſon, wert ſeen ſtanding upon the ſummit of a "lofty and eternal mountain, looking down upon all the Nations "on Earth's vaſt plain: and whilſt there, thou becameſt full of "years—large in mental ſtature, and with hoary locks! And, as "nations and ages paſſed before thee, thy whitened and flowing "hair gradually faded away—thy body in like manner diminiſhed; "but not thy inner man: thy once youthful form ſeemed dimly "returning to thee—the mountain vaniſhed amidſt dark clouds: "but anon, theſe clouds diſperſed, and Thou waſt ſeen again in "the full bloom of youth! On the mountain's ſummit, thy "young body was found again increaſing rapidly to man's proudeſt "ſtrength and form—age then came on in courſe; and thou "didſt ſtand, as they thought, like unto a lofty and venerable pine, "on the top of Libanus! This was often repeated; ſometimes at *un-* "*equal* periods—and, ſeemingly to them, during full two thouſand "years!"

"Know further, O Cartaphilus! that, in this viſion, thy "young body was, at one time, ſuddenly enveloped in a cloud of "the ſupremeſt darkneſs; but through which thy form was in- "diſtinctly ſeen, as a dim and very feeble light, ſtriving to diſpel "the blackneſs around thee, and all the nations! Upon thy "breaſt reſted the Hebrew letters *Thauf*—*Reſh*—*Yod*—*Aleph*, "תריא—and, in the thickneſs of this profound darkneſs, thou "didſt remain SIX MINUTES, TWENTY AND FOUR SECONDS! And "then ſucceeded a deluſive and flickering brightneſs, that endured "juſt EIGHT MINUTES, TWENTY AND FOUR SECONDS!* Far be- "neath thy feet, lay a brilliant cloud of light—through which was "radiant, in ſurpriſing brightneſs, the letter Beth, ב—and lo! the "cloud around thy head and body ſlowly diſſolved from before "thee, until all became too ſplendid for man's preſent viſion. But "thou, O Cartaphilus, wert no more to be ſeen—and yet, whether "living or dead, they wiſt not!"

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"This, my Cartaphilus, is the extent of what I have to reveal "as to thy parents' wonderful dream; ſave, that it was ſeen before "thy birth, and alſo on the eighth day after; and that thoſe who "gave thee life, ever held that viſion as ſymbolizing ſome *foul* "*curſe upon thee;* but for what *crime* committed by thy *forefathers* "—or ſeen by the Omniſcient Eye, as *thine own*, I wot not—and "they revealed not." *

"What I have told thee would have cauſed to *my* mind no "ſpecial uneaſineſs for them, or for thee; as to me it ſeemed to "preſage as much good as evil: but thy parents' deep griefs, and "their aſſurance unto me that there *was* ſeen of them an aſtound-"ing evil, cauſed me to hate thee ſorely; and to baniſh from my "houſe and preſence one ſo cloſe to me in blood as thou art.—— "My parting word, and rich legacy unto thee, Cartaphilus, is this; "—*Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth*—and ſo I "bid thee an eternal farewell."

My uncle's ſpirit was ſet free in a few hours after: and I at the age of twenty-eight, was left nearly a mendicant by that *repentant* uncle—whoſe *conſcience* bade him ſuch *amends!*

A Legacy!—a rich one, too, as he called it—and yet of words, of *mere words*, known to our forefathers more than a thouſand years! and hence, not my uncle's legacy, but Solomon's! Did my uncle remember *his* Creator, either in the days of his youth—or even of his old-age? No, ſurely; elſe, after his ſore oppreſſions of me, he would not thus have dealt in words—which are but breath—and left me ſhekelleſs,—but, inſtead thereof, out of his faſt accumulations, he would abundantly have endowed me; ſo that I might regain thereby, in my long honoured family, that high rank, by birth my own—but which, by adverſe fortunes, and foul injuſtice, ſo long hath been withheld.†

His Praiſes of Mammon.

O that this uncle, not in mockery, but in very deed, had converted each word of Solomon's admonition into a talent of ſilver—yea, of gold! for Money truly is the ſoul's awakener—the clear and copious fountain that allays all thirſt—the vital ſpark of all that is worthy in earth, air, water, and fire! Money is a faſt friend, in need, and a good one, at all times: money gaineth civil ſpeeches—gracious entreatment—many followers—and only a few, but impotent enemies: money is kind and true, and may be truſted, where even one's beſt friends, yea, father and mother, may prove falſe: money ſlandereth

* In the progreſs of theſe Chronicles it will be ſeen, that the life of Cartaphilus is a perpetual fulfilment of this wonderful viſion. The Hebrew letters would ſeem to import the numbers 611 and 2000: but how theſe, and likewiſe the 16 and 21 years, are connected with his deſtiny, may not be now intimated.

† A *ſhekel* is a ſmall Jewiſh coin, equal to about 2*s.* 4*d.* ſterling.

The Praiſes of Mammon—His firſt ſelf-reproof.

not, but is indeed the ſweeteſt, beſt, and moſt abiding of companions,—for, by it may be gained all ſweets, and all companions that one willeth! Money cools the blood of angry relations—but, when *we* have it not, *their* riches are as freezing waters ſhed upon a ſummer ſky! Money not only winneth friends, but enableth one to reward their actual worth, or to puniſh their perfidy, and the wrongs of all our enemies. By money we may buy revenge, or ward it off: by money, all authority is at command, and all obeiſance too: by money, laws may be made, or unmade! Money is the key of all conſcience—the oil that penetrateth all hearts—making the ſevere judgments of to-day, the ſoft and compliant deciſions of the morrow! Of all elſe in life, than money, we may grow weary—of that never! for, when we loath all elſe, money may ſecure retirement—yea Death!

He who hath much money may have ſome trouble. He who once had much, but little now, muſt pine at the remembrance. He who hath no money, but ſome friends, may yet languiſh in pains. But he who hath neither mammon nor friends muſt periſh in ſore deſpair. Much mammon begets many friends,—and theſe may add to thy ſtores—poſſeſſed of both, thou haſt gained Paradiſe! O then, Cartaphilus, cheriſh both as the apples of thine eyes: for he who parts with either, may ſoon part with both. * * * *

Had mine uncle's legacy been money *and* words, the ſage precept of Solomon had been well remembered by me; but, as it is, my heart doth turn to gall; and, all hope, in man's deareſt hope, Money, ſeems loſt to me, ſave from my own good wits, and toiling hands—ſlow and odious as theſe muſt be: for now, alas! what ſhall even wit or toil avail in theſe deſperate Roman times? My Aunt, too, if death ſhould ſummon her, loves me not—and will do by me no better part. But hold, Cartaphilus! Do not the goodlieſt ſhrubs and trees ſpring from almoſt inviſible points, lodged in the matrix of all ſeeds, however ſmall they be?—do not the tiny fountains make the ſtreams—and they the majeſtic rivers—and theſe again the boundleſs Ocean? If ſo, why not try the *Temple's Court?*—many, there, have more ſurely gained mammon, than their ſouls! but why not gain both, if an after life there be? and if in this the Phariſees be right, ſtill *poverty* is a blighting foe to the ſoul's ſafety, as all Sadducees will urge. To the Temple, then, will I haſten, and ſell doves—hoping that, with theſe, and the exchange of a few coins, of which I ſtill am maſter, I may build up, in time, even an envied fortune, from this ſo poor beginning! *Ardua prima via eſt—et Initium in quâque re difficillimum*, as the Romans juſtly ſay—But do not they alſo ſay, *Venter præcepta non audit—et non habet aures?* Remember, then, O Cartaphilus, thy ſole inheritance is Induſtry and thy Wits!

SECTION III.—*Sivan*, 16th day. [Tueſday, 25th May, A. D. 32.]

WHILST in the Temple to-day, one JESUS (of whom I had *heard* much, but *ſeen* nothing—a Nazarene, and ſurely an uncommon man) came in; and viewed all the glories around him, in a way that commanded great attention! Though the ſon of Joſeph, a carpenter, known to many, the fooliſh multitude will have it that he hath wrought ſome notable miracles! This Jeſus and the Baptiſt, as it would ſeem, colleague together—they both have diſciples; poor and unknown, indeed, but marvellouſly ſhrewd: and, if the tales be true that are told of theſe two men, they are either *more* than prophets, or they work their marvellous doings through Beel-zebul; who, as 'tis ſaid, hath often turned himſelf into an Angel of Light—or prophet—or whatever elſe he liſteth, that he may gain his diabolic ends!

His firſt meeting with Jeſus.

This Jeſus looked at me ſtrangely—but no words paſſed between us.

LETTER II.

CARTAPHILUS TO RABBI EBEN-EZRA.

JERUSALEM. *Seleucidæ*, 345, *Adar*, 24.
[March 8th, A.D. 33.]

I PROMISED, when laſt I wrote, to inſtruct thee, good Rabbi, in all things reſpecting JOHN: and now Artemas hath juſt called, with wonders upon his lips! Know, then, from him, that the Baptiſt is ſlain! Salomè, the graceful and beautiful Salomè, received his head in a charger, from the hands of her uncle! Hath not lovely *woman* been at the core of all miſchief, ever ſince our firſt mother loſt us Paradiſe—thereby making Satan a monarch, if not of the world, yet of its larger half? Herod Antipas, as thou knoweſt, hated John; but more from perſonal motives than from any regard he hath for Iſrael's religion;—he envied him, becauſe of the influence he was daily gaining over the minds of the people. The multitude, he ſaid, were led by John, and this impaired his own authority. He hated the Baptiſt alſo for Herodias' ſake, and for the ſevere rebuke he and that adulterous and inceſtuous woman had received, for having taken to himſelf his brother Philip's wife! He hated this John ſtill further, as ſome did rumour, and do record, that *Shiloh* would

What followed the Baptiſt's Impriſonment.

come through the preachings and baptiſms of John, and thus diſplace Herod from all kingly power!

You, my friend, have thought John a holy man, and juſt, though a fanatic, and hence miſchievous; this may be ſo: but I more clearly agree with thee, that, as he and his followers are wild zealots—diſturbers of the public peace—introducers of divers vile novelties into our holy religion, they ſhould be put down, nay, puniſhed: and through thy juſt zeal was it, that thou didſt, though inadvertently, ſlay one of theſe brawlers—cauſing thee to ſeek refuge in thy preſent abode. I like not theſe men; and yet hate this Herod more. I muſt therefore take counſel with myſelf, and ſee further of them, ere I would willingly inflict death, or harm any of them: but, ſhould they preſs matters longer, and treat me, and my dealings in the Temple, as was done by the Nazarene to others, I ſhall go with Herod againſt them all. Herod, doubtleſs, would now releaſe thee from Ramoth, were the matter wholly within his province ſo to do: but this appertains more largely to thoſe in holy office. * * * * * It now is time for me to redeem my promiſe as to the ſtrange events which cauſed the Baptiſt's death. A priſoner in the caſtle of Machærus, well-nigh a year and a half, Herodias (that incarnate fiend in woman's bleſſed form) expoſed John during all that period, to her utmoſt fury, ſave only death. Herod feared the multitude, but feared Herodias more—and yet John the moſt! An *occaſion* for his death, however, was only needed—and that came—for, that the inclination was never wanting will appear, when I tell thee that the Baptiſt's head was *danced* off—and by Salomè received! Thou wilt naturally aſk, why by the fair Salomè? Moſt of what I ſhall now detail, comes from Artemas, and others, eye-witneſſes thereof.

Herod's ſplendid Feſtival.

Artemas was preſent, as a gueſt, at Sepphoris, on Herod's birth-day feſtival; which, at night, was ſolemnized with unuſual ſplendour. The Tetrarch's palace, without, was brilliant with myriads of lights fancifully arranged, which blended their infinite rays in a concentrated maſs; and, like the ſun at noon, dazzled the eye when gazed on, but which, when diffuſed genially through the ſurrounding diſtant foliage, gave a ſoft and moon-light radiance. The palace, within, was gorgeous with many ſilver and brightly burniſhed lamps, ſhedding ſubdued rays through thin tranſparent horn, of various colours,—whilſt the mild air was redolent of frankincenſe and other precious gums, and of flowers in luſtrous vaſes, all in vaſt but graceful profuſion!

The Throne of State was magnificent in lights, reflected from plates of poliſhed gold, inlaid with the emerald, the amethyſt, ſapphire, garnet, chryſolite, and other coſtly ſtones; whilſt poliſhed jaſper and porphyry—the onyx, and other ſtones and marbles of

various colours, that covered the walls of the extenſive apartments, caſt back, on joyous faces, their mixed and mellifluous tints!

Salomè and Herodias.

But, as the ſtars of heaven's beautiful vault hide their heads, when the more powerful luſtre of Niſan's faireſt moon appears, ſo was every brilliant object of the ſurrounding ſcene veiled, as it were, by the ſurpriſing brightneſs of the maiden Niece as ſhe entered—lovely always, but on that feſtive night, far exceeding her wonted ſelf!

Salomè, queen of the night, was ſeated oppoſite to Herod and Herodias, upon a throne of leſs elevation and grandeur than her uncle's, and yet in a centre of encircling lights. Columns of brightly poliſhed onyx and jaſper, alternately arranged, and inlaid with many precious ſtones, ſuſtained a gorgeous canopy over her head! The canopy was faſhioned of tranſparent alabaſter, which became more ſo from the many glittering lights within! The extenſive Hall ſparkled with a thouſand rainbow hues, reflected from the poliſhed ſurfaces of ſo many varied marbles, and coloured ivory—all dazzling the eyes, and bewildering the ſenſes with their matchleſs luſtre, more than a hundredfold increaſed by the many coloured rays that iſſued from a thouſand tiny lamps of odoriferous oils!

Salomè's lucid mantles, taſtefully diſpoſed, and ſuch as even ſilkworms never ſpun, were of a texture thin as the nets that ſpiders weave—which, in the early morning dew, are found gleaming with myriads of ſmall watery diamonds! Her treſſes, bright as the ſtars of night's middle watch, were yet exceeded by her beaming eyes, and by the roſeate freſhneſs of her blooming cheeks.*

The gaiety and mirth attendant upon ſuch ſplendours, and ſtill more from the many luſcious and mixed wines—from ſpiced perfumes—from the melody of muſic—and from the richeſt viands ſerved in ſumptuous profuſion, had ſo maddened the head of that proud and kingly Tetrarch, that he moved and ſpoke as if more than mortal,—though we know him to be the baſeſt of men; who, from his yet more infamous father, ſeems to have inherited moſt of his vices, and but a ſmall ſhare of his capacity for rule.

The chiefeſt men of Galilee and of Peræa were there,—all

* The deſcription here given of the exquiſite texture of Salomè's attire, and eſpecially of her mantle, will not be deemed exceſſive, when we advert to the fact that, even now (as veracious travellers relate) there are muſlins in Hindoſtàn, (wrought by the hands alone of their girls) which far ſurpaſs in delicacy any production known to have been achieved even by the moſt perfect of modern machinery, guided by the moſt careful ſcience! To illuſtrate the wonderful fineneſs of its warp and woof, it is ſaid that, in England, cotton has been ſpun ſo fine, that a thread 490 miles in length, would weigh but a pound—and yet that the Hindoo manipulators are known to make their thread ſo that it would need one of 1000 miles in length to weigh a pound!—and, that thoſe muſlins of *Deccalè*, when ſpread upon the ground, and covered by dew, became wholly inviſible!

brightening the gorgeous ſcene, by their apparel of the richeſt Tyrian dyes, ſparkling in golden devices of cunning workmanſhip!

Salomè's magnificent attire—the beauty of her throne—the brilliancy of all around—the adulation rendered to her lovelineſs—the honours laviſhed upon Antipas, by the numerous paraſites that encompaſſed him, together with the natural joyouſneſs of the occaſion, cauſed the damſel (even in the midſt of Iſrael's faireſt daughters) to be hailed by all, as the ruling ſtar—the preſiding glory of the palace!

Salomè's Dancing.

Then came the hour of muſic and the dance. Artemas, the handſomeſt and wealthieſt youth of Cæſaria, was ſelected by Herod to lead Salomè from her throne. As the maiden deſcended, and approached nigher unto Herod's preſence, her almoſt celeſtial form and unrivalled grace attracted a multitude around her, to watch with eager eyes her agile and ſkilful motions, ſo harmonious with the muſic, and ſo in uniſon with the ſoul of the delighted Salomè!

Herod was enraptured; his flattering gueſts ſtill more ſo; and the dancing of the fair maiden was, doubtleſs, perfect. Artemas, who had retired with profound obeiſance, as a ſpectator in the midſt of the encompaſſing circle, watched with keen eye the laſt motions of Salomè; and again received the lovely damſel, to replace her upon the throne. Each gueſt, alike emulous to praiſe, then approached the joyous and triumphant Salomè, and laviſhed upon her enraptured ear the loftieſt praiſes!

On an occaſion ſuch as this, when none were content with general acclamations of their approval, the Tetrarch could not long remain in dubious ſilence. From his throne, he bade the female attendants of his niece bring Salomè to him—and thus addreſſed her:

"My Daughter! (for ſo would I now call thee) thy lovelineſs hath greatly charmed us all; for thou haſt well honoured this feſtive occaſion by thy matchleſs attire—by thy courteous ſmiles, and winning manners—ſo befitting this night, and our aſſembled friends. But thy *dancing* hath ſurpaſſed all thy well-known excellence heretofore, and hence it merits, not the unproductive words of praiſes only; and, therefore is it, that I would now promiſe unto thee, and perform it, too, ſomething more worthy thy acceptance, than ſpeech, of even higheſt commendation. Aſk of me, Salomè, whatſoever thou wilt, nay, even unto the one half of my kingdom, and I ſwear unto thee by Jeruſalem, and in token thereof, I now *lift up my hand* towards Heaven, that ſurely I will give it unto thee!"—— The damſel eyed the mother—made a low obeiſance, and then retired.

Death of the Baptiſt.

The impious Herodias ſoon followed Salomè; who ſubmiſſively conſulted her mother reſpecting Herod's ſolemn and kingly vow. The half of his

kingdom ſounded well! but ſtill was of little value to Salomè, ſince *Herodias*, in truth, poſſeſſed the whole—and him alſo, but not the Baptiſt's head! What the mother controlled, the daughter ſufficiently ſhared; ſo that no great occaſion had ſhe to enforce the promiſe, as to wealth or power—but yet great occaſion to oblige her vindictive mother. "What, then, O Queen, ſhall I ſeek from Herod?" ſaid the bewildered maiden. "Demand, incontinently of the King," replied Herodias, (her eyes ſparkling with exulting rage) "demand, I ſay, the head of John Baptiſt, to be given forthwith unto thee in a charger!" Salomè's tender years, not her well inſtructed heart, ſhrank from the requeſt—yet, with the weakneſs ſo uſual in the daughters of Eve, with whom religion and revenge—love and hatred, are often but inordinate impulſes, Salomè ſoon complied! She addreſſed herſelf to Herod, demanded in execution of his vow, the Baptiſt's head, and then with dread and exultation, returned to Herodias.

An order forthwith iſſued—John was ſlain: and, in a charger, the ghaſtly head of the victim was brought! It was given into the ſoft hands of the damſel, who preſented it to Herodias; who ſmiled thereon as if Gehenna and Paradiſe were then in her boſom—rage and joy contending for the maſtery! *

It hath been rumoured, indeed, that Herod, when the requeſt was made, became greatly troubled—and this well may be; and if ſo, was it not chiefly becauſe all previous uſage hath eſtabliſhed that, on birthday feaſts, all anger is to be ſuſpended—all contentions reſtrained,—nay, that even the pleadings of our courts ſhall ceaſe; and, above all, that on ſuch a day, the king ſhall ſhed no blood, and plot no miſchief in any way, againſt human kind? If troubled, did not Antipas fear the people, more than his own conſcience?—for the people greatly cleave unto the Baptiſt—more ſo than yet they have done, or are likely ever to do, unto the Nazarene. The Phariſees, and thoſe high in office, never diſliked

* If tradition may be relied on as to the decollation of the Baptiſt, the ſad event took place on the VIth of the Calends of September, which correſponds with Auguſt 29th. But the preſent letter of Cartaphilus is dated 8th March, and ſtates that an order iſſued forthwith for the death of John. In the Church of Rome, however, their liſt of the Saints' days uniformly refers the event to the 29th of Auguſt—and the Editor is unable to reconcile Cartaphilus and a tradition in reſpect to the date: for even if the word "*forthwith*" be referred to the "order" the letter alſo ſtates that the death immediately followed, which would be not only in harmony with the Goſpel ſtatement, but with the fierce diſpoſition and great power of Herodias, and therefore far more probable than that the beheading was delayed until the enſuing Auguſt. Nor is it poſſible that if the event occurred in the Auguſt preceding, the letter of the following March could have ſtated it as an event that had juſt taken place. We, however, muſt follow our Chronicler, and the reader muſt refer the event to either the month of March or of Auguſt of A. D. 32.

Herodias—The ſecond meeting with JESUS.

John half ſo much as they now ſeem to hate this Jeſus: and the multitude, ſtimulated by their maſters, have ever liſtened to John with more attention, than to the Nazarene. Theſe, my Rabbi, were the cauſes of the Tetrarch's fleeting trouble! I know this man well—this degenerate ſon of a moſt wicked Idumean father, and Arabian mother.—I know this half king, half tetrarch of Galilee and Peræa—he, who apes the vices, the tyranny, yea, even the expenſe, of our Roman foes! and therefore, I cannot think his *troubles* ſank deeper than his *policy* cauſed them—ſelfiſhneſs and cowardice having but ſlender alliance, if any, with a really wounded conſcience. And, though theſe repenting Baptiſts—theſe new-faſhioned Eſſenes, as well as theſe miracle-working Nazarenes, are no way to my mind of liking, I ſtill hold this ſlaying of John to be, in Antipas, a foul and cauſeleſs murder.

But the folly and wickedneſs of the inceſtuous mother went ſtill further: for Herodias muſt have believed that John had *power*, either from Abraham's God, or from the great enemy, Beelzebul! Now, if from the latter, the act I am to mention was ſupremely fooliſh; ſince the foul ſpirit would ſurely have baffled ſo poor a device—and, if from the former, it was ſupremely wicked and daring, ſince the Almighty could never be baffled. What I allude to is, that when Herodias received the head from Salomè, it is ſaid ſhe thruſt her needle through the tongue thereof, and then buried the head in her own palace, leſt it ſhould *fly back* to the Baptiſt's ſhoulders, and there become again united, to harangue her and Herod reſpecting their unlawful union! Such, my friend, is the ſilly ignorance and ſuperſtition that often accompany ſuperlative wickedneſs! But, it is now time to relieve thee from my too garrulous pen; and I will merely add, that John's diſciples obtained the headleſs body; buried it with care at Sebaſte; and, as I have heard, between the graves of the prophets Elizeus and Abdias. FARE-THEE-WELL. CARTAPHILUS.

SECTION IV.—JERUSALEM. *Thamuz*, 22. *Seleucidæ*, 344. [Wedneſday, 1 July, A.D. 33.]

THE Nazarene, as I thought, eyed *me* ſpecially, nay, piercingly, to-day! And, as I offered my doves and other ſacrificial things, as likewiſe my moneys in exchange, He reſolutely admoniſhed us all that this was *ſinful!* I would not then quarrel with him, though informed how, nearly two years ago, this ſame Jeſus, with a ſcourge of cords, drove out of the Temple all who buy and ſell there, as

His ſecond meeting with Jeſus in the Temple.

we do now—calling it his "Father's Houſe," and yet none laid hands upon him! I therefore merely aſked him, how it were poſſible for poor men to live, in theſe preſſing times of Roman exaction—or how they were to pay their *tribute* to the Temple, of a half ſhekel each, if ſo innocent a vocation, as holding a mart in the Outer Court, were prohibited as ſinful? To this, he vouchſafed no reply whatever: but, One having ſome authority under this Bethlehemite, or Nazarene, (as moſt do call him) mildly whiſpered to me "Friend! this Jeſus, though Lord of all, is now as poor as thou art—having no certain place whereon to lay his head! Yet doth he ſtrictly obey the laws—venerate the Temple—and pay his tribute!"

"If ſo poor," I replied, "how doth he pay his tribute?" Strange infatuation!—mine ears could ſcarce aſſure me of the marvellous anſwer of that diſciple. "Neighbour, thou aſkeſt in "ignorance;" ſaid he, "haſt thou not ſeen or heard of his *miracles?* "If neither, I will tell thee of *one;* and do thou ſeek to *ſee others:* "—be then convinced, and be converted from thy ſins—repent—"and be forgiven! It is but a few weeks ſince, that, at Caper-"naum, they who have authority to demand the tribute, aſked one "of us, 'Doth not thy maſter pay tribute?'—'Yea,' was the "reply: but Jeſus, then, had not the wherewith to pay the aſked-"for didrachma, ſmall as is the ſum! and, that he might give no "offence to thoſe in power, his *will* was inſtantly to pay it, though "a miracle were requiſite to obtain the means!—whereupon, a "diſciple was ordered incontinently to go unto the ſea-ſide—caſt a "hook into the waters, and draw up the firſt fiſh that came "thereto: this was done; and lo, in the mouth thereof, a piece of "money, ſufficient for Jeſus and that diſciple, was found—and the "tributes were therewith paid!"*

So idle a tale as this ſorely vexed my ſpirit; for the man did but trifle with my ſuppoſed credulity; and hence my harſh reply. I bade him be inſtantly gone—that we of the Holy City looked deeper into ſuch matters; and that, though ſuch fooliſh ſtories might, indeed, deceive thoſe of *Capernaum*, they could not but be ſcoffed at by the far wiſer heads of Jeruſalem.—Jeſus then ſaid to his diſciple, "Follow me; that man is *yet* in the gall of bitterneſs!" * * * * What *can* theſe words of his import?—they were uttered by him, as one having ſupreme authority, far beyond that even of the Scribes, or Phariſees, or Sadducees,—and yet was he as gentle as the dove I then held in my hand! * * * "*The gall*

* See the record of this miracle in Matthew xvii. 24. It took place at Capernaum, ſomewhat more than two months after the Baptiſt's death; and probably on Sunday, 25 May, in the Saviour's 33rd year, and about 10 months before his death.

His Meditation thereon.

of bitterneſs!"—how doth this man know whether gall, or honey, doth moſt prevail in my heart? The ſelling of doves in the Temple's outer courts is a ſin!—no vocation doth he follow—is poorer than I am—and yet he payeth his taxes and tributes ſtrictly, and without reviling thoſe who demand them! * * * And, then, his countenance, how lovely to behold! It is as benignant as the moon of Niſan, when lofty in the boundleſs blue ſky! Was ever face of man like his—ſo ſeraphic, that you would think of the *innocence* of a babe grown to man's full ſtature—and yet with the *mind* of venerable old age!—truly, this is all wonderful! * * * But, do they not ſay that Satanas, and Belial, and Baal-zebul, can alſo put on ſuch a face? The Nazarene, as all do know, is Joſeph's ſon! If a prophet, and "Lord of all," why then ſo poor? If of ſome Evil Spirit, why ſo poor; and, if miracles are at his command, why ſhould they be uſed to procure merely a *didrachma?* And, ſtill further, were he the friend of John, and ſo powerful, why did he ſuffer him to languiſh in a foul priſon full fourteen months—the ſport of Herodias, and under jeopardy of life—and then ſuffer him, like a dog, to be beheaded; and, withal, why permit himſelf to be homeleſs? And yet, how gentle, how mildly authoritative—how ſweet in mien and carriage! * * * Oh, my ſoul! who, and what, ſhall relieve me from theſe conflicting and vexing doubts?—for, if theſe men be true, they *have* great power, and hereafter will uſe it—if impoſtors, what are their motives? * * * But ſtill, if impoſtors, though motiveleſs, ſave in frenzies, they do trifle with *holy things*—they ſully the *Law's honour*, and hence do merit puniſhment. They, moreover, diſturb *us* in our vocation—and that they *muſt* not do. I ſhall look to this; and, if they would tarniſh the glories of our Temple, or moleſt *me* in my ſales and exchanges, they ſhall tremble for it. Look to this, Cartaphilus—look to this!*

I have juſt received the following letter from Artemas, now in *Sychar*, of Samaria. It doth aſtoniſh and trouble me much. Surely, theſe times have greatly bewildered him,—and he hath loſt the ſtaff of his uſual wiſdom! How often and long doth error live, ere reaſon can have birth! * * * But ſtill, Artemas *writes* not as one whoſe brain is wrecked—he raves not, but utters all with ſoberneſs and method!—I muſt ponder it again; and once more queſtion myſelf, as to who is the deceiver or the deceived.

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* The Reader will pleaſe always diſtinguiſh between the Chronicle proper in the SECTIONS, which contain his daily *Narratives* and *Meditations*, and the *Letters*, which are from himſelf, or others.

LETTER III.

Artemas to Cartaphilus.

Sychar, Creation, 3793*, *Marcheſvan*, 1.
[Thurſday, 16th Octo. A.D. 33.]

I CHARGE thee, my Cartaphilus, as thou valueſt thy ſoul's peace, even in this world, enter thou not into any combination with thoſe that would perſecute the followers of the beheaded Baptiſt, or the friends of the humble Nazarene. John repoſes at Sebaſte —but Jesus, who hath juſt paſſed through Samaria and Galilee, amazed the people by his miracles—conciliated them by his precepts and doctrines—and hath won them, above all, by the gentleneſs of his tempers.

Thou, Cartaphilus, knoweſt full well, how, for near two years paſt, I have conſented with Annas and Caïaphas, and lately even with Herod and Pilate, and ſomewhat with my new friend Eben-Ezra, to watch, and, if need be, to ſuppreſs with force, theſe ſtrange men: and, when laſt I parted from thee, a few months ago, thou wilt remember how hot I found thy temper againſt theſe peaceful and extraordinary teachers; and mainly, forſooth, becauſe thou, and others, who deal in the Temple's Courts, are fearful leſt the preachments of thoſe people againſt the deſecration of our Holy Houſe, might end in the loſs of thy and their vocations! Thou art now poor, O my Cartaphilus; but remember thy family's dignity and wealth; remember how thy fortunes were firſt blighted, and then deſtroyed; and forget not that education, at leaſt, hath not been denied unto thee; and that thy talents and acquirements are known and prized by very many. I venture thus to ſpeak, becauſe I have ever thought that Herod (the father of my Galilean ruler, after having ſo highly improved and adorned our ſecond Temple, by Zerubbabel built, ſo that now it almoſt rivals that raiſed by the illuſtrious Solomon) ſhould not have permitted *any* of its courts to be thus profaned—for they often are ſo, by loud and vile contentions—by avarice, and cruel oppreſſions of the needy and ignorant, eſpecially in the exchanges of their moneys—the harder upon thoſe who come to worſhip there from diſtant

* The Jews ſometimes dated from the Creation; and they number only 3760 years as having elapſed at the epoch from which Chriſtians now date; who extend that period to 4000, or to 4004 years. Others, at that time, alſo dated from the æra of the Seleucidæ—ſome from the building of Solomon's Temple—others from the Vocation of Abraham, &c.

lands; and indeed, by the mere fact of devoting, even the *Outer* Courts of God's Holy Houſe, to any of life's mercenary tranſactions. I know that, to thee, Cartaphilus, it hath been for ſome time paſt thy chief means of ſubſiſtence,—and believe that thy dealings therein have been quiet and conſcientious—but ſtill, *little called for*, becauſe thy pride refuſed to receive from *me*, out of my more than abundance, ſuch aid, as thou ſo much doth need! When, therefore, fault hath been found with matters as they now are in thoſe Courts, no offence to *thee* in particular was deſigned, either by the Nazarene, or his diſciples; but only the vindication of holineſs—and in this, thy friend is againſt thee, and wholly with the Nazarene. I mourn, therefore, to learn that thou haſt been ſtimulated to rage, and almoſt to madneſs, againſt theſe people, ſince laſt we converſed; and only have I hope now, becauſe I learn that this has been cauſed, more by others, than by even thy own haſty humours. But, my Cartaphilus, be thou careful of thoſe who would urge thee onward in this matter—act not raſhly againſt any of John's followers, nor againſt any of thoſe who adhere to the, ſo called, Son of David: for, ſince I left thee, I have encountered the Nazarene in Galilee, and in Samaria, ſeveral times; and, whether the carpenter's ſon or not—of David's lineage, or not,—and whether the Shiloh, or not, Artemas is ſure of his great *holineſs*, and of his immenſe power; and will now diſcloſe unto thee, not what he has *heard* of Jeſus—but that which he hath moſt ſurely *ſeen!*

Cure of the ten Lepers witneſſed by Artemas.

You can bear me witneſs, dear Cartaphilus, that I had no liking for any of the recent innovators, and introducers of marvellous doctrines, and novel practices; but feared them much. My preſent wholly changed mind, then, can be owing to nothing leſs than a moſt potent cauſe, and one that I have no power to reſiſt; and ſo wilt thou judge, unleſs thy own high eſtimation of me hath changed from what it was:—nor couldſt thou, my friend, have found the leaſt ſupport to thy many prejudices, hadſt thou ſeen what my eyes ſo lately beheld—unleſs Cartaphilus hath ſunk in the eſtimation I have ſo often expreſſed of him. But, convinced as I am that we are both as honeſt and as ſenſible as we were, I ſhall rely upon thy wiſdom and candour; and thou wilt repoſe upon my calmneſs and fairneſs in all that I now utter.

The Nazarene I found attended by only two of his diſciples—thoſe named John and James: and what I now declare unto thee is what my eyes intently witneſſed, and my ears keenly heard,—not in a dark and myſterious corner, but in the gariſh light of the day, and in an open place: not by any deſign, moreover, but by a chance only: not with people that *could* colleague, but with thoſe that were

hopeleſſly helpleſs, poor and wretched and diſeaſed; and hence, thou muſt rely, in perfect confidence, upon all I now declare, unleſs thou ſhouldſt ſay that Beelzebul utterly deceived *me;* or, that, though actually done by the Nazarene, and really witneſſed by me, yet that it was ſtill done, not through divine agency, but through the power of ſome diabolic ſpirit,—neither of which, as to me it ſeemeth, *can* be imagined,—becauſe, firſt, if by Beel-zebul, the act was one of the tendereſt mercy; and *he* labours not in that way—and ſecondly, if not wrought, but I alone was deceived, the foul Spirit hath gained no friend in me, and only aſſured me the more that he is the prince of deceivers. But liſten to my ſtory—it *ſhould* awaken thee, and to all other thoughts than thoſe of unkindneſs and want of faith, in the wonderful Being who wrought this work!

In a ſmall village nigh unto Sychar, Jeſus and his two diſciples, after a weariſome journey, had ſought ſome refreſhment from the villagers; but which they moſt inhoſpitably refuſed to give! "Maſter! ſhall we call fire down from Heaven," ſaid the diſciples, "to conſume theſe men, as did Elias?" But the Nazarene, with heavenly mildneſs, ſuch as I never ſaw in human countenance, checked their intemperate zeal, and ſaid, "Not ſo—Ye know not the temper whereof ye are, elſe would ye not expect the Son of Man to *deſtroy* that which he hath come to *ſave!*"

Theſe words, ſo full of celeſtial benignity, at a moment, too, when other men's tempers would have been, at leaſt ſomewhat excited, ſank deep into my mind—nay into my inner heart; for the look and voice of Jeſus confirmed his words, and ſhowed *no human* excitement whatever, but perfect tenderneſs and heavenly mercy on thoſe, whom ſin had ſo much perverted! I pondered over this for ſome hours—brought to my remembrance his benign expreſſion; and queſtioned my underſtanding, not my prejudices, whether ſuch things *could* be of evil, or ever tend to evil; and alſo, whether Satanas could, or would ever confer *ſuch* tempers. To thee, Cartaphilus, I put the ſame queſtion.

He calls himſelf "The Son of Man," ſaid I muſingly—and ſaith that he "hath come to ſave, not to deſtroy." This, my Cartaphilus, as to me it ſeemeth, is not the language of *ſelf-deception*, nor of the ſpirit of the Evil One,—ſince all ſelf-deception is not only irregular, but enthuſiaſtic—but Jeſus is all harmony and calmneſs—and, had he been neither, he would, doubtleſs, have yielded to the deſire of his diſciples, under the firm belief that fire *would* deſcend from Heaven at their bidding: he, therefore, was not ſelf-deceived—and hence muſt be an impoſtor in this, *or* the heavenly Being I now claim for him. That he was, in that matter, no impoſtor, what is yet to follow will clearly prove—and, if no

impoſtor, then 'tis with thee to ſay, at laſt, that he is from Heaven or Hell—for the *powers* exerciſed were not of Earth! Muſing unto myſelf, in the way I am now writing, I reſolved to attend Jeſus on his courſe, and to carefully watch the three. It was then *Teſri's* laſt day—and they were journeying, as I ſuppoſed, to Jeruſalem, whither I was alſo bound; but ſoon learned that Jeruſalem was not their deſtination. I then ſtill followed on their track; and, when near the foot of Mount Ebal, no leſs than Ten foul LEPERS ſuddenly appeared from a ravine of the mountain, and proſtrated themſelves before the Nazarene, exclaiming as they approached, "JESUS! MASTER! *have mercy upon us!*"

The Lepers deſcribed.

The ſight of theſe afflicted beings curdled my blood—a cold ſweat ruſhed over my body, and I trembled in every limb. Never before had I ſeen a leper ſo cloſely—and none ſo loſt to all hope of cure. Their half-naked limbs were ſo livid, that it ſeemed as if the blood that feebly moved in their veins, had all been changed to water mixed with aſhes! The hair of their heads ſtood out like innumerable briſtles on the back of ſome fretted hyæna: and as they, in the madneſs of their torments, plucked them out, it took with them portions of diſeaſed fleſh! Their protruded eyes were red and purulent with inflammation; whilſt they fearfully ſparkled with unnatural rays, like animals of prey, when watching for their victims in the darkneſs of the night! White ſcales, caſt out by the foul humours of their body, covered their livid ſkin,—whilſt their tongue ſwollen, and black—and ulcerated, protruded from their parched and withered mouths! The faces of ſome were green, and full of knobs, aſhy at their tops,—others, again, had loſt ſome members—the noſe, or fingers,—and all had voices ſo hoarſe and ſepulchral, as to pierce my inward ſoul with horror, at every word they feebly uttered! Such were the beings then before me, imploring relief from that myſterious man named Jeſus!

Oh, how aſtoniſhed was I at his reply!—which, though prompt and full of compaſſion, was ſo unlike what I had expected, if, indeed, I expected anything. I had not time to think deliberately what he poſſibly might ſay or do; and ſurely, I then had no ſpice of faith, ſave what aroſe from his lovely reply to his diſciples reſpecting the unkind conduct towards him of the villagers. But ſtill a crowd of ideas ſeemed to ruſh intuitively through my mind. As theſe Lepers (ſeemingly accurſed of God, and actually abhorred of men) now placed their firm and only hope upon this unearthly man, methought that, "if he be a mere man, he will then not fail to uſe *many words*,—that, by them, he may lull theſe poor creatures into ſome crude, but fatal hopes—and thus get rid of them: and if, again, his commerce be with Beel-zebul, or other evil ſpirits, he *may* cure them,

but only upon ſome *helliſh terms*, to the advantage of his kingdom! —but, ſhould this man's counſel be of God, he will ſhow his power, either by their inſtant deſtruction, as being unworthy of life, even in their preſent torments, or, by a ſingle word, cure them effectually, as objects worthy his pardoning mercy." Such were my thoughts, as quickly paſſing through my mind, as doth lightning courſe through the empyrean — for minutes ſeem as inſtants, when we think deeply and anxiouſly with hope—and yet, my Cartaphilus, neither of theſe things did Jeſus!—but ſtill the work was *infallibly* done—not as by an evil ſpirit—nor yet as by a man,—but truly as by a god, and in ſuch a way as I had wholly failed to conceive!

"*Go, ſhow yourſelves to the Prieſt*," ſaid Jeſus mildly, "*according as the* LAW *requires; and*, BEFORE *ye are come thither, ye ſhall all be healed.*"

My heart, I need not aſſure thee, beat with intenſe intereſt and curioſity; and yet with many ſtruggling doubts. He had ſpoken as one having full power, and yet as willing to put them to ſome trial of their faith;—he had uttered the words of omnipotence, and yet required of them to go on their way to the prieſt; he had promiſed their cure, and yet with no unkind delay of their torments—for they were to be healed *before* they ſhould reach the prieſt; he yielded to the entreaties of *all* ten, and yet he muſt have known that nearly all would prove leſs worthy than even the moſt of men!

As they journeyed on their way, I followed cloſely by them: the minutes were as hours to me—and the few hours as ſo many days! After a time, I heard a ſhout of joy—and I declare unto thee, Cartaphilus, *they were all cured!*" Doubt it not—queſtion it not—argue it not; the fact *is* ſo,—theſe eyes beheld it, theſe ears heard it, theſe hands have handled it! But, my Cartaphilus, go with me a little further; and as I have ſhown thee a God, now behold what Man too often is—ſelfiſh and ungrateful! Wouldſt deem it poſſible!—Jeſus was a little in the rear of the Lepers, when the miraculous cure came on; and, of the whole *Ten*, thus ſpeedily reſcued from unutterable miſery, only *One* retraced his ſteps, to pour his ſoul of thanks to this wonder-working man! Oh, how that poor leper, now in the freſhneſs of his new-born health, proſtrated himſelf to the earth, at Jeſus' feet—uttered his grateful flood of feelings in tones of ſweet exultation—and glorified Him, as his Maſter, and his God!

Oh ſhame, ſhame, *one* only, out of *ten!*—and that one a *Samaritan!* The others I beheld going lightly onward; and, forſaking the mountains that ſo long had ſcreened them from the gaze of man, they now ſought, with haſtening ſtep, the villages and

other haunts of our fallen race! I cannot—will not—dare not go with thee, O Cartaphilus, one ſtep further in oppoſition to theſe wonderful miniſters of power, whatſoever, or whoſeſoever they be. And, as what hath been done by the Nazarene cannot be of mortality (be he or not the carpenter's ſon, and from Galilee, whence, as they ſay, no *prophet* cometh) tell me, O tell me, Cartaphilus, with thy utmoſt ſkill and candour, (for thou art my ſenior in age, and largely ſo in knowledge) whether this doing hath not been of God? FARE-THEE-WELL. ARTEMAS.

SECTION V.—*Marcheſvan*, 9th day. [Friday, October 24th, A.D. 33.]

THESE words of Artemas have ſhaken the foundations of my ſoul; and my mind is agitated, forward and backward, with but momentary reſts! As the fitful lake of Genneſareth, it is covered with tempeſtuous waves; and then, anon, is as the poliſhed ſpeculum, yet only for a fleeting time, that it may again rage the more violently. Happily, however, the joyous Feſtival of Tabernacles ended Sixteen days ago —and moſt proſperouſly for me. That great feaſt of ingathering of the fruits of our land, on *Teſri's* fifteenth day, and which, during eight days, ſeldom fails to gladden every heart, hath proved ſo to Cartaphilus. During ſeven of theſe days we make offerings, by fire, unto the Lord; and on the eighth day, all Iſrael holds its ſolemn aſſembly — its holy convocation, — abandoning their tabernacles, and returning to their reſpective homes, ceaſing from all labour for a time, that they may render thanks to the God of Abraham for the riches of our gathered harveſts. As the firſt ſeven days are deſigned to remind us how our Fathers, in the wilderneſs, dwelt in rude tents ere they reached this promiſed land, — ſo is the eighth day a ſymbol of the repoſe that Iſrael found, when eſtabliſhed in our bleſſed Paleſtine! *The Feaſt of Tabernacles.*

SECTION VI.—*Marcheſvan*, 14th day. [Wedneſday, 29th October.]

HALF a moon has gone by ſince our Feaſt of Tabernacles ended; and five days ſince Artemas ſent that aſtounding letter — and yet no further word from him, nor is he here, as looked for! What a ſoul-ſtirring time were thoſe eight days of the Feſtival! — what events crowded in upon its ſix firſt days, — events, ſuch as

Jeruſalem hath ſcarce witneſſed during many ages! Since the days of Iſrael's mightieſt King, (now fully a thouſand years) this feſtival, poſſibly, hath not been kept with more obſervance — whether of heart, or of lip ſervice, or from ſome myſterious dread that is now upon the people, I wot not; but ſure I am that many were there, far more from fear than love, — theſe times being indeed full of expectation as to Shiloh's coming, and alſo with panic dread of theſe all-pervading Romans! Hence is it that worſhippers, even from the remoteſt lands, were ſeen in ſuch ſurpriſing numbers! —and to myſelf ſo gainful. On the fourth day of the Feaſt, Jeſus appeared in the Temple—and great were the wonders of that day —great the agitation of the people!*

Judah's Sceptre now fading.

If, when SHILOH cometh, the Sceptre *is* to depart from Judah, (and ſo all prophecies, holy and profane, do ſeem to ſay) is it not now true that the Sceptre is already nearly inviſible? Are not theſe Romans our maſters now? Judah hath, indeed, encountered numerous trials at other times than theſe; ſhe hath been ſorely oppreſſed at various periods, by Egypt and Aſſyria—by Macedonia and by Syria—and alſo formerly by theſe Romans: but ſtill, Judah in all theſe was never wholly without a hope—ſeldom without the rule of State, as well as of Temple. Judah heretofore hath deeply mourned over her captivities; but ſhe had conſolation in the remembrance of her marvellous reſtorations: Judah may have grieved over the violations of her Holy Temple, by an Epiphanes, and a Pompey—but ſhe ſaw luſtrous days under her Maccabees, and even after the firſt Roman aſſault. In Ariſtobulus, unhappily, we received a King over us—but Judah ſtill was a Power—ſtill a Nation: then came the Great Herod, the firſt of his vile Idumean race—tributary to Rome, and confirmed by her Senate; but Judah

* The Feaſt of Tabernacles is from the 15th to the 23rd of the month *Tiſri*; which in that year, was from Wedneſday, October 1ſt, to the 8th. In about a week after the ending of that feſtival, occurred the miracle wrought on the ten lepers. The events, therefore, from the 4th to the 16th of that month, (ſomewhat more than five months before the Paſſion) were the firſt that loudly awakened Cartaphilus, and drove him to thoſe conflicting meditations which follow. His very ſlight notice of the doings of Jeſus, in and about the Temple, during the four days of his attendance on the Feaſt of Tabernacles, was probably owing to the avaricious occupations in which Cartaphilus was engaged in the Temple, and which may have prevented his being an eye or ear witneſs of the wonders that then ſo much excited the Rulers againſt Jeſus. But, in about ten days thereafter, the letter from Artemas, reſpecting the cure of the Lepers, reached Cartaphilus; and this urged him to *argue* the matter in his own mind againſt Artemas,—ſo that ſelfiſhneſs and the *pride of opinion*, with other cauſes that followed in quick ſucceſſion, gave a more fixed courſe to his thoughts and actions; and ended in the calamitous way the reader will preſently find.

Judah's Sceptre Departing—or Departed!

was ſtill not without hope—for he was our King, and a mighty one. After this came Archelaus, the ſon of that Herod, alſo of Roman appointment; and even he left us, after nine years of rule, ſtill with ſome ſeeming political exiſtence. But now, alas! Judah is wholly faded away, and hath become a mere ſlaviſh *province*—yea, a *diſtrict* of a province, SYRIA being in truth our maſter, and ſhe the ſlave of Imperial Rome! Where, then, is Judah's ſceptre now?—is it not devoured wholly by the Roman Eagle?—truly it ſo ſeemeth unto Cartaphilus.*

And yet Shiloh hath not come! Strange!—And the more ſo, as, well do I remember, it was ſaid by that wonderful man, the Baptiſt, that *he* was Shiloh's Meſſenger! and others tell me that the yet more awful man JESUS, when only *twelve* years old, and at the very time that Judah became a mere province, entered into the Holy Temple, and there confounded by his wiſdom even the wiſeſt of our doctors! Oh, how marvellous indeed are theſe times! Is there an ordained virtue in theſe ſtrange *coincidences*,—or, in the vaſt whirlpool of time, muſt we regard ſuch things as mere fortuitous harmonies, by men called *chance?* * * * * — or, may not all theſe be but the imaginings of my own buſy and ever fertile brain?—profoundly troubled, deeply perplexed is Cartaphilus—Either, or neither, may be the truth: and yet, of a certainty, this Nazarene hath made much noiſe of late among the people—who ſpeak largely, alſo, of divers Miracles, (ſeen of others, but not by me) and they would even confirm that ſtrange tale by Artemas told! This Jeſus, moreover, doth now frequent the Temple, oftener, and openly,—and even during our feſtivals,—there teaching ſuch doctrines as never before were heard—and with a boldneſs, too, that greatly angers Sadducees, no leſs than thoſe proud and arch-hypocrites the Phariſees:—and (far more wonderful than all) many do hold that "they gladly *would* lay hands upon him, but that they *cannot*, though daily is he in their preſence!"

It was but yeſterday that the Phariſees proclaimed, and truly, "*We know his parentage and his education: and yet, how comes he*

* It may be proper here, for the young reader, to ſtate that, upon the death of Herod the Great, his dominions were divided into four parts, called *Tetrarchies*, from the Greek word *tetra*, four, and *arche*, government. Herod-Antipas ruled over that of Galilee and Peræa—his brother, Herod-Philip over that of Itruria, Traconitis, &c.—Lyſanias over Abilene, and Archelaus over Judea, Samaria, and Idumea. Being the eldeſt ſon of the great Herod, Archelaus had the title of king, for a time: but being removed by the Romans, in the month of June, A.D. 12, an officer, called Procurator, was appointed; and, after ſeveral had exerciſed it, Pontius Pilate became the procurator in September, A.D. 24, and was ſuperſeded by Vitellius in September, A.D. 34, of the vulgar æra.—Herod Antipas, however, during the procuratorſhips, ſtill retaining the title of king, probably, by courteſy.

to underſtand ſo well, the Law and the Scriptures, never having been taught in the Schools of the Prophets?" And who ſhall anſwer this queſtion? — Nevertheleſs, is it not even a proverb among the learned in the Scriptures, that "*Out of Galilee cometh no Prophet?*" —and, is not Jeſus from Galilee? Wearied am I with theſe many and troublous doubts and conjectures — all this doth ſicken my heart, and confuſe my mind — both, now, ſo tempeſt-toſſed, that fain would I barter the little of mammon I have for their ſolution!

And even NICODEMUS, ſo renowned in our great Sanhedrim, doth of late greatly favour this Nazarene, if he hath not *wholly gone over* to him! And, when the Scribes and Phariſees, with all their gall and cunning, ſought lately to confound the Nazarene, as to a woman charged with incontinence, how ſignally did he deſtroy their artful contrivance—there not being one among them all, who dared to caſt the firſt ſtone! And why? becauſe the *teſt* he ſo wonderfully put to the *conſcience* of each of that woman's accuſers, was alſo done in a way that ſeemingly read their *inmoſt* thoughts! All were glad to retire from the preſence of that myſterious man—and the Nazarene, finding all her and his enemies put to flight, is ſaid to have mildly looked on her and ſaid, "*Woman! now depart thou in peace, and ſin no more.*"

Such, and divers other things, are now related of this Jeſus! Theſe do trouble me greatly; and they, with the teſtimony of Artemas, have won me, ſomewhat, to this Nazarene! And, though Shiloh he cannot be, I will not diſturb him, or his followers, if he and they trouble *us* of the Temple no further in our daily calling—*that* they have no right to do.

Marcheſvan, 27. [November 11, A.D. 33.]

His avaricious Muſings.

DURING the late feſtival of the *Tabernacles*, ſo wonderfully crowded, great were the profits of thy dealings in the Temple, O Cartaphilus! and ſweet is the muſic of Money — a melody that ſoftens all hearts, even unto thee — cauſing them to forget (and almoſt thy Aunt) the hideous rumour of thy natal hour! A few more years of ſuch thrifty work in the Temple's Court, would make thee rich, maugre the icy coldneſs of thy unnatural relative; and would leave thee no great need to curſe thy uncle's memory further!"

"The private ſacrifices, truly, were numerous, and all well paid for; — though they, as well as the public offerings, daily diminiſh in numbers, from the firſt unto the octave of our holy feſ-

tival." * * * * "But, if the Doctors rightly say, that this daily diminution doth presage that, when MESSIAS comes, there will be no more sacrifices! what then of thy vocation, O Cartaphilus? And moreover, it is also said by these sage doctors that this decrease must go on, and in a fashion somewhat thus! Ninety-one bullocks should be the true number — that being just *thirteen* for each of the seven days: whereas, all know that only the first of these seven days doth receive that number; and that each of the following days drops one, — so that all of our seven festival days demand but seventy, and not ninety-one: and the eighth, being the last, consumes but seven, instead of thirteen! These seventy bullocks the doctors further tell us, typify a like number of distinct nations — or wholly separate languages, which the world now contains; and that this daily decrease of the sacrifices is but a presage or shadow of the like gradual extinction of all these nations or languages, until all shall be resolved into that great and last one under the reign of Messias! Should that be so indeed, then it doth follow that Messias is yet far off — unless the mighty empire which hath lately seized upon us, be destined quickly to swallow up all others! Rome, in truth, is fast becoming "Lord of all" — Messias, then, must conquer Rome — or Rome must place Messias at her head! How idle then is the notion that this poor Nazarene will be that Shiloh; for no Conqueror is he — or fit agent for those who do conquer; and surely, his followers seem alike in this, all without ambition, or care for worldly power. This Galilean, then, *cannot* be the Shiloh; and if not him, his wonders can be of no good spirit—but may be of some evil one!" * * * * "Artemas! thou didst but *dream*, and all thou hast uttered respecting the Ten Lepers, is the vision of thy indigestion — the idle fancy of thy sleeping hours, early in the night's watch — but still so clear as greatly to have disturbed thy mental eye, so that thou hast thought it real!" * * * * "Strange! Even thou, O Cartaphilus! hadst well-nigh been won over to the Nazarene by that phantom seen of Artemas! Arouse thyself! — this son of Joseph hath, indeed, more than once baffled Scribes and Pharisees and Sadducees; and hath infatuated some even of the Sanhedrim! Truly, I hate those Pharisees, as they do me—but still, in this matter, I go with them—never to the injury of my good friend Artemas, but only to the probing of that folly, that would make of the Nazarene the long desired Shiloh!"

"These cold and heartless and haughty Pharisees, moreover, call *me*, and all who flatter them not, "*people of the earth*"—as if poverty were doubtless a crime, and justly as odious as is the filthy earth; and also, as if difference in faith were also a crime — they surely right, and we Sadducees as surely wrong! But they should

Iſrael's much divided faith.

Thou, my Rabbi, art a Sadducee, and ſo am I;—if not by birth, yet by education and choice: and it doth gall my ſpirit thus to ſee ſome, even of *our* faith, yielding to the notions of one, who, though indeed wonderful, may yet not be true; and who would, as they ſay, aboliſh alike the faith and practice of all—yea, the ordinances of Moſes; and who hath openly declared ſome words of wonderful import, even againſt our beautiful Temple, in which myriads have ſo long worſhipped, and which even Romans cannot gaze at without wonder and delight!

There are, doubtleſs, my Rabbi, foul practices enough among all our numerous Sects; and it is moſt true that the Nazarene hath ſaid to each and all of them, many wiſe things of reproof—and hath alſo done, as 'tis ſaid, many notable miracles, that manifeſt in him ſome unearthly power! But, have not other falſe prophets done the like? And hence for our inſtruction, hath it not been expreſſly written in Deuteronomy, thus?—"*If there ariſe among you a prophet, or a dreamer of dreams, and giveth thee a ſign or wonder, and the ſign or wonder come to paſs whereof he ſpake unto thee, ſaying, Let us go after other Gods, which thou haſt not known, and let us ſerve them, —thou ſhalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet, or dreamer of dreams.*" And this ſcripture I ventured to urge upon the more than wavering Nicodemus; who, though a Phariſee, and a ruler in the Sanhedrim, hath lately gone partly, or wholly, over to this Galilean—this "dreamer of dreams," ſo clearly pointed at in Deuteronomy!—but Nicodemus ſtrangely replied to me, "O Cartaphilus! thou haſt not well read that ſcripture: for, though ſome *falſe* prophets have been permitted to *prove* God's people by mere *wonders*, and by idle interpretations of dreams, yet theſe were not miracles at all; and ſurely not ſuch as thoſe now wrought by Jeſus. And, moreover, the object of ſuch falſe prophets was to draw them away from the true God to '*other Gods*,' by their lying ſigns and mere wonders,—but which is no part of Jeſus' purpoſe, either by his doctrines, his precepts, or his miracles: and Deuteronomy ſurely forbids not our hearkening to true prophets, and true miracles; which are to diſplay the power and grace of the only true God—and not to ſet up any other God."

It would have been vain in me, my Rabbi, further to waſte breath in arguing with Nicodemus—now as blind with theſe new inventions, as often he hath been with others,—for, like moſt of his ſect, whether for or againſt this Nazarene, he and they are ever in extremes.*

* This famous paſſage from Deuteronomy, xiii. 1, 2, 3, ſtill continues to be greatly valued and relied upon by the "Children of the Diſperſion;" ſo much ſo, that one can ſeldom converſe with an Iſraelite reſpecting the claims of

Jewiſh Sects—*Phariſees.*

And, my good Rabbi, even our Galilean friend, the gifted, and accompliſhed and excellent Artemas, though a Sadducee, is likewiſe now ſtrongly in this way of thinking! Strange infatuation! to what muſt all this come, if men like him—if learned and wealthy *Sadducees*, the rulers of our land—thoſe, too, who under Shiloh, when he comes, ſhould be great captains to free us from the Roman yoke, and raiſe Iſrael as much above all other nations, as the pines of Libănus tower over the tiny ſhrubs that ſeek their nouriſhment in the clefts of rocks beneath them—if all theſe, I ſay, are now found ſo blind to reaſon, when ſhall Iſrael hope to be united in one faith—in one action—and in one government? *Jewiſh ſects.*

We now have a divided faith—a divided action—and no government that really belongs to Abraham's ſeed! We have *Phariſees—Sadducees—Samaritans—Eſſenes—Nazarites—Rechabites—Karaites—Herodians—Gaulonites—Baptiſts*—and now NAZARENES!—all, except the two laſt, differing among themſelves, and ſome, of all the reſt, ſeemingly well diſpoſed to abandon every thing to theſe new-comers—theſe innovators, who would deſtroy both Law and Temple! But when Shiloh ſhall really appear, he will ſurely bring them all into one fold; and into a faith, which you and I are willing to believe, muſt be more like that of the *Sadducees*,—for SHILOH will come with might, and wealth, and learning, and authority, able and willing to deſtroy theſe graſping Romans—theſe political Herodians—theſe wily Gaulonites, and others.

But the fierceneſs of his anger muſt be againſt the PHARISEES, —thoſe obſtinate contenders for the Law, beyond its utmoſt letter—thoſe *ſeparatiſts*, who, in their own eſteem, are ever holier than other men—thoſe crabbed interpreters of all that hath been written, yea, of much more—thoſe believers in a reſurrection of ſoul, and even of body—thoſe vouchers for the idle fancy that ſouls do tranſmigrate, and inhabit various bodies!—thoſe rigid faſters, perſevering waſhers, and cruel whippers of their own fleſh!—thoſe who lie on flinty beds, and on the cold earth—thoſe payers of tythes, yea even of cummin!—eſpecially, I ſay, Shiloh, when he cometh, will ſcowl upon theſe PHARISEES—thoſe makers of long prayers, to be meaſured by the cubit, and which are bellowed forth at ſtreet corners, to be heard and ſeen of men, rather than of God!—thoſe who bear upon their fore- PHARISEES.

our Meſſiah, without having this text vauntingly cited in diſproof of them!—the concluſive anſwer however to which is to be found in the words of Nicodemus, notwithſtanding Cartaphilus ſo ſcoffingly ſlighted them; but without a ſingle word of reply,—ſo unuſual with him, who never needed words, nor arguments for any purpoſe!

head and left arm, their broad *phylacteries* or ſcrolls of the Law, that they may refreſh thereby their exhauſted memories, or drive away, as by a charm, Bel-zebub, or other evil ſpirit!—for ſuch, my Rabbi, are the Phariſees! who, as I think, will be then utterly extinguiſhed.

ESSENES. When Shiloh comes, he will likewiſe win over thoſe mad ESSENES—they, who abſtain from all temple-worſhip, and retire from the world into woods and caves—have no individual property, but hold to a community of ſcanty poſſeſſions—they who delight in poverty, and daily pray that the ſun may riſe upon them! as if that glorious luminary would fail to riſe, ſhould they fail to pray!—thoſe Eſſenes, I ſay, who abjure all wars, and would not faſhion a ſword or ſhield, or even an arrow, for all the wealth of Ophir:—they alſo, will ſurely fade away when Shiloh comes.

SAMARITANS. And, my worthy Rabbi, a word as to the SAMARITANS—thoſe mongrel Jews, by origin Aſſyrians, ſent here after our own captivity, and whoſe idolatry, upon their firſt coming into the mountains of Samaria, was early ſcared out of them by the numerous beaſts of prey, which then infeſted them, and which they ignorantly ſuppoſed had been ſent there by Iſrael's God to puniſh them! even they will yield their motley religion, laws, and inſtitutions, to the all-abſorbing power of Meſſias.

NAZARITES. And what ſhall I ſay of the NAZARITES, or rather, what need have I to ſay aught to *thee*, my Rabbi, who art ſo learned in all ſuch matters? But thou wilt preſently ſee why I do thus unburthen my mind as to Iſrael's divided faith. Some of theſe Nazarites, as thou haſt often ſeen, reject even the Books of our maſter Moſes,—ſome dedicate themſelves, in tender infancy, yea, are ſometimes thus devoted before their birth by ſome over-zealous friends, to a life of ſtrict devotion, in their way, and adhering to precepts and practices of ſuch faſhion, as diſhonour human intelligence,—whilſt, others of them, in later life, thus bind themſelves for a limited time; during which they abſtain ſo ſtrictly from all ſenſuous enjoyments, that, in abandoning *wine*, they muſt not venture to eat even of the *grapes*, be they ever ſo green! Theſe men remain unſhorn of head and beard, until the days of their vow be ended; and then they are to be ſhaved at the door of the tabernacle, and their hair burnt under the altar! They are men, too, who, on no account muſt come near to any dead body; and yet they and all mankind muſt ſoon alike become vile corpſes.*

* The vein of bitter feeling manifeſted by Cartaphilus, in his remarks upon

Rechabites—Karraites.

Happily, my excellent Eben-Ezra, the RECHABITES are now nearly expired—thoſe uncircumciſed deſcendants of Jethro, father-in-law of Moſes—ſo like the Nazarites in their way of living, though differing in many of their religious notions—will they not alſo utterly vaniſh before Shiloh's preſence? They belong not to any of our tribes, they being Kenites. And yet, was it not promiſed unto the ſon of Rechab that there never ſhould be wanted a man to ſtand before the Lord? Doubtleſs, my Rabbi, they were good people, and a few may now be ſo—it being the nature of the beſt things to be moſt vile when corrupted—theſe will be deſtroyed, and the reſt be abſorbed by the effulgence of Shiloh. RECHABITES.

A word likewiſe as to the KARRAITES—thoſe abjurers of all the traditions, for they reſt upon the Scriptures alone, but make ſtrange interpretations of them!—they admit to their Paſſover none but *males*, and only thoſe at full age—they kill their Paſchal ſacrifice only after ſunſet—they begin their month with the firſt appearance of the moon after change—they burn the remains of their paſſover on the fifteenth of the month Niſan—and differ alſo in ſeveral other matters from all around them. Are they not of Sadducean origin? and if ſo, good Rabbi, both have changed from what they were. KARRAITES.

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the Sects of that day, muſt be received with ſome caution, as being thoſe of a mere worldling, little capable of duly appreciating either the vices or virtues of any of them. It is probable, however, that he is mainly correct as to ſome, but largely erroneous in his favour towards the Sadducees, and in his prejudices againſt the Nazarites and Nazarenes, whoſe really ſpiritual and unearthly nature his own ſenſuous mind could in no degree comprehend.

The Nazarite vow was of great antiquity, and at all times was regarded as of ſingular holineſs, and not as one of merely aſcetical inſtitution, but as a deſigned *human* contraſt to the condition of the Leper—conſidered as a *divine* viſitation—a living type of ſin, as the former was of holineſs.

The Leper, like the Nazarite, was a rigid ſeparatiſt—but from very different cauſes—the one, condemned of heaven, was foul in body and the loathed ſymbol of ſin; the other, approved of heaven, was the type of abſolute temperance and of ſingular purity of body, as the living ſymbol of an immaculate mind. Upon a cloſe inſpection, therefore, of the habits and cuſtoms of the Nazarites, it will be found that each and all of them, ſo ſarcaſtically remarked on by Cartaphilus, are not juſtly obnoxious to any of his cenſures,—and that the utmoſt innocency of life, and cleanlineſs of body harmonized with the intentional contraſt of the impurity inflicted upon the Leper—always regarded as the viſible ſign of his ſin. The modern notions therefore of Bähr, of Henſtenberg, and of many others (ſo diſparaging to the real character of the Nazarite) are not only erroneous in the particular caſe, but afford to the infidel and ſenſualiſt a miſchievous countenance of objection even to ſuch puriſts as John the Baptiſt, Jeſus of Nazareth, and others, in whom the lovely ideality of the Nazarite ſhone out in its ſublimeſt form.

And, as to the Sadducees, to which *we* belong,—ſurely, even they are not faultleſs: and yet, was not our beautiful world created for man's enjoyment, and have not *our* ſect, more than all others, made honourable that deſign? We hold to no reſurrection of ſoul or of body; and believe that man hath been made the ſole arbiter of his actions; being as free to act, as if he had made himſelf—and that this world is the ſcene where moral and phyſical evil are in cloſe alliance. The Pentateuch alone is our guide; and therein we find that wiſdom and virtue, folly and vice, have *here*, and *no where elſe*, their appropriate rewards and puniſhments. By theſe opinions is it that the Sadducees, as well thou knoweſt, have generally become the moſt diſtinguiſhed and opulent of all the ſects; and are now the higheſt in all the ſervices of Temple, and of State. Such, then, will the Sadducees be found when Shiloh cometh—fit inſtruments to advance his glorious kingdom—competent to relieve Iſrael from foreign oppreſſions, and to reſtore this now degraded land to a meaſure of power, of wealth, and of magnificence, far excelling even that of Solomon, in the brighteſt days of his glory!

Sadducees.

I have thus, my Eben-Ezra, ventured to commune with thee on matters familiar to thy mind; becauſe now, certain among us in the higheſt ſtations, quail at, and tamper with, theſe diſturbers of our peace—thereby *preventing* the coming of that long looked-for Meſſias, whoſe kingdom can have none of thoſe ſelf-devoting and idle mortifications of body and ſoul, which, eſpecially in the Eſſenes, the Nazarites, the Rechabites, the Karraites, and now in the infamous Phariſees, do ſo captivate the people! *

Laſtly, O, Eben-Ezra, I would dwell ſomewhat upon theſe Nazarenes,—the great cauſe, now, of all the agitations among all the ſects! True, indeed, neither the Baptiſt, nor the Great Nazarene, ever ſpared the follies of any of them; and yet, what are the doings and ſayings of theſe deluded Nazarenes! This Jeſus, I admit, countenances, in the others, neither their long prayers,—their ſevere auſterities—

The Wonderful Nazarene.

* The Sadduceean faith, at that time, was as ſtated; but probably, in its earlier hiſtory, the ſoul's reſurrection was not denied; and they then differed from the Phariſees chiefly in withholding their aſſent to the oral and vaunted traditions, ſo much relied on by the boaſtful Separatiſts. The pious John Hyrcanus, (under whom the Jews were ſo proſperous during thirty years, about a century before the time of Cartaphilus) could ſcarcely have rejected the doctrine of reſurrection, and of a future judgment. He had been a Phariſee, and knew them well; but in leaving them for the Sadducees, would not have ſo done had that ſect then believed in temporal rewards and puniſhments alone, and rejected the undoubted faith of Moſes in the ſoul's reſurrection. Cartaphilus, therefore, in his portrait of the Sadducees, muſt be reſtricted to thoſe of his own corrupt times.

their vaunted adherence to the Law and the Traditions—nor, eſpecially, their vile *corbans* and raſh vows; and yet this "Son of David" diſclaims all worldly glory—deals with the prophetic Scriptures far differently from all other Jews—ſpeaks of a kingdom *in* this world, but not *of* this world—ſays that the glorious inheritance of our father Abraham ſhall be taken from us, and be given to the Gentiles!—proclaims that even the Temple ſhall depart from us, and ſhall ſoon be utterly deſtroyed—not cleanſed, though it be, as he ſaith, "His Father's Houſe!"—and finally, he hath lately declared that *he* is greater than even the Temple, and that before Abraham was, He was! He, moreover, ſaith that Jonah and all the Prophets looked to his day!—that even King David, whoſe ſon he claims to be, called *him* Lord—that the Sabbath was made for man—that *he* is maſter even of the Sabbath—that the Law ſhall be aboliſhed—and that the days are faſt coming, when Iſrael ſhall worſhip neither on Mount *Moriah*, nor upon Mount *Gerizim!*

But, my Rabbi, the crowning wonder of all theſe ſtrange declarations, and that which doth moſt offend me, is, that this Nazarene hath now, and for the firſt time, expreſſly taken upon himſelf the *title* and *office* of the Great Meſſias! and the people further rumour, that, when his diſciples, and eſpecially one *Simon*, a poor fiſherman, fully admitted his MESSIAHSHIP, the Nazarene gave forthwith to this Simon (who was one of his earlieſt friends) a *new name*, and called him PETER,—declaring, at the ſame time, that upon "*this rock*" (by which I underſtand Simon's then open confeſſion of that Meſſiahſhip,) he would build his Church, and eſtabliſh his Kingdom!—and truly, the Meſſiahſhip, if admitted, would be a *rock* upon which he might well build!*

The matters I have now detailed, together with others vaguely rumoured, and likewiſe many ſigns and wonders, and miracles, which ſome declare he truly doth perform, have ſo greatly rouſed the people, that Jeruſalem is ſhaken to its very centre; and

* As the general and leſs informed reader might erroneouſly ſuppoſe, that this intereſting event had occurred only about that time,—it is proper to ſtate that Peter's open confeſſion of his Maſter's Meſſiahſhip, and the remarkable promiſe then made as to the Church by Jeſus, took place at Cæſarea Philippi, in the month of May, about ten months before Cartaphilus thus notices it—the date of the preſent letter being in December, and only about three months before the Crucifixion. It, however, is not neceſſarily to be inferred that this important fact remained unknown to Cartaphilus till then; or that he records it as having only then taken place. But, as it is quite probable that the claim of the Maſter, and the open admiſſion of the Meſſiah by that great diſciple, inſpired additional confidence—the Meſſiahſhip of Jeſus had become, at the time of this letter, ſo avowedly and ſtrongly inſiſted on, as to occaſion his opponents to further and more decided acts of hoſtility: and in that ſpirit the letter to Rabbi Eben-Ezra ſeems to have been indited.

agitated, not in the rude crowd merely, but among the wealthy and powerful and learned alſo! All are troubled—ſome are diſtracted—many follow him zealouſly—others gaze with idle curioſity—many ſuſpect him—ſome hate him—and not a few even compaſs his early death, as being one guilty of blaſphemy, and other violations of law, human and divine.

These things, moſt excellent Rabbi, but feebly reach *thee*, in thy mountains of Ramoth-Gilead—poſſibly, not at all; but, if they do come to thee, it can only be in whiſpers, that ruffle not thy ſoul: with me, 'tis far different—they preſs not lightly upon my mind; and far more than I well know how to account for;—and therefore is it that I would now ſeek thy ſobereſt counſel, as having (beſides thee and Artemas) few to counſel with. As to Artemas' great inclining to the Nazarene, I have fully adviſed thee.

Truſting to hear ſoon from thee, I now, with the kindeſt greetings unto thy ſpouſe, the moſt excellent PRISCILLA, and to thy daughter REBECCA, worthy of ſuch a mother, bid thee FAREWELL. CARTAPHILUS.

LETTER V.

CARTAPHILUS TO ARTEMAS [of Cæſaria, late *Straton's Tower*].

JERUSALEM. *Seleucidæ*, 346. *Niſan*, 11th day.
[Monday, 22nd March, A.D. 35.]

I PRAY thee haſten, as an arrow from the ſtrongeſt bow, to our Holy City; for the wonders that have thickened upon us, within the laſt few days, do baffle all deſcription! It is now near ſun-ſet—the hours of the preſent day have nearly maddened thy friend, who would now ſeek ſolace of thee.

His doubts of free-agency.

I know not why, but ſo it is, my Artemas, theſe awful times ſeem to weigh far more heavily upon *my* ſoul, than upon others!—for whilſt, to moſt around me, the approaching Paſſover hath its cuſtomary pleaſing hopes, the heart of thy Cartaphilus ſinks deeply, and involuntarily within him; and all his thoughts recoil with horror from the future! Tell me, oh my friend, the cauſe of this—tell me, can this be *deſtiny?* Ah, my dear Artemas, ſpurn me not that I, ſo ſturdy a Sadducee do put this queſtion; for thou wilt ſay, what hath a Sadducee to do with deſtiny, or it with him? And yet the future cannot bind me, if that we be free-agents—and, not as the Phariſees ſay, bound by a neceſſity we can in no wiſe control. But whence the dreads that ſo ſorely haunt me by night and by day—in dreams

and in viſions?—whence my fearful forebodings as to what thy admired Nazarene and his diſciples lately have been doing? I would conceal nothing from thee that is *wholly mine*,—of others I cannot ſpeak—but of myſelf I fully may—*I hate the Nazarene*, and now avow myſelf, to thee, to be his deadly foe—becauſe, again hath he openly declared he would deſtroy the Temple!—and becauſe he hath once more outraged thoſe who deal within its cloiſters, declaring that the long practiſed exchanges and ſales therein ſhall no longer be permitted!

Now do I crave thy patience, whilſt I detail the events of the laſt few days—events that have fixed my purpoſe, and which irrevocably call me to prompt and vigorous action—yea, even to the *death*, if need there be, of this my enemy—the Law's enemy—the blaſphemer of our holy religion—the miſleader of our people and the deſtroyer of the poor man's privileges in the Temple! But firſt, a word of mere private concern.

His Love for Rebecca.

Of late, as I have before informed thee, I had been doing *well* in the Temple. My maiden Aunt, moreover, has been growing ſomewhat kinder towards me—and her wealth is great—this ſhe parts with feebly, if at all, to thoſe who cannot, or will not, help themſelves; for, with her, poverty and misfortune are more *hated*, as crimeful, than *pitied* as unfortunate!—and finding me now more proſperous, her abnet is leſs tightly drawn! The excellent Eben-Ezra, likewiſe, doth not in any way frown upon my ſuit for his lovely daughter—ſo fair, that the roſe of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley, in ſweeteſt union combined, were not fairer! Nor doth the loving mother, Priſcilla, though ſo ſtrictly prudent (as Jewiſh mothers moſtly are) give me cauſe to doubt her free conſent: but, oh my Artemas, more than this—even the lovely maiden Rebecca, though ſupremely beautiful, and only now on the threſhold of life's moſt blooming and cheerful period, ſeems willingly, though ſo modeſtly, to cheriſh hope in me: for, as the tender and often petted lamb, ſhe repoſes in me her utmoſt confidence; and delights (as do ſuch young and ſpotleſs pets) to play even at my very nod before me,—and thus to cheer my wearied ſpirits, when, from ſo many other cauſes, they flag! Now, my excellent Artemas, may not all this bright ſunſhine upon my love—theſe luſtrous hopes, and all theſe enchanting viſions, be darkened, nay deſtroyed, if an exile from the Temple, I am once more an outcaſt upon the tumultuous ſea of life, without a calling? Then would my Aunt again begin to frown, and ſeverer be than ever!—then ſhould I ſeem in the world's regard the mere mendicant lover! Oh no, my Artemas,—Mammon (preach the Eſſenes, and other madmen, as they liſt) *Mammon* is food for ſoul and body,—and hath now become ſo

eſſential in all life, that it is not only the *primal* element of happineſs, but the only potent equalizer of conditions—the ſceptre of all authority—the fortreſs of all ſecurity : yea, 'tis mammon alone that giveth wings to ſoar above calamity—yea, over all calamity, ſave only diſeaſe and death !—and even *them*, it largely mitigates ! Mammon, therefore, muſt not, *ſhall* not, be denied me by this meddling Nazarene. Placed as I now am, every ſhekel hath double value : for, if I wed the lovely Rebecca, with ſome wealth and a calling of my own, all the world, as well thou knoweſt, will ſmile upon me ; and my mother's unnatural ſiſter will enlarge her generouſneſs,—for ſo is the world to the proſperous ! What, therefore, hath juſt now been done by the carpenter's ſon, hath ſo ſtirred up the deepeſt gall within me, that vengeance calls aloud, and bids me onward ! This, my Artemas, is the chief matter that hath cauſed me to urge thee on, quick as the winds unto Jeruſalem ! —Haſten Artemas, haſten !

The Iſcariot's firſt treachery.

Three days ago, it being then ſix before the now approaching Paſſover, the Nazarene was lodged with one *Lazarus*, at Bethany, it being Sabbath the 9th of Niſan.* There, a certain wealthy Phariſee, named Simon, once a leper, curious to ſee Jeſus, (who had arrived on the preceding night, from Ephraim of Samaria) invited him to ſupper ; and among the gueſts was this Lazarus, (concerning whom the people of Jeruſalem and elſewhere, have an idle rumour that the Nazarene, about ſix weeks before, had raiſed him from the dead, after being in the tomb ſome days !) and he was accompanied at the ſupper by his ſiſters, Martha and Mary. It ſo chanced that Mary, deſiring to add unto the grandeur and liberal hoſpitality of Simon's entertainment ; or, as ſome imagine, eager to teſtify her gratitude to Jeſus for her brother's reſurrection ! anointed the feet of her Lord, and dried them with her rich and flowing hair. The delicious perfume, from an alabaſter vaſe of very coſtly and odoriferous ointment, diffuſed itſelf inſtantly through the apartments, and admoniſhed all preſent of the high value of the balſam, and the folly of ſuch an honour upon one ſo poor, and, until lately, ſo obſcure, as was the Nazarene. This ointment (the genuine *Nard*, compoſed of pureſt extracts from *nine* ſorts of extremely rare herbs) ſeemed a cauſeleſs and idle waſte, even to one of his *diſciples*, named Judas, as I think. He, therefore, openly murmured at the vain ceremony, and expreſſed his natural thoughts, that the rare eſſence had far better have been ſold, and its large price diſtributed among the poor. But the Nazarene regarded it in Mary as an act of ſignal holineſs ; and therefore rebuked the officious diſciple ! This, as I

* Saturday, 20th March.

have cauſe to believe, hath not a little enraged this Judas: for thoſe of Jeruſalem, then at Bethany, on their return, report that this Nazarene's purſe-bearer (hence called *'Scariot*) is not likely to hold much longer faithful to his maſter! But of this I will ſay no more, than that ſome of the Sanhedrim would like to commune with this Judas!*

* The anointment of Jeſus, as recorded by Matt. xxvi. 6, and by Mark xiv. 3, who agree—and by John xii. 1 to 8, which differs from both (actually, or apparently) ſeems to have been variouſly confuſed by different commentators, who would have us believe there was more than *one* ſuch occurrence! Certainly, there are ſome difficulties, if the matter be not ſomewhat cloſely and impartially looked into,—but the chief of which is removed by the mode in which Cartaphilus ſtates it; who evidently regards the three ſtatements as being of only *one fact*,—and that the occurrence did *not* take place in the houſe of Lazarus, (as ſome ſtrangely ſuppoſe) but in that of Simon the leper,—at which Lazarus and his ſiſters were preſent. The difficulties, real or imaginary, are as follows:—

1. *St. Matthew* and *St. Mark* ſtate the anointing as being of the *head.*
2. That it took place *two* days before the Paſſover.
3. That it was in the houſe of Simon, the leper.
4. That "a woman"—not naming her—came and poured a box of precious ointment on his head whilſt he ſat at meat.
5. *St. John* ſtates it as being *ſix* days before the Paſſover.
6. That it was an anointing of his *feet.*
7. That it was by *Mary.*
8. And ſome commentators *infer* that St. John ſtates it as being in the houſe of Lazarus, as no expreſs mention is made, by that Evangeliſt, of Simon.

Now, if this *inference* be (as others juſtly ſuppoſe it to be) *erroneous*, and if it did take place, (as ſtated by Cartaphilus) in the houſe of Simon, in the preſence of Lazarus and his ſiſters, the other difficulties ſeem eaſily to vaniſh: for,

1. The mention of the *head*, by the other two Evangeliſts, cannot be excluſive of the *feet*, eſpecially as it alſo ſays that his *body* was anointed.
2. The time mentioned, as *two* days before the Paſſover, is in a diſtinct and ſubſtantive ſentence, not by any means neceſſarily referring to the day of the ſupper and the anointing, mentioned alſo in a ſubſtantive paragraph,—for that ſupper may have been *four* days previous to the *two* days alluded to by the Evangeliſts, as being *then* before the Paſſover.
3. The general ſtatement by them of "a woman," inſtead of the *named one* by St. John, is of no moment whatever. He evidently deſigned more *detail* than the others—he records all the names, ſo manifeſtly in accordance with the *general* ſtatement by St. Matthew and St. Mark, that there is no neceſſity for us to ſuppoſe there was any other anointing of Jeſus, at any other time, or elſewhere.
4. The details of the two firſt Evangeliſts ſtate it expreſſly as happening at Simon's houſe: and St. John does not by any means ſtate it as occurring at the houſe of Lazarus—but only ſays, "there (at Bethany) *they* made him a ſupper." He does not ſay by whom the ſupper was given—nor at what houſe; but he *does ſtate* a fact, in a way obviouſly at variance, as we think, with the idea of its being at the houſe of *Lazarus*; for he ſays, "but Lazarus was one of them that ſat with Him at table;" which manner of ſtating the fact of his preſence is quite conſiſtent with Lazarus' being an invited gueſt at the houſe of Simon; but it would be ſtrange to record that Lazarus was at his *own table!*

The Triumphal Entry of Jeſus.

Triumphal Entry of Jeſus into Jeruſalem and the Temple.

The rumour as to the ſuppoſed reſurrection of Lazarus was then at its height, and agitated the people greatly: and, whilſt it occaſioned at Bethany a multitude to flock from Jeruſalem and other places, it hath ſtimulated the Sanhedrim to debate as to puniſhing Lazarus alſo, for thus countenancing ſo moving a tale. Early next morning, it being the 10th of Niſan, Jeſus left Bethany, and came to Bethphage—a ſmall village, as thou knoweſt, at the foot of Olivet, ſcarce two miles from the City. Curioſity was intenſe to know whether the Nazarene would now venture into the city, eſpecially during the Paſſover, then five days off—ſeeing that, although the people, or very many of them, would do him no evil, the Rulers were greatly enraged againſt him; and, doubtleſs, could eaſily draw the people, by management, wholly over to them. Many of the multitude were heard to cry out, that they vehemently longed to ſee *him* who, not only had raiſed Lazarus after four days of corruption in the ſepulchre, but who, ſince that time, had cured one Bartimas of blindneſs! They alſo cried out to ſee *him*, who had threatened to deſtroy, and to rebuild our great Temple in three little days!—a temple, good Artemas, which, as all know, is now the world's glory—a temple which had God and Solomon for its firſt deſigner and builder, and then Zerubbabel for its reſtorer, aſſiſted by unheard of numbers—and, finally, as our eyes now tell us, a temple moſt expenſively improved and adorned with ineſtimable magnificence by the firſt Herod, and by others ſince, through a period of full ſix and forty years!—and yet this Nazarene will unmake and make this glorious building, (if ſo it pleaſe him,) in three days! No marvel, then, is it, that an ignorant multitude, hearing all ſuch ſtories in every corner of the land, ſhould flock in maſſes, ready to hail this man as KING OF THE JEWS, in preference to our imbecile Roman tetrarchs, and ethnarchs, and ſtill more puny ſpiritual governors,—for, even the Prieſthood now is not what once it was!

You, my Artemas, will readily agree with me that this excitement is moſt natural; and for this very reaſon is it, that *I* would now endeavour to unite all hearts, all hands, and all ſects—political as well as religious—to ſuppreſs theſe fanatic outrages upon our

The concluſion, then, upon the whole matter is, that there never was but one ſupper and one anointing of Jeſus deſigned to be recorded, viz., that which took place at the houſe of Simon, the leper, *ſix* days before the Paſſover—(though probably known to the Evangeliſt only *two* days before that Paſſover)—at which Martha and Mary and Lazarus were preſent as gueſts; and that "*a woman*," mentioned by Matthew and Mark, was no other than "Mary," the ſiſter of Lazarus, who anointed his feet, his head, and his body: nor does there ſeem to be the leaſt occaſion to labour with any *real* difficulties, as they all vaniſh under the preſent explanation.

laws, our religion, and our moſt ancient and venerated inſtitutions. Your own tenderneſs towards theſe people, therefore, greatly pains and ſurpriſes me: for, if this Nazarene be Shiloh, he cannot approve their wildneſs: but he comes wholly without credentials, and greatly miſleads the people, either by falſe miracles, or by working them through ſome ſatanic agency: and that he is not the Shiloh, demands no further proof: for, what could one without a ſhekel in his abnet—or a place whereon to lay his head, do for Iſrael's reſcue from Rome's tremendous power,—and how can ſuch an one be that "Expectation of Ages," which prophets and kings have ſo much deſired to behold?

The approaching Paſſover, now but three days off, hath brought to us many foreign Jews from Aſia, Egypt, Rome, Syria, —and likewiſe multitudes from all Judea, Galilee, Samaria, and from all parts beyond the Jordan. Thouſands of theſe, and of the Holy City, on hearing of the Nazarene's approach from Bethphage, went out in triumph, yeſterday, to meet him! The living maſs from Jeruſalem (bearing in their hands branches of palm and olive) proceeded up the wide avenue towards that village: and, as this vaſt proceſſion (midway, that is, about one mile from Jeruſalem) met the other ſmall and humble proceſſion of Jeſus and his followers, the NAZARENE, to the great ſurpriſe of all from the Holy City, was found ſeated upon a colt, the foal of an aſs,—which was covered with ſome rude garments,—whilſt his diſciples and others were ſlowly walking on each ſide of their adopted maſter!

As the multitude from the City came nearer to thoſe from Bethphage, they rent the air with loud and joyous acclamations—waved on high their palms and olives—ſtrewed the way with their richeſt garments; and, as the two proceſſions met, that from Jeruſalem *divided*,—the one half preceding, and the other half following JESUS,—whilſt his diſciples gave to the air their oft-repeated cries, then alſo echoed by the multitude,

> "HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID! BLESSED IS HE THAT COMETH IN THE NAME OF THE LORD! HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST!"

As the now united proceſſions aſcended an eminence of Olivet, which overlooks the City, ſome of the Phariſees and chief Prieſts, deſiring to check this outrage, required the Nazarene to reject, and to ſuppreſs the ſacrilegious plaudits of the inconſiderate multitude: but the ſhort reply of the ſhrewd ſon of Joſeph was, "*Should theſe people ceaſe their Hallelujahs, the very ſtones would cry out?*" And then, ſilently looking towards Jeruſalem, for a time, with a ſteady gaze and weeping eye, the Enthuſiaſt turned, firſt to his diſciples—then towards the City, and exclaimed, "*Would, oh Jeruſalem! that thou hadſt known, at leaſt in this thy day, the things which belong to*

thy peace!—but now they are hidden from thine eyes. For the day ſhall come when thine enemies ſhall caſt a trench about thee, and compaſs thee round, and hem thee in on every ſide, and lay thee even with the ground, with thy children within thee; and ſhall not leave in thee one ſtone upon another, becauſe thou knoweſt not the time of thy viſitation."

As the proceſſion entered the Holy City by the Sheep Gate, nearly the whole remaining population, then in violent commotion, crowded around from every ſide,—friends and enemies—Jews and Gentiles—young and old—people of all conditions and occupations, and of both ſexes—ſome aſking "*Who is this?*"—"*Whence comes he?*"—others crying aloud "*This ſurely is the great Prophet of whom our maſter Moſes ſpake—he is the Son of David—bleſſed is He who cometh in the name of the Lord!*"

The Nazarene, with theſe demonſtrations in his favour, ſeemed no way elated; but proceeded directly to the Temple, then likewiſe filled to overflowing with a living maſs, impatiently awaiting his coming!

Entering the cloiſters by the Gate of Shuſhàn, this new-born "King" found acceſs into the Temple nearly impracticable, from the teeming multitude that covered the Porch of Solomon, and likewiſe the Courts of the Gentiles, and the cloiſters on both ſides,—whilſt the noble flight of ſteps on the Temple's three ſides, (affording a view over the heads of the ſea-like multitude) were wholly loſt ſight of by the ſolid maſs of anxious gazers below!

The entire ſcene, my Artemas, was inexpreſſibly impoſing and gorgeous: for, on that day, the tenth of Niſan, not only were the heavens beautifully tranſparent, but the ſun ſhone with more than wonted luſtre—ſending back his golden rays from the dazzling white and lofty pillars, which form the outer portico,—and again from the poliſhed ſurfaces of the numerous columns that range within the extenſive cloiſters—and ſtill further, from the nine magnificent gateways, with their towering pillars on either ſide! In the midſt of ſo unclouded a ſun, the Temple itſelf ſeemed to riſe before us in peerleſs majeſty—its golden portal glittering as topaz, with myriads of reflected rays—whilſt the enormous Vine, (of the ſame precious and ſhining metal, that hangs over the gate, redundant in golden grapes, each cluſter ſhaming the ſize even of Goliah's head) alſo ſent forth, in a thouſand forms, the ruddy and reflected beams of the ever glorious Orb of day! Long muſt that Tenth of Niſan be remembered by all—and never can it fade from the memory of your Cartaphilus.*

* This correſponded to March 21ſt—now called *Palm Sunday*—being five days incluſive before the Crucifixion, A.D. 35, *corrected* æra.

Cartaphilus caſt out of the Temple.

As the Nazarene approached the "*Beautiful Gate*," the multitude, particularly thoſe who ſo triumphantly had hailed him on the road from Bethphage, as alſo his now much-delighted diſciples, who reſponded their Hoſannas, by exclaiming, "Bleſſed is the King who cometh in the name of the Lord—peace in Heaven, and glory in the higheſt!" were ſoon after ſadly diſappointed; for *they* all looked for it as certain, that, whilſt ſtanding by the Gate, he would loudly proclaim his Meſſiahſhip, with an invincible authority, too, thereby at once to eſtabliſh his kingdom in vaſt glory, and in abſolute power! But, how great was their ſurpriſe, when Jeſus merely looked around upon the Temple—then haſtily upon the crowd—anon, upon various things within the Temple—and forthwith retired from it, and proceeded on to Bethphage!

On the following day, however, which is the *preſent day*, and early in the morning, Jeſus again was preſent in the Temple: and, whilſt paſſing through the "Beautiful Gate," and ſtill through the like aſſembled multitude, I was placed againſt the right pillar, immediately in front of that inner entrance, and of the outer one of Shuſhàn. My tables, as uſual, were near that pillar, which, with all the reſt, were ſorely preſſed upon by the anxious maſs whilſt entering. The Nazarene, methought, inſtantly eyed *me* in particular; and then waving his hand to the crowd, bade them all to relieve the tables, and to preſs further on into the cloiſters;—this done, he incontinently overthrew my tables, with all their varied contents; and, in the like manner, the tables of all the others—bidding us all begone; and ſaying, with a commanding, though gentle voice, "*It is written*, My House *ſhall be called the Houſe of Prayer for all the nations; but ye have made it a den of thieves*:"—and, not content with thus declaring our Holy Temple *his* houſe, and open to the prayers of *all the Gentiles*, he ordered, with the like aſſumed authority, that no veſſel, or other thing whatever, ſhould paſs in or out the gates, ſave for the *Temple's* ſervice:—this done, he calmly walked through the Beautiful Gate—thence through the *Nicanor*, and then on to the foot of the *Brazen Altar*—none in any way moleſting him!

Cartaphilus and others caſt out of the Temple.

What *could* we, indeed, do in ſuch a caſe?—the multitude being awe-ſtruck, and they ſeemingly were *with* him: his boldneſs, moreover, being truly majeſtic—his air of authority celeſtial—his eye benignant, yet withering! Now, whether God or Devil, none did, or dared more than to follow, and to gaze upon him; and the ſilence that prevailed through the aſtoniſhed multitude was in itſelf moſt unnatural and ſubduing! Incontinently, thereafter, I left the Temple—neither attempting, nor thinking, to regain my ſcattered and much abuſed property—and ſo did the others likewiſe!

But, my Artemas, thanks to our rulers! this ſuperſtitious *panic*

will ſoon be made to paſs away, and theſe fanatics to know the majeſty of our laws: the people, alſo, will early ſee their groſs error; for, as the winds do at firſt but ruffle the ſmooth waters of Tiberias, then raiſe them into fearful waves, and ſoon paſs off to other lands, leaving the ſea once more as a mirror, ſo will our fickle multitude (now ſo maddened with many wild fancies) haſtily ſubſide into a deep calm!—how long to continue, who ſhall ſay? for, may not that ſame people, in their next ſtorm, be *againſt*, as well as *for* this Nazarene?—it ſurely may ſo be,—ſince, when the nation boils, the ſcum is uppermoſt, and floats it knows not whither—the hero of to-day being often the victim of the morrow!

The Sanhedrim, as I now learn, will inſtantly aſſemble; and ſurely it will maintain the Law's ſupremacy, and the Temple's ſanctity—now more groſſly violated than by Syrian, or by Roman conquerors! The more eminent of the Sadducees and Phariſees—the Prieſts and the Lawyers, are all clearly with us; and, as I have told thee, Artemas, *my reſolution* can never now be changed: this violator of our rights ſhall be made to know and feel that he is *no king*. And though, with grief, I know the temper of *thy* mind is, of late, not with me, and that thou art ſtrangely taken with the Nazarene, thou ſurely wilt not—cannot wholly forſake thy friend! Let Joſeph's ſon, then, have a *trial*—and do thou haſten to Jeruſalem, and ſee more of this man's proceedings, before thou doſt conſent to abandon the laws and the religion of thy country, and condemn thy friend for raſhneſs and injuſtice. I would be neither haſty nor unjuſt—but the law's prompt aſſertor.

Thy ſtory of the ten lepers, I confeſs, much arouſed me; and diligently have I ſince pondered it,—but *thou* wert deceived—groſſly deceived, my good friend Artemas!—and if not, thy fevered brain did afterwards coin, out of ſeeming wonders, things that exiſted not! Much have I *heard* of his miracles—alſo communed often with thoſe who believe in them,—but yet have I *ſeen* none. The Nazarene hath again retired to Bethany; and when next he comes to the Temple, I would have *thee* there: Thou and the people (then calling for his credentials) will be taught to judge more coolly as to thoſe rumoured miracles; and will ſeverely condemn the ſacrilege he ſo often hath committed. Let but the Great Sanhedrim ſpeak, and the multitude, that ſo lately ſhouted his praiſes, will ſpeedily end his triumph! Come quickly, dear Artemas, come quickly. FAREWELL. CARTAPHILUS.

Judas and Cartaphilus meet.

SECTION VII.—*Niſan*, 11th day, 2nd Watch of the Night.
[Monday, 22 March, 7 o'Clock.]

PASSOVER is cloſe at hand—Artemas will doubtleſs be here late to-morrow—and now inſtantly (this night) will I to Pilate, and crave admiſſion into his ſervice—though I a Jew, and he a hated Roman! The Chamberlain of his palace, as I learn, hath juſt been diſmiſſed; and I muſt have his place! Is not that office in the Procurator's ſervice more honourable than ſelling doves, and exchanging of moneys, though far leſs profitable? Pilate, moreover, needs urging; and I would rouſe this lagging and undeciſive Roman; who, had he done his duty, would long ere this have checked the Nazarene and his fiſhermen, ſo that they would not, as now, have thus miſled the people. Pilate is cruel and bloody enough, as all have witneſſed, eſpecially when labouring for his own ends: and this we lately ſaw in his foul murder of the Galileans—done, too, when they were worſhipping even in the Temple's courts! And we have further witneſſed how inſidiouſly he brought the Roman ſtandards into our Holy City—a matter ſo abhorrent to all Jews, who would ſhun every ſemblance of idolatry. So alſo, when our meſſengers ſought this Pilate at Cæſaria—beſeeching him for five whole days and nights, proſtrate upon the earth, that he would withdraw thoſe idolatrous ſtandards, he refuſed ſo to do, and threatened ſorely to take their lives,—and which were ſaved to them, only by their invincible firmneſs! This ſame Pontius Pilate, as I alſo well remember, gave, on a certain occaſion, a ſignal to his men to wound and indiſcriminately kill, all who ſhould oppoſe his robbery of our ſacred treaſures,—that with them he might build, forſooth, an aqueduct, ſimilar to thoſe of Rome, two hundred ſtadia in length!* Pilate, therefore, hath without doubt, *that* within him, when moved, that ſhall rid us effectually of theſe turbulent innovators—this fabricator of a new religion—this kingly lawgiver, who ſtrives to ſupplant our maſter Moſes! The Procurator, moreover, if he gains a ſingle friend more to Cæſar, would find death in any form no obſtacle to that purpoſe. * * * But this JUDAS is now my ſtrong hope—and, in my now adventure, the very tower of my ſtrength! The diſcontented purſe-bearer is, of all others, the inſtrument moſt needed by me: for, ſhould *he* appear againſt the Nazarene, it would be eloquent proof of the foul impoſture we allege.

He ſeeks Pontius Pilate.

* Twenty-five miles.

A Meditation thereon.

Judas, then, (the avaricious 'Scariot of this needy ſon of David) ſhall be earneſtly cultivated by me; ſo that, if not already fully traitor to his ſo-called maſter, he ſpeedily may be made ſo! Pilate and Judas, then, be henceforth my anxious aim!

SECTION VIII.—*Niſan*, 12th day. [Tueſday morning, 23 March.]

ALL is well—moſt well! I am now of Pilate's houſehold, and deep in his confidence, too! We communed full three hours reſpecting this Nazarene's *kingly* aſpirations; and eſpecially of the late exciting events on the Bethphage road, and in the Temple. What in his ear I ſo zealouſly whiſpered, ſeems to have ſomewhat rouſed him—Pilate may now *liſten* to thoſe of the Sanhedrim, and poſſibly be brought to *act*.—I ſee he is his own friend firſt, and then Cæſar's—but he *fears* Tiberius greatly,—and that will do more than *love* towards that emperor: but *ſelf*, *fear*, and *love* muſt all be awakened in him. My ſucceſs alſo with Judas, laſt night, ſurpaſſed my utmoſt hope: and, though avaricious beyond expectation, he ſtill prated much of Jeſu's power; and ſeems yet to cheriſh ſome lurking faith in him, whether from fear or love I wot not. But the wily diſciple ſaith (and it *may* be ſo) that he doth deſire but to *teſt his Maſter's power!*—for, if death he cannot repel, Judas hath nothing loſt—if death *he doth* reſiſt, then is Judas only the *haſtener* of his triumph, and therefore meritorious of reward! Poor ſalvo this to a ſlender conſcience—a hideous mixture of venal faith and of flimſy ſuperſtition! Something of hope I found in him, but more of anger and of diſappointment in the petty vaultings of his ambition. Judas, as it ſeems, would be *firſt* among the diſciples!—and yet, from his own words, I would judge him the *loweſt*. Judas would ſell the precious ointment to benefit the poor—and yet deny to *Shiloh* an honour yielded by a ſiſter's gratitude! Judas doth hail the Nazarene as Maſter—and yet would ſee that maſter ſlain, becauſe the purſe he bears is not ſo full as Shiloh's *ſhould* be! Judas doth *love* his Lord—and yet would experiment, even to jeopardy of life, that the Servant may in both ways win! Oh, how loathing unto me is that puling wickedneſs, which doth coin ſuch paltry excuſes that may deceive himſelf alone; and which, with love of mammon, would feed *intention* to the full, but lack of all daring to *do* the deed! Judas knows not himſelf—nor the kingdom he ſo fondly imagines he greatly covets; but nothing real would he peril to win it! Judas hath faith—but only when the ſkies are clear and congenial! Judas *hoped* for that fair kingdom, but became ſorely vexed that it

Judas and Cartaphilus meet.

The plot againſt Jeſus thickens—Arrival of Artemas.

is ſo "*long delayed!*" Judas venerates his maſter, but would peril that maſter's life, only that he may *haſten* the maſter's *triumph!* * * * Such, in brief words, is the ſubſtance of all that Judas uttered, in his miſerable colloquy with me laſt night!—but ſtill, I left the 'Scariot full of aſſurance that, if traitor now, in feeling, to the Nazarene, he will not prove faithleſs to me hereafter in execution,—hence do I find that Judas, ſo poor in wiſdom and in honeſty, may ſtill anſwer my purpoſe well! *

* * * But, oh, Cartaphilus! in all this ugly matter, art thou ſure of *thyſelf*, and of thine *own* clear conſcience? What hath Joſeph's ſon done unto thee, that thou ſhouldſt either compaſs or be conſentient to his death? * * * The Nazarene hath ſpoiled ſome of thy goods!—or hath uttered unto thee a grievous word; and yet only ſuch as Artemas, thy beſt friend, hath uſed! And may not Rebecca be for ever loſt to thee—and likewiſe Eben-Ezra—and Priſcilla, for thus, with Judas leaguing, and in a deed, ſo violative of friendſhip, and of all holy confidence? * * * Oh folly, folly! caſt *thought* to the twelve winds!—what hath Cartaphilus now to do with queſtionings?

SECTION IX.—*Niſan*, 13th day. [Wedneſday, 24th March.]

ARTEMAS hath juſt arrived!—Oh, he hath been quick upon my letter—ſo like my valued friend! But, even to him, I muſt no further diſcloſe my plans, than what concerns myſelf alone—nothing of Judas,—nor of my counſelling with Pilate, or with Caïaphas! Much vexed, I fear, will he be, to find me here in the Procurator's ſervice—and yet far more, were he cognizant of the ſolemn league I have made with that ſilly and falſe diſciple! * * * How

* The vein of contemptuous *irony* here manifeſted againſt Judas, and at the moment when Cartaphilus ſo much deſired the aid of that wicked inſtrument, ſtrongly illuſtrates the artifices of the TEMPTER—the miſcellaneous nature and wonderful deceivableneſs of the human heart—the haughty ſpirit conferred on the wicked, when conſcious of great intellectual ſuperiority over their guilty aſſociates—the conſolation they would derive to themſelves from ſuch diſparaging contraſts—and the eagerneſs with which they would ſeek to merge their own conſcience in the arrogance of accuſations againſt others. Doubtleſs, the character of Judas is here correctly drawn; but Cartaphilus knew not himſelf, and, had he then been capable of even a moment of ſound reflection, he would have ſeen through the goſſamer veil he ſtrived to caſt over himſelf, by the truthful portrait drawn by him of another.

Artemas counſelled with me, and wept, I muſt not—cannot record! We, however, reſolved inſtantly to viſit the Temple, where the people were anxiouſly expecting Jeſus. There we tarried ſome hours—but the Nazarene appeared not! Many then began to ſay he would not come, but would continue at Bethany, whither they would go—we joined therein: and when at Bethany, we there found the anxious people ſaying that, when Jeſus left the Temple on yeſterday, he had declared "his miſſion ended!"—and further, that "in three days more he muſt *needs* be a ſacrifice!" The people likewiſe ſaid that a taunting meſſage, to the like effect, had been ſent by him even unto Herod!

Myſterious Being!—thy "Miſſion"—but why, and by whom ſent?—and if ſent, why *muſt* thou be a *ſacrifice?* Wonderful man!—powerleſs, yet powerful! But are not all *evil ſpirits* thus?—is there not unto them a law—"*thus far may ye go, and no further?*" But thou *weepeſt* over Jeruſalem—and yet *denounceſt* her! and, as they ſay, thou cureſt the halt and the blind, and, oh Jeſus! thou raiſeſt the dead—and makeſt wine out of water—and feedeſt thouſands from inviſible means—and confoundeſt the wiſeſt with thy ſpeech—and, at pleaſure, thou vaniſheſt, from our ſight! All theſe, and far more, are declared of thee: and yet, why ſo poor, why yield to the arrogance and power of thy foes, why reſort to oft-repeated flights, why wander in ſecret places, in Olivet and Bethany and in Bethphage, and, why permit thyſelf to be betrayed by one who ſo long hath known thee—and, if knowing ſo much, as thy diſciples ſay of thee, why not fully know Judas' deſigned treaſon, though now known to none but Judas and Cartaphilus? Surely the idle and inſenſate multitude can no juſt anſwer make to theſe inquiries. Ah, Cartaphilus! thou art a logician, and doſt look more deeply into ſuch things, than Artemas, and the reſt with him.

* * * * But hold, Cartaphilus!—hold! be thou candid and wiſe, and no ſelf-deceiver. Art thou quite ſure of thy alleged facts and of thy proud concluſions, and that all hath been as fairly and as fully argued with thy own ſelf, as if with interlocutors in the ſchools of philoſophy? May it not well be aſked, what *need* had Jeſus ever to retire for ſafety into ſecret places, and whether he ever *did* ſo?—has he not for years paſt been openly among the people—and none to do him harm, though many were doubtleſs *willing* ſo to do?—was he not ever as much within the Sanhedrim's power at Bethany, and is he not ſo now, as when within Jeruſalem's walls?—was he ever in diſguiſe?—and, even when he ſo boldly uſed the Temple as his own houſe, who, of all the vaſt multitude, ventured to aſſail him?—not one! and did he not fearleſſly

Deep Muſings upon not finding Jeſus at the Temple.

reproach the moſt exalted among our rulers, both of State and Temple?—and yet who to ſay him nay! And oh, did not even thoſe whoſe tables were caſt over ſhrink from his preſence—and, when he ſlowly retired from the multitude, ſought he not ſolitude merely for his own repoſe?—doubtleſs, all is juſt ſo. And yet, Cartaphilus, wonderful as all this truly is, may not all this panic in the people be cauſed by the dread of a *demon*, as well as of a beatific ſpirit? No *miracle* of his have I ever witneſſed—many, indeed, ſay *they* have; and though the late proceeding in the Temple was, indeed, moſt ſtrange, yet it was *no miracle:* multitudes, like the ſtormy waves, are ever unmanageable, and driven by hidden impulſes into ſtrange follies. But, doubt it not, the people will ſoon revive,—and ſo will the Sanhedrim—what need then to *plot* his death, and why cheriſh Judas' treaſon, when at any hour, Jeſus may be taken, and fairly brought to trial? Theſe are the matters for and againſt the Nazarene!—greatly do they diſturb my ſoul. * * * Such, and the like, were my rapid *thoughts* during the two hours ſpent by us at Bethany. Artemas and I then haſtened to the City—for it was now manifeſt that Jeſus would viſit the Temple no more, for ever, as he had declared! †

* * * 'Tis now the ſecond hour of night's firſt watch, and Judas is in waiting for me! Artemas in ſilence mourns in my adjoining room,—and, there, ſecretly I will leave him, until this hideous matter with Judas be ended. * * * Oh, Cartaphilus, would thou hadſt never ſeen the light!—better had it been that Niſan's moon, which came ſo ſluggiſhly at thy natal hour, had never come!—O that the then anxious ſeekers of the Beth-Yazeck had found that moon ſhrouded in eternal darkneſs—or, that in ſome other land, unknown of Iſrael, thou hadſt been born,

† It will be ſeen that Artemas and Cartaphilus viſited the Temple on Wedneſday morning, expecting to ſee Jeſus, and were diſappointed; but afterwards, on reaching Bethany, they were informed that on *Tueſday*, 12th Niſan, (or 23rd March) the Nazarene had openly declared his miſſion ended; and that in three days more he ſhould be ſacrificed! Tueſday, therefore, was the *laſt* day of Jeſus' preſence there; but ſtill the multitude (ignorant of the true import of Jeſus' prophetic words) came on Wedneſday, and on Thurſday, looking for him. The meditations of Cartaphilus at Bethany ſhow very clearly that he and others ſinned not from want of light, or rather the means of light: but, ſtill it will be remembered, the impreſſions were very general and powerful that Shiloh was to come in a wholly different form—alſo that wonders might be wrought by a *falſe*, as well as by a true prophet—and that he, who could not, or would not, ſhield himſelf from the power of the Sanhedrim, could not be that "EXPECTATION *of Ages*"—that "EMANUEL," of which their prophets had ſpoken,—and if not, that then the warning given in the 13th Chapter of Deuteronomy, was imperative on them!—and yet, what but Iſrael's wicked heart ever ſuggeſted the thought of a merely *temporal* Meſſias?

Conflicting musings between reason and revenge.

—a Gentile rather, than with so enlightened and conscience-stricken a soul, thus to be tormented with endless doubts and torturing misgivings! * * * But no fitting thoughts are these in me, who must instantly commune with that Scariot, Judas. Rouse thee, Cartaphilus! and be strongly clothed in resolution, and with a fixed soul!—forget not thy *corban*:—remember, moreover, how an ancient tradition doth hold that the world endures but *six thousand* years—2000 whereof are from creation until the giving of the Law—2000 more whereof are to be under that Law—and that the remaining 2000 are destined for Shiloh's reign! Now, if so, Shiloh's time surely hath *not* yet come:—for do we not count, even to this very hour, but *three thousand, seven hundred, ninety and five* years since creation?—and therefore, *'tis plain*, the coming of the great Messias needs full *two hundred and five* more years! * * * But night's black mantle is now deep upon all nature—and so lightless are its folds to me, that all is suited to my much belaboured soul! Oh, how doth restless *thought* tear and rack the inner man with its rushing and burning current! Since at Bethany, now eight hours, hath not my soul been *all thought*—yea, as a wheel in such rapid motion, as leaves after it no abiding vision? * * * * PILATE must I see this night or early on the morrow.

And now, Cartaphilus, remember how it behoves thee to deal with both!—be thou with them wise as the Serpent—artful as the Fox—gentle as the sacrificial Doves—for these men demand thy utmost wit—the Roman, that thou mayest overcome his timid nature—heightened as it hath been by some silly dreams his wife doth prate of!—and, with the money-loving Jew, see that thou conquer the leaven of his fear, or affection, towards his master, with the which his brain is even yet somewhat beset! Oh folly ineffable, and past endurance!—vice and cunning and wit and learning, may all be made to do obeisance unto a superior mind—each having its defenceless point—but, he who would strive with *superstition*, or with the wisdom of a *fool*, or with the hopeful and the doubtful, vexedly combined, will find great need for caution, and for the best strategy of his sobereſt head! Remember likewise that, in two days hence, the Passover will demand the presence of our Galilean Prince. Herod Antipas doth, indeed, hold no friendly communion with Pilate: but of this, they both must be cured—and quickly, too—else Herod's hate of Jesus might cause the Procurator to befriend the Nazarene,—for those at enmity, work not well in a common cause—*self* being often stronger than *duty*. Now, so it chanceth, that this Herod hath, of late, been somewhat beholden unto me; and hath shown me, in return, some special kindness: hence, may I now the more freely give my counsel to him,—as well in regard to Pilate, as the Nazarene. Should I heal the breach between them, by using many soothing words to both,

Cartaphilus and Judas agree—The horrors of that meeting.

the dealing of each, towards this diſturber of our peace, will be the firmer, and more to my mind. * * * And now for JUDAS! and, on the morrow early, (if not this night,) Pilate and Herod ſhall be ſeen of me:—they all muſt be *abſorbed* by Cartaphilus—for ſouls extinguiſh ſouls, as do the greater lights the leſs!

SECTION X.—*Niſan's* 14th day. Night's 4th Watch. [March 25, 5 o'Clock, Wedneſday night.]

Muſings upon his interview with Judas.

OH night of horrors juſt paſſed, and morn now ſweetly dawning, how rayleſs are ye both of further happineſs to Cartaphilus! The wretched hours I ſpent with Judas till the dead of night, were bliſsful compared with thoſe that followed; when, upon my couch I lay, counting oblivious ſleep—that would not come—and hoping (but with no fruition) to drown the many foul and helliſh thoughts that forced their rude —reſiſtleſs paſſage into my already maddened ſoul! Sleep came at laſt—but oh, ſuch ſleep!—ſo full of buſy viſions, as tired nature in her agony creates—peopling all ſpace with filthy dreams—with a world of demons, and each with appropriate mien and action!—and oh, how terrifically clear were all thoſe varied ſcenes of horror! —and yet, but one little hour did Cartaphilus ſleep!—an hour that would have filled an age with miſeries! * * * Have not our Sages often told us that our ſins appear to us but as feeble *ſhadows*, when our day is in its glory,—but that, towards the evening of our life, or, which is the ſame, towards the ſetting of its proſperity, theſe ſins do ſhow themſelves in hideous forms? If thus it be, ſurely life, or proſperity ſoon muſt end with me. The matter ſo warmly urged by me on Judas, and ſo cunningly, too, ſeemed *then* ſcarce the ſhadow of a ſin; but, when upon my couch encompaſſed with night's darkneſs, and ſo full of *thought*, it all became ſo bright and monſtrous, that Gehenna itſelf laughed me to ſcorn—and, even to myſelf, more vile I ſeemed than that traitor Judas!—for Judas ſtill had ſome fears—ſome hopes,—but I, his urger, had none! Is this, then, indeed the evening of my life, or, worſe, the evening of my proſperity? Is Cartaphilus, then, a ſuborner of foul murder, and of atrocious treaſon againſt domeſtic truſt and friendſhip? Oh no, it cannot be—'tis but the fever of a wildered brain—a ſickneſs of body and of ſoul, making of Cartaphilus a poor and trembling coward! But why ſhould *thought*, which is but a fleeting, immaterial ſomething, or a nothing—ever coming and going without our bidding—thus greatly move me? If no other world there be—no torturing ſpirits—no angels of miſchief and of utter darkneſs,—if revenge be natural, and each for

Cartaphilus reſolves—He welcomes the dawn of day.

himſelf muſt care; and oh, if no *deſtiny* there be, but all have free will (and ſo my *Sadducean* teaching hath ever been) why ſhould now my ſoul recoil from what with Judas I have reſolved? Oh no —the NAZARENE SHALL SURELY DIE! for, hath he not trampled upon my lawful calling in the Temple—threatens he not the *deſtruction* even of that Holy Houſe? * * * Be now ſtill, O my ſoul! and let this bright and lovely morn, ſo freſh with dewy fragrance, ſhed upon thee, as well as others, its ſofteſt influences—a morn, breathing airs diſtilled of pureſt empyrean, oh let it bring upon its wings the choiceſt perfumes from gardens it hath juſt kiſſed, when the moiſtened ſhrubs and flowers are firſt ſaluted by the ſun—ſo that, in theſe delightful odours may be wrapped my much diſturbed ſoul—yea, a morn moſt luſtrous in nature's lovely garniture, and ſo unlike the horrid night juſt paſt, that all of God's creatures now ruſh to hail it! Oh then, even unto Cartaphilus let it bring courage, and perennial floods of joy—leſt his bruiſed and cruſhed heart ſhall ſink to riſe no more! The fourth Watch will ſoon end.*

The birds now carol ſweetly their blitheſt notes—the gaudy butterflies are at their early gambols—the inſects of various hues and form and ſize, are buzzing and humming every where around me: and ſhall I, a being of lovely *woman* born—God's laſt and perfecteſt work—remain the only ingrate—ſilent and wretched? So muſt it no longer be. * * * Glorious indeed is this morn of Niſan's fourteenth day: and the young ſun, in ſoft and cloudleſs majeſty, ſmiles upon the hills and valleys, and upon all that breathes —bidding every moving thing cheer him with their grateful ſongs —and not thus, as man ſo often doth, unkindly ſlight his genial influence! Awake, Cartaphilus!—awake! and be thyſelf again!

Niſan, 14th day. [Thurſday, March 25, 10 o'Clock, A.M.]

Further proceedings with Judas.

Judas was well reſolved laſt night:—and the night of the preſent day is the time fixed for the momentous act in which I am engaged! Judas will bring to Gethſemane's garden, (where Jeſus ſo loves to linger,) a ſufficient force; and there betray him unto the minions of the Great Sanhedrim! Pilate, I have already communed with; and though reluctant and timid, as uſual, he hath cheered me with the welcome news that the Sanhedrim will meet to-day, and at an

* Night and Day were each divided into four watches, each of three hours —the fourth watch of the night therefore ended at ſix o'clock in the morning.

Further proceedings with Judas—The alarms of Love.

early hour—this being the *firſt* of Unleavened Bread.* Judas will attend that formal conclave—and, if permiſſion may be had, ſo will Cartaphilus; for meet is it that I ſhould witneſs what is promiſed by the diſciple, and that Judas, in this, ſhould nothing fail. * * * I have juſt returned from Judas, who argued the ugly matter bravely with his conſcience! He mouthed much concerning a withered *fig-tree*, near Bethany; which, as he ſaid, had been curſed by his maſter, on the evening of Niſan's 10th day, and been found on the following morning, utterly leafleſs and lifeleſs! But, enough of this, HEROD will I now inſtantly ſee—then the Sanhedrim—and finally ſettle the *hour* in which Judas ſhall meet me, before going to Gethſemane.

Love for Rebecca awakens alarm.

But, ere I ſally forth, let me, for a brief time commune (in *thought*, at leaſt) with thee, thou lovelieſt of maidens, and faireſt of all Judah's daughters—deareſt Rebecca! What, of thy Cartaphilus, wouldſt thou ſay, were all his mind and deeds, for ſix days paſt, fully revealed unto thee? Can thy dovelike heart conceive, or thy ſoft and roſy lips give utterance, to aught againſt thy fond one—he who hath loved thee from thy tendereſt years, and fondly watched thy graceful motions, ſo like the ſportive fawn, even before thy pearly teeth and ruby lips could give diſtinctneſs to all thy words? Ah, no—treaſon were it, indeed, againſt thy devoted friendſhip, if not thy love, ſo to think of thee.

Now, that even the roſes of thy parental bowers have ſought their freſheſt bloom from thy love-tinctured cheeks—now, that the lilies alſo, (which reflect their brightneſs, and ſhed around their delicious perfumes) have taken both from thee, when treading the panſied borders of the blue-ſtreamed Kedron—now, that the zephyrs which gently play over Ramoth-Gilead's verdant heights, ſteal their ſoftneſs from thy matured and ſilvery voice, and, from thy ſpicy breath, ſhed the ſweeteſt incenſe over the vales below; yes, deareſt Rebecca! now, that the radiance of thy ſparkling eye, and each word that flows as nectar from thy lips, have to me become more potent than ſpells of magic—ſtealing o'er my ſoul like

* According to the Hebrew mode of computing days, which begin at ſunſet, the firſt day of unleavened bread began on *Wedneſday* at ſunſet, and continued till the ſunſet of Thurſday. The feaſt of Paſſover, therefore, commenced on Thurſday after ſunſet, and ended at ſunſet of Friday. From Wedneſday-ſunſet till Thurſday-ſunſet was the 14th day of their month *Niſan*, correſponding with our 25th of March—and from Thurſday-ſunſet to Friday-ſunſet, was the 15th of Niſan, or the 26th of March.

the holy oil that ran through Aaron's beard—gently piercing my heart, though they be ſoft as the air of morn playing o'er beds of violets,—thou, my Rebecca, wilt not, cannot forſake thy once happy, but now wretched Cartaphilus! Willingly, I would not bring to thee a ſigh—oh, no, not for all the golden treaſures once enſhrined within the Beautiful Gate, even of Solomon's own more famed Temple—a temple renowned in all the lands during more than a thouſand years—a temple, though now greatly changed, as I know, yet moſt dear unto thee, and therefore doubly ſo to me. Our preſent glorious Temple of Zerubbabel, (fallen off from that of Solomon) doth ſtill wonder the world, which ſurely hath not its like:—and *that* Temple, ſo loved of thee, would I now reſcue from all peril—yea, from all the wild fancies that ſo threaten it;—ah, even unto the death of that truly awful Nazarene!—Oh, let not this, my Roſe, my faireſt Lily! be condemned of thee as vile and murderous!—for, 'tis not the nature of thy gentle ſex to know, nor ſcarce conceive, the rude elements whereof Man is made—and wiſely made, that he may contend the more ſucceſsfully, and with all required energy, againſt ſuch as delight in levelling to the duſt (as would the Nazarene) all that the wiſe, the good, the great, and the learned have raiſed with care, throughout all the ages! But, my Rebecca, if tears muſt flow from thy lovely eyes, when theſe ſad tidings reach thy tender ſoul, Love's magic will transform them all into pearls of pureſt whiteneſs, that I may wear them ever in my boſom—and then, on the wings of the wind will I haſten to thee, craving thy forgiveneſs! Bad news, indeed will be ſure to reach thee early—and ever in hideous forms: this day, then, will I ſurely write to thee—theſe preſent words not being for thine eye, but for mine alone—yes, for mine own deeply troubled heart, muſing now in ſolitary ſadneſs. * * * * * But, I muſt now leave thy ſweet image, and ſeek Herod—then to the Sanhedrim—and laſtly, in Gethſemane, to meet that Judas—for weal or for wo!

Interview with Artemas.

When from Herod I had returned, I found *Artemas* in a retired part of my chamber, in ſadneſs, ſuch as never had I ſeen in him. He wept over me, as would a child who from his fond parents was about to ſeparate for ever. He queſtioned me not of Judas, but was full of grave ſuſpicions! Oh, excellent, gentle Friend, how noble and generous thy heart—how ſtrong thy love!—but, hath not thy too rigid virtue dealt ſeverely with me? Am I a murderer in thine eyes, becauſe I cannot ſee like thee? Our creed, indeed, doth differ greatly in all this matter; and yet have I never queſtioned thy regard for the laws, or for our holy religion. Thy prudence is great—mine may not be ſo: and, if the Bethlehemite eſcape *this night* from Geth-

ſemane, or, if, when taken, he manifeſts his vaunted power, and diſpels that of the Sanhedrim, *that* would be miracle enough for me, and my corban would then be no longer binding. But this will *not* occur; the Sanhedrim are now in earneſt, and as intent upon his death, as is the famiſhed lion upon its prey:—is not this with cauſe, and are they not our rulers?

SECTION XI.—14 of *Niſan*, 5th hour. [Thurſday, March 25th, 11 o'Clock, A.M.]

THE hour for the Sanhedrim is now cloſe at hand; the money-loving 'Scariot will then make his diſcloſure, and the *conditions* whereon he bargains for his maſter! A free admittance I hope for—or ſecretly, under Judas and Caïaphas; for the Chief Prieſt doth know my anger, and would cheriſh a ſtrong friend to his cauſe, eſpecially one coming from among the people.—And now, to the *'Scariot** firſt, for a brief time—and then to the Sanhedrim at the ſixth hour.†

THE SANHEDRIM.

Judas has arranged for my admiſſion, openly, before Iſrael's ſelected wiſdom! At the laſt hour of the day's ſecond watch, the GREAT SANHEDRIM met in full attendance. I found aſſembled there the Chief Prieſts—the Elders of the People—and the Scribes,—in all, ſeventy and two in number, moſtly Sadducees,—to vindicate our holy laws and inſtitutions—to ſuppreſs the wild illuſions of the times; and chiefly to deviſe the means of bringing Jeſus, The Falſe Meſſiah to condign puniſhment.‡

By permiſſion of the High Prieſt, CAIAPHAS, I entered into Halls my eyes had never ſeen; and, under the guidance of his father-in-law, *Annas*, I was ſeated cloſe by the Golden Seat of the *Naſi*, or Preſident of the Sanhedrim. The auguſt council was al-

* It will be perceived that Cartaphilus never makes uſe of the initial I, ſo invariably prefixed in after times. Some of the earlieſt copies of the New Teſtament juſtify this; for the Syriac word *Scarjuta*, or *ſckaryuta*, and the Greek *ſcariotes*, both of which ſignify ſteward—or purſe-bearer, as likewiſe the Hebrew and Arabic, all omit the I. *'Scariot*, the correct name, was probably made to aſſume the initial I, merely as being ſofter,—and this is found to be the caſe with many other words in the various languages of modern Europe. The name "Iſcariot," however, will be hereafter uſed in preference, being more familiar to the ears of all.

† The *ſixth* hour correſponds with our 12 o'clock,—the Sanhedrim met on Thurſday, the 14th of Niſan, or 25th March, at 12 o'clock, A.M.; which alſo correſponds with the Jewiſh laſt hour of the day's ſecond watch.

‡ As to the number that compoſed the Sanhedrim, there has been ſome diverſity of opinion. Some ſay 70, others 71—We follow Cartaphilus.

ready formally arranged, in their cuſtomary ſemicircular form,—and ſoon after, with haughty ſtep, and viſage full of thought, Caïaphas entered the Hall, and took the Golden Chair, as Prince or Naſi of our Sanhedrim.

On his right was the AB-BETH-DIN, or vice-preſident, GAMALIEL—a renowned Phariſee, and moſt learned Doctor of our Laws; being, moreover, the ſon of that Simeon, who, as 'tis ſaid, hailed in the Temple this very Jeſus, when yet a babe,—and then, claſping him in his arms, bleſſed him as the true Meſſiah!*

On the left of the Naſi was ſeated the WISE-MAN; whoſe office more ſpecially is, to reſolve the law in very doubtful caſes. Then came JOSEPH, of Arimathea,—whoſe ſad and diſturbed countenance gave aſſurance to the general belief that he, like NICODEMUS, who was ſeated next to him, was too deeply affected by the idle ſuperſtition of our day, to do aught againſt the Nazarene. My eye, however, ſoon reſted, and happily, upon PHILO, and found in him, and in Caïaphas, ſufficient pledges for the ſpeedy accompliſhment of the great work.

At each end of the ſemicircular array of Iſrael's miniſhed power, was a Secretary,—the one to record the votes of acquittal, the other thoſe of condemnation.

The opening Speech of Caïaphas.

As Caïaphas aroſe, all eyes were upon him, and thus he opened, in brief words, the deliberations of the Council.

"Prieſts, Elders and Levites!—holy and learned men of Judea! Ye, to whom are entruſted the Laws, the Traditions, and the Inſtitutions of our forefathers! it is now high time to check with powerful hand, yea, to cruſh for ever, the blind ſuperſtitions that now prevail throughout our land. The once feeble, but now powerful rebellion againſt our holy Prieſthood—the daring ſacrilege againſt our ſtill more Holy Temple, demand our inſtant interference; that, in the perſon of the Nazarene, known as JESUS CHRISTUS, we may ſtop the pernicious frenzies of which we complain—elſe, *they* will ſurely cruſh us, and our long venerated laws! —And juſtly, too, O Men of Judah and of Benjamin! ſince, if Iſrael's ſuffering people awake not now, how ſhall Judah retain her Sceptre—how ſhall Benjamin dwell between the ſhoulders of the Lord—and how ſhall they both eſcape God's vengeance? Men of Iſrael! is not this Jeſus now become the idolized prophet of a growing multitude? Do not our people forſake even Zion's Temple, to follow in deſerts and in ſecret places, this moſt myſterious of all Beel-zebul's agents—this worker of magic—this ſeducer of the multitude, by falſe, though notable miracles? Is not this new

* This was the ſame Gamaliel who was the teacher of Saul of Tarſus—afterwards Paul, the great Apoſtle to the Gentiles.

aſpirant to the Meſſiahſhip, more juſtly to be feared than all who have gone before him? And have I not told ye all, but ye would not heed my prophecy, how that it is now expedient for *one* to die for the People—leſt the whole nation periſh! Let that victim, then, be none elſe than this *ſelf-created* Meſſias—this Nazarene, that would be the Shiloh! This, and naught but this, will bring repoſe to our diſtracted people—and our Holy Temple will no longer be moleſted. Haſten, then, O Prieſts and Elders and Levites! this good work, and ſo that it fall not on the Feaſt day, leſt the people murmur."

"Secretly, have I already communed with one of the Nazarene's diſciples, cognizant of his, ſo called, Maſter's unholy aſpirations: and *that* witneſs, by appointment, is now at hand, willing to deliver into thy hands, him, whom once he ſo wickedly and ſuperſtitiouſly followed,—and that being done, do YE ſee, and quickly too, that this new "King of the Jews" doth die the death."

Speech of Nicodemus.

NICODEMUS then aroſe; and with that firm ſerenity which ever marks him, thus addreſſed the Council. "I do *ſee* ye are all intent upon blood! Would ye ſlay the Lord of Life—would ye kill the Anointed of God—the Holy One of Iſrael, and that, too, without witneſſes—a thing ſo contrary to our law? But ye *cannot* ſee, ye are wholly blind! and this as a puniſhment for thy great obduracy. Doubt it not, in Ye are verified the words of Iſaiah, '*They are drunken—but not with wine; they ſtagger—but not with ſtrong drink. For the Lord hath poured out upon you the ſpirit of deep ſleep, and hath cloſed your eyes,—and the viſion of all hath become unto you as the words of a book that is ſealed.*'* Look to it ye Men of Iſrael! I charge ye, look to it, if that Holy Man ye ſlay!" And thereupon, Nicodemus was ſeated. The Sanhedrim was greatly agitated by this ſpeech—a dread ſilence reigned, for a time, throughout the Hall; and even Caïaphas trembled and grew pale."

Speech of Philo.

CAſting ſuddenly his mantle off, PHILO aroſe; and, unlike thoſe who had gone before, ruſhed from his ſeat, and came midway before the council! His eyes flaſhing fire—his breaſt heaved with contending emotions, and he cried out, "Fathers of our Holy Jeruſalem! are ye to be intimidated by all the whining of this timid and ſuperſtitious Diſciple of the carpenter's ſon? Are ye to be driven from your purpoſe by Nicodemus, who, from the firſt, hath countenanced this Galilean, and thus brought upon us the great miſchief we lament? Will ye liſten to him, who ſecretly conſorted with this Jeſus; and, for ſome time paſt, hath talked to the vulgar herd, ſome incompre-

* Iſaiah xxix. 9 to 14.

henſible philoſophy of this Nazarene, about "*New Birth*"—"*Eternal Life*"—"*Everlaſting Puniſhment*"—"*Faith in the Lord's Anointed*," and other myſtical notions? Oh, is it not monſtrous that NICODEMUS—a Ruler in Iſrael—ſhould thus countenance ſo great a folly! He, ſurely, ought to know—doth know, that no Prophet will ever come out of *Galilee!* and this he would not have paſſed over, had he better heeded the Scriptures, than treaſured up the vain and wicked fancies of that Galilean. Men of Iſrael! I would ſee this JUDAS, and incontinently bargain for the delivery by him to us, of his, ſo ſtyled, Maſter! I have ſpoken!"

The general cry then was, "Let *Judas* come forth; we will now hear *him*." But Gamáliel aroſe with great dignity; and waving his hand, ſilence was again reſtored.

Speech of Gamáliel.

"Sadducees! Phariſees! Ye Rulers of our afflicted country, of whatever faith! I invoke thy calm and patient hearing. No time is this for rage—no time for invidious diſtinctions—no time for irritating words, and galling epithets: but with ſoberneſs, and in ſteady judgment, we ſhould all ſtrive to ſee what *good*, not what *evil*, can be done. Iſrael is now ſorely oppreſſed by *outward* cauſes—and yet much more by thoſe that are *inward*,—for ſhe is greatly at variance with herſelf! I ſay unto ye, Iſrael doth not now poſſeſs the power of life and death! and, if ſhe did, would it not be better to leave the cauſe of this Nazarene in God's own hands, than raſhly to take it to ourſelves, and thus, peradventure, be found fighting againſt God? That wondrous works have been wrought by this Jeſus, ye all do know: nor can I now judge, by *what power* theſe things are done—but this I will ſay, he is wholly *innocent* of death, and Ye are *not* his judges unto death."

Gamaliel ended, Caïaphas quickly aroſe, and bade Judas forth: whereupon the Arimathean JOSEPH interpoſed, and ſoftly aſked permiſſion to be heard. Caïaphas ſlowly reſumed his ſeat, but with quivering lips and ſcowling brow,—whilſt Philo, in vexation, lay buried in the ample folds of his mantle. Joſeph eyed them not, and thus he ſpoke.

Speech of the Arimathean.

"It is well known to ye, Senators! how our holy Prophets, from the beginning, have promiſed unto Iſrael—a SAVIOUR; and ye cannot gainſay it, that much he is *needed;* nor, but that he hath been, of late, much and anxiouſly looked for—not, indeed, that ye do zealouſly ſeek righteouſneſs—but temporal preferment.

"The *promiſe* of this Shiloh was firſt made by GOD himſelf to Adam, in that '*The ſeed of the Woman ſhould bruiſe the Serpent's head*'—that ſeed, as Ye ſhould know, is CHRIST,—and the

Woman, is his highly favoured mother, according to the fleſh—whilſt the Serpent is naught elſe than the wickedneſs of this world, and a portion of the other, over which Meſſias will ſurely triumph! Again the *promiſe* was made to our father ABRAHAM, that in him ſhould '*all the families or nations of the earth be bleſſed*'—and to Iſaac and Jacob, it was renewed in the like language,—Jacob prophetically ſaying that Shiloh comes, when Judah's ſceptre is *departing* from her! Judge ye now, how much of a ſceptre remains among us!

"After a time, our Maſter MOSES announces that a prophet '*like unto himſelf*,' would be raiſed by God; and that thoſe who ſet at naught *his* teachings, ſhould be puniſhed. Judge ye now, whether He of Bethlehem (*not* of Nazareth) ſhould remind ye of *Moſes*, ſeeing that, from the time of that great *Lawgiver*, until this very hour, none of the Prophets claimed to be a Lawgiver, ſave this *Nazarene* alone, (as ye erroneouſly do call *him*, who is, by birth, no Galilean) who *doth* claim to be both Lawgiver and Prophet. And, ye Men of Iſrael! ſee the *likeneſs* further. Moſes confirmed *his* own teachings by notable *Miracles*—ſo doth the Bethlehemite. Moſes relieved *our nation* alone from Egyptian bondage—He, of the little Bethlehem, would relieve our people, and alſo the *whole world*, from the bondage of ſin! Moſes promiſed to our people a goodly land, and happineſs therein, to thoſe who kept the Law—the 'Son of David' promiſes a far better country beyond the grave; and, to all who keep his law, eternal happineſs! Moſes faſted during forty days—the, ſo called, Nazarene did ſo likewiſe! Moſes gave food to a famiſhed multitude in the wilderneſs—the Nazarene twice *created* food in a wilderneſs for many thouſand perſons! Moſes divided the waters of the Red Sea, and brought his people through in ſafety—the Bethlehemite walked upon the billows, and bade the ſtorm ſubſide? Moſes ſhone in his face with ſupernal brightneſs, when deſcending from the mountain—Jeſus was transfigured upon Olivet, where his face ſhone as the ſun in the higheſt heavens! Moſes prayed for the cure of Miriam's leproſy, and it was granted unto him—Jeſus by his own inherent power, cured ten of the fouleſt lepers! Moſes changed the *name* of Oſhea into Joſhua—the Chriſtus gave unto Simon the name of Peter. Moſes appointed ſeventy rulers over his people—Jeſus ſent ſeventy, by *twos*, into every part of Galilee and Samaria. Moſes ſent forth Twelve men for the preparation of his way—and ye all know that the Nazarene hath Twelve; who, as his meſſengers or Apoſtles, are in all our regions. Moſes was miraculouſly preſerved when a babe—Jeſus, when alſo an infant, was wonderfully reſcued from the murderous edict of the firſt Herod! Moſes fled from Egypt into Midian, in great jeopardy of life—the parents of Jeſus

ſought refuge in Egypt, with their child, to avoid the decree that ſought his death! Moſes was bidden to return to Egypt, ſince thoſe who ſought his life were dead—Jeſus was bidden to return to Judea, as all who would ſlay him were then no longer living! Moſes craved not diſtinction, refuſing to be the ſon of Pharaoh's daughter—the Bethlemite hath ever been gentle,—and, as ye all do know, refuſed to be a king, when, only a few days ſince the people would hail him ſuch! Moſes was learned in all the wiſdom of the Egyptians—the Nazarene hath contended with our greateſt Rabbies—confounded alike our Phariſees and Sadducees, and hath ſhown himſelf richer in all the learning and hidden wiſdom of our Scriptures, than the whole Seventy and Two that we do number! Moſes often propheſied calamities on the diſobedient, and all were fulfilled—this Chriſtus has as often prophetically denounced ye all!—Judge ye now, O Men of Iſrael, whether thoſe denunciations *will* be accompliſhed!—Theſe, O Senators are ſome of the many ſimilitudes between the now deſpiſed 'Nazarene,' and our ever-honoured Lawgiver and Prophet, Moſes! and Ye ought to ſee, but ye do not, that Jeſus is deſtined to be far greater than Moſes!

"Then came king DAVID, more than *one thouſand* years before our day; and, in various pſalms, now daily read and ſung throughout our land, proclaims that Shiloh's kingdom will in no wiſe be ſuch as ye do crave—and *how* it will differ from thy own imaginings and carnal wiſhes, judge ye! for theſe *Pſalms* and your *temporal* expectations are now both before ye!

"And after David came ISAIAH, who declares to this effect, that '*in the laſt days*,' (not of the World, O Senators, but of our preſent Moſaic Diſpenſation) the Gentiles ſhall be brought in, and new ordinances ſhall go forth to the ends of the earth—ſo that Shiloh's kingdom ſhall be one of Righteouſneſs, founded upon the Throne of David—that the light of ſalvation ſhall come from 'Galilee'—that the Child to be born ſhall be called 'WONDERFUL'—'THE PRINCE OF PEACE'—'THE MIGHTY GOD,'—and yet that he ſhall be a 'MAN OF SORROW'—ſhall be '*wounded for our tranſgreſſions!*' Believe ye the Prophets? I know that ye do—but in thine own *perverſe* way, O Men of Iſrael! And yet I tell ye, that this very *Jeſus cannot be Meſſias, unleſs ye do ſlay him!* Marvel not at this ſtrange ſaying—for IT, likewiſe, is parcel of that prophecy—and Ye *will* fulfil it!

"Thy preſent *blindneſs*, O Senators! is alſo the fulfilment of a prophecy denounced againſt thee, in puniſhment: for, the ſame Iſaiah ſaith, '*The wiſdom of their wiſe men ſhall periſh, and the underſtanding of their prudent men ſhall be hid*'—yea, *hidden*, O Men of Iſrael! from all thoſe who '*draw nigh unto God with their mouth, and who with their* LIPS *do honour him, but who have removed*

their HEARTS *far from him*'—and now judge, again I say, whether Ye be such! But, O thou seed of Abraham! (after the *flesh* only) I would have ye remember that *prophecy*, be it of blessings, or of curses, *determines* nothing fixedly upon ye,—nothing is *predestined*—but is only *foreseen*!—Man is ever a free agent—but all is a perpetual *now* unto God; and hence, when it is *declared* by him that things *will* take place, it imports not that they *shall*. He hath left ye all wholly free; but, from his own eternal vision of what *man* calls the *future*, He knows them as actions *present* to himself, but *controls* them not, by uttering, ages before their accomplishment *in time*, that they *will* take place!'—and hence, what ye *shall* do is cause of faith and of deep repentance!

"But I must now proceed further to show ye this great Scheme of Prophecy—and MICAH comes next. He saith expressly, that Messias will be born in Bethlehem! And hear ye the words, "*Thou Bethlehem, though* LITTLE *among the thousands of Judah, yet* OUT OF THEE *shall come forth unto me*, HE *that is to be Ruler in Israel—whose goings forth have been from old—from* EVERLASTING!'—judge ye, still again, O Senators! whether the despised '*Galilean*' were of Bethlehem, or not. Ye *know* that there he was *born!* and ye further do know, or some of ye, how the matter truly was. Now, though Joseph and Mary were both dwellers in Nazareth, of *Galilee*, yet the birth of their only son was in that 'little Bethlehem!'—and how that came to pass was, seemingly accidental, and only by reason of the taxation decreed by Augustus, and which demanded the presence of Joseph and Mary there, as *their* birth place—and at that time Jesus was there born, and in marvellous humility!—Next comes the prophet JEREMIAH, and he says, '*Behold! the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto* DAVID a righteous *branch, and* HE *shall execute judgment and justice in the earth.*' Now, that this Jesus *is* the son of David, none of ye can deny. Judge ye of this out of thine own Genealogies—which lie not; and ye will therein find (if ye take the *reputed* father) that this very Joseph is the nearest relative and *heir* of HELI, who is the father of that MARY who was mother of this Jesus! And, if ye pass Joseph wholly by, which ye well may, ye will also find that Mary is the *fortieth* in descent from King David: and further I charge ye to remember, that Joseph is not only related to his wife Mary, but that, on both sides, the two branches of King David's family united in that very Zerubbabel who built our present Temple!—and, again, further, that both of *his* branches, met in that very Jesus, whose claim to be called the 'Son of David,' some of ye do now strive to contemn! Judge ye now all, O Men of Israel, whether a '*righteous branch*' hath not, in this, so called 'Nazarene,' been surely raised unto David, as the Prophet foretold!

"In a few years after this, came DANIEL; who lived during our captivity at Babylon—now more than ſix hundred years ago; and that prophet announces Meſſiah's kingdom as one that 'ſhall never be deſtroyed—but ſhall break in pieces and conſume all the preceding kingdoms!'—and do ye, in your blindneſs, ſuppoſe that Shiloh will build up a gorgeous *earthly* kingdom?

"Now this ſame Daniel hath been yet more clear in this than Jeremiah: and, if the eyes and ears of thy underſtanding were open, ye would ſee and hearken; for that prophet of the Captivity reveals nearly the day and hour of Shiloh's coming! Daniel's *Seventy weeks of years* (that were determined upon Iſrael, as the period that muſt intervene between the decree for rebuilding our City and Temple, and the coming of Meſſias to poſſeſs that Holy Houſe) were four hundred and ninety years! Now, O Senators! perceive ye not that theſe years are nearly gone by, at this very hour? And, if ye will reject that Meſſiah, and ſeek his life—becauſe *lowly and meekly born*—what time is left unto you for the coming of that Shiloh who is the hope of thy own vain imaginations? The appointed time is already here, and no *temporal* Meſſias hath yet come, but ye do ſtill find that a moſt wonderful perſon *hath* ſurely come, and is in our midſt—claiming to be Him of whom Daniel and all the prophets have ſpoken—and doth he not cauſe the blind to ſee—the lame to walk—the dumb to ſpeak? and will ye caſt him off, only for that he declares his kingdom to be, not of earth, but a *ſpiritual* one—a kingdom, not as Ye would have it, but as He would have it? Oh, let not the iniquity of Iſrael make the *fulfilled* prophecies more myſterious than when firſt *given!*

"Next in order of time, came the prophet HAGGAI; and he declares unto us that the '*Deſire of all Nations*' will fill our Temple with a glory excelling that of Solomon! Now, though the preſent Temple is a goodly building, and in itſelf indeed very glorious, yet was it ſo inferior to Solomon's, that the people, as ye well know, *wept* over it in bitter remembrance. But EMANUEL's preſence in that mourned one, would give unto it a glory beyond all human art; and thus vindicates the prophet's truth. Now, O Men of Judah and Benjamin! ye all do know, and many have been offended thereat, what *authority* this ſame JESUS hath lately exerciſed when preſent in our Temple, and none preventing! Judge ye again then, whether *that* authority were from Heaven, or from Gehenna: and, if from the ſkies, whether it hath not given to our Temple a glory that would darken all the magnificence of Solomon and Zerubbabel's combined? Can ye ſtill be blind—can ye longer reſiſt the light,—or is it becauſe, in *ſpiritual* viſion, ye are now more blind than were the *natural eyes* of thoſe men, to whom this Jeſus reſtored ſight?—and remember that the natural infirmity *ſins* not; but the

ſpiritual infirmity is always ſin, and ends in *death*, which is the wages of ſin. Bear with me, Senators! I do but plead Iſrael's ſalvation—much have I ſpent upon ye—but *words will flow* in ſuch a cauſe. Our next prophet is ZECHARIAH: and he hath told us in what a *lowly* form the Meſſias ſhould appear! '*Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion! Behold! thy King cometh to thee with Juſtice and Salvation,—lowly, and riding upon an Aſs, and upon a colt, the foal of an aſs!*' Who among ye did not witneſs the Nazarene's entry into Jeruſalem from Bethphage, only a few days ſince? Did He not then come to '*His Temple*' ſeated upon a colt, the foal of an aſs, and with that *lowlineſs*, too, mentioned by the prophet more than five hundred and fifty years before the late wonderful event? Remember, moreover, how the multitude received him, though thus meekly ſeated and attired! was it not as a great King—or hoping he would prove ſuch—and as one that *could* bring Juſtice and Salvation unto Iſrael? The people ſtrewed his way with palms, and with olive branches; they ſpread their richeſt garments before him, and ſhouted Hoſannahs to the Son of David! But this was not of Jeſu's ſeeking; for what the people gave in ignorance, or from ſelfiſh hope, *that* he received in meekneſs, but with a heavenly dignity, as of his due: and thus this prophecy, unknown to myriads, was on that day perfectly fulfilled!

"And now, O Senators of Iſrael's fallen people, I have but one more prophet to name—MALACHI; and even he, as ye all know, hath ſlept more than four hundred and fifty years! Liſten attentively, I pray thee, unto him. '*Behold I will ſend my* MESSENGER—*and he ſhall* PREPARE *the way before me; and the Lord whom ye ſeek, ſhall ſuddenly come into* HIS *Temple!*' Deny it not—argue it not—doubt it not: *that* meſſenger was the very Baptiſt whom Herod ſlew! Queſtion it not, for ſurely the Way of the Lord was *prepared* by that JOHN; who, when aſked whether he was the Chriſt, declared he was *not;* but that he was the herald of Him, who ſoon was to follow, and of one far more worthy than himſelf! And ye cannot gainſay but that, ſhortly after this, a certain other perſon *did come* among us, and *ſuddenly* entered the Holy Temple of Ages—claiming it as 'His Houſe,' and ſcourging therefrom thoſe who deal therein with merchandizes, inſtead of worſhipping there in purity of heart!—and, for this "coming unto his own," Ye would ſeek to ſlay him!

"Hear again, and tremble, O Men of Iſrael! what the ſame Malachi further ſaith, '*But who may abide the day of His coming?—and who ſhall ſtand when He appeareth?—for he is like a refiner's fire, and like a fuller's ſoap!*" Twice did the Bethlehemite *purge* his Temple,—often hath he admonſhied and threatened: notable miracles, alſo, hath he wrought: and, if ye had hearkened unto him,

they would have been unto ye as "refiner's fire," and as a "fuller's ſoap"—purifying the believer from all ſin. But *then*, ye would not, and *now*, ye cannot hearken—for ye are blind: hence there muſt come upon ye *that*, which all will find it hard to *ſtand* againſt, and fearful to *abide*, at the day of his coming. O Senators! ye may now rudely ſend him away—ye may be his murderers!—but will he not come again?—doubt it not: and then indeed will come more than the refiner's fire, and fuller's ſoap—yea, in power will He come, ſuch as no eye hath witneſſed, nor the mind of man ever imagined—for this prophecy concerns that rejected One, whoſe blood ye do now ſeek:—and theſe, Oh Elders of Iſrael! are the fearful words of our laſt prophet!

"Liſten! but once more, I ſay, to this laſt of the *ancient* prophets; who alſo ſaith, '*Behold! I will ſend you Elias the prophet, before the coming of the great day of the Lord.*' This, if I err not, is truly a great marvel: for, who was this Elias? Ye all do know that, more than nine hundred years ago, he lived—but *died* not, being *tranſlated* into Heaven! And now, in this our day, as to me it ſeemeth, Elias may have been found in the perſon of him we knew as John the Baptiſt—the very Meſſenger ſent to prepare the way for Shiloh's coming! If ſo it be, then doth it look as if the irrevocable appointment of God is that every one born of woman muſt *once die*—and hence Elias *reappears* and *dies* by Herod's hands. And that this is ſo judge ye from the words of his reply to thoſe who aſked concerning John, (if rightly the words of Jeſus be underſtood of me), '*For this is he of whom it is written, Behold! I ſend my Meſſenger to prepare my way before thee. Verily I ſay unto thee, among them that are born of woman, there hath not riſen a greater than John the Baptiſt—and if ye will receive it, this is the* ELIAS *which was for to come.*'

"Nearly two years after theſe words were uttered, the ſame wonderful perſon ſaid to his diſciples, "Ye aſk why the Scribes ſay *Elias* muſt firſt come: but I ſay unto you, Elias has already come—but they *knew him not*, and have done to him whatſoever they liſted."

"Now, O Senators, did *Ye know the Baptiſt?*—and know ye not how our rulers did unto him whatſoever they *liſted*, even unto years of impriſonment, and then his death? Elias ſurely then *hath* come, and Ye *ſlew* him. Shiloh hath come, and ye *will* ſlay him alſo! I have done"*

* In an after part of the Polychronicon, (omitted in our ſelected Chronicles,) a different opinion from that of the Arimathean's is expreſſed by Cartaphilus on this, at one time, ſomewhat mooted queſtion, and which, no doubt, is the true one, viz. that the Baptiſt was not *actually* the prophet Elias; but only that,

Examination of Judas Iſcariot.

Examination of Judas Iſcariot.

The effect of the Arimathean's ſpeech on many was almoſt unto madneſs: ſome rent their garments—others gnaſhed their teeth,—and, in all directions were heard ſubdued hiſſings, and whiſpering execrations! "Thou haſt blaſphemed," exclaimed Caïaphas and Philo, nearly at the ſame inſtant—"thou art no Jew—no friend to Iſrael,—periſh thou, and thy vain and wicked ſuperſtitions! Do thou, CARTAPHILUS, inſtantly call in *Judas Iſcariot*." This was ſlowly done by me! and Judas ſtood in the midſt of Jeruſalem's Senators with downcaſt eyes! Silence proclaimed, the High-Prieſt proceeded.

CAIAPHAS. "Thou, Judas, art a diſciple, or haſt been, of the Nazarene; who, for ſome years paſt, hath ſo greatly agitated our people. We would now have an end of theſe pernicious doings, and we have been told thou art willing to deliver him into our hands. Wilt thou ſo do?

JUDAS ISCARIOT. "He hath been kind to me—*but not of late*. He ſeemeth not of this world—we have long waited his promiſed kingdom—for ſome days paſt I have doubted—my larger hope hath fallen off—He now refuſeth to enter the Temple more,—and ſaith his work is finiſhed!"

CAIAPHAS. "Ah! Judas, thou haſt truly ſaid: and thus will it ever be with kingdoms that are of Satanas. Thou haſt ſeen or heard of the like doings by one *Theudas*, who ſeduced many; and likewiſe of thy nameſake, the Gaulonite, who took with him much people: but they and their wild notions wholly periſhed—and ſo, in like manner, will the Nazarene. Wilt thou, Judas, ſurely deliver unto us that man, that we may deal with him as our holy laws require?"

JUDAS. "What thou aſkeſt doth now no further thought

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as the herald of the Meſſiah, he came fully in the "*ſpirit*" and "*power*" of Elias—this being all that was ever meant, either by the Prophets, or by Jeſus. This view of the matter is entirely conſentaneous with the language of both in reſpect to John's coming and character. But ſtill, it is no way ſurpriſing that a more *literal* meaning ſhould have been adopted by ſome Jews of that day. Elias was manifeſtly a *type* of the Baptiſt: they both were very auſtere, intrepid, and alſo fond of ſolitary and wild places. John, therefore, is only *figuratively* named Elias. John himſelf, when queſtioned whether he was Elias, (by which the Jews, of courſe, meant *actually*) was prompt in his reply "*I am not*." And, when Chriſt ſays, "*if ye will receive it*, he was Elias that was to come"—and when he further ſaith, "*Elias hath already come, but they knew him not*," he merely ſignified that, if the Jews would receive the true meaning of the prophets, they would find in John the *antitype* of that Elias mentioned by Malachi—and alſo the "*Voice of one crying in the wilderneſs*," as announced by Iſaiah. But, whether figuratively, or actually Elias, it is now quite certain that John was the very evangelical Meſſenger, ſo often alluded to by the prophets, as coming ſomewhat in advance of Meſſias, who was to be the true Light.

demand—ſave that thy promiſed recompenſe be forthwith in hand: then will I ſurely deliver him unto thee."

CAIAPHAS. "In that, O Judas, thy ſtipulation is accepted."

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"Hathers of our Holy Jeruſalem! happy are we to find in Judas a reclaimed ſon—one who no longer bends the knee to a living Idol, nor yields to the miſchievous fancies of the carpenter's ſon. The Nazarene and his 'Meſſenger' whom ſome would call Elias! are now alike abjured by Judas, who, returning to the ordinances of our Fathers, hath thus boldly caſt from him all allegiance to that falſe Shiloh."

And now, O Men of Iſrael, we diſmiſs this Sanhedrim—again to aſſemble at the cloſe of this night's Second Watch."*

How Judas was paid.

As Caïaphas deſcended from his Golden Seat, he delivered unto me a purſe, ſaying, "Do thou, my Cartaphilus, deliver this incontinently into the hands of Judas, the Scariot: it is the reward ſtipulated between us—yea, to the half ſhekel."

The Council were ſoon diſperſed; and I handed, in privacy, unto Judas the purſe. It contained thirty ſmall pieces of ſilver, moſtly ſhekels: theſe he carefully numbered over, and thoughtfully ſaid, "This, O Cartaphilus, is indeed what I *bargained* for, privily, with the High Prieſt—but truly it is ſmall—more may poſſibly come hereafter, as the work is yet to be done."† Judas then eyed me intently, and further ſaid, "Do thou, Cartaphilus, meet me this night, at the *fourth hour*,‡ near the Oilpreſs, hard-by the Southern gate of Shemaïah's Garden, bordering upon Gethſemane. Jeſus intends there to ſpend the night,—its lovelineſs and retirement inviting him ſo to do—and its wealthy and generous owner permitting him its free uſe. Something, moreover, have I to reveal to thee, that weighs upon me. No time have I longer now to tarry with thee. Jeſus and the Twelve will eat the Paſſover to-night, at the houſe of one Jonah, on the firſt ſtreet that leads from the Beaſt Market. Peter and John were bidden to prepare it—thither I muſt haſten, as the ſun is faſt declining,—and ſoon thereafter it will be eaten. Much have I to do, O Cartaphilus, ere we meet again at the *fourth hour*. If before then thou ſhouldſt

* Thurſday night, 15th Niſan, 12 o'clock.

† Thoſe thirty pieces of ſilver have been calculated to amount to 3*l.* 8*s.* 5*d.* ſterling—or about ſixteen dollars and twenty-one cents of our currency. Some have ſuppoſed they were not all ſhekels: for, as 30 ſhekels amount to 3*l.* 15*s.*, there can be no doubt that if the pieces amounted to only 3*l.* 8*s.* 5*d.*, the additional 6*s.* 7*d.* muſt have ariſen from ſome of them being of larger value than the ſilver ſhekel.

‡ The "fourth hour" and the "firſt hour of night's ſecond watch" mean the ſame; and agree with our 10 o'clock at night.

True time of the laſt Paſſover.

need me, leave thy meſſage at the houſe of that Jonah—where, in a large upper room, I alſo muſt partake with them in the paſſover!"

"But how comes it, Judas," ſaid I, "that thy Maſter doth take the paſſover *this evening* after ſunſet, when the Jews, everywhere, will partake of it on the morrow, at that hour?" "The Maſter hath ſo willed it," replied Judas, "for the practice all around is but an innovation; ſince this day is yet the *fourteenth* of Niſan: but, when paſſover is eaten, the *fifteenth* hath begun: and that ſurely is the time appointed of old for the *eating*, though not for the *ſlaying* thereof. In this, as in all things, our Maſter hath had no regard for the changes brought in by men. * * * * But now muſt I haſten away. Fail not to remember the appointed time and place—the *fourth* hour, and at the *Oilpreſs*, nigh unto Gethſemane."*

* Some learned controverſy has ariſen, as to whether Chriſt obſerved his laſt paſſover at the ſame time with the reſt of the Jews—or one day ſooner: the latter ſeems to be the opinion of Cartaphilus; but he elſewhere admits firſt, that it was then, and always, celebrated by Jeſus at the *true time*; ſecondly, that the Jews had innovated upon the Moſaic inſtitution, by prohibiting its obſervance on the 14th and 15th of Niſan, whenever the eating thereof fell upon what we now call Monday, Wedneſday, or Friday; in which caſe they ſlayed the ſacrifice on the 15th inſtead of the 14th, and ate it on the 16th inſtead of the 15th—the fourteenth and fifteenth of Niſan being the true time, according to Exodus xii. 13.

As the Saviour came to fulfil all righteouſneſs, he ſaw no reaſon for the cuſtomary poſtponement when the paſſover fell on either of thoſe three days of the week. In the year of the Crucifixion, the paſſover occurred ſo as to occaſion the *eating* thereof to be on Friday. The Jewiſh ſacred day began at ſunſet of one day, and ended at ſunſet of the following day; whereas the Egyptians, and moſt of the moderns begin their day at 12 o'Clock at night, whilſt the Greeks, and nearly all of the Oriental nations, ancient and modern, commence at ſunriſe,—and the Arabians at all times, alſo the ancient Umbrians, and the aſtronomers of all nations, at mid-day. The lambs were to be *ſlain* by the Jews on the 14th of the month Niſan, and were to be *eaten* after ſunſet of that day, and before morning. It is obvious, then, that on Wedneſday at ſunſet began the 14th of Niſan—or the *firſt* of Unleavened Bread, which laſted till ſunſet of Thurſday. Sometime on Thurſday, probably between 12 and 3 o'Clock in the day, Peter and John prepared the ſacrificial lamb, and other things for the paſſover, which were *eaten* ſoon after ſunſet of that day—which was the beginning of the 15th of Niſan: and then the Lord alſo eſtabliſhed the EUCHARIST: ſo that, in this Paſſover and Euchariſt, the *ſymbolic* ſacrifice on Thurſday after ſunſet, and Chriſt's *actual* ſuffering on Friday upon the Croſs, between the hours of 9 and 3 o'Clock, were upon the ſame Jewiſh 15th of Niſan, that day not ending until ſunſet of Friday. Hence we ſee that the whole tranſaction was upon the 14th and 15th of Niſan, as the Moſaic Law required, viz. the *preparation* of paſſover during a part of Thurſday the 14th of Niſan—and the *eating* thereof, after ſunſet, of the ſame Thurſday, it being then the beginning of the 15th of Niſan; and the *actual* ſacrifice of the great Antitype on the Croſs, upon the ſame 15th of Niſan, which ended only at ſunſet of Friday. The ſlaying of the typical lamb being on the 14th, and the eating of it on the

SECTION XII.

JUDAS then left me, and I ſoon reached my home. All around me there was in dead ſilence. The ſun had juſt ſet in ſheets of golden light; and the ſoft moon then ſhed her beautiful rays over all nature, calming into ſweet repoſe every thing, ſave my own deeply awakened ſoul!——*Thought—thought—thought!* in uncontrollable ſucceſſion, aſſailed me even unto frenzy. Fearfully did I await the coming hour of our meeting: oh, how I ſtrived *not* to think—but, as with the madman, all in vain: the varied lovelineſs of Eden, if then around me, could not have ſhut out Judas and the Sanhedrim! "Is that man ſuſtained by the Inviſible Powers," thought I, "and if ſo, are they of Sheol, or of Heaven? Should this Judas be Beelzebul's miniſter, what elſe can Cartaphilus be? Is the matter wholly changed by his promptings being of avarice and diſappointed ambition—and mine revenge for a paltry loſs of property, and the hope of ſitting high in the Sanhedrim's favour, or in the hearts of a rabble people? And is there wiſdom in that 'Scariot's notion, that, if the Nazarene be *true*, death cannot come to *him*—and if *falſe*, his death will not harm *us?* But, if the promiſed kingdom may be ſold for a few ſhekels, what faith *can* this Judas have in him, or his kingdom; and who ſhall truly know the Nazarene, if his long-truſted agent knows him not? And again; Judas will eat the paſſover with his maſter! Is not that maſter, then, *ignorant* of his coming fate, and of Judas's foul treaſon towards him—how, then, can he be a prophet?—'tis therefore clear that SHILOH he cannot be; this Nazarene knows not how to eſcape the deſigned evil. Be quiet, then, oh my ſoul!"

The ſudden appearance of Judas.

WHILST thus deeply muſing, and with my eyes riveted upon vacancy, Judas ruſhed into my chamber, ſome hours before the appointed time for Gethſemane, with

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15th, ſo the *paſſover* of Jeſus commenced on Thurſday the 14th, and was perfected on Friday the 15th of Niſan—and theſe two correſpond with our Thurſday the 25th, and Friday 26th of March: and all this manifeſtly harmonizes with the ſpirit of the entire matter; for the commencement of the Lord's *paſſion* was on Thurſday the 14th of Niſan—was perfected on the Croſs, on Friday the 15th, in the like manner as the ſuffering of the typical lamb was on the 14th, and perfected by the eating thereof on the 15th—for the true *ſacrifice* conſiſts not of the ſlaying merely, but of the offering and eating thereof.

The 8 days, from the 14th to the 21ſt of Niſan, both incluſive, were the days of Unleavened Bread: the *firſt* of Unleavened Bread began in that year at ſunſet of Wedneſday, and ended at ſunſet of Thurſday: the next day, or Friday 15th of Niſan, was more emphatically the Paſſover-day.

haggard looks, and ſcarce the power of utterance! "What brings thee here Judas, and in ſuch a plight—quick—ſpeak! was it not *I* who was to meet *thee*, and at the Oilpreſs two hours hence—and comeſt thou now to me, and with madneſs in thine eye?"

"O Cartaphilus!" exclaimed he, "a marvellous thing indeed hath juſt come upon me; which ſo racks my inmoſt ſoul, that I feel as if it were now impoſſible to go further with thee in this fearful matter——the Maſter ſeems to *know* all!!—openly hath he accuſed *me* before the Diſciples, of my deſigned betrayal of him! Hath he Nicodemus ſeen—or that Arimathean Joſeph?—and if even ſo, it doth *not* unravel all he uttered! But he ſurely ſaw them not—*that* were impoſſible; time and opportunity were both wanting; and, I repeat, O Cartaphilus, that, had the Maſter been with us at the Sanhedrim, and heard all there that was uttered, ſtill he told me of things beyond all that—and as a prophet, or Shiloh would have done!"

"I pray thee, Judas," anxiouſly ſaid I, "haſten on with thy ſpeech, and diſcloſe all thou haſt ſeen and heard, that now ſo keenly moves thee." * * * * "Peter and John," at length continued he, "had procured the ſacrificial lamb at the adjoining market, had it ſlain, and for the exact number, as the law requires. The wine alſo, and the unleavened bread, and the ſauce of bitter herbs, as alſo the roaſted lamb, were now all ready: and when I entered, they with Jeſus were all reclining on their couches, ready for the holy ſupper. John lay near the Maſter's boſom, and Peter next. The Lord then ſaid, 'Moſt earneſtly have I deſired to eat this Paſcal ſupper with you, *before I ſuffer!*' Oh, my Cartaphilus! how congealed within me was my heart at theſe words! 'Is he, then, *certain* that he *is* to be betrayed this night, and that he *will* ſuffer?' ſaid I within myſelf. And, at that moment, there ruſhed into my mind all that had been ſaid and done *laſt night* at ſupper: the like words were then uſed; yet I heeded them not! But, at the paſſover of *this night*, and from which I have ſo haſtened unto thee, the eyes of my underſtanding were forced open, when he further ſaid, "After this, I will *eat no more*, nor will I drink of this fruit of the vine, until the Kingdom of God ſhall come!" I tell thee, Cartaphilus, it was only *then* that I ſaw fully, and remembered all that was ſaid at ſupper *laſt night!*" Here Judas ſeemed dumb, and ſpoke not further.

"Why, O Judas! haſt thou ſpoken ſo much of *laſt* night? I pray thee, now tell me ſeparately, *what* of the laſt night—and then, what of the paſſover *this* night;" "I will—I will, Cartaphilus," ſaid he. "Know, then, that laſt night, ſo ſoon as ſupper was ended, Jeſus aroſe ſuddenly,—laid aſide his robe, girded his loins with an ample napkin—and, canſt thou believe me, O Cartaphilus?

he forthwith proceeded to *waſh our feet*, though Peter was unwilling, and withſtood him for a time: but the Maſter inſiſted on waſhing the feet of the *whole twelve*, and on drying them with the napkin,—ah, even my moſt unworthy feet, Cartaphilus, that were ſo ſoon to haſten in ſearch of him at Gethſemane! This deeply moved me—yet not to frenzy: but Jeſus then ſaid, "Ye are now clean—*but not all!*" Quickly the thought ſtruck my heart, that he muſt have meant *me;* but ſtill I was not powerfully awakened thereby. The Lord then reſumed his place at table; and counſelled us all as to humility, and as to his deſigned exemplar, for us and all men, in having thus cleanſed our feet! Soon after this, the chiefeſt matter that ſo doth now trouble me, came on: when Jeſus ſaid, "*I* KNOW *whom I have choſen: the Scripture muſt be fulfilled, he hath lifted up his heel againſt me, who eateth bread with me. I tell ye this now, ſo that when it comes to paſs ye may believe.*" All were deeply amazed and ſorely pained; for each doubted of whom the Maſter ſpoke. John, whom Jeſus ſo much loves, was leaning on his boſom; and Peter beckoned unto him that he ſhould aſk the Lord whom it was that ſhould betray him: whereupon John whiſpered unto Jeſus, "*Who is it, Maſter,*—tell us we pray thee?" The large diſh of Charoſeth* was next to him, and Jeſus anſwered, "The 41ſt Pſalm doth declare: and I ſay unto you, that he to whom I ſhall now hand a ſop of this charoſeth, the ſame ſhall betray me——the Son of Man goeth to his death; but wo unto him by whom he is betrayed!" They then all eagerly aſked (in which I joined my feeble voice) "*Is it I, Lord?*"—and thereupon Jeſus handed the ſop unto *me!* I ſuddenly aroſe, and haſtened from the chamber; and, as the door was cloſing, thoſe words of the Lord reached mine ears—"*That thou doeſt, do quickly.*" I tarried not an inſtant, and haſtened as one diſtracted, to the City—yea, to the Rulers, and unto thee, O Cartaphilus! In the madneſs of that hour, I bargained more ſpecially with Caïaphas, and counſelled with thee—but mentioned not theſe ſad things to them, or to thee. And now, O Cartaphilus, *this night*, was I again with the Maſter—partaking of the Paſſover. The Diſciples received me ſtill with ſome kindneſs—they not fully ſeeing the meaning of the words uttered by the Lord *laſt* night. It was ſoon after ſunſet that we partook of the paſſover; and oh, moſt terrific!

* The *Charoſeth* mentioned by Judas was compoſed of dates, figs, and other delicious ſweets, ſo reduced together as to form a ſauce. In this, the morſel or ſop of bread and bitter herbs was dipped, and then eaten. It is ſaid to have formed a part of every paſſover ſupper, that they might be reminded of the clay and mortar uſed by the Iſraelites in making bricks during their ſore oppreſſion in Egypt, and, from which they had been ſo miraculouſly delivered through God's ſelected inſtrument Moſes.

the Maſter again warned us that one among us ſurely would betray him! All, as before inquired, "Is it I, Lord?" and to *my* queſtion he openly declared "*Thou haſt ſaid.*" Then only was it that we all fully underſtood that he had been propheſying! The deed, then, O Cartaphilus, is nearly done! Where is my refuge now—what further have I to do? for on thee alone muſt I repoſe—Judas hath no other maſter now than Cartaphilus?"

"This ſurely is ſome idle dream, ſome crude viſion of thine own diſtempered brain, oh Judas!" feebly muttered I—"for, of late, thou haſt been much given thus to magnify ſmall and impertinent things, into thoſe of ſore and pregnant meaning—'tis all but a ſhrewd *gueſs* in thy late maſter. We all do know there are now divers rumours afloat—he hath doubtleſs heard them all,—and, my Judas, doſt thou not clearly ſee, no Shiloh *can* he be, if that he *ſuſpects* his death at thine or other hands. Remember the alabaſter box of precious ointment, how he was with thee offended, and thou with him! Doth SHILOH come to *die?* And if he triumphs and lives, will he not ſurely pardon thee?—but, if that he dieth, will he not die the death of an impoſtor—yea, of a blaſphemer? Fail not, then, O Judas! to do "*quickly, what thou doeſt*"—this was his counſel—follow thou it—and make thou his cunning ſuſpicion *a very truth!*"

"I will—I will," was the 'Scariot's ſhort reply: and haſtening from me with trembling ſteps, but a reſolved eye, I ſoon loſt him in the ſhades of night.*

* Although Judas was permitted to participate in the laſt Paſſover Supper, it is highly probable he did not partake of the *Euchariſt*, or Lord's Supper, then for the firſt time celebrated. He, no doubt, left the room as abruptly on Thurſday night, as he had done on Wedneſday night; and doubtleſs for the ſame cauſe—a troubled conſcience, and the then too awakening prophecy of his Maſter, to permit him longer to argue with that now greatly excited conſcience.

The long diſcourſe of Jeſus, and the prayer, (as recorded in ſuch cloſe connexion with the paſſover) muſt have taken place whilſt the Eleven were on their way with Jeſus towards the Mount of Olives, and ſoon thereafter to enter the Garden of Gethſemane, probably only a few hours before the betrayal.

The events of thoſe two momentous nights—Wedneſday and Thurſday—the 14th and 15th of Niſan, or the 25th and 26th of March, are too apt to be confounded, eſpecially as to the ſuppers and the marvellous doings of thoſe nights reſpectively. The waſhing of the feet, and the firſt accuſation of Judas, doubtleſs, took place on Wedneſday night preceding the Crucifixion. The prophecy of the betrayal on that night was quite as explicit, if not more ſo, as on the Thurſday, or paſſover night: but the eyes of Judas, as well as of the diſciples, were not then fully opened: for, on Wedneſday, the words of Jeſus—"*that thou doeſt, do quickly,*" alluded altogether to his treaſonable plans; and yet the diſciples, who had not yet been inſtructed to prepare the paſſover, ſeem to have ſuppoſed the Maſter alluded to Judas' preparation of it, as it was *he* who had charge of the common purſe. And as to the yet more explicit declaration as to the "ſop," and the "xli. Pſalm," even *theſe* ſeem not to have fully reached

JESUS is taken!

The Betrayal in Gethſemane.

Though faithleſs to his Lord and Maſter, Judas proved moſt true to the Sanhedrim—and to Cartaphilus; for, at the appointed place and hour, I found him with the Spira, and ſome choſen officers, all yielded to Caïaphas by the Roman authority: theſe were alſo accompanied by a motley aſſemblage, armed with rude ſwords and ſtaves, and ſome bearing lanterns. The moon, though at its full, was often obſcured by dark clouds; and the deep and ſhady receſſes of the garden alſo required ſuch proviſion.

When near the Oilpreſs, at a ſmall diſtance without the garden, Judas approached and ſaid, "We are met, Cartaphilus, on a buſineſs that muſt not now fail. Through the aſſiſtance of Caïaphas, I have this armed body,—do thou follow that band, headed by myſelf, into the garden,—and *him that I ſhall ſalute with a kiſs, is the one we ſeek!*" I felt, for the moment, as if I could have ſtruck the traitor dead at my feet,—for, though intent upon my purpoſe, all that was within me recoiled from *kiſſing* him, whom I would *ſlay!* Staring at him with ſurpriſe and loathing, I at length ſaid, "Thou, Judas, art our leader—we will follow thee—do as thou liſteſt"——and then to myſelf I muttered, "if a *curſe* do follow, it ſurely will light upon *him*." * * * * * What happened in the garden during that half hour of unutterable horror, I will not—cannot now indite, further than to ſay, that my eyes then witneſſed a *miracle*, and for the firſt time,—the ear of one Malchus being cut off by Peter, and inſtantly cured by the wonderful Jeſus!—But ſtill the Nazarene *was taken;* which ſhows that Belzebub from that moment left him, and would ſuſtain him no longer—but that the God of Abraham doth deliver him into the hands of Caïaphas!

We left the garden ſoon after, and the Holy City received us. The houſe of Annas, late the High Prieſt, and father-in-law unto Caïaphas, being on our way to the Council, we tarried there a ſhort time; but Annas would not detain us,—and then we proceeded with the priſoner in chains, to the other Hall of the Sanhedrim, where Caïaphas was impatiently waiting our coming.*

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their hearts: they ſeem not to have underſtood that Jeſus meant to point out Judas as the ſure and only traitor—for they ſtill aſked, "*Is it I, Lord?*" And at the moment the ſop was handed to Judas, he haſtened out of the chamber; and then the Lord ſaid, "*That thou doeſt, do quickly*"—which again they confounded with ſome miſſion the Maſter may have entruſted to him. The Eleven were all innocent and guiltleſs men; and became far more enlightened in all temporal, as well as ſpiritual things, only after the awakening events that followed in no long time after. The hiſtory of all that concerns *Judas Iſcariot* is certainly inſtinct with deep myſtery: and its *real nature* is probable to remain utterly unknown, till the great day that ſhall reveal all things!

* It would ſeem from this, that the *Trial of Jeſus* did not take place in the

TRIAL of JESUS—No final Deciſion—Referred to Pilate.

The ſpacious Hall of Caïaphas, where the Sanhedrim was convened, was hung with numerous lamps; which, as we entered, ſhed a light ſo feeble and unuſual, as ſtruck terror into ſome, whilſt others were ſoon engaged in trimming and ſupplying them with better oil. In the mean time, the heavens were ſtrangely darkened—threatening a heavy ſtorm: and though the minds of many miſgave them greatly, the proceedings went on,—and the more rapidly as the Priſoner ſeemed little diſpoſed to anſwer any queſtions—but ſaid that, as he had lived and ſpoken publicly, *witneſſes* could be found to teſtify whether, or no, he was guilty of death. *Jeſus on trial before the Sanhedrim.*

At length came ſome witneſſes, who proved that the Nazarene had ſaid "*I am able to deſtroy the Temple of God, and build it up in three days*," which, together with his own declaration that he is the *Meſſiah*, were readily adjudged ſufficient to convict him of *blaſphemy*—which, by the law of our Maſter Moſes, is death by *ſtoning*.

Many, however, then urged that the priſoner had alſo been guilty of *treaſon*, which, by the Roman law, is death by *crucifixion:* and as ſtrong doubts and even aſſurances were given that the Sanhedrim's power at this time extends not in any caſe to matters of *life and death*, the whole accuſation was referred to Pilate's juriſdiction and tribunal in the Prætorium. It then being the eighth hour of the night,* the Sanhedrim was then diſmiſſed, to meet again at Pilate's houſe at dawn of day, as accuſers, and with Jeſus in chains, who in the mean while continues bound, and in charge of the ſoldiers. *Reference of the caſe to Pilate.*

ſame Hall, in which the Sanhedrin had ſat on the occaſion of Judas's examination. It is ſaid that a chamber, called *Gazeth*, within the bounds of the Temple, was the uſual place of the Sanhedrin's meeting,—but that, on various occaſions, this great Council convened in the High Prieſt's houſe: and this ſeems to have been the caſe when Jeſus was tried before the Sanhedrin, Matt. xxvi. 3. It alſo may be here noted that Cartaphilus calls that great Council, indiſcriminately, the Sanhedrim, or Sanhedrin: the latter, however, is probably the more correct. The uſual time of meeting was in the morning,—but on occaſions of urgency it could meet at any hour of day or night—as ſo alſo its place of meeting was cloſe by the gate of the Temple,—in a hall named the Gazeth, bordering upon the Outer Court of the Women. The trial of Jeſus, referred by the Sanhedrin to Pilate's juriſdiction, transferred the Priſoner from the Hall of the High Prieſt's Houſe, to Pilate's own dwelling; ſo that neither of the trials took place in the Sanhedrim's more uſual place of ſeſſion—the Gazeth.

* 2 o'clock of Thurſday night.

His deep vexation at the Sanhedrim's failure.

SECTION XIII.—*Niſan*, 15th day, 3rd watch, [March 26th. Friday morning, 3 o'clock.]

JESUS, though in chains and held guilty, is not condemned!—the Sanhedrim failed in ſtrength—they had the ſtrong will, but not the power—Judah and Benjamin are loſt in Rome!" * * * * * * "Judas is now worthleſs—a frenzy hath ſeized on him—and worſe ſtill, Cartaphilus is compelled ſomewhat to doubt our timid Procurator—Pilate fears to do, and not to do!" * * * * * "The laſt hour of night's third watch is now come; and yet my eyelids cannot cloſe: as a loathed thing ſleep flies me. Oh that the broad day were all around me, that I might hear and ſee the buſy ſtir of life, and gaze upon the glorious ſun—ſo pure and bright!—would that the gariſh things of nature, yea, in their ſtrongeſt moulds, were now preſſing on me, if but for a moment, that haply they might merge the ugly viſions of my raging and fevered brain, and ſilence the hideous voice that thunders in mine ears, '*Cartaphilus! peace will riſe to thee no more.*'

His meditations on the late events.

"The Sanhedrim of yeſterday—Gethſemane that ſoon followed—the Sanhedrim of the preſent night, and my now conſuming thoughts, oh, how they have cruſhed a ſoul that, only a few days ago, was upon the broad and verdant cauſey of a happineſs, ſuch as boundleſs love alone, and the gentle Rebecca would have for ever nouriſhed!"

"And at that ſecond meeting of the Sanhedrim, how wrapped in gloom were all things!—the lamps, for a time, refuſed their wonted light, as if aſhamed of that timid Sanhedrim—or, poſſibly of the murderous ſcene that might follow——Cartaphilus now reſolves not which—for, truly his ſoul is *divined away!*" * * * * "Deep, very deep, am I ſteeped in ſorrow; the Cyclops hammer of my griefs wears thin the anvil of my ſoul; and my wavering conſcience doth ſo rack my heart and wits, that, like Judas, all is frenzied in me."

"Artemas I found in tears—he ſpoke not, and paſſed me by. Strange!—at ſo late an hour, as at my return from Gethſemane and the Sanhedrim—and ſtill here! But why here at all in Pilate's palace, knowing, as he did, my long continued abſence this night? and yet he departs not, though ſo nigh to cockcrow!"

"And more wonderful ſtill! he now would queſtion me as to my abſence, and likewiſe as to this Judas, and alſo as to the rumoured preſence of us both at the Sanhedrim of yeſterday! Were there *traitors* there alſo?—traitors to me?—doth Artemas

know all, and watches he me thus, that he may report my doings the more faithfully to REBECCA? Doth Artemas ſeek to ſupplant Cartaphilus? He doth *love Rebecca!* and if——Ah no, dear Artemas, I *will* not wrong thee ſo—perfidy hath never entered thy noble ſoul—it could find no lodgement there:—as refined gold is thy love towards me—there *can* be no alloy." * * * "And yet, 'tis certain the meſſenger Ananias he hath juſt deſpatched for Ramoth-Gilead, though at this untimely hour—and on his letter, as methought, was 'Eben Ezra' as its ſuperſcription! ah, doth he indeed counſel with him reſpecting me and this Judas?—huſh! huſh! my ſoul—Artemas cannot be falſe to Cartaphilus."

The fearful ſkies during that night.

"It is now the firſt hour of Night's laſt Watch [4 *o'clock, Friday morning*], and Artemas, in the adjoining chamber, is retired, hoping to ſnatch ſome feeble reſt, ere the ſun ſhall awaken us to the Prætorium, that the fate of this Jeſus may then be wholly decided!" * * * "I ſtill hear his deep ſighs—his mutterings to himſelf, ſhowing his racking agitations—oh, even of his guiltleſs ſoul!" * * * "Oh, what an ugly and terrific night hath this been with all the elements—and yet is!—as if compelled to ſympathiſe with a hideous deed!" * * * * * *

"Artemas ſhrinks and moans as doth the night! for ſtill the heavens are moſt dreadful to behold in their foul blackneſs: full were they, an hour ago, with unnatural motions, like mine own belaboured heart, and charged with diſtant and ſmothered noiſes, ſuch as were never heard ſince Eva firſt ſinned! What can mean all this?—bright was the moon ere I reached Gethſemane,—but before the Sanhedrim ended, thoſe throes of nature came quickly and thickly on! No more will I heed them: that which *is done* cannot be undone: if *deſtined*, why lament it? and that it was ſo, the ſkies, in anticipation, even whilſt in that garden, gave the forebodings,—for then Gethſemane's lovely walks and flowery borders, her retired and ſweetly perfumed arbours, were all left in darkneſs, ſave from the ſmall light yielded us by the torches; and how noiſome were the ſmells of ſulphurous fumes that followed ſoon after; whilſt paſſing towards the Sanhedrim!"

"When in the Sanhedrim's gorgeous hall, Caiaphas, and even Philo trembled,—and feared worſe things ere the night ſhould end: and far worſe ſurely came—the refuſal of the lamps to ſhed their wonted light being indeed but a feeble preſage of the horrors a few hours more ſhould bring us!" * * * "That *treacherous kiſs* of Judas ſeemed to tarniſh even the fair moon; for no cloud did Cartaphilus ſee, until after that!—but, if the myſte-

ries of the natural world are paſt men's finding out, ſhall not our wonder be far deeper at thoſe in the great moral univerſe, and eſpecially beyond the grave, both of which have God for their centre and circumference? Man knoweth ſomething of the viſible former—nothing of the inviſible latter!"

"The crowing of the cock for morn is now at hand; and the wonderful Nazarene (whether of Tophet or of Heaven born) will then reveal himſelf. Iſrael's now ſhadowy power yields to Imperial Rome, which muſt, by Pilate's ſentence, affirm or annul the paſt night's doings."

"There, in the Pretorium, will Cartaphilus be, to complete the work ſo timidly and poorly begun: there, muſt he ſee that no Gamaliel, nor Nicodemus, nor Arimathean Joſeph, ſhall mar the work again!—oh, no—the wavering Procurator doth fear Cæſar—and *that* muſt prove the means! Be mine then the taſk, forthwith, and ere the Nazarene comes forth, and after, in the people's preſence, to well aſſure our Pilate how much and ſurely is Rome's ſovereignty queſtioned by this ſon of Joſeph—far more indeed than ever it was by Theudas, or by the Galilean Judas, who ſo lately periſhed, and with his rebels. Pilate is a late comer among us, and knoweth not how much the miſchief is of theſe falſe Meſſiahs, who are ever hailed as *kings* by the inconſiderate multitude! Let him, moreover, be urged to bear in mind how one of them dared to harangue his followers, and ſtamp them cowards, '*Should they yield the leaſt of tribute unto Rome, or acknowledge mortal man as their ruler, ſince God ſo long hath been their only King!*'—this will not fail to win our unſteady procurator.' * * * * * "My tedious taſk of recording the wonders and miſeries of the day and night juſt paſt, is now ended. Unto my couch, then, but only for an half hour, ere the rich tints of day ſhall ſmile upon Jeruſalem's aſſemblage at the Pretorium."

SECTION XIV.—*Niſan*, 17th day. [Sunday, March 28th.]

THE tremendous deed was done!—the CROSS is victorious! JESUS ſleeps eternally in the *ſealed* tomb of the rich man!—but poor Judas, in frenzy ſlew himſelf—and as a dog!" * * * * * "The following letters are juſt received by me—'tis all as I feared—Rebecca knoweth all!—ſave as to the actual fate of the Nazarene; and *that* ſhe will quickly hear. My eyes refuſe to weep; oh that I could weep a ſingle tear! oh that I could ſleep my life away!"

The Curſe!—The Reſurrection!—His Horrors!

* * * * "HORROR OF HORRORS!—a rumour—a fearful rumour, hath but this inſtant reached me, that the Nazarene, early on this morning, *awoke from death—ſpurned the* GRAVE, *and hath been ſeen alive of ſome!!*" * * * * * "Oh, this ſurely is but the crazy tale of our maddened times—'tis a foul *lie*, and from Gehenna's depths;—no word of it *will* I believe—nor eyes nor ears nor touch ever can aſſure me of it! * * * * * But alas! ſhould it *indeed* be ſo, Cartaphilus muſt incontinently periſh!—for, ſaid he not to me '*I indeed am going, but thou ſhalt tarry till I come?*' If verily the grave hath refuſed to retain him, if he hath reſumed life, and come again to us, then muſt Cartaphilus *no longer tarry!* O days and nights of unmingled horror! when ſhall thy teeming wonders ceaſe, and leave my mind at reſt?" * THE RESURRECTION.

LETTER VI.

RABBI EBEN-EZRA TO CARTAPHILUS.

RAMOTH-GILEAD. *Niſan*, 16th. *Seleucidæ*, 347.
[Saturday, March 27th, A.D. 35.]

TELL me, doſt thou, of thine own eyes and ears, O Cartaphilus! confirm what Artemas relates in a letter juſt received through the meſſenger Ananias? A copy of that letter (as it ſo deeply concerns thee) I now ſend—earneſtly hoping thou wilt explain the many wonders therein detailed, and others we daily hear, reſpecting the Nazarene and his diſciples—but more particularly, and faithfully, the terrific matters relating to thyſelf! Of thee alone, Cartaphilus, I would know all; and that, too, in thy calmeſt moments, if ſuch now can be thine—and alſo with thy ſtricteſt candour: for, if Artemas be not ſomewhat frenzied, I grieve to learn the extremity of thy meaſures againſt thoſe ſtrange people, who for ſome years paſt have ſo greatly *Reproof of Cartaphilus.*

* At this place, a *hiatus* occurs in the Polychronicon—and of courſe in the *Perſonal* Chronicles,—Cartaphilus having been too wretched to make any record of his thoughts, or doings. Some letters, however, written by his friends, are preſerved; and theſe ſufficiently reveal the continuity of thoſe deeply intereſting events, that were daily and almoſt hourly expanding the views of many, in regard to that moſt remarkable of all perſonages, JESUS; who, as we have ſeen, had been ſo much connected with the public thought; and which thought had now been ſtimulated to the higheſt point of excitement by the RESURRECTION! Cartaphilus does not reſume his pen until after the PENTECOSTAL day, which then correſponded to our Sunday, May 16th,—it being the 7th of the Hebrew month *Sivan*—that is, juſt *fifty* days after Eaſter Sunday, or the Reſurrection-day.

agitated Jeruſalem, and indeed all of Iſrael. And eſpecially I would know the truth of what Artemas hath but conjectured, though ſtrongly, that thou haſt colleagued with one Judas, called the Scariot, to betray this Jeſus! Now, though Artemas (the nobleſt youth of Galilee) befriends the Nazarene, and greatly more than thou, or I can do, as Sadducees; yet would I not for much fine gold have had *thee* among his ſlayers. It ill becometh him who ſeeks the fair daughter of one of Judah's rulers, (though that father be now himſelf an exile in refuge) to league with a *traitor* and baſe violator of private faith—for ſuch this Judas ſurely is, however guilty of death this *ſon of Joſeph*, and no Meſſiah, may have been. Priſcilla, who hath ever been thy advocate and warm friend, mourns ſorely over this ugly ſuſpicion; and will the more if not diſproved by thee—and Rebecca, whom thou haſt wooed with ſo much devotion and tenderneſs, would have hourly ſtrengthened in her love towards thee, and, even as Jeruſalem's daughters were wont to do in ancient days, ſhe would have now brought to her Cartaphilus a heart as truly thine, as if created alone for thee,—or, as if, with Adam, taken out of thee! But now, alas! her virgin love that hath dawned ſo kindly upon thee, will depart for ever, unleſs thou art indeed ſpotleſs of this charge! Often have we feared thy hot and haſty humours would betray thee into ſome ſignal harm: and though thy zeal ever towards us, and eſpecially while here in refuge, hath been that of a devoted ſon, and our love towards thee very great: yet, ſhould theſe foul reports be confirmed, thou, Cartaphilus, haſt *loſt* that love; for thou haſt gone too far—quite too far for thine, and for our honour!

What hath been ſo painfully announced to us by Artemas, was done by him more in friendſhip towards thee, than of anger—and no way in rivalry for my daughter's love—great as that is; for the excellent youth would win her love by no ſuch means; and this is manifeſt, as well from his known generoſity in all things, as from the letter itſelf,—in which he reveals only what is known, or vehemently ſuſpected; and all with deep grief for thee,—and, moreover, with no intent that aught he had written ſhould ever be diſcloſed to other eyes than mine. But, my Cartaphilus, a parent's and a huſband's duty alike forbade me to conceal any portion of this ſad matter; nay, even the public *ſuſpicion* thereof, however cauſeleſs or idle it may have been. And further, as thou doſt ſo fondly doat upon my priceleſs daughter, and ſhe ſo artleſſly revealed to her mother the great preference for thee over thy more wealthy friend, I could not (merely in deference to the pure and honourable wiſhes of Artemas, who, to thee, is as Jonathan was to David) withhold from ſpouſe and daughter what concerns us all ſo much,—and, for ſo doing, I muſt make my peace with him—leaving unto

thee the duteous taſk of removing from thy character the heavy ſtain that reſts on it from all the circumſtances,—and which, I mourn to ſay, ſeem ſo largely againſt thee. Frankly, then, do I declare unto thee, it will demand on thy part cleareſt proof of innocence, wouldſt thou win back what thy ſeeming guilt hath ſo reckleſſly caſt away! Remember, Cartaphilus, a woman's chaſte and tender love—her pure and ſpotleſs ſoul, ſhrink with horror from bloodſhed for any cauſe: what then, if willingly and cauſeleſſly ſpilled, eſpecially, too, when done through private revenge, and with breach of holieſt friendſhip?—and to this full extent doth the ſuſpicion run againſt thee, and thy coadjutor: for, though *thou* didſt owe the Nazarene no friendly allegiance, *Judas* truly did,—and *that* thou muſt have known. Remember, likewiſe, O Cartaphilus, that Rebecca hath not yet attained the full-blown excellencies of womanhood, whether of mind, or of perſon—ſhe, but ſixteen—and thou in ripened manhood. Hence was it (of the which thou ſhouldſt have never been oblivious for a moment) that ſhe looked upon thee, not with *love* alone, but with much *confidence;* and ſuch love is ever the ſtrongeſt and moſt abiding, as baſed on truſt and high reſpect; and yet is it ever the eaſieſt blotted out, when, from any cauſe, that reſpect, or confidence, is once ſhaken. Of what avail would all thy knowledge prove—thy many gifts of mind—thy honourable birth; nay, were even thy large eſtates (ſo unjuſtly wreſted from thee, almoſt at thy natal hour) now fully reſtored unto thee; of what avail, I ſay, were all theſe, and more, if the young heart ſhrinks with involuntary dread from *plotted* murder, and unholy conſort with ſuch as Judas? In perſon, my Cartaphilus, we all know thee as beautiful as was David, when repoſing on the verdant banks of Bethlehem's limpid ſtreams, and rejoicing in the Almighty's voice! In human learning, alſo, I know thee, for thy years, to be juſtly and much praiſed: but alas! what are all theſe, I aſk again, to a young maiden who values alone the pure heart, the refined ſoul, and all the tender feelings—ſo like her own? I therefore declare to thee in truth, again, that if the ſuſpected things be confirmed, Rebecca will never be thine, were it even poſſible for her parents to view thee more kindly. Look to it, then, Cartaphilus! and relieve our anxious ſuſpenſe—and withhold nothing, for thine, our, and Rebecca's ſake.

I muſt alſo tell thee, in candour, that my daughter, ſince thy alleged dealing with Judas, now ponders much, and with many tears, over the *myſtery* attendant on thy birth; and likewiſe upon the ſtrange words, ſaid to have been uttered in the Temple, by the unfortunate Nazarene;—as to the former of which, ſhe has often heard crude and ſilly rumours—till now in no wiſe heeded. But,

Rabbi Eben-Ezra to Cartaphilus.

when ſuſpicion once hath admiſſion into the ſoul, things before unheeded become of moment: and now the maiden (though ſuperſtitious, as women moſtly are) doth ſo ſhrewdly argue this matter with us, that I, no leſs than my Priſcilla, have naught wherewith to baniſh fears, leſt thy parents' marvellous dreams concerning thee, (but of which thou haſt ſpoken to us only in lightſome mood) may ſtill have *ſome bearing* upon thy now condition!——Can this be ſo?

Artemas has not yet told us what became of this Jeſus—his letter being written late on the very night of his betrayal to the Sanhedrim. If not now too late, we all conjure thee, as thou wouldſt hope for happineſs, haſten to *ſave him*, and whether in aught thou haſt contributed with Judas, or not. Remember that this domeſtic treaſon of that diſciple—and for *money*, as they ſay, was ſo foul in *him*, that it muſt needs greatly ſoil *thy* honour, as well as conſcience, if ſo it be that thou *haſt* ſpurred on, or conſented to the deed. Had the Sanhedrim, by fair means, gained the Nazarene's perſon, and thou (as every Jew of right may do) hadſt merely ſeen that he were dealt with as our holy laws require, then wouldſt thou have been but as one in a multitude, with none to condemn thy act—none to point at *thee* as a hated traitor, nor at the *act* as odious treaſon!

But, my Cartaphilus, I will no longer aggravate thy miſery; for miſerable muſt thou be, if time thou haſt had to remember any thing.

If thou haſt been ſo raſh, and ſo unfeeling to thyſelf and us, as to connect thy name and deſtiny with that baſe and faithleſs 'Scariot, be ſure that thou, as well as he, will deeply lament it: for, even I, (the unwilling inſtrument of the death that placed me here in refuge) have not been happy ſince. Preſs this matter, then, no further; but uſe thy utmoſt endeavour to undo, if poſſible, what thou haſt done: and fail not to reſcue the Nazarene from his peril, if not already the Sanhedrim's victim.

From Artemas I ſhall hear again anon, and truſt from thee alſo, very ſoon; and oh, if poſſible, relieve our anxieties. *Fare thee well.* EBEN-EZRA.

The following is the letter of Artemas above alluded to. *Edit.*

LETTER VII.

ARTEMAS TO RABBI EBEN-EZRA [*now of Ramoth Gilead*].

JERUSALEM. *Seleu.* 347. *Niſan* 15th, 8th hour. [Thurſday, 2 o'clock at night, March 26th, A. D. 35]

THANKS to the God of Jacob! this night of unearthly horrors is nearly ſpent,—the *fourth* watch is nigh at hand; and yet my wearied eyelids have known no ſleep. O, *Night* of fearful preſages—ſuch as Iſrael never ſaw! canſt thou be followed by a *Day* of calm—or will tired nature ceaſe to breathe, and therewith the ſons of men expire? The ſkies are yet in pitchy mantles—in ſolid and unnatural blackneſs, as if the glorious ſun could never ſhine again! Forked lightnings, as if from the Throne of God, alone do pierce the heavy clouds, ſo lightleſs, in themſelves, that they ſeem born of profoundeſt Hell, and as if no beams of former days are now permitted to remain within them! Our Holy Salem alſo, like a troubled ſea, is, even at this late hour, ſtill in violent commotion; and will find repoſe, if ever, as ſlowly as the waters that raged around the Ark of Noè!

The Night of the Gethſemane Treaſon.

The wonderful Nazarene hath been violently taken, at a late hour this night, by the orders of our Great Sanhedrim, aided by the foul treachery of a diſciple—one Judas! And it will deeply grieve thee (and hereafter thoſe around thee) to hear that it is now much rumoured, and on good authority, that our deareſt friend Cartaphilus has raſhly leagued himſelf with this Judas in the treaſon, ſo foul and odious, as being againſt all truſt and ſacred friendſhip! At my friend's entreaty, I had haſtened from Cæſaria here to Jeruſalem, on the very day after the Nazarene had made triumphal entry into the Holy City, amidſt the loud "Hoſannahs to the Son of David," that were proclaimed by thouſands!

The cauſe of rooted anger in our Cartaphilus is, that the Nazarene (I would ſay with *miraculous* power, elſe why not reſiſted?) had expelled from the Temple's courts, all who ſo long have deſecrated them by mammon's traffics—and Cartaphilus with the reſt. From that moment, oh, my Rabbi, he made his terrible vow of vengeance; and added his *corban!* Theſe, in ſpite of my moſt urgent, nay weeping entreaties, he doth ſtill perſiſt in; and ſeems intent upon the fierce purpoſe of ſacrificing the Nazarene, and, perhaps, his early followers! Whether, or no, he *hath* ſo conſpired with Judas, or with any other, I cannot of a certainty

tell thee, as I queſtioned him not upon that point,—but rumour is rife to that effect; and his own words, together with the letter that ſummoned me here, do greatly countenance the tale. He hath, moreover, admitted to me his urging of Pilate, (with whom he now reſides!) alſo his deſire to ſee Herod thereon, who hath juſt arrived, attendant upon the Paſſover—and likewiſe, you will bear in mind that Cartaphilus was abſent from the palace moſt of this night, having reached his apartment fatigued, and with haggard looks, only after the Roman Cohort had returned from Gethſemane with the captive Jeſus!

All theſe matters, my Rabbi, have I cloſely and painfully watched during all this night of ſuch unnatural darkneſs—a night, ſo full of diſturbance in the elements, as ſeemed in harmony with nothing elſe than deeds of treachery and moral darkneſs! And now, oh my Eben-Ezra, I do pray thee to read for thyſelf the ſigns of theſe wonderful times: for, if *nature* hath been with thee at Ramoth, as it ſurely hath been all this night at Jeruſalem, (and doubtleſs this was the caſe) what elſe could have cauſed this frowning of the elements, but the heavy ſhock the world of morals—nay the religion of our forefathers—has received in this hideous, this loathing act of deſtroying ſo great a prophet?—one, moreover, who hath wrought (and none can deny it) more works of mercy, more palpable miracles, and taught us wiſer precepts, than even the holieſt prophets of all the olden times!

Thou, my Rabbi, even during this night, mayeſt have repoſed in deep ſleep, and have witneſſed nought of the marvels *ſeen* and *heard* and *felt* of me: but I declare to thee that this night hath been a counterfeit of all that Gehenna can have within itſelf—ſo frequent with blackneſs, then ſo pierced by unnatural lightnings and nauſeating ſmells, and anon with hoarſe and diſtant ſounds, that, like the lamentings of the remoteſt Tophet, they ſeem permitted only feebly to break their bounds, and to reach our earth in ſuch low and piteous moanings!

This, good Rabbi, can be no fancy of a feveriſh brain—no crude viſion of a ſleepleſs night—no emanation of a foul digeſtion; oh no, for my coming here from Cæſaria was only on a ſervice of kindneſs and of judgment; my health was perfect, and no viſions by day, nor horrid dreams by night have diſturbed me,—but all hath been a ſucceſſion of terrific realities! My eyelids, this night, could not be cloſed, as nature during all the watches, and to the preſent hour, has been in the ſame way toſſed: 'tis diſeaſed at heart, and ſo out of its wonted courſe, that powers celeſtial and terrene, as well as thoſe of the wicked demons, ſeem all ſhaken to their very depths: and yet, oh my Rabbi, all this with no violent and deſtructive abruptions,—but with a ſhrinking and ſhuddering,

equally dreadful, and far more loathing! Had earthquakes come upon us, or flooding torrents poured unceaſingly; had raging clouds encompaſſed us, and forked lightnings darted through them, —or, had ſheets of fire lighted up the ſkies from horizon to horizon —all this would have been as in courſe of nature, and ſuch as our eyes have ſometimes witneſſed: but, in this *miſshapen* night, the elements, and man—beaſts and birds, yea all that *breathes*, and all *mute* natures, ſeem equally ſick, and ſo diſeaſed, that none have been moved in *cuſtomary* ways; and hence, good Rabbi, more exhauſted am I in heart, and worn out in ſtrength, than if contending for days with toils and perils through nature's known and ordinary convulſions! But it demands even more than all this to rouſe ſome minds, who dread nothing but thoſe loud, and immediate ravages of nature, that muſt ſoon exterminate!—and even this they may ſoon have, if the *death* of that wonderful man ſhall follow his now impriſonment: then may Jeruſalem and the perſecutors of this Nazarene witneſs, not a ſullen and bewildering gloom, and ſuch other fearful though remote manifeſtations, as of this night, but the fiery vengeance and deſtructive power of an Almighty and much offended God! Remember, oh my Rabbi, that the Nazarene—be he God—or his Angel—or, even Beelzebub—hath declared expreſſly, that Iſrael's life is now nearly ſpent; that Jeruſalem ſhall be trodden down of the Gentiles; and that He is the only Shiloh that will ever come! If ſo, and all things ſeem to prove it, yet, how different is that coming, from the long-looked for "Emanuel"—the "Expectation of Ages"—the "Conſolation of Iſrael!" And who is Emanuel? It meaneth, God *with us!*—that is, God *incarnated*, and dwelling among us! Now, my worthy Eben-Ezra, the Jews are much diſappointed, and greatly troubled: but God ſees not as we ſee; and hence, though ſo full of difficulty, we muſt not marvel unto total unbelief, if the Shiloh of *our* weak and ſinful imaginings doth ſo greatly differ from the one he hath vouchſafed to ſend—if this Jeſus be indeed that Emanuel! And yet I am free to confeſs to thee, I do not *now* perceive (*if he to death ſubmits*) the cauſe or uſe of his coming,—except, that his doctrines and precepts and holy example were ſuch, as man heretofore never imagined. All is truly a myſtery, and quite too deep for me:—a *man*, endued with the powers of a *God*, and yet marked by the feebleneſs and gentleneſs of a *child!*—a man, healing the diſeaſes of *others*, and ſaving them, and yet himſelf a victim of the baſeſt treachery!—an *Emanuel*, hoped for through ages,—and, when he cometh, dies as a *malefactor!* Theſe are indeed things *hard* to be underſtood! the future may, and alone can explain them; and, though theſe ſorely preſs upon me, I declare unto thee, good Rabbi, that ſtill the claims of Jesus to

the Meſſiahſhip appear to me to be ſuch, that their *rejection* is ſtill harder.*

I pray thee to let no other eye than thine reſt upon this letter. It is not meet that thy ſpouſe or the gentle Rebecca, ſhould ſee it.

Knowing thy ſolicitude to be early informed of all that is paſſing in theſe ſtrange times, I have ſtriven to baniſh, for a time, the horrors that yet hang upon all nature without theſe palace walls, and thus to dedicate myſelf to thee.

This epiſtle is ſent in all haſte, by the tabellarius Ananias; who will ſcarce be able to tarry for thy anſwer. FARE-THEE-WELL.

ARTEMAS.

LETTER VIII.

ARTEMAS TO PRISCILLA, OF RABBI EBEN-EZRA, AT SYCHAR.

YOU have often expreſſed an ardent deſire, my excellent Priſcilla, to know of me all that I have ſeen and heard reſpecting the individual whoſe crucifixion, near two months ago, has ſo greatly agitated all, and deeply grieved the few, who place their faith in him as the true SHILOH, that was to come.

Trial of Jeſus before Pilate.

I know not how to write to thee of ſuch events, ſo full of cruelty and of matchleſs wickedneſs, as well as of unnatural and perſevering blindneſs: nor doth heart or mind know how to deal with an event, which, till now never had a *name*, ſince man never before conceived even the thought of DEICIDE! My pen trembles as, for the firſt time, it indites this word—more hideous than letters before could faſhion; and my ſoul recoils at the firſt clear conception my troubled mind hath had of it, ſince the fatal hour the more than diabolic crime was executed!

Before I commence my terrific and melancholy narrative, I would ſay a word of Cartaphilus—as alſo of thy late joyful releaſe from the pains of refuge at Ramoth-Gilead.

I mourn to tell thee that, ſince the dread ſcene upon Calvary, and the yet more aſtounding events that followed, Cartaphilus hath been little ſeen of any,—ſeems reckleſs and nearly ſtultified; and, as I fear, will paſs either into a more confirmed wickedneſs, or into

* Theſe difficulties were removed from Artemas, when, at the Pentecoſtal day, the meſſiahſhip was completed, by the coming of that Holy Spirit that had been promiſed by Jeſus. Such difficulties were then, and now are, natural to man; and are never reſolved, but by the influences of the ſame Spirit, either gradually, or ſomewhat ſuddenly, as is doubtleſs ſometimes the caſe, even at the preſent day.

hopeleſs madneſs! And yet, at times, he revives; but only to manifeſt an obſtinate pride of opinion, a flimſy endeavour to ſmother conſcience, and to convince himſelf and others, that the Nazarene muſt have been Satan's, and not God's meſſenger: ſo that I have little hope of any change in him for the better—or, rather, that it *can come ſoon*. If, therefore, his courſe be perſiſted in, I dread to ſay, we muſt be for ever ſeparate!

I was rejoiced to hear of thy releaſe from the City of Refuge,—which, as I learned, was ſpeedily effected through the exertions of our (ſtill in this reſpect) dear Cartaphilus: who, whilſt he was plotting ruin to himſelf, ſo generouſly laboured for thee and thine, with *wickedneſs in high places*,—and prevailed upon Caïaphas and Philo to amortiſe thy ſentence. Would that the means of thy diſcharge had been more worthy than theſe two infamous men; though one, the high-prieſt, the other, a renowned ſenator of our Sanhedrim! But, thanks to Abraham! thou, and thoſe ſo dear to thee, are now wholly free of them, ſuch as they are. And greatly pleaſed am I, alſo, to hear of thee all at *Sychar*—a lovely ſpot, as I well remember, near the foot of Mount Ebàl—a place that muſt never fade from my memory; as it was in its vicinity that I witneſſed the ever-awakening act of grace, and of divine power, wrought by Jeſus on the ten Lepers—which firſt cauſed in me the will, and afterwards the ability, to inquire more concerning him.

Proceedings before Pilate.

And now to my mournful taſk, of informing thee of the events you ſo earneſtly ſeek to know, as happening ſince the morning of Niſan's fifteenth day.

At the dawn of that day (the terrors of the preceding night of which, were detailed by me in my then letter to the good Rabbi) I followed Cartaphilus into the balcony of the Prætorium. Cæſaria, upon the coaſt, is, as thou well knoweſt, Pilate's uſual reſidence: but, during the feſtivals, in conſequence of the great multitude then aſſembled at Jeruſalem, he viſits the palace of the Prætorium; and there, in retired apartments, Cartaphilus, as Pilate's chamberlain, and I, as the gueſt of my friend, had ſpent the by-gone night of wretchedneſs.

An awful multitude had aſſembled at early dawn, in view of the balcony—the Jews being very generally unwilling to enter *within* the domain of any heathen. They ſoon began to vociferate for Pilate's preſence,—and for judgment upon the Nazarene. The Procurator early appeared, and ordered his moveable Tribúnal to be placed on the moſaic pavement of the Prætorium's Court; for that there he would make inquiry concerning the nature of the accuſation.

He then demanded from the Tribúnal, to know of the Jews the extent of the charge they had againſt Jeſus; and why they had

called for *his* interference. Cartaphilus then ſtepped forth, and ſaid, "Moſt noble Pilate, the Jews have doubted in their Sanhedrim, as touching this matter, ſeeing that this Jeſus is accuſed, as well of *blaſphemy* againſt our holy religion, as of *ſedition* and rebellion againſt thee, Rome's Vicegerent! We have alſo found this man perverting the nation with his doctrines, and, in effect, forbidding to give tribute unto Cæſar, in that he ſaith he is Chriſt, a *king!*"

Pilate, thereupon, retired into the palace, where Jeſus was, and interrogated him. The Nazarene denied not that he was King of the Jews! This greatly ſurpriſed and troubled Pilate; but the governor was ſoon relieved by Jeſus himſelf, who plainly ſtated that *his kingdom was not of this world;* and, therefore, did not interfere with that of Cæſar: and further, that the object of his coming was to eſtabliſh TRUTH! Pilate then returned to the Tribúnal, and declared to the accuſers that he had found in their priſoner nothing worthy of death. "Take ye him, therefore," ſaid he, "and judge him according to thine own laws." But the Jews grew very fierce, and ſaid that, perhaps, it was not *now* lawful for them *to put a man to death;* and that Jeſus had excited ſedition among the people, even from Galilee unto Jeruſalem. Pilate again retired into the palace, and aſked Jeſus whether the things whereof the Jews accuſed him were true—"Art thou, indeed, king of the Jews?" The Nazarene anſwered, "Thou ſayeſt it—and to that end was I born, and for that cauſe came I into the world, that I might bear witneſs unto the TRUTH. Every one who is of this TRUTH heareth *my* voice. If my kingdom were of *this* world, then would my ſervants *fight* for me, and reſcue me from the Jews—but now my kingdom is *peaceful*, and not from hence." Pilate, confounded by theſe ſayings, and by the Nazarene's frequent alluſion to "*Truth*,"—and ſuppoſing it to be ſome ſubtile doctrine of the philoſophers, or, poſſibly, of the Eſſenes, ſaid unto him, "WHAT IS TRUTH?"—but, before he could receive a reply, he haſtened once more to the Tribúnal, and declared "*I find in this man no fault at all.*" The multitude now became yet more enraged,—often crying out that Jeſus was "a ſeditious *Galilean*"—well knowing that Pilate was much prejudiced againſt thoſe people. At length Pilate becoming deſirous to free himſelf from paſſing any ſentence; and being equally diſpoſed to render Herod ſome compliment (they having ſo lately made up their quarrel) bethought himſelf of ſending Jeſus unto him; who, as Tetrarch of Galilee, might well judge the cauſe: the priſoner, therefore, was forthwith ſent unto Herod, who then was reſiding in another diviſion of the Prætorium.

Herod, who had often heard of his father's dealing towards the infant Jeſus, and likewiſe of the INNOCENTS whom he had

deſtroyed, in endeavouring to ſlay the ſuppoſed aſpirant to the throne; and remembering, moreover, that this very Jeſus had been intimately aſſociated with the Baptiſt, JOHN, whom he himſelf had beheaded, readily accepted the Procurator's offer. It ſeems, however, that this was done of Herod, more with a view of teſting Jeſus' power of working miracles, and alſo of gratifying an idle curioſity by Herod's aſking him many queſtions, than from any deſire to take efficient cognizance of the cauſe. Jeſus, without doubt, perceived this, and diſappointed the weak and arrogant tetrarch, in both reſpects; for he neither wrought any miracle, nor would he condeſcend even a reply to his many queſtions! Herod being greatly incenſed at this, and hearing him ſtyled, in deriſion, "*King of the Jews*" by the vile rabble that attended him, joined in that cruel ſport; and inſulted his claims to royalty, by clothing him in tattered garments, as a mock king!—and, thus arrayed, he ſent him back, in the midſt of the taunting multitude, once more to Pilate!

On his return to the Prætorium, the Procurator ſeemed yet the more anxious to be diſcharged from the painful importunity of the Jews; and eſpecially now, as his wife had again renewed her entreaties that Pilate ſhould "*have nothing more to do with that juſt man; for that ſhe had dreamed concerning him, and had been much troubled thereat.*" Pilate thereupon propoſed that his *cuſtomary* releaſe of a criminal at the Feaſt-day, ſhould now be extended by him as a boon to Jeſus: but the chief prieſts and the elders incontinently intervened, and urged the people in no wiſe to conſent to this; and to inſiſt upon the releaſe of *Barabbas*, who ſtood condemned for murder, and alſo for ſedition!—whereupon they violently cried out, "*Let Barabbas be free, and Jeſus crucified!*" Expoſtulation with the inſenſate multitude now ſeemed utterly vain,—and, as a tumult was likely to enſue, Pilate's feeble reſolutions gave way, and he yielded to their wiſhes, though with inward reluctance. Now, to manifeſt his own opinion of the Nazarene's purity, he openly waſhed his hands, declaring aloud, "*I am innocent of the blood of this* JUST *perſon.*"

To this the Jews cried out, as with one voice,

"HIS BLOOD BE UPON US, AND UPON OUR CHILDREN!"

Terrific imprecation! Who may not live to witneſs its *beginning*—and what ages may not endure before its termination?

Still, Pilate revived ſomewhat; and made one more effort to ſave the lowly Nazarene. He then brought Jeſus fully out, for the firſt time, before them,—loaded with chains—exhauſted from want of ſleep, and by the many cruelties practiſed on him during the paſt miſerable night. And, as Pilate approached the multitude, he exclaimed with a loud voice,

"BEHOLD THE MAN!"

—hoping thereby to move them to pity! But, as vain would be the hope to calm the voracious hyæna, by removing from its *open* jaws its ſavoury prey, as to extract *pity* from ſuch a maſs of human depravity! The more Pilate urged, the more did the air reſound with the hideous ſhouts,

"CRUCIFY HIM—CRUCIFY HIM!"

But Pilate once more exclaimed, and with tremblings upon his lips,

"*I find no fault at all in him!*"

The Jews, to their ſurpriſe and great vexation, ſeeing their governor thus reſolute, fell back once more upon their *firſt* charge, —and ſaid that, however it might be as to the matter of *ſedition*, the Jewiſh law awarded death for *blaſphemy*—and that Jeſus had declared himſelf to be the SON OF GOD! This new turn given to the caſe ſeemed, however, for a time, as if it would have ſaved the now ſilent and ſubmiſſive Nazarene: for Pilate again communed with him in the palace; and with great ſolicitude deſired to be informed what the Jews meant by his claiming to be the Son of God?—"*Who art thou—whence doſt thou proceed?*" To this, no reply being made, the governor admoniſhed Jeſus that life, or death, might depend upon his anſwer: but the Nazarene mildly ſaid, "*Thou haſt thy power only by divine permiſſion: and yet, he who delivered me unto thee hath the greater ſin.*"

Again Pilate returned to the people, apparently reſolved to diſcharge the wonderful priſoner! But alas! the people had ſtill in reſerve one appeal more—they *knew their man*, and cried out,

"*If thou let this Nazarene go,* THOU *art no friend unto* CÆSAR!"

Pilate trembled greatly, and a crowd of fears ſeemed to have ruſhed impetuouſly upon his mind. Unto the Jews the emperor Tiberius is well known—they remembered his great jealouſy of power, and alſo how truly powerful he is: and Pilate equally well knew all this; and likewiſe how wily and perſevering would be the multitude's complaints againſt him, ſhould he in the leaſt countenance any one even ſuſpected of treaſon againſt Roman ſupremacy.

Jeſus then, for the ſecond time, was ſummoned into the preſence of his accuſers, and before the tribunal on which Pilate ſtood; who merely ſaid,

"TAKE YE HIM AND CRUCIFY HIM."

Thus did the fear of man greatly exceed man's fear of God!

I muſt now, O Priſcilla, ſay farewell unto thee—but will ſoon continue my narrative to its melancholy concluſion—and afterwards unto the preſent hour. ARTEMAS.

The Crucifixion Proceſſion.

LETTER IX.

Artemas to Priscilla, of Eben-Ezra.

Cæsaria, *Sivan*, 3rd day. [Wedneſday, 12th May, A.D. 35.]

The Crucifixion Proceſſion.

AN eye-witneſs of ſuch a ſcene as the Crucifixion of Jeſus, muſt ever have it preſent to his view—no time can eraſe it from his memory—no events of buſy life, no toils, nor griefs, nor worldly pleaſures can ſubdue its ſtern realities—but it is ever deeply ſeated within his mind—irrevocably engraved upon his heart! And yet, my Priſcilla, thou haſt impoſed upon me an arduous taſk, one from which my pen convulſively recoils, and from which my ſoul would fain retire into thoughtful and weeping ſilence.

To a mind as pure as thine, and ſo tender, I neither hope, nor deſire to impart a lively picture of the odious ſcene upon Calvary, one as unnatural, as it was truly hideous; nor ſhall I attempt it, leſt too much pain ſhould follow. But all the ugly lineaments being ſketched for thee, thy own innocent imagination, guided by thy generous and feeling heart, which revolts at all injuſtice even to God's loweſt creatures, muſt ſupply the reſt, and temper that tragic picture to thy *own* endurance.

Had the Nazarene been a wild and peſtiferous fanatic, nay even a groſs impoſtor, our countrymen were ſtill, in his caſe, foul murderers: for the death was unutterably cruel—their previous dealing towards him that of fiends, and the motives that actuated them anything but a vindication of our holy and juſtly venerated laws. But, dear Priſcilla, if that myſterious Being were no fanatic —were no impoſtor; if a juſt and holy man—if a prophet—if the Meſſiah—ah, if an *embodied God!* who is the mortal that dare, with unveiled eyes, contemplate the thought, and whoſe the pen that can attempt more than its moſt feeble delineation? Thou wilt, then, readily abſolve me from a larger undertaking—for ſuch belongs not to *language*, but muſt be left to that inward imagination and unembodied thought, found only in unſullied ſouls, when ſweetly muſing, and raiſed, for a time, by piety above all earthly diſtractions. My taſk, then, is briefly to ſtate the extraordinary and melancholy events that have moved all Jeruſalem with thrilling wonder, and filled an humble few with the deepeſt grief—a few, which, as I truly believe with the ſage Gamaliel, can never be ſuppreſſed,—no, not even by Rome's ſupremeſt power, and Iſrael's boundleſs wickedneſs, if ſo it be, that the Nazarene is more than Moſes and the

Prophets, yea, if more than mortal!—and that he claimed ſo to be, who can doubt? Now, though the feeble plant left by Him, and as ſuſtenance for his choſen diſciples, hath yet ſcarcely taken root, and for a time may caſt no ſhade; ſtill it may eventually become a foreſt of goodly trees,—under whoſe umbrageous foliage generations yet unborn may ſeek repoſe, and delight to nouriſh their newborn faith, with the waters flowing from living fountains of Eternal Truth! This expectation, my excellent friend, comes over my mind from no gift of prophecy in me; for it needs none, in any one, to foretel that this *muſt* come to paſs, if Jeſus unjuſtly died;—ſince no *medium* can exiſt in Him, whoſe whole courſe hath been that of, either an arch-impoſtor, and Satan's moſt favoured agent—or, (and what he profeſſed to be) God's own beloved Son—the Expectation of many ages, and for whoſe coming Iſrael hath ſo long ſighed!

Death by the Croſs.

But Jeſus, as you have heard, died by CRUCIFIXION! I know not how the gentleneſs of thy ſex can fully conceive the uncompromiſing *diſgrace*, and the unutterable *agony* of death by the *Croſs*—a mode of execution at once the moſt ſhameful and cruel that could be deviſed, even by Roman ſagacity and fierceneſs!

Poſſibly to thee, even the *form* of this inſtrument of death may be wholly unknown. It is compoſed of two parts, an upright beam called the *tree*, ſcarce twice the height of man, which is firmly planted in the earth,—and of a *tranſverſe beam*, of nearly equal length, inſerted into the tree, near its upper end—the former, to receive the body—the latter, for the extended arms. The body's entire weight is ſuſpended on the croſs by three ſpikes, one driven through the palm of each hand, and the third through both feet, which are thus forced to lap over each other! Can human, or even diabolic ingenuity have contrived a more artful mode of gradually extinguiſhing life, in unmitigated torture, than this?—the blood of life ſcarcely impeded in its flow—the body unſuſtained, except by the three ſpikes, which agonize every nerve and muſcle of the four limbs—the head without ſupport!—and thus hangs the poor ſufferer, until agonized and exhauſted nature ſlowly ſinks into death!!

So gradually mortal, though with all its tortures, is this mode of death known to be, that intoxicating drinks are ſometimes given to the wretched victim; more, however, from the impatience of his executioners, than from any humane deſire to deaden the feelings of the ſufferer: for, if life endures more than a day, death is often haſtened by ſuffocation; but, if ſignal and cruel revenge be uppermoſt, ſome hours are allowed to remain for the victim's convulſive and hideous ſtruggles between life and death!

The Curſe of Cartaphilus.

Excuſe me, my valued friend, for this detail of man's ferocity towards man!—what beaſt more ſavage—what cruelty more relentleſs—what ſatanic devices more artful than thoſe of man, in all his contrivances of hatred, when he hath not known, or regards not the God of Abraham! *Mind* without a *heart,* dear Priſcilla, makes the artful and powerful demon, and becomes even more terrific than the enraged and famiſhed beaſt of the deſert—or than the poor maniac, who, though his heart be ever ſo malignant, yet lacks the mind to digeſt and ſkilfully execute his cruelty. But, to proceed with my ſad detail.

On the inſtant that Pilate uttered the fatal words, "*Take ye him, and crucify him,*" execution was in preparation. No moment was permitted to intervene, that Jeſus might fortify himſelf againſt the miſeries ſoon to follow—no time given for an affectionate farewell to his mother, and to the few who ſo greatly loved him; but the *tranſverſe beam,* as is cuſtomary, was placed upon his ſhoulders; and he walked amidſt the rude ſcoffings of unfeeling ſoldiers from a foreign nation—thoſe whom the Jews call *dogs*—and of the ſtill more brutal and fiendiſh rabble of the Jewiſh multitude, who more ſpecially ſought his life, whilſt the motley, and in part gorgeous Procession for Calvary, marched ſlowly and circuitouſly through much of the City, paſſing firſt down the *Millo* then around the *Hippodrome,* thence by the dwellings of the *Nethemins,* then paſt the *Aſuppin Gates* of our Holy Temple! And here, in deriſion, the proceſſion halted for a moment, that the Nazarene might redeem his imputed word, by deſtroying the goodly Houſe, and rebuilding it in three days! From thence the proceſſion marched round the *Antonia;* and finally reached the main ſtreet that leads directly through the Great Weſtern, or Valley Gate, to Calvary.

The Curſe of Cartaphilus.

But, ſhortly before this mixed multitude had reached the gate, an incident occurred, ſo extraordinary and myſterious, as greatly diſturbed me then, and far more ſince I have had time to meditate upon it,—as it ſo deeply concerns our ſtill beloved Cartaphilus! As we entered the ſtreet leading to the Valley Gate, the crowd of ſpectators became ſo immenſe as to preſs ſorely upon the proceſſion. The houſe-tops, moreover, were filled with people of all ſexes, conditions, ages, and countries; for it was well known the Victim muſt paſs that way, and many of the thouſands who, only five days before, had ſhouted Hoſannahs to this very Jeſus, as David's ſon, were now venting their fierceſt anathemas on the Nazarene, as a miſerable impoſtor!

Jeſus (who during the previous night at Gethſemane, and until his appearance before Pilate, and afterwards before the wily and mocking Herod) had endured every indignity which coarſe and cruel minds could inflict, was now ſeen groaning under the heavy

burden of the Croſs he was obliged to bear: and nature being almoſt exhauſted in him, he gradually ſlackened his pace, and then nearly ſtopped! At that moment, my eye and ear caught Cartaphilus. I haſtened towards the ſpot, and diſtinctly heard him thus addreſs the unhappy Nazarene!

"GO FASTER JESUS, GO FASTER—WHY DOST THOU LINGER?"

Jeſus mildly anſwered,

"I, INDEED, AM GOING—BUT THOU SHALT TARRY TILL I COME!"

Cartaphilus uttered not a word; but, as one ſuddenly withered, his uplifted ſword inſtantly ſank by his ſide: he gazed wildly upon the crowd—gave a loud and unnatural ſhriek, and haſtily diſappeared! In a moment after, Jeſus ſank to the earth—the beam fell from his ſhoulder—the proceſſion ſtopped, and it then ſeemed as if the Croſs was to be inſtantly robbed of its hated victim.

The ſoldiers, however, ſeized upon one *Simon*, a Cyrenian, ſuppoſing him (and perhaps with truth) to be one of the New Faith; and hence placed the beam upon his ſhoulders; which, to my no ſmall joy, he willingly received.*

I then looked around for Cartaphilus; but he was no where to be ſeen. The words that Jeſus hath uttered were ſtill ringing in my ears—and deeply affect me, as they ſeem of no ordinary import, and as if they ſhadow forth ſomething momentous reſpecting the already ſufficiently myſterious life of our friend: and ſo Cartaphilus would think, judging him, as I do, from his deportment when thus ſpoken to, and his miſery ſince. I have not ventured yet to ſpeak to him on this portentous incident: he certainly was not on Calvary; and where he was during the terrific ſcenes that followed I wot not, but muſt ſoon learn; and ſhall not fail to make it known to thee.

Vaſtneſs of the multitude.

The proceſſion was once more in motion: and, as it paſſed the gate, another incident occurred, equally remarkable, but evidently of more extenſive application, than the one *we* ſo ſpecially mourn.

* This conjecture of Artemas proved correct. Simon had probably juſt come from the country, as others of Cyrene had, who heard of the melancholy proceedings of the preceding night, and alſo at the Prætorium on that day; and, though but little acquainted with the Nazarene and his diſciples, his heart had been with them; and hence he followed the proceſſion, and probably with grief upon his countenance. Simon has been thought by ſome to be the ſame as *Niger*, mentioned in the ACTS, as a teacher at Antioch. He was certainly the father of Alexander and of Rufus, afterwards noted Chriſtians: and it is ſaid that Simon became biſhop of Boſton, and ſuffered martyrdom. It will ſcarce be neceſſary to add, that the incident here recorded, as to Cartaphilus, is to be found only in the well-known tradition reſpecting the "Wandering Jew."

Vaſtneſs of the multitude.

You, my valued friend, have often witneſſed the miſcellaneous, and almoſt innumerable crowds, that annually viſit the Holy City during our great feſtivals, eſpecially that of the Paſſover. Iſrael's ſons and daughters, whitherſoever diſperſed by the various accidents, or buſineſs of life, or, wherever carried, in times paſt, by the judgments of the King of Kings,—as alſo the proſelytes from whatever faith, or region, have always endeavoured, as you know, to reſort to Zion's Temple, once, at leaſt, during life—there to pay their deep homage, and to ſwell the proud and vaſt proceſſion in honour of the only true and revealed Jehovah.

At our late paſſover, the very ends of the earth ſeemed to have poured forth their myriads! Kings, princes, and rulers of every rank—ſages and ſoldiers—rich and poor—bond and free,—the Jews of the icy North—Iſhmael's ſons from beyond Horeb—thoſe of Miſraim, beyond Nile's furtheſt ſources—the ſun-burnt Ethiopians—many of our Babylonian countrymen,—in fine, Scythians and Idumeans, Meſopotamians and Greeks, Romans and Arabians, of the bleſſed faith of Abraham—alſo learned Rabbins from India on this ſide, and beyond the Ganges, nay thoſe from even the remoteſt *Seres* in the far Eaſt, and of the Britons, in the far Weſt, were all there aſſembled; and Jeruſalem thus became, for the time, the moſt populous of known cities!*

Moſt of this aſtoniſhing multitude were in ſome way attendant

* The number aſſembled has been eſtimated, by ſome, at more than *three millions!* This is regarded by Cartaphilus as no great exaggeration; but ſtill, beyond the fact if it be meant that ſuch was ever the population of Jeruſalem at any one time. But that the City and its environs, during all the days of the paſſover, may have had even 3,000,000, is poſſible, and even not improbable; as doubtleſs, very many would depart after a ſingle viſit to the Temple, as the crowd muſt have been ſo exceſſive for ſo ſmall a city, as Jeruſalem, within the walls, is well known to have been. The circumference of the city ſcarcely exceeded one paraſang, or about four and a half miles; and its cuſtomary population perhaps did not exceed 150,000: but ſo attractive were the ceremonials of the Paſſover, as to ſummon Iſrael's faithful people from the furtheſt regions, ſo as to ſwell the multitude to an aſtoniſhing degree. We have, indeed, the means of knowing with conſiderable accuracy the number; as *Ceſtius Gallus*, a procurator of Judea, cloſe on theſe times, being deſirous to aſcertain the probable number of worſhippers at Jeruſalem during their paſſover, (in order to impreſs the Emperor Nero with juſter views of the ſtrength of a people, whom that monarch was too much inclined to contemn) directed the High Prieſt to keep a regiſter of all the ſacrifices offered at the then enſuing feſtival. As a lamb was appropriated to each family, or rather to a number not leſs than ten, nor more than twenty, the 255,000 lambs, offered that year, at an average of only ten perſons to the lamb, indicated the preſence of more than two millions and a half of ſouls: ſo that, upon ſo extraordinary a paſſover, as that which preceded the Crucifixion, the number then in attendance during its continuance, may have amounted to three millions!—As to the people called *Seres*, ſome have regarded them as the Chineſe; but erroneouſly, as Cartaphilus ſhows elſewhere.

Thoſe who mourned for JESUS in the Proceſſion.

on the death of Jeſus! The ſtreets were ſuffocated with the ſtill increaſing maſſes—the doors, windows, and houſe-tops with their living burden!

The proceſſion itſelf was chiefly compoſed of the diſſolute and reckleſs of our miſguided people; whoſe hiſſes and blaſphemies and imprecations were more terrible than I would clothe with language, or than even imagination can endure to portray; for Hades, yea even the Pandemonium of the Gentiles, could ſcarce have vomited forth more fitting inſtruments for the unholy purpoſe then in hand! And yet, my Priſcilla, the Nazarene went not to the Croſs *unwept:* a few faithful hearts attended him even there, but amidſt foul inſult and peril.

Here and there, in the mixed proceſſion might be *heard* the deeply ſuppreſſed ſigh, the irrepreſſible groan, the convulſive ſhudder; and might be alſo *ſeen* the tearful eye, the ſaddened countenance, the diſmayed looks of thoſe, whoſe faith ſurvived (though much ſhaken) the ſore diſappointment of that wretched hour;—for, where was now the bright hope they had ſo fondly cheriſhed, of a triumphant Meſſias—where ſuch a hope in a *crucified* Shiloh—where the confidence of thoſe who, as yet, had ſcarce conceived the idea of a glorious *reſurrection* of a victim of the Croſs! Theſe ſilent tears, theſe inward and almoſt ſmothered lamentations at length burſt forth; and oh, my friend! they came from gentler hearts than man's; for *we* are caſt in a far ruder mould than *woman.*

Jeſus, who had no ear for the thouſand cries againſt himſelf, that at every moment rent the air, had yet an overflowing heart towards the few, who ſo much loved him. He turned to the women, and mournfully ſaid, "*O Daughters of Jeruſalem! Weep not for me—but for yourſelves and your children. For lo! the days will come when the barren, and thoſe who give no ſuck, will be the more bleſſed. Then will the people ſay to the mountains, Fall upon us; and to the hills, cover us! For, if they do theſe things in a green tree, what ſhall be done in the dry?*"—by which latter words, as I ſuppoſe, He meant that, if the Romans are now permitted by Heaven to be to Him, who is wholly innocent, ſo great a ſcourge, how much more ſo will they be to the Jews, when *their* cup of iniquity (now nearly full) ſhall ſoon overflow? So many words, prophetic of our nation's ruin, have been uttered at various times by this holy and wonderful man, that thoſe which then were ſo plaintively addreſſed to a few of the weeping daughters of Iſrael, in the name of them all, went deeply into my heart.

Whilſt the proceſſion was making its ſlow and painful approach towards Calvary, my eye reſted on *Mary*, wife of Cleophas, and near her was *Salomè*, wife of Zebedee; and alſo another *Mary*, formerly of Magdalà, and hence called Magdalene. Then came

John, the moſt beloved of the Lord's diſciples—a fiſherman of Bethſaida, and ſon of Salomè and Zebedee. On John's arm reſted MARY, the holy and honoured mother of Him who was about to ſuffer. On one ſide of the Cyrenian, who carried the beam, was NICODEMUS, (the ſame whoſe renowned couſin Gamaliel, you well know; and who, I am pleaſed to ſay, took no part againſt Jeſus)—and, on the other ſide of the croſs-bearer, was the Arimathean JOSEPH. Next in order were CAIAPHAS, the High Prieſt—and likewiſe the wicked and odious PHILO,—both there, ſeemingly, as willing ſentinels over the actions of the two preceding, as they in the Sanhedrim had ſo boldly eſpouſed the cauſe of the perſecuted Nazarene.

But, my excellent friend, my heart ſank within me, and my indignation had nigh got the better of all diſcretion, when I beheld that notorious robber and Murderer, *Barabbas*, juſt then freed from his chains, marching triumphantly near the Croſs-beam, and vociferouſly echoing the hideous cries of the inſenſate multitude! Oh Juſtice! whither haſt thou fled—ſurely Jeruſalem no longer knows thee, and our people regard not thy lovely mien,—elſe would they, though releaſing Barabbas, and condemning Jeſus, have ſtill forbidden this foul murderer's preſence: but no! Caïaphas and Philo, and Barabbas, with a thouſand of *their* kind, were fitly aſſociates there; and if ſo, then the holy women of Galilee, and the few other friends of the deſpiſed Bethlehemite, were there as *unnatural ſtars*, ſhining with dazzling brilliancy amidſt clouds of terrific blackneſs!

The High Prieſt, by a long approved cuſtom, may not wear his *ſacred garments* abroad in the city, ſave when demanded by ſome holy, and fitting occaſion—ſuch as *Jaddua* eſteemed it, when he went forth to meet the victorious Alexander of Macedonia, craving to impart and receive reciprocal teſtimonials of reſpect in regard to our holy religion—and theſe to be manifeſted in our long venerated Temple.

But Caïaphas and others, (on this now ſo different occaſion—one, of all others, the leaſt ſuited for ſuch a diſplay) appeared in the proceſſion, clad in all the varied ſplendour of their ſacerdotal veſtments!—a baſe deſecration, this, of habiliments peculiarly ſacred, not only from their moral and typical uſes, but chiefly from their having been faſhioned after God's own pattern, and given to our Maſter Moſes, not merely for "*glory and for beauty*," but as the Prieſts had been ordained "*to ſerve unto the example and ſhadow of heavenly things*"—and hence alſo were the garments made for Aaron and his ſucceſſors by thoſe alone who were "*wiſe-hearted, and filled by God with the Spirit of Wiſdom.*"*

* Exodus xxviii. 2.

The Prieſtly Veſtments deſcribed.

As it may not have been your lot to have witneſſed, my good Priſcilla, the High Prieſt and all his attendants, fully arrayed in their pontificals, and various other attire; I will now endeavour to deſcribe them, as briefly as I well can, in order that you may the better comprehend how incongruous, nay, ſacrilegious it was, for our eccleſiaſtics to be thus gorgeouſly decked, on ſuch an occaſion.

The Prieſtly Veſtments.

The veſtments are of two kinds, and are eight in all. The firſt four are the "*plain veſtments*," common to all the prieſts: the other four, from their extreme richneſs, are called the "*golden veſtments*;" and are peculiar to the High Prieſt. The *firſt* of the plain veſtments is called the *Michneſe-badh*, or drawers; which reach from the loins to more than midway above the knees. It is made of the fineſt linen; and was probably unknown as a garment prior to its divine inſtitution for the Jewiſh prieſthood: nor has it to this been adopted, even by the refined and luxurious Romans, either for their people or their prieſts.*

The *ſecond* of theſe veſtments has the name of *Chethoneth*; and is a coat, alſo made of fine linen. It reaches from round the neck, to near the feet, with ſleeves as far as the wriſt. This garment, of courſe, entirely covers the Michneſe-badh.

The *third* of theſe habiliments is called the *Abnet*; and is a linen girdle, highly and curiouſly wrought with many colours. It extends around the waiſt and breaſt many times, giving ſupport to the body, as alſo a more graceful form to the Chethoneth: and then being tied in a beautiful knot, the two ends hang down in a very ornamental way, almoſt to the feet. This girdle is often quite eighty cubits in length! is but a few inches wide, is wove double, or hollow, and always ſerves as a purſe, or as a depoſitory for other ſmall articles.†

* In confirmation of this opinion, vide Sueto. in Vita Jul. Cæſ. cap. 82, and Mart. Epig. lib. iii. 24; it is, indeed, probable that drawers—trouſers—breeches, or any covering for the thighs and legs, remained unknown to the Ketic and other barbarous nations, as well as to Greeks and Romans, and even to as late a period as the ninth or tenth century. A ſmall tunic about the loins, which ſometimes reached to the knees, came to be much uſed, however, by the Belgæ—and hence theſe people were often called *Braccatæ*, as diſtinguiſhed from thoſe nations that had adopted the Roman toga; and who hence were called Togatæ. The *braccæ* being the name of this tunic for the loins, gave riſe to our modern name "*breeches*;" but the *braccæ* was itſelf ſo called only from its red and chequered colour, as the word *brac* in the Gaëlic language has that ſignification; and not by any means either from the form, or the uſe of the garment itſelf.

† Eighty cubits are about 120 feet. It is probable the laſt folds, only, were wrought double, to ſerve as a purſe, &c. Hence among the Romans, who alſo uſed a ſpecies of abnet, we find that the expreſſion "*Zonam perdidit*" was equivalent to ſaying "he hath loſt all"—or "he is inſolvent."

The Prieſtly Veſtments—Plain—Golden.

The *fourth*, and laſt of the plain veſtments, is the *Migbangnoth*, or head-dreſs, compoſed of a long ſlip of the fineſt linen, ingeniouſly folded and plaited round a cap ſuited to the head. It riſes into a ſomewhat conical form; and differs from the *Mitre*, which is not only broader, and more curiouſly and beautifully folded, but is generally compoſed of much richer materials, as being deſtined ſolely for the high-prieſt, which the Migbangnoth is never.

The Golden Veſtments, alſo four in number, are peculiar to the High-Prieſt; and being much more expenſively and cunningly deviſed, than thoſe already named, will require of me a little more detail, and alſo as being more pertinent to the object I now have, which is, to deſcribe the inappropriate and too pompous diſplay of the Sanhedrim, on an occaſion ſo melancholy as this truly was.

The firſt of theſe is the *Mengnil*, or blue robe, which ſupplies the place of the Chethoneth, or coat, already deſcribed as for the uſe of the inferior prieſts. It is a garment of great magnificence, not only from its hyacinthine colour, but from the exquiſite fineneſs of the wool from which it is wove. It is without ſleeves; the arm-holes, and that through which the head paſſes, are made to draw cloſe, or wide as occaſion requires; and each has a firm binding round it, to guard againſt its being rent, by the frequent putting on and off. The Mengnil is always worn with the Ephod; which ſerves to bind it, in like manner as the Abnet girdles the coat; and hence it often is called the robe of the ephod. The Mengnil hangs from the neck to near the feet; and around the hem of the bottom is a broad and ſplendid fringe, formed of blue, ſcarlet, and purple pomegranates, alternately; and each of theſe three alſo alternates with ſmall golden bells. Each bell, and each pomegranate is nearly the ſize of an egg—there being ſeventy-two bells, and the like number of pomegranates. Theſe with the neceſſary ſpaces between each, occaſion the hem of the robe to be about eighteen cubits in circumference; and the whole is ſeen hanging in numerous ſmall and graceful folds, extending from the neck, around which it is finely plaited, down to a little above the ancle.

The ſecond of the golden veſtments is the Ephod, or Aphad. It is by far the moſt ſuperb and graceful of all the ſacerdotal garments, and conſiſts of three parts—two being ſmall lappets, a cubit or more in length; which hang down in front from the ſhoulders, covering moſt of the breaſt. Theſe lappets are connected with the third piece, which is rectangular, and nearly of the body's breadth, hanging down behind, from the ſhoulders to the ancles. Each lappet is united to the main piece by a button, upon each ſhoulder; which is of conſiderable ſize, and of rare and exquiſite workmanſhip. Theſe buttons conſiſt each of a large onyx ſet in gold; and contain the names of the twelve tribes—ſix being engraved upon each ſtone. Connected with the Ephod is a ſmall

Their ſuppoſed typical import.

and extremely rich girdle; which, paſſing under the arms, comes out from each in front; and is tied in a peculiar bow upon the breaſt. The materials of the Ephod and girdle are gold and fine linen, curiouſly embroidered with rich jewels, and with devices in blue, ſcarlet, and purple—all of the beſt Tyrian dyes.

The third of theſe high-prieſtly habiliments, is the *Coſhen-Miſhpat*, or Breaſt-plate of Judgment, made of the ſame rich materials as the ephod; and is ſuſpended in front between the lappets, but yet connected with them. It is about a ſpan, or nine inches ſquare; the two upper corners of which are faſtened to the lappets, by golden rings and chains; and the two lower to the girdle of the ephod, by the like rings, and by blue ribbons, inſtead of chains. This Breaſt-plate contains twelve precious jewels, ſecured in golden ſockets, in four horizontal rows, of three jewels each. On theſe are engraved the names of the XII Tribes—a name for each jewel:—and how theſe twelve precious ſtones were connected (during Iſrael's more proſperous and virtuous days) with the oracle of URIM and THUMMIM (now loſt to us) I muſt not even ſtrive to explain, ſince all Iſrael muſt at this time acknowledge, to her ſhame, that her wiſeſt and moſt pious ſages know little, if any thing more, of this once ineſtimable oracle, than you and I, O Priſcilla!—a clear proof of national degradation, and of depravity, even among the prieſthood.*

The fourth and laſt of theſe pontifical veſtments, is the MITRE, with its *Teſits*, or golden plate, ſometimes called the Holy Crown of Gold. The plate worn in front of the Mitre is of an oval form, near a ſpan in length; and is faſtened upon a richly embroidered blue ribband, which ties behind the Mitre. This teſits of the Mitre has engraved upon it the impreſſive words

KODHESH LAIHOVAH—HOLINESS TO THE LORD!

Suppoſed typical import of the Veſtments.

There can be no doubt, my valued friend, that the faſhion and uſe of all theſe ſeveral veſtments, with their ornaments, were deſigned to ſhadow forth typically, ſome holy and ſpiritual meaning,—but what the import of each truly was cannot be clearly known, in this our much degenerate age: for, with our loſs of piety hath alſo gone much of our knowledge: ignorance and vice being natural

* The manner in which Artemas paſſes over this difficult and extremely delicate ſubject of Urim and Thummim (Lights and Perfections) ſhows clearly that the knowledge of its extraordinary nature was then as little known as at preſent: and evinces the idleneſs of the theories, or learned fancies, of ſome modern authors, as well as of the Talmudiſts; and fully juſtifies the ingenuous confeſſion of Rabbi Kimchi that "he is on the ſafeſt ſide who frankly acknowledges his ignorance—ſo that we ſeem to need a Prieſt to ſtand up with Urim and Thummim to teach us what they were."

The Proceſſion reaches Mount Calvary.

allies,—and it now ſeems as if it is Iſrael's dreadful fate to ſink yet deeper into mental darkneſs, and in proportion to her declining faith in the promiſes of old, and to her neglect of Jehovah's ſtatutes. As to the poſſible import, or typical ſignification of the veſtments, I have juſt deſcribed, and likewiſe as to the nature of Urim and Thummim, there have been various opinions—on the ſoundneſs, or mere fancy of which, it becomes not one ſo young as myſelf, O Priſcilla, to ſpeak with any confidence. Some have imagined that the Eight garments denote the like number of days that intervene between birth and circumciſion! and that each veſtment is deſigned to admoniſh us of ſome particular ſin,—as the girdle, of *theft*—the drawers, of *uncleanlineſs*—the ephod, of *idolatry*—the breaſtplate, of *wrong judgments*—the bells, of *ſlanderous ſpeaking*—the mitre and its motto, of *pride* and *arrogance*. If theſe be, indeed, their actual import, Caïaphas, as I much fear, hath not ſufficiently ſtudied them out, or laid them to heart.

But, dear Priſcilla, I have detained thee, I fear, unto great fatigue, with this long account of prieſtly decorations; which, however, I was the more willing to enter into, as I confeſs my heart and mind involuntarily recoiled from then purſuing my narrative, when the eyes of my remembrance had reſted upon Caïaphas and the gorgeous array—upon Philo, and Barabbas—and then upon the weeping friends of Jeſus! I then found that my pen craved a willing refuge in the deſcription I have given thee of theſe veſtments, rather than, at once, to proceed with the narrative of the terrific events ſo ſoon to follow. Excuſe, then, I pray thee, this digreſſion as to the prieſtly robes; and alſo, if I now ſpeedily end this letter—my own mind, and doubtleſs thy feeling heart, ſhrinking from the ſcenes that tranſpired on Calvary.

The proceſſion at length reached the Mount; and I once more caſt my eyes anxiouſly around, ſtill ſuppoſing Cartaphilus might be ſomewhere ſeen: but he appeared not. A ray of joy momentarily darted through my heart; and I almoſt audibly ſaid, "this looks well—he may yet be ſaved—his eyes are now opened, and he is weeping in ſome lonely place, in the bitterneſs of a deep repentance!"—But alas! in an inſtant after, the myſterious words "*tarry thou till I come*," flaſhed acroſs my mind; and, at the ſame moment, I beheld upon Calvary, then cloſe at hand, the murderous and loathing preparations! Oh, how could I then, my Priſcilla, have a hope for Cartaphilus?

I have now brought thee to the *place*, and to the *hour*, in which the mildeſt, the pureſt, and the moſt wonderful of human beings (if it be proper ſo to call him) was about to ſuffer from un-

grateful man the crueleſt of all deaths. My pen muſt now proceed no further—we both need reſpite for a time. In my next letter, I ſhall endeavour to finiſh my melancholy narrative—for the preſent relieving us from the pain of ſo continued a communion with ſcenes, as novel and awakening, as they truly are loathing and terrific. FARE-THEE-WELL. ARTEMAS.

LETTER X.

ARTEMAS TO PRISCILLA.

CÆSARIA. *Sivan*, 6th day. [Saturday, May 15th, A.D. 35.]

THE CRUCIFIXION.

THE ſcene before me, my Priſcilla, was inexpreſſibly grand and thrilling and various, as I ſtood, with ſo many thouſands, upon the heights of Mount Gihon—itſelf of no great elevation, with the narrow valley of Golgotha intervening between its baſe and the foot of the little mount called Golgotha, or Calvary, from its reſemblance to the top of a ſkull. On my right was the teeming City, with myriads of people anxiouſly preſſing through its narrow ſtreets from every direction, and haſtening towards the Valley-Gate. The little towns of Ramah—Eleph—and Gibeah, on the north; thoſe of Chephar, of Nob, of Bahùrim, Bethany, and of Bethphage, on the eaſt, were then pouring into Jeruſalem their living torrents; whilſt the remaining population of Jehoſhaphat's lovely valley, who had not been in time for the proceſſion, were making their way, with all haſte, along the three main avenues leading to the once Holy City, and crowding her gates with ſolid maſſes of people, eager to witneſs the unholy tragedy, then in ſuch dread preparation more immediately before me! The towers of Phaſaelus and of Hippicus—the Palace of Agrippa—the ſtately edifices of Eliakib, and of Azarius,—alſo Herod's magnificent Temple—the Hippodrome—the forts of Antonia, and of Antiochus, were all inſtinct with vaſt multitudes from regions far and near, of all conditions and ages, and of both ſexes,—each caſting their anxious eyes over the tumultuous proceſſion, as it ſlowly receded from their view, and advanced towards the Mount of Crucifixion—for ſo it ſhould be for ever hereafter called.

On the ſummit of that mount, now beneath our eye, were diſtinctly viſible the trees of the three deſtined croſſes; and on the very ſpot, too, where, as 'tis ſaid, ADAM, in whom all died, was

buried, and where now JESUS, in whom all (as ſome affirm) ſhall be made alive again, was about to be crucified by a moſt rebellious and wicked nation—and on the very ſpot, too, where, as 'tis further ſaid, our father Abraham, ſo many ages ago, was about to ſacrifice his only ſon, Iſaac! Surely, my Priſcilla, theſe are marvellous coincidences!

The Valley of Hinnom.

Still, ſomewhat towards the eaſt, but more ſoutherly, lay before me the whole valley of *Hinnom*, with its eternal ſmokes, and unſavoury ſmells, riſing towards the heavens; from numerous ſmouldering fires, that daily and nightly conſume the Paſſover's vaſt maſs of animal and vegetable offals, together with all hated and rejected things of the Holy City, which, throughout the year are there depoſited! Gazing upon the commingled ſcene in that loathſome valley, my mind rapidly and almoſt involuntarily muſed upon the days, when in this terreſtrial gehenna—in this "Vale of Shrieking," were often heard alſo the mingled ſounds of many ſhrill drums and hoarſe trumpets, raiſed there to ſtifle the mournful and hideous cries of Hebrew children, ſacrifices to Moloch! and likewiſe upon thoſe ancient days, when Jewiſh idolatrous kings ſacrilegiouſly dared to raiſe in that valley temples even to *Aſteroth* and to *Chemoſh*, almoſt within the verge of God's only dwelling upon earth—the only ſpot where he hath ever vouchſafed to place his ineffable Shekinah!

My mind was alſo for a moment brought back to thoſe days, in our eventful hiſtory, when, in this ſame valley, myriads of the Aſſyrian hoſts, through God's purpoſe, were utterly deſtroyed by a foul peſtilence! This conſumed them like a raging fire; leaving their mixed bones and vile bodies to taint the air with hateful ſmells, which, in long after times, remained in odious freſhneſs, and even yet, if but in imagination, linger there, in perpetual teſtimony of Jehovah's unmitigated abhorrence of all idolatry! I remembered, moreover, it was in this valley that king Joſiah, hoping to ſuppreſs the idolatrous practices there, ſent into it every unclean and filthy carcaſs—every poiſonous and vile thing repulſive to our ſenſes,—and forbidding, at the ſame time, the burial of any of them!

View from Mount Gihon.

When thus muſing, from Gihon's heights, upon the paſt and preſent; and, whilſt the ſtone-blind Jews, and power-infatuated Romans were aſcending Calvary, actively preparing for the cruel ſacrifice then in hand, methought they all ſhould inſtantly have turned from the Mount, and haſtened with their croſſes into this Hinnom—this ugly Tophet—this long hated Gehenna—the only *Sheol* upon earth's ſurface, and there perform their diabolic deed, as the beſt fitted of all other ſpots for an act of ſuch unmingled darkneſs.

But, turning my eyes from Hinnom, and alſo from the towers

and palaces of David's City, and likewiſe from the rich and varied plain of Jehoſhaphat, and from the tops of Olivet, which, in their rear were ſo verdant with lofty cedars and with palms,—I looked towards the weſt, and ſaw the like crowds pouring in torrents towards Calvary, from the cities of Gibeon and Taralah, and from the village of Gittaim. "O Jeruſalem, Jeruſalem!" whiſpered I, "would that the deeds of this day had been ſuch as Heaven and Earth might ſmile on, inſtead of thoſe that muſt cauſe Angels to weep, and even devils to tremble! Man, could he but ſee the approaching act, in all its naked horrors, would ſooner ſeek an everlaſting refuge amidſt Hinnom's congregated abominations, than lend a willing hand, or conſenting eye, even for a moment, to the fiendiſh deed now in hand."

Come with me, then, my excellent Priſcilla, at once to Calvary! for I know that *thou* haſt no *conſenting eye*—but wilt deeply contemplate this ſcene with me, that we may weep together for the innocent and perſecuted Nazarene, and pour oil into all the wounded hearts, alas too few! of thoſe who, like us, do truly and grievouſly ſympathiſe.

JESUS, as thou haſt heard, had been ſeverely ſcourged, before the proceſſion had left the Prætorium. His malignant foes had preſſed upon his head a crown of thorns; and placed in his hands a reed for a ſceptre; and over his *ſeamleſs* coat, they had put a tattered robe of Tyrian purple,—all in cruel mockery of his kingly power,—though he had ever expreſſly declined the earthly title, and had declared that *his kingdom was not of this world!* The Victim's head and forehead and temples were now reeking with blood—his ſtrength much exhauſted from loſs of ſleep, and want of food, cauſed his perſecutors, when ſtopping at Golgotha, to hand him for drink ſome crude wine, mixed with gall! On refuſing this inhuman offering, he was ſtripped of his clothing, leaving upon him little elſe than the bloody Crown of Thorns!

The three Croſſes.

DEſcending from Gihon, I preſſed through the denſe crowd which filled the heights, and intervening valley; and ſoon found myſelf cloſe by the three croſſes. The two malefactors (deſtined to be crucified with the gentle Nazarene) ſeemed but little to occupy the attention of any one,—for each ſtill had upon his ſhoulder the tranſverſe beam of their croſſes —of which Simon, however, had been relieved before I reached the mount. The trees of the three croſſes had been previouſly planted firmly in the ground, at a diſtance of about ten cubits from each other—not on a line, but the two ſomewhat at an angle with the centre one. This middle croſs, deſtined for the Illuſtrious Victim, had a tablet placed, immediately over the point of union between the tree and tranſverſe beam, whereon was an Inſcription, in black letters on a white ground. This inſcription was repeated

in the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman languages,—ſo that all preſent, from every nation, might poſſibly read one or the other of them. The words of that inſcription were,

JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE JEWS.

This had been placed there by order of the Procurator.

As Caïaphas, and thoſe high in authority, approached the Croſs, and read the inſcription, their vexation knew no bounds—but to tear it down they dared not: and therefore they inſtantly ſent a meſſenger to Pilate; whilſt others of more note ſoon followed; who implored him that the hated tablet might be removed, or in ſome way altered,—as it ſeemed to imply that the Nazarene's *Meſſiahſhip* had been acknowledged by the Jews!—whereas, if only four words were permitted to be added, all would be well: and theſe four words were, "*Who ſaid he was!*" But the Procurator, who, I doubt not, deſigned his inſcription as an affront to the Jews, for having ſo ſorely urged him to paſs the final ſentence, would in no wiſe liſten to any change in the title ſet up—the Procurator firmly ſaying, "*What I have written, I have written:*" and hence it there remained, to the great mortification of all thoſe of Judea's now nominal rulers, whoſe hearts were ſo deeply poiſoned againſt the humble, and yet moſt mighty victim.

The dreadful moment at length arrived, when the rude ſpikes were mercileſſly uſed—but oh, upon *this I muſt not, cannot dwell;* my ſoul recoils, and all my heart ſickens at the recollection—nay, my eyes would cloſe involuntarily upon the lines my pen ſhould indite; and oh! would not the ink refuſe to flow, and grow dry, ere the words could be faſhioned? All, then, I can ſay is, that

JESUS IS NAILED TO THE CROSS!

Through what agonies he paſſed in being there, and what he endured, from the *third* until the *ninth* hour, when, as a MAN, the Nazarene expired—and, as a God, ſeemed to ſhake all nature, muſt now be left moſtly to thine own juſt imagination, and feeling heart.*

Whilſt this pureſt of mortals, and the two ſinners crucified with him, were enduring the tortures of a moſt lingering death, which ceaſeleſſly kept my eyes upon the croſſes, my inner ſoul was ſuddenly chilled by a ſight too revolting to be long endured, as it ſhows the extremeſt depravity of man, and that the cruelties practiſed on the unhappy ſufferers ſprang, not ſo much from the excitement of hatred and deep anger, as from that utter indifference and diabolic callouſneſs, which the human heart can only manifeſt,

* Jeſus was on the croſs about *nine* hours; but expired after a ſuſpenſion of ſix hours—viz. from 9 to 3, P. M.

when the laſt ray of divinity forſakes the ſoul. Canſt thou credit it, my Priſcilla, I beheld the executioners careleſſly repoſing upon the ground, at the very foot of the croſſes, and under the ſoul-piercing groans of the two, who were mere ſinful mortals, and under the deep ſighs of Him who was ſurely more than man; and whoſe moans were as if a world of agonized ſouls had been poured into his—and yet I ſaw theſe men amuſing themſelves heedleſſly on the graſs beneath their tortured victims, and there, by the *caſting of lots*, cheerfully dividing among their fellows the poor veſtments that belonged to Jeſus! I declare unto thee, dear Priſcilla, that, for a moment, I craved the power of Omnipotence; and felt, perhaps with Peter's haſty zeal in Gethſemane, that inſtant vengeance on them would have been mine—but JESUS thought quite otherwiſe: and yet, thou wilt not condemn me, good friend, for this, if a ſinful thought: for ſurely their hearts were as the nether mill-ſtone, and their alliance was with the powers of eternal darkneſs, ſeeing that they could ſport thus, unconſcious of piteous moanings that might have arreſted the roaming and half periſhing beaſts of the deſert; and yet, theſe creatures, in human form, had not even an occaſional eye of pity for them—none even of curioſity as to the ſufferers above them—none for the long continued ſighs and ſobs of mother, relatives, and friends, watching the laſt groans of an expiring God! I cloſed my eyes with both my hands—I was ſtupid with horror and ſurpriſe and diſguſt; and in the very agony of my exhauſted feelings, I ruſhed involuntarily towards the Croſs—but, happily! my progreſs towards it was inſtantly arreſted by the ſudden upriſing from the ground of thoſe cruel men,—for, it ſo chanced, that their *game of lots* was ended; and they ſtood in ſolid maſs around the fatal inſtruments of death.

The prieſts, ſcribes, and phariſees, the lawyers and ſadducees—yea, many clothed in fine linen, and who fare ſumptuouſly every day, were near thoſe ſoldiers, idly gazing upon this ſcene of woe,—and ſtill with anxiety for its ending, yet with no mind to miniſter comfort, or to leſſen in any way the racking pains of the miſerable ſufferers! Theſe all, together with the common people, began at length to manifeſt their own tiny ſuffering; which, however, was from nothing more than impatience at their long detention—a reſtiveneſs which then broke out in many odious inſults practiſed towards the Nazarene, even in his dying moments!

"*Let thy God deliver thee now! If thou be the King of the Jews, ſave thyſelf. Come down from the Croſs, and we will believe in thee*," was the oft-repeated hypocritical cry of the inſenſate multitude!

The crucified malefactors.

A circumſtance now occurred, which greatly arreſted the attention of all; and made ſome impreſſion in Jeſus' favour, even on the crude and maddened maſs. The two thieves had not, as yet, ſpoken a word: but, on hearing

theſe taunting words, and ſeeing the wagging heads of thouſands, who exclaimed "*Thou that wouldſt deſtroy the Temple, and build it in three days, ſave thyſelf!—he ſaved others; himſelf he cannot ſave!*" one of the malefactors, though in deep agony, railed againſt Jeſus, and ſaid, "*Yes, if thou be indeed the Chriſt, ſave thyſelf and us.*" But the other mildly rebuked his companion, and ſaid, "*Doſt thou not fear God? We, indeed, are juſtly condemned, and receive the reward due to our deeds; but* HE *hath done nothing amiſs:*"—and then turning his eyes towards Jeſus, he cried out, "LORD! *remember* ME *when thou comeſt into* THY *kingdom.*" Oh, how great was my ſurpriſe, and ſtill more, my delight, that, amidſt the depths of his own deep—deep ſufferings, Jeſus forgot not his mercy and forgiveneſs, and faithfulneſs to his promiſed reward—and that all theſe ſhone out as brightly upon the Croſs, as when, a year before, at the foot of Mount Ebal, he cured the wretched Lepers!—for, though it now ſeemed as if the croſs was to be victorious over him, he was not diſmayed; but ſeized with alacrity this ſeemingly impoſſible occaſion, to manifeſt the riches of his love towards our benighted world, by reſponding to the haſty penitence, even of an expiring malefactor!—and moreover, by granting a requeſt apparently ſo diſproportioned, as that ſo great a ſinner ſhould be remembered, and for ever, in a heavenly kingdom; and now, too, for a ſorrow neceſſarily ſo momentary! And yet Jeſus was prompt; and diſtinctly replied, "*Truly I ſay unto thee,* TO-DAY *ſhalt thou be with* ME *in Paradiſe!*"

The merciful and confident tone with which this promiſe was uttered, by HIM who, only the moment before had been ſo indignantly challenged to deſcend from the croſs, and to ſave himſelf, could not fail to raiſe, for the firſt time, a fearful *doubt*, leſt the perſecuted and then dying Nazarene might not, after all, be ſomething more than the powerleſs and poor and humble ſon of Joſeph and Mary!—and, from that moment, there ſeemed to be an almoſt *viſible ſilence*—a ſubdued and even cowed expreſſion in the many thouſands who, till then, had as little fear, as pity: but now they trembled, they knew not why; and yet were they ſtill without *pity* though with much *fear!*

The ſudden alarm occaſioned by the malefactor's penitence—by his firm reliance on the expiring Nazarene—and by the more than human authority with which Paradiſe was promiſed, was ſoon thereafter further ſtrengthened into deep terror: for new feelings had ſeized upon the multitude, in conſequence of the miracles which then almoſt inſtantly enſued. An unnatural darkneſs began at that time to haſtily prevail throughout the heavens; which continued from the Sixth to the Ninth hour!* In the midſt of this

* That is, from 12 to 3 o'clock of the day.

ſympathetic gloom of nature, and the awe inſpired by the forgiveneſs of the repentant thief, the multitude became ſtill more agitated by the guſh of *human* feeling which Jeſus diſplayed, in this his moſt agonized moment, upon beholding his Virgin Mother, and the other two Marys, weeping at the foot of the croſs. In a voice, as ſweetly gentle and tender as ſpring's melloweſt zephyr, Jeſus conſoled all who loved him,—eſpecially his diſconſolate mother; whom he conſigned to the ſpecial protection of his dear and faithful diſciple John, —enjoining on them both to regard each other in the tender relation of parent and child: for the words to his mother were, "*Woman, behold thy Son!*" and to the diſciple, "*Behold thy Mother!*"

But, if doubts and alarm had been cauſed by the three circumſtances I have juſt mentioned, how withering and conſuming did they ſoon become, when Jeſus, on breathing his laſt ſigh exclaimed,

ELOI, ELOI, LAMA SABACHTHANI?

then earth and heavens were violently moved—nature groaned and ſickened at the deed — many rocks were burſt aſunder — the Great Veil of our once Holy Temple was rent in twain from top to bottom, and even whilſt the Prieſts were then ſacrificing — many tombs were ſuddenly opened,—and thoſe who long had ſlept therein aroſe,—all theſe mighty wonders ſeeming to announce to Iſrael— yea to the whole world, that the SHEKINAH now had wholly departed,—to give place to ſome new Diſpenſation, under the inviſible, but ſure guidance, of the crucified Shiloh! Oh, it was an indeſcribable — unimaginable ſight! — the whole face of creation was ſhrouded in a heavy and loathſome gloom; the grounds ſhook beneath us, as if to their very centre, and as if *themſelves* in agony! —terrific lightnings pierced the thick black clouds, — revealing, at rapid intervals, the miraculous truth that the Sun's diſk was ſtill as effulgent as ever,—and that all this blackneſs in him was but apparent,—it being in the *heavens*, and by no means in the great Orb of day!*

Theſe prodigies could not fail to ſtrike the keeneſt terror into even the ſtouteſt hearts—for the Centurion, and moſt of the Roman ſoldiers, proſtrated themſelves upon the earth; and the Centurion exclaimed—

"*This man was righteous, and truly was he the Son of God!*"

* The moon at that time was at its full; and hence, the univerſal darkneſs could not have been occaſioned by an eclipſe of the ſun. It was probably, therefore, a miraculous obſcuration, or deſtruction of the ſolar rays, after they had reached our atmoſphere; and if ſo, it harmoniſes with a modern phyſical theory, that the Sun is neither a maſs of fire, nor of light; but that his rays become calorific, and luminous, only by combination with our atmoſphere— which, in the preſent caſe, was miraculouſly prevented.

Nature revives—Embalmment and Burial.

Others were *heard* and (through the occaſional brightneſs) were *ſeen*, violently to ſmite their breaſts,—wailing and piteouſly groaning, and ſoon flying rapidly from their now inanimate victim!—ſo that Calvary, and Gihon, and all the valley, were emptied of their myriads, as if by ſome *magic diſſipation*,—leaving few others there, than the Roman ſoldiers—the pious and devoted Mother—the faithful Galilean women—and the ever conſtant John of Bethſaida!

Soon after the ninth hour, the ſun reappeared, and with more than uſual ſplendour: all nature ſeemed refreſhed—the valleys and the mountains ſent forth their brighteſt hues from emerald fields—from compact groves and foreſts—from the flowery banks of the Kedron, and from the richly adorned gardens of the ſuburban palaces! But the Croſſes ſtill retained their lifeleſs burthen; and continued ſo to do during near three hours more.

By law, however, ſuch bodies are never permitted to remain on the croſs after ſun-down; and, moreover, the next day being Sabbath, Pilate then gave permiſſion to the Jews to remove them all forthwith from their reſpective croſſes. This was done; but not until after breaking the legs of the two malefactors. But Jeſus having been dead quite three hours, they ſaved themſelves that trouble; and were about removing him, when one of the ſoldiers ſuddenly thruſt a ſpear deep into his ſide, and probably ſo far as to reach the heart; for there iſſued thence *water*, as well as *blood*.

And here obſerve, dear Priſcilla, that even in this ſmall circumſtance, amidſt the many of this varied tragedy, we find a wonderful, and a ſeemingly *accidental* fulfilment of a very ancient prophecy!—for, are we not expreſſly told that "*a* BONE *of Him ſhall not be broken*"—and further, that "*they ſhall look upon Him whom they pierced!*"

Burial and Reſurrection.

By the Procurator's permiſſion, the body of Jeſus was delivered to JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA; but with the charge that others ſhould examine that body: which was then *embalmed* by his friends; and depoſited in Joſeph's new ſepulchre of ſtone: and this delivery of the body was about the Twelfth hour, the Nazarene having been on the croſs nearly nine hours.*

The High-Prieſt, and other unrelenting Jews, with power, ſtill dreaded even the *lifeleſs* and *embalmed* corſe; for though they ſaw the body was thus prepared for eternal ſleep in that tomb, and delivered into its cold and ſtony chamber, all careſully *ſealed* without; and, though upon each ſide of the door an ample guard of Roman ſoldiers, taken from the fortreſs of Antonia was placed before that

* That is, from nine in the morning, to about ſix o'clock in the evening.

ſealed tomb; and, moreover, though ſtrict directions were given that, on peril of life, thoſe ſoldiers ſhould protect *that ſepulchre*, yet, did conſcience admoniſh thoſe prieſts to be fearful! The tomb, as we know, was protected, and faithfully, too: — but, my Priſcilla, doth not all Jeruſalem, and millions more, alſo *know* how this matter ended — and likewiſe what followed that RESURRECTION from that tomb? Now, though the eye-witneſſes of the reſurrection from the dead, were not very numerous, yet the whole Jewiſh world alſo well *knows* that the body miraculouſly diſappeared — none, no not one, ſuſpected the faith of the *Roman* guard; no motive exiſted for the removal of the dead body to any other place; the Jews are themſelves now deeply ſilent on the matter — the ſoldiers have received no puniſhment, or even *cenſure;* all are amazed — none can gainſay it — hundreds have ſeen the riſen Jeſus — his diſciples, male and female, have converſed with him — and millions have witneſſed the wonders attendant upon the fact, and alſo thoſe that followed! Now, again, my good Priſcilla, a ſimple and viſible *fact*, ſuch as the death of Jeſus, or of his being *ſeen* and *ſpoken* to afterwards in full life, would be as well ſuſtained by the teſtimony of a few hundred credible witneſſes, as by ſo many thouſands, or millions: and this the Jews *well know;* and hence, not a man among them, or among the Romans, dare ſay to the contrary of the fact of his reſurrection. Thoſe in power, or out of power, venture not to attempt the proof, or even the grave *aſſertion* that Jeſus *died* not, or *aroſe* not: ſo that there is now around us unutterable aſtoniſhment and diſmay: this diſmay pierces through the whole land — impreſſing many with an unmixed and living faith; — others (more removed from the ſcene, and from thoſe eyes and ears that witneſſed it) have, indeed, a leſs vital and animating faith, but ſtill leaving the great maſs of our people greatly troubled, and ſome in a ſtate of ſuch judicial blindneſs, nay ferocity, as ſeems, of itſelf, to be quite miraculous! But, doth it not verify to the very letter, thoſe ancient prophecies which ſpeak of the hardy incredulity that *would* afflict the Jews at this time, and for ages thereafter? Truly did Iſaiah ſay, (and nearly 800 years before the event) that "Their wiſdom ſhould *periſh*, and their underſtanding be *hid*."

Jeſus remained in the tomb of the "*rich*" man, and of the counſellor, a part of the ſixth day, all of the ſeventh of that week, and part of the firſt day of the enſuing week — probably, in all, about thirty-ſix hours: which, as thou doſt well know, good Priſcilla, we Hebrews ordinarily ſpeak of as *three days* — ſince parts of three days are embraced therein. And here, again, is the fulfilment of an early prophecy — where Iſaiah ſaith, "He made his grave with the *rich* in his death — becauſe he had done no violence,

neither was any deceit in his mouth." * And the ſame prophet, not only thus alludes to his *ſepulchre* being "with the rich," (as the Arimathean Joſeph ſurely is) but alſo that Emanuel's *death* ſhould be "with the *wicked*," and he be "numbered with the *tranſgreſſors*," as were the two malefactors, who were crucified with him!—ſhowing concluſively, how minutely the far-ſeeing eye of that holy prophet had before him each ſcene of this varied and terrific drama!

I have now finiſhed the painful taſk your pious ſympathy hath impoſed on me—feebly, from its nature, but veraciouſly, and carefully done, as was my ſolemn duty.

The wonderful purity of the Nazarene's character is alike known to all—his Crucifixion, therefore, was intenſely wicked. Never hath *innocence* been ſo proved, and the injuſtice of its puniſhment been ſo triumphantly atteſted! for in it, have we not at leaſt *ſeven* diſtinct teſtimonies?—ſome divine, others human! 1st. It is ſaid, a Voice from Heaven declared unto certain of his diſciples, "This is my *beloved ſon*, in whom I am well pleaſed; hear ye Him!" 2nd. *We know* that all nature trembled and mourned over his Crucifixion, and that the grave gave up its victim! 3rd. We know that his judges, Pilate and Herod, bear teſtimony to his perfect innocence. 4th. So was alſo the teſtimony of the traitor, Judas; who, moreover, hanged himſelf. 5th. Alſo, the wife of Pilate warned her huſband, as to the righteouſneſs of Jeſus. 6th. The Roman centurion declared the ſame, and alſo held him divine, though he an executioner and guard, then at the foot of the croſs! 7th and laſtly. One of the malefactors, periſhing at his ſide, declared his own guilt, and the purity of the Nazarene! God—Nature—Man, all thus combined to eſtabliſh the innocence of this marvellous Being!

You have alſo deſired to have my views as to the *proofs* of the Reſurrection: this, dear lady, I will ſtrive to perform, and according to the laws of *ſtrict evidence*—that is, without the leaſt reference to ancient *prophecy*—or to the *promiſes* of Jeſus ſhortly before his crucifixion—equally without regard to the declaration of his Apoſtles, at this time—and finally, without reſpect to the wonders that preceded, and followed the alleged triumph over the grave. For, if the direct and naked proofs of this mighty fact be not, in themſelves, irreſiſtible, man's perverſe and incredulous nature would be ſcarce better content with the argument that ſhould embrace all the reſt, that I would now omit!

To us who are *now living*, and eſpecially to thoſe in Jeruſalem at the time, ſuch a ſtatement would in no way be needed, for the miracles and wonders were all around us. But, where miraculous

* Iſaiah liii. 9.

evidence terminates, faith muſt begin; and this can be produced only by clear proofs:—the *great event* cannot endure for ever; nor can there be *eyes* and *ears* for ever preſent to witneſs it; and hence human teſtimony muſt ſupply its place—and *faith* muſt ſupply the want of ocular, and of auricular convictions. Thoſe who have ſeen no ſuch wonders and miracles,—or who, in after-ages, ſhall have no miraculous proofs of the now alleged event, muſt repoſe their belief upon the *eſſential nature of proofs*—be they intrinſic, or extrinſic, or both. This other taſk, then, as to the RESURRECTION, ſhall not remain untried of me: this I am bound to do; not for thee, good Priſcilla, but chiefly for Cartaphilus, according to my promiſe heretofore given him; and who will ſend to thee thoſe letters, after he ſhall have carefully peruſed them.

And now, I pray thee, ſuffer the gentle Rebecca to read this letter, my former ones, and thoſe alſo upon the Reſurrection, when they ſhall be ſent to thee: for it is meet the lovely maiden ſhould be a Nazarene in faith, as He was *altogether lovely*. In truth, it doth much grieve me to ſee how unwilling Rebecca is, to expoſe her mind and affections to full reliance upon the New Faith—ſeeing that it preſſes ſo ſorely upon her Cartaphilus. I alſo crave of thee to ſhow theſe epiſtles to my much honoured friend, thy huſband: for I likewiſe mourn that one, like him, ſhould be ſo deeply imbued with unworthy prejudices againſt all thoſe who, for nearly four years paſt, have laboured to reform and renovate the religion of our forefathers; and to engraft thereon doctrines which, though new, are yet in perfect harmony with thoſe of all the prophets. FARE-THEE-WELL. ARTEMAS.

CHRONICLES OF CARTAPHILUS,

THE

Wandering Jew.

BOOK THE SECOND

CHRONICLES OF

Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew.

BOOK II.

Cartaphilus reſumes his Chronicles.

SECTION XV.—JERUSALEM. *Thamuz*, 22. *Seleucidæ*, 347.
[Wedneſday, July 1, A.D. 35.]

I NOW return to the Chronicles of my yet green life, (though ſo wretched and varied) after an abſence from them of more than three moons. Theſe months have been, to others, only as a few fleeting days: but to me, they have been ages of torture, with no moment of repoſe. Can the buſy ſcenes of life ever blot out the remembrance of my interviews with Judas, and of his own miſerable end? But what oil can aſſuage the recollection of the ſcene in Gethſemane's garden—that which followed on the ſame night in the Sanhedrim—the horrid events, on the following morn, at the Prætorium—the hateful and fiend-like proceſſion towards Calvary—the myſterious words, ſo firmly yet mildly uttered againſt me at the Valley Gate? Oh, what rivers of holy water can waſh out the picture from my mind, of that ſtolen and diſtant view I had of Calvary and its croſſes, on that fatal day! and what ſtirring ſcenes by day, or dread viſions of the night, ſhall ſuffice to mitigate the remembrance of thoſe prodigies that ſignalized the day on which the Nazarene expired, and yet more, *that*, in which, as many ſay, the ſealed tomb gave up its dead! Theſe all have ſo cruſhed the ſoul of Cartaphilus, that life is to him a black and angry cloud, more full of peſtilence to his belaboured ſoul, than is ſome ſtagnant pool, feſtering in the hot ſun of the remoteſt ſouth! To the diſtracted and now benighted ſoul of him, who with Judas leagued, all of thoſe pregnant events have brought agonies only,—as the ſweet ſolace of Conviction, whether

Chronicles reſumed.

for, or *againſt* the Nazarene, hath not yet been his! Oh, that Cartaphilus could have, even the feeble conſolation of *thoſe* who *can* believe, though they *do not!* but he hath *ſeen*, and *heard*, and *felt* no little of thoſe marvels; and yet is not convinced!—deny, he cannot, and yet his ſoul is in doubt! Whence cometh that deep ſpirit of mechanical, reſiſtleſs—*neceſſary* doubt? DISBELIEF it is not; oh, would it were *that!* for *doubt* doth more rack the firmeſt ſoul than incredulity, though againſt all teſtimony, and all reaſon. Strange! Cartaphilus hath prayed for belief—for faith; but it comes not!—he hath alſo prayed for utter unbelief; yet it comes not! Nature is but a vaſt ſeries of ænigmas,—Man the greateſt of them all, and leaſt to be reſolved!

* * * * "Surely, as I have ſaid, Man is an ænigma—doth he not to ſome poſſeſſion cling as if part of his inner life, and then reckleſſly forfeit it, as if it were a bauble?—and *for* a bauble! Oh, deareſt to me of all Iſrael's lovely daughters—thou, Rebecca, lovelieſt of them all! canſt thou, and *wilt* thou not miniſter to a mind as ſick with LOVE, as SIN? Strange combination—*love* and *ſin!*—unnatural allies ever, and deſtructive of each other: for is not Sin deformity and death—but Love order and life? and yet, in me, one ſoul doth ſurely contain them both!—yea, a ſoul, O Rebecca! that would now, more than ever, quaff immortal life from the radiance of thine eyes—a ſoul athirſt and panting for the refreſhing dews of thy chaſte love—a ſoul that would revel in the ſmiles of thy beaming countenance—in the melody of thy rich and tender voice,—hoping and believing they might drown the horrors that ſo unceaſingly weigh down life's bliſs, and poiſon the very inner and intellectual being of thy once beloved Cartaphilus!

Meditations on Love and Sin.

"Would that theſe ſolaces from the dear maiden were now mine, if but for an hour! ah, even for one hour, to mitigate, though for ſo brief a time, the many woes that aſſail, ſo conſtantly, the ſpiritual and even active entity within me, we do call the Soul! Oh, that the joys of ſuch an hour would then end in that ſoul's annihilation—and in the body's too,—ſo that of me, CARTAPHILUS, nought ſhould remain, in this, or other world, ſave his diſhonoured *name*—which is but *breath*; for then, nor ſin, nor love, would agitate him more!

"Now is it manifeſt, oh, thou raven-locked daughter of many worthy ſires, that Artemas *thou* wouldſt not wed—nor *he* with thee,—the love he bears his friend forbidding it: and yet, deareſt maiden, *mine* thou never, never canſt be! Oh no, brighteſt of earthly beings! thou ſhalt *not* be mine; for, though Cartaphilus be as a murderer, and ſuborner of an arch-traitor, he would never harm *thee*, thou innocent one—never wound thy peace, nor prove himſelf

untrue to thy holy love!—and yet will Cartaphilus ever continue to adore thy angelic virtue, and thy matchleſs beauty—the one, as perfect in the heart's purity, as the other truly is in the graces of thy outward ſelf! And, now, Rebecca, for the boundleſs love I ſhall ever bear thee, no other return would I crave, than thy continuing, generous pity.

"Oh, would that thou *couldſt* love Artemas!—but this, thou, and he, and thy honoured parents, ſay muſt not be hoped for. Then, deareſt Rebecca, may we not yet be true friends, though my own deep unworthineſs, and deſtiny, forbid a cloſer tie—and even though we ſhould never meet again? And, at leaſt, may we not once more meet, that I may then drink from thy nectared lips ſweet accents, and have my ears raviſhed with the glowing words, that flow in gentle ſtreams from thy rich and noble mind?—and may we not then together ſtray on Kedron's ſoft ſunny banks, and in the meadows, gemmed with varied flowers, and in the cool ſhades of thy father's roſeate bowers,—yea, may we not there hold ſweet converſe, and innocent remembrance of our happier days, until the moon grows pale in the morning dews? Yes, much beloved Rebecca! there might we wander,—thou to *pity* me, thy firſt and only love,—and I ſtill, ſtill to *love*, as ever! And though the ſportive birds, whilſt cheering thy generous and ſpotleſs ſoul, could bring no peace to mine; and though my tears ſhould ſprinkle every flower, and the gentle winds, that play over verdant lawns, odorous with a thouſand violets, were but as murmuring and harſh ſounds to my diſcordant ſoul,—yet would thy voice, thy gentleneſs, thy friendly counſels, ſooth my troubled ſpirit, and ſtifle, for the time, the ugly demon that ſo long hath foully haunted me—yea, from my natal hour!

"To win repoſe, (ah, the repoſe of even one *brief hour of* FORGETFULNESS) how often and ardently have I ſought that oblivion, in the numerous rolls of Greek and Roman poets—in the volumes of their hiſtorians, of their philoſophers, their moraliſts!—and all was but vanity and vexation of ſpirit—they proved to me no draught of Lethe; for the guilty paſt is ever preſent—and the dark future ſeems as an endleſs journey through waſtes, and deſerts, and ſtagnant pools! Gethſemane's dread realities—the gorgeous wickedneſs of all I witneſſed in the hall of the Sanhedrim—the howling multitude at the Prætorium—thoſe upon the way towards the Valley—thoſe upon Gihon and Calvary—the terrific throes of nature in the then enraged elements, and the moanings of a ſickened world, can never fade from memory's tablet!—and yet, whether theſe be all of Beel-zebul's vaſt power, in mighty conflict with the God of Iſrael, Cartaphilus wots not. Fain would I ſhun theſe meditations, but cannot; for thought comes upon

thought as reſiſtleſſly, as doth wave ſucceed wave! and now doth Philoſophy bid that, if we would conquer evils, we ſhould not mourn over them as without hope, nor waſte the ſoul's energies in vain endeavours to annihilate them—but that we ſhould ſternly view them all; and, concealing nothing, look upon them in their naked, and moſt hideous forms! Fear vanquiſheth nothing; but valorous contemplation leads to *knowledge* and hence to *power*—which Satanas ſurely hath! yea, poſſibly, to conviction, perhaps to repentance, and finally, to forgiveneſs, with its bleſſed offspring, Happineſs! Can it ſo be, ever, with Cartaphilus?"*

LETTER XI.

Artemas to Cartaphilus.

Cæsaria—late Straton's Tower. *Sivan*, 13.
Seleucidæ, 348. [May 22nd, A. D. 36.]

MY heart prompts me to write kindly unto thee; ſince, if rightly I know thee, thou muſt now be, of all men, the moſt wretched. O Cartaphilus! what haſt thou done—and what thy remedy? As to me it ſeems, no other refuge is left thee, but in that very Name thou ſo much haſt abuſed: for, though he *died* upon Calvary, remember that he *periſhed* not!

Nearly twenty and ſix moons have paſſed ſince, at Golgotha, we parted,—when, near the Valley Gate, I witneſſed thy firſt miſery, and the cauſe of it. We have, indeed, ſomewhat communed by letter; and my inquiries have been anxious and conſtant in regard to thee: but thy face, and once delightful converſe, have been withheld, and hidden from us all, ſave myſelf, and only once wouldſt thou ſee me, quite two years ago!

* This is one, among many, of the characteriſtic *Muſings* of this greatly agitated Soul; who thus ſtrangely blends a chaſte love with deep ſin—doubt with belief—hope with deſpair—terror with daring—candour with ſelf-deception—the power of Satanas with that of the God of Jacob—blaſphemy with faith in repentance—and who regards *knowledge as power!*

And here it may be remarked, as a very intereſting fact, that this great *Baconian* maxim, that "*knowledge is power*," may be found not only in ſome Hebrew and Talmudical writers, but alſo in ſome *Arabian* authors; to none of which, is it probable, that Lord Bacon ever had acceſs! and how this fact, as regards Cartaphilus, will be found in entire harmony with his proceedings, in the ſeventh century of his eventful life, need not now be further alluded to.

The Day of Pentecoſt.

Thy three valued friends, now at *Sychar*, have heard with deepeſt ſorrow, of thy maddening gloom—and alſo of thy inflexible unbelief, as I muſt call it, though the ſofter word "*doubt*" be thine—each, however, in ſtubborn diſregard of the mighty wonders of the Crucifixion-day; and of thoſe yet more awakening events which, three days more produced,—and again, in forty-ſeven days more, when, upon the Pentecoſtal-day, ſo many thouſands witneſſed thoſe wondrous gifts of tongues, that added great ſtrength, even to the Crucifixion and Reſurrection marvels! Since that pentecoſtal-day, two years have merged their hours in the great ſea of time—years to me, the happieſt of my life—ſave on *thy account*, oh, my Cartaphilus!* *The Day of Pentecoſt.*

Since the aſtounding event on the day of Pentecoſt—an event that obſcures all others on account of which the feſtival was previouſly eſtabliſhed, my mental eye has continually dwelt upon the bright ſcene of that day,—and with a keenneſs, ſecond only to that which happened upon Calvary: and I doubt not that, in all future ages, the Nazarenes will obſerve that day, as dearer to them, than even to the Jews,—for, on that day, the once crucified, but then glorified Shiloh, ſent from Heaven, as promiſed, the *Comforter*—called The Holy Ghost: and all of that great miracle (witneſſed by ſo many thouſands) was ſo mighty, and viſible, that none but the blindeſt, and the moſt perverſe reſiſted, or can reſiſt, the great truth it ſeemed to teach, that, immediately thereafter, a New Diſpenſation was ordained: which, whilſt it retains the whole *moral law*, hath utterly aboliſhed the *ceremonial law*—hath brought *Immortality* more clearly to light—and hath revealed new *doctrines*,

* The Feaſt of Pentecoſt was the ſecond great feſtival of the Jews. It is called the "*Feaſt of Harveſt*"—"*Feaſt of Weeks*"—"*Feaſt of the Firſt Fruits*"—"*The Feaſt of the Fiftieth*;" and, by the Rabbins, the "*Gnaſoreth.*" It was celebrated on the day after the expiration of a week of weeks—that is, on the *fiftieth* day after Paſſover day, or ſeven weeks from the 16th of the month Niſan. This feaſt was originally inſtituted by the Jews, to commemorate, 1ſt, their peaceful poſſeſſion of Canaan; 2nd, to render thanks for the in-gathering of their harveſt; 3rd, as the anniverſary of the promulgation of the Law from Sinai: and afterwards by the Chriſtians, as the day of the deſcent of the Holy Ghoſt upon the Apoſtles, attended by the miraculous gift of tongues! It is now popularly called *Whitſuntide*, or White-Sunday,—becauſe, in the primitive Church, the newly-baptized were accuſtomed, between Eaſter and Pentecoſt, to come to church clothed in white garments. Eaſter being a moveable feaſt, that of Pentecoſt is neceſſarily ſo: for Eaſter is always the firſt Sunday after that full moon which happens upon, or next after the 21ſt of March: and, if that moon happen upon a Sunday, Eaſter is the Sunday after. The 50 days are now reckoned from Eaſter Sunday, inſtead of Good Friday, which was the actual Paſſover day. After the Reſurrection, it occurred on Sunday, the 7th day of the Jewiſh month *Sivan*, then the 16th May.

and *facts*, in fulfilment of nearly all the remaining ancient prophecies ſince the Fall of Man!

Of all Iſrael's ſons, *thou*, Cartaphilus, hadſt moſt need to be preſent on that day of wonders; for even thy ſtubborn heart muſt have been ſubdued by the palpable and effulgent teſtimonial of thoſe holy truths, which thou haſt reſiſted—nay trampled on—and with as little cauſe as Caiaphas, and the reſt.

Urgent reproof of Cartaphilus.

I failed to convince thee, by my letter concerning the ten Lepers, though I, thy friend, was an eye-witneſs thereof: but the ear of Malchus was miraculouſly reſtored *in thy preſence;* yet this, and likewiſe the triumphal entry of Jeſus into Jeruſalem, (alſo ſeen of thee, and no ſmall miracle) were all alike indifferent to thee! The Purgation of the Temple, moreover, ſeen of thee, and more than that, *experienced* of thee, was ſtill with no effect!—nay, it *angered* thee—and to what dread extent, I would ſhudder to recount! Thine own eyes alſo beheld moſt of the awful events that marked Calvary's great day—a day, black as Satan's abode; yet muſt it live in man's grateful remembrance in all time, and be juveneſcent through eternity; for, on that day was Adam's Fall atoned—and Emancipation announced, and made of all true believers—Gentiles, as well as Jews!

Now, dear Cartaphilus, if thy unbelief, after all thou haſt ſeen and heard, ſhall ſtill be cheriſhed, great need wilt thou have to pray that the Nazarene may *not quickly come*, and that thy "*tarry*" here may be prolonged for ages! The words he uttered to thee at the Valley Gate, will never fade from thy memory: we cannot ſay, of a ſurety, their exact import—but they can have no ordinary meaning.

Our mutual friend Aquila, as I learn, has lately placed before thee, in all ſimplicity and truth, his argument upon that piercing and reſiſtleſs fact, the Resurrection. I call it *piercing* and *reſiſtleſs:* but that it is a *fact*, neither he, nor I, aſk of you to receive it as ſuch, upon aſſertion only—nor, though that aſſertion be made by myriads: for the Reſurrection, *as a fact*, is ſuſtained by far better proof than the aſſertion of any number of men whatever! Marvel not at this; becauſe, ſo numerous are the incidents and circumſtances—ſo inherent are the proofs, beyond the mere declarations of thoſe who ſaw him, and converſed with, and handled him, (after crucifixion, embalmment, and burial) that ſuch circumſtances (like *accidents*) are of far greater weight than human teſtimony. Admitted *circumſtances* (and there are many touching the alleged reſurrection) whilſt they are beyond the wit and power of man to *contrive*, afford to every one the means of arguing out, in his own mind, the truth of the aſſerted fact,—and in a way, too, ſo

reſiſtleſs as to need, in no degree whatever, the direct teſtimony of thoſe, who aſſure us that *their* eyes, ears, and feeling witneſſed him alive, after he was entombed; and alſo witneſſed his aſcenſion, and final diſappearance, in the heavens!

In this point of view, as I fear, thou haſt not read the argument of Aquila; and, therefore, is it my purpoſe, at ſome other time, to deal with the Reſurrection of Jeſus, mainly in that way: for, that *circumſtances* may be much ſtronger, and more convincing than naked human teſtimony, (aſſertive of facts as *ſeen* and *heard*,) I can in no wiſe doubt:—men may be deceived, or be deceivers—but admitted circumſtances leave their inevitable impreſſion, are above ſuſpicion, remain for ever—and the world can judge of them throughout all time!

Wonderful blindneſs—ſtrange infatuation! that ſo wiſe a man as Cartaphilus cannot perceive, that moral demonſtration may be juſt as perfect as is mathematical; and that, whilſt Euclid and Pythagoras daily lie upon his table, and hourly receive the homage of his faith; yet that the moral argument for the Reſurrection ſhould fall lifeleſs upon his mind! But, dear Cartaphilus, *abandon* thee I will not; though well-nigh haſt thou abandoned thyſelf. Hope as to thee is not quite gone; the more ſo, as I cannot forget a certain *little* word uſed towards thee by Jeſus, when firſt thine eye met his in the Temple! Haſt *thou* loſt ſight of that little word, O Cartaphilus?—If ſo, I muſt now remind thee: for, though few in *letters*, it is large in *meaning!* Doſt not thou remember, upon an occaſion in the Temple, thy harſhneſs towards one of the Nazarene's diſciples? He had told thee of a miracle, by the means of which Jeſus had paid his tributes unto Cæſar, and the Temple: but thou, in ſeverity, bade him begone—that the idle tale might ſuit thoſe of Capernaum, but not the wiſer ones of Jeruſalem,—whereupon Jeſus mildly ſaid to his diſciple, "Follow me—that man is *yet* in the gall of bitterneſs." Greatly offended wert thou at theſe words,—but, O Cartaphilus! fail not to rejoice at them; and ponder well that emphatic, nay *prophetic* word "YET," for prophetic ſurely it muſt be, as the Great Nazarene knew all things; and hath never uttered an *unmeaning* word,—ſo that this ſmall word, as it ſeems to me, imports that, though thou wert *then* in the "gall of bitterneſs," the day *will* come when this, thy gall of unbelief, will be changed into the ſweetneſs of faith, and into the delight of mental purity!

Converſion of Saul of Tarſus.

Doubtleſs, the wonderful change in thy friend, Saul of Tarſus, has in ſome form reached thine ears. No longer is he thy friend and aſſociate in the perſecution of the afflicted Nazarenes! If, in thy retirement, the marvels lately wrought upon him have not been heard of thee,—

know, then, that as he journeyed towards Damaſcus, with the fierceſt vengeance againſt the Innovators, as then he called them, and with ample credentials from the High Prieſt, to bring them bound in chains unto Jeruſalem; he was ſuddenly arreſted in his way, by this very crucified Jeſus, but then glorified and ſurrounded by an exceedingly dazzling light from Heaven! In the hearing of all Saul's attendants, the Holy Voice bade him proceed forthwith on to Damaſcus; where he ſhould be inſtructed as to his future courſe! Thither Saul went; but wholly deprived of ſight, by the intenſeneſs of the heavenly brightneſs,—and thus remained ſome days; during which time he neither ate nor drank. Another viſion, about that time, came to one Ananias, a diſciple, then at Damaſcus, commanding him to inſtantly ſee Saul—reſtore him to ſight—impart to him the influences of the Holy Spirit—baptize him—and then to ſend him forth as an Apoſtle to the Gentiles, to the kings and nations of the whole earth; and, O Cartaphilus, even to the ungrateful and rebellious ſons and daughters of Iſrael.

This high and merciful miſſion, Saul is now moſt zealous in executing; and he, who ſpared neither age nor ſex among the faithful—yes, he who, with thee and others, had ſlayed the holieſt of the ſeven deacons, the youthful STEPHEN; and that, too, in the very moment he was inſtructing thoſe around him in heavenly things, and invoking his Maſter *mercifully* to regard the enemies and murderers who then ſought his life—and not to lay the ſin of his death to their charge—yet was this lovely herald of grace ſlain by thoſe around him—and thou, Cartaphilus, (as with grief we hear,) and Saul *conſenting*—not, indeed, by the caſting of any ſtones, but by thy preſence, *and otherwiſe!* This, in Saul, wondered us not; but, in thee, and after thy great troubles in Hinnom, ſeems to have been another ſudden madneſs that hath cauſed us great additional pain—but, I am now to ſpeak of Saul, and not of thee.

Oh, Cartaphilus! bear it ever in thy mind, that this Saul of Tarſus, whoſe wonderful mind, and learning, and energy, had ſo much won thee, as to ſeduce thee even from Hinnom, and for a moment to ſeek Jeruſalem, and there again forget thy better feelings—yea, this very Saul is now a faſt convert to that faith, againſt which he and thou were then ſo active!—*he* now a meſſenger ſpecially charged with the ſpread of the glad tidings of the Meſſiah's kingdom—and *thou*, a gloomy looker-on, and poſſibly, even yet, a brooding hater of tidings, in which, as I fear, no part or lot wilt thou ever have, until thy ſtubborn ſoul be purged with the fires of many afflictions!

But ſtill, my earlieſt and once moſt valued friend, I would aſk, what is to ſhut out all hope that Cartaphilus ſhall follow Saul? That little word "*yet*," is again recalled to my mind: and

though I may not live to ſee it effective in thee, and though delayed even for ages, yet do I charge thee never to forget it: and were Artemas and Cartaphilus to meet again at His *final coming*, equal faith would Artemas then have in *that word*, as now! * * * * * * Thy friends at Sychar think of thee conſtantly, and with grief and dread; but ſtill are they deeply memorative of thy devotion to them, when at Ramoth. The excellent Priſcilla is now among the moſt faithful and zealous of thoſe who have received the name of Nazarenes; (and whether in honour, or in diſhonour, from the world, diſturbs her not)—but the innocent, ſenſible, and lovely Rebecca, I mourn to ſay, remains in her father's faith—and, O Cartaphilus! I muſt in candour ſay, chiefly in regard for thee, and thy opinions,—though ſhe hath freely vowed to her parents never to wed thee! This is to me a ſource of great pain; my hope and prayers having ſtill been to ſee thee, and all of that dear family, united by earthly ties, as well as by one faith: yes, Cartaphilus, to ſee thee and Rebecca one, was the conſtant theme of my ſoul's hope.

Artemas' love for Rebecca.

It is only of late I heard of thy endeavour, nay firm reſolve, no more to think of Rebecca; and to wean thyſelf as much from the world, as from her! Finding thee in Jeruſalem, for a time, we hoped that, for ever, thou hadſt not only abandoned the deteſted Hinnom, but all other ſuch gloomy abodes: and yet we now hear thou doſt ſtill bury thyſelf in ſome unknown and ſolitary place, in Jehoſhaphat's valley; and, indeed, even among its tombs! Why this? and how different this, from thy generous letter to the lovely maiden, and to her parents, communicated to me this day,—in which thou haſt urged her and them as to *my union* with the damſel! Oh, Cartaphilus! this muſt not be—cannot be: for, though I have ever loved that priceleſs jewel—ſhe, who needs not, and would not, cover her flowing hair with gold duſt—I, who ever loved that faireſt of Judah's daughters, and well know ſhe hath a mind and heart of viſible ſtrength, and of tranſparent purity, yea, a ſoul enſhrined in a form of matchleſs excellence—in whoſe face the roſes of Sharon, and the white bloſſomed jeſſamines of Engeddi mingle their hues in ſweeteſt harmony,—whoſe lips, like rubies, or roſeate wines, ſparkling in ſun-beams, give forth a breath fragrant as the dews of Hermon;—whoſe voice (paſſing through teeth as of pearls, or ſnow-drops) is ſoft as the whiſpers of her kithera; whoſe downy boſom gently ſwells as two pomegranates,—whoſe languiſhing, and yet fiery eyes, are like thoſe of the Zabi, when beaming through the palms of Carmel,—and whoſe ſtature, ſtraight as the javelin, ſhadows forth the directneſs and the power of her elevated ſoul! all, all of theſe, my Cartaphilus, are well known unto thy friend Artemas: and yet, he now declares

to thee, that, ſhould Rebecca freely proffer all, and that, too, with thy, and with her parents' earneſt wiſhes, it cannot—muſt not be; for ſhe was thine, by thy *firſt love*—thine, by *mutual love*—and thine, by thine own *eminent worth*, until Beel-zebul entered into thee, and ſpoiled all! Oh, deareſt and moſt beloved of friends! though I greatly loved the maiden, even before I knew thy mind towards her; yet thou well knoweſt how cloſely guarded, ever ſince, hath been my heart and lips, and how deeply have I mourned over thy misfortunes, and ſtriven to ward them off; ſo that thou, Cartaphilus, might have made her thine own for life. And yet Rebecca may ſtill be thine—never mine! Her vow can no longer bind, than the *cauſe* exiſts, that gave it birth: and all that in thee is foul may yet be waſhed out, and thou be made as pure as violets, dripping with the morning dews, if thou *wilt* but invoke, with deep contrition, the Name of Jeſus! *

If Saul has been purified, why may not Cartaphilus? Saul was full of vengeance, and committed great havoc: who, then, ſhall limit, who *can* limit, the grace of Him who cleanſed the lepers, and changed the ſoul of Saul, from a prowling lion, into a humble lamb? This is the very *nature*, this the high *excellence*, of that religion alone, that now is revealed to us: and all that hath been ſaid and done by our forefathers,—yea, even by our Maſter, Moſes, (who, from his birth, is ſaid to have been "*fair to God*,") and all that ſhone forth in Abraham, Iſaac, and Jacob, and alſo in the prophets of our holy and long venerated religion, are but feeble ſhadows, compared with thoſe divine truths, and ſaving graces that with SHILOH came, in this our day!

The EVIL ONE, *his many names.*

Come then, O Cartaphilus! caſt off the whole body of ſin and of death; be traitor to none but that MOLOCH, whoſe miſchiefs are, as his names, ſo diverſe: for this Moloch is alſo called *Abadon*, *Beel-zebul*, *Ah-riman*, *Satanas*, *Typhon*, *Belial*, *Samael*, *Lucifer*, *Azraël*, *Pluto*, *Aſmodai*, *Hecate*, *Baalath-Aub*,—and his foul deeds are ſtill under other names and forms! Retrace thy ſteps, O Cartaphilus; commune no longer with thoſe foul ſpirits—one, or many: but, under

* This oriental and ornate language of Artemas, ſo full of the freſhneſs of his own youth, and of the images and tropes derived to him from the lovely ſcenery by which he was ſurrounded, alſo from the genial climate of Judea, and from the objects ſo familiar there to all the ſenſes, is, when ſo conſidered, quite natural. And though, to the leſs Aſiatic taſte of our own age, it may ſeem ſomewhat novel, the Editor is bound to render it faithfully, according to the original chronicles,—eſpecially, as ſuch language is often as characteriſtic of the times, as would be the thoughts, and even actions, and viſible things around him. The *Zabi*, whoſe eyes beaming through the pines of Carmel, are likened to Rebecca's eyes, is the ſame animal known to us as the Gazâl of the Arabians, and the Apû of the Turks. The *kithera* is the guitar.

the broad white banner of the crucified Emanuel, win back to thy now tortured mind, earthly as well as heavenly bliſs. Forſake the ſecret places of Jehoſhaphat's valley, as well as the more loathſome ones of Hinnom; brood no more, in thy morbid way, over thy many juſt cauſes of anguiſh; and yet, attempt not to ſmother remorſe: for though the *outward* and viſible world thou mayeſt no longer heed, yet will the *mind* (that ever active and eternal entity) come forth, and in thy deepeſt retirement from man, ariſe within its own clayey tenement, and torture thee with might, under a thouſand hideous and reſiſtleſs forms! Oh, come, then, Cartaphilus, again I ſay, ſhake off this Moloch, and exclaim with the ſublime Prophet, "Would that my head were waters, and my eyes a fountain of tears!"—for WEEPING maketh the heart light: and, as the ſoft and cooling ſhowers, when ſhed on the parched earth, ſo would thoſe tears cauſe freſhneſs, and green hope and reſolution to ſpring up in thy withered ſoul! FARE-THEE-WELL.

ARTEMAS.

SECTION XVI.—*Sivan*, 28. *Seleucidæ*, 348. [June 6, A.D. 36.]

THE foregoing letter from the noble-hearted Artemas, I have read till my eyes are ſore with weeping—my ears heed all things alike, and until my ſluggiſh ſoul can no longer be rouſed or moved by the bitter preſent, nor by all that friends can ſay as to the eventful future. For ſome relief, I roam through pathleſs deſerts, and through tangled groves: but Hinnom's ſmoky vale—the mingled bones of ſlaughtered victims there—the birds of death and blood that hover therein, blending their ſhrieking dirges with the crackling noiſes of many fires—the pale vapours that aſcend from that foul valley into the heavens, mantling there, in the darkneſs of the night—and the remembrance of the thrilling horrors which there prevailed in former ages, when Moloch was fed with the blood of our children! all, all of theſe, ſo loathing to others, and once deeply ſo to me, are now moſt genial to the temper of my diſeaſed ſoul! Oh, it is moſt true, miſery doth make for us ſtrange acquaintances!—things foreign to our mind, and hateful to our nature, become, in ſorrow, our cheriſhed and moſt abiding companions!

Hinnom's Valley. Stellar Influences.

HAIL MAZZAROTH! come quickly on, thou raging Star, that doſt preſide for forty days and nights o'er the ſcorching heats of Summer, I love thy fury—I love thy ſultry influences,—they ſuit the diſtempered habit of my ſoul! From thee *Chimah* ſhrinks back, and *Cheſil* ſlowly advances to benumb thy potent rays—

whilſt *Aiſh*, ſtill later, lags on with his Wintry blaſts, to cover the earth and waters with his *too chaſtening* colds! I love thy ardour, O Mazzaroth! for thou doſt come from the receſſes of the far South, with peſtilence and death upon thy wings—reſolving all things—mixing all things; and, ever regardful of thy appointed time, at ORION'S bidding! Thy ſultry days and putrifying heats are more in harmony with my burning heart, and troubled mind, than are the genial and ſoft winds of Spring, when ſcarce they whiſper through the waving palms—or, than the froſty Hyperboréan, when the winter's ſnows clothe all nature with an emblem of purity, ſo foreign to my belaboured ſoul. Hail again, O Mazzaroth!—thy influences I love.*

Muſings upon Death and Immortality.

* * * * * And yet I would *not die*, though death be indeed the perfecteſt of all corruptions, yea, a putrefaction more thorough than even Mazzaroth doth generate. * * * * * But hold, Cartaphilus! Hath Sin and Love, indeed *crazed* thee; and have theſe, combined, driven from its proud throne that haughty *reaſon*, of which thou haſt ſo long vaunted, and made of thee a poor and helpleſs wanderer from humanity? Much do I fear it is ſo: for

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* MAZZAROTH (called alſo Sirius, or the Dog-Star) is the ſtar of Auguſt, and of peſtilential heats. *Chimah*, known as Taurus, or the Bull, is the ſtar of Spring; *Cheſil*, or Scorpio, preſides over Autumn; and *Aiſh*, alſo known as Urſa Major, or the Great Bear, has Winter for her charge.

ORION was ſuppoſed to influence Sirius,—drawing him forth from his Antarctic receſſes, to reſiſt Urſa Major, and reſtrict her and her whelps, to their Arctic den! How beautifully do the Hebrew names of theſe conſtellations expreſs their ſeveral ſtations, and ſuppoſed offices! *Mazzaroth* ſignifies "*raging*;" and is equivalent to the "*Rabiem Canis*"—the "*Jam Procyon furit*," and the "*Inſana Canicula*" of the Romans,—and is well applied to the Dog-Star.

Aiſh, the oppoſing conſtellation of Winter, ſignifies an "*aſſemblage*," and is appropriately ſo named in Hebrew, as the ſtars of Urſa Major are more ſtrikingly grouped, than any others in all the heavens.

Chimah, likewiſe, which imports "*charming*," preſides over lovely Spring; and, under the name of Taurus, or the Bull, in our language, is hailed as the ſtar of the *opening* month of April, when he has caſt behind him the Northern Bear, but ſtill ſhrinks from the onward march of the furious Mazzaroth—that ſtar of heat and corruption, which we denominate the Dog-Star.

Cheſil comes laſtly on; and, by his name, the "*benumbed*," forcibly expreſſes the withering influences of Autumn, when cold begins, as the ſun enters into that conſtellation. How greatly the mind of Cartaphilus was imbued with theſe images ſo familiar to the Hebrews, the Syrians, the Arabians, Egyptians, and, indeed, to all other Oriental nations, is at once ſeen in this his welcoming apoſtrophe to Mazzaroth, as the ſtar of his then genius—the ſtar moſt in uniſon with the feveriſh condition of his ſoul—with the (ſo to ſpeak) ſultry and *corrupting* influences of the *thoughts* that ſo conſtantly aſſailed him!

now doth my ſoul burn with volcanic fires—my heart loathe all nature—and my ſoul rebel againſt all that hath life! Why, then, wouldſt thou *not die?*

OH, DEATH! why art thou ſo much feared, when, in truth, *Life* is forced, and *Thou* alone art natural? Whence, then, that inward dread, that ſtrong recoil, that ſhrinking from the inevitable with all? Nothing that *breathes* doth eſcape thy ſummons; for thou, O death! ſoon, or late, muſt ſtrike us all—and no medicament can ward thee off—few, if any, mitigate thy pangs! It were wiſdom, then, to fear thee nothing; and, to tremble at thy approach, were naked cowardice. Medicines, though moſt artfully compounded, delay not Death: for, when his grim and griſly Meſſenger doth *truly* ſummon, the bidden one incontinently muſt yield,—ſince human ſkill is then quite powerleſs to avert the mandate. Hence, O Death! when the herbs, ſo ſalutary and well contrived, *ſeem* to have driven from our door thine Angel, 'tis but when he hath *not* truly knocked, and only when he hath at a diſtance ſtood, fearfully looking on us, and hath but trifled with our terrors,—or, that he thus vouchſafed to note his power; then taking wing, leaves us, for a ſeaſon, in repoſe and forgetfulneſs, but to return with fatal certainty at laſt!

Tell me, oh my ſoul! what is this great myſtery—this thing called Death—ſo natural, ſo common, and yet ſo hated? Who ſhall trace its ſource, and whither it tends—who ſhall ſay whether it triumphs over ſoul, as well as body,—or only ſeparates them, that the latter may *periſh* quite, the former *live* eternally? And, if both be mortal, why ſhould man have ever lived, ſeeing that he ſo often lives but a brief ſpan, and almoſt ever to ſuch poor and ignoble purpoſes?

If then, MAN, who breathes, be hence immortal, why are not the numerous beaſts, and birds, and reptiles—and yon gaily plumed inſects, equally immortal,—for they too *breathe*, and likewiſe obey laws, and violate them! Doth ſoul truly differ from life, and from breath? What is this *ſoul*—this *life*—this *breath?* And if they differ not, then all things that breathe muſt alſo be immortal, if man be ſo! But, if ſoul and breath *do* differ, how, and to what extent? for the beaſts, the birds, the reptiles—yea, the almoſt inviſible living entities, often have more prudence, gratitude and love, than man! And ſome there be of brutes, whoſe conſciouſneſs of right and wrong—and whoſe patient ſtudy of duty, might well teach their haughty maſters many rules of right, and ways of wiſdom! Dread myſtery!—dark riddle!——Life—Death—Eternity! all unfathomable alike!—who ſhall relieve my doubting, dreaming ſoul—who, from this great body of perplexing wonders, ſhall lift up the filmy veil that ſhuts out the light, that muſt be bright behind it,

and thus give reſt to the tortured mind of Cartaphilus—and the multitude like him?

How ſickening are theſe contemplations to my ſoul! but avoid them I cannot—which, in itſelf is a racking myſtery! all life is loathed by me—and yet I purſue it!—thought is odious to me, and ſtill *I live on thought!* Oh, that THOUGHT were for ever and for ever blotted out—or, that ſome meſſenger, who paſſing from this world of care and doubt, had gazed upon the glory—or the gloom, of that which lies beyond the grave, were now permitted again to tread theſe ſhores, and here to reveal fully to our longing ears, the hiſtory of what Death truly is!

O, 'tis not death—nor yet annihilation—nor immortal life—nor the ſilence and corruption of the grave, that thus diſturbs me, and chills my heart into icy coldneſs: no! no! but 'tis the toſſing doubt—the exciting myſtery—the dread uncertainty, be it of weal, or of woe, that ſo load my heart, and caſt my troubled ſoul about, knowing not how or whither to ſeek a harbour or a ſhore! If, in the tomb, ſoul and body be quite extinct—if both lay down in an eternal ſleep, the *loſs* is nought—the *gain* is certain: for, to ſhrink from mere *nonexiſtence* is meagre folly, and unmeaning cowardice.

But if, (as our Phariſees, and yet more theſe Nazarenes, maintain) all death is but the body's ruin, and the ſoul's ſecond birth; if to *die* is to be *born* again—and then to live eternally, Death is gain indeed! for then would death be nought but parting with *breath;* which, (in life, doth come and go mechanically) would, when diſembodied, yield to the ſoul no *forced* exiſtence, but an unaided and immortal one.

Avaunt then! Avaunt! all dread of death and the grave—is not the pang of diſſolution momentary?—let Cartaphilus leap into the abyſs—let him court the grim phantom! And though myriads do ſhun that monarch, as a conſuming, hateful monſter, let me hail Him as altogether bright and lovely! O, would not then the ſoul be free—will it not then revel in immortal being—luxuriate in endleſs, intoxicate glory—and fly unſeen, unheard, intact, through all illimitable ſpace? Would it not then be freed of all corruptions that time and matter generate—from the pains of mortal body—and from all the agonizing thoughts of a clay-bound ſoul? Truly, ſo muſt it be: for cares and pangs of ſoul and body ſpring alone from their cloſe alliance!

Or if, (even as the Sadducees maintain) the untabernacled ſoul alſo dies,—well, be it ſo: in dreamleſs ſleep eternal, there's no pain, as no *thought* can then exiſt! Welcome, then, thrice welcome Death, in either view; and hence muſt it be the ſureſt refuge from the ills of time—the ending of all our toils—the portal of repoſe, be it of Life unending, or of Annihilation! Death, then, is Liberty—

but Life is Slavery ; yea, from the firſt tears we ſhed at birth, to the laſt ſigh we breathe ! * * * * * * * * * * * * * But, hold, Cartaphilus ! hold ! If an after life there be, what then ?—muſt it *needs be happy?* Haſt thou juſtly conned *that* queſtion ? Is there no broken link in the chain of thy reaſoning—haſt thou been in this a ſound logician, or, ſomewhat, a ſelf-deceiver ? If the *Baptiſt*, whom Herod murdered, and the *Nazarene*, who periſhed, (I dare not utter how,) if they both, I ſay, have truly propheſied, Man is indeed heir to *immortality*—but likewiſe is he heir to weal, or to woe—yea, to a dread *reſponſibility*, that may *not* end in *happineſs !* If, then, when the ſoul is diſembodied, and becomes immortal, there *may* be bliſs immeaſurable, ſo may there *alſo* be woes unmitigable—and if ſo, Death is *not* ſure liberty, is *not* the reaping a ſure harveſt of never-ending bliſs !—but greatly otherwiſe, —ſince man is as prone to ſin, as is the ſmoke to riſe, or the ſtone to fall !

Hence was it, that John preached *Repentance*, as well as *Baptiſm :* and to this is now added *Faith in the Atonement* of the Nazarene !—and theſe three means, even Saul, once ſo fierce a perſecutor, now holds eſſential ! How wonderful to Cartaphilus are all theſe things !—an infinitely wiſe—juſt—and merciful God—Man, a finite—erring being—puniſhed, *not finitely*, but infinitely—and for deeds done, but *as of the moment*, and prompted, moreover, not *ſponte ſua*, but by the artifices of a moſt powerful Being—alike the foe of Man and God ! Oh, theſe are, indeed, fathomleſs myſteries !—and yet *His diſciples* do manifeſt a faith, as clear and immovable, as if thoroughly ſkilled in all of Heaven's arcana ! Well do I remember how my good Artemas would argue that no mortal can of *death* be fearleſs, till repentance, baptiſm, and faith are all united, as the only ſhield againſt Belial. How often would he ſay, " Wiſdom and Virtue avail not—Repentance and Baptiſm avail not : but to all theſe muſt be added Faith in Joſeph and Mary's ſon —*as the ſon of God*—as the *Incarnate God ! !* And ſo ſaid they all that loved me. Wonderful myſtery !—and how ſtrangely revealed ! * * * * * * How full of ſad miſgivings is thy ſoul, O Cartaphilus !—how much oppreſſed thy mind with fitful and contradictory notions ! A believer *now*—an infidel *then !* At morn, repentant and fearful in the duſt—at eve, as Lucifer, proud, as Moloch, wicked ! Oh ! for a ray—one little ray, of Light Divine —free from Belial's whiſpers !

What *fatality* (if fate it were) cauſed thee to league with Judas, whom thou didſt deſpiſe,—and in a foul treaſon againſt ſupernal innocence, ſo bright that, be he of earth, or of heaven, Angels muſt delight to do him reverence ! Oh Night, ſupreme in horrors, when Judas and Cartaphilus in alliance met, to plot

unholy miſchief againſt worth more pure than Eden's garden ever ſaw, when Adam firſt wandered there in bliſs ineffable! O day of darkneſs, ſuch as Earth ſhrank from, and to its centre ſhook, when the meek Bethlehemite, through me, died the crueleſt and moſt ignominious of deaths! O day and night moſt foul, be ye in my remembrance as black for ever, as they then were!—be ye preſent to my ſoul, and rack it with all thy terrors; ſo that no beam of light may enter there; but let my mind, cheerleſs and in deepeſt gloom continue, for *that*, the moſt deteſted and inexpiable of ſins! Yea, more fearful and black, than thoſe ſtormy clouds, that on the fatal night hung over ſoft Gethſemane's lovely garden, muſt be the ſoul of Cartaphilus! for that *nameleſs* deed, let it be viſited with ſights as fearful as Jeruſalem ſaw, when the crucified Nazarene, in agony cried aloud, ELI, ELI, LAMAH AZABTANI—and then expired! Oh! how the earth then quaked—how the rocks were burſt aſunder—the Temple's veil, from top to bottom, rent in twain—the Orb of day obſcured and chilled!—yea, the graves of ſome forced open, and in ſome days thereafter, they yielded up their dead for a time!* Tell me, oh my ſoul! was he king—prophet, Immanuel, Shiloh; oh! tell me, was he GOD?

If the leaſt of theſe—yea, if a mere deluded man, ſtill was the act moſt vile, moſt wicked; and ſo condemned of Heaven, that all created things loathed, and ſickened at the ſight!

Would that I had *ſeen* this much talked-of RESURRECTION! for others' eyes and ears bring not conviction, as do our own. Had I but ſeen the tomb diſgorge its lifeleſs and embalmed tenant!—and He upriſing with glory through the clouds, till loſt in diſtance! *That* were ſufficient—conviction muſt then have come; and ſorrow, deep as the ſea's abyſs, and enduring as the rocky hills. But how believe ſolely through the faith of others?—for, as lately I have heard, one Thomas-dydimus (though a diſciple of the Nazarene) believed not in this reſurrection, till, as others ſtill ſay, he obtained his faith, by ſeeing and feeling!—but how doth Cartaphilus *know* that this Thomas ever did ſo *ſee* and *feel?* Were he known of me—and could I as firmly rely on him, as upon mine own ſenſes—*his* conviction muſt then be *mine*—and yet thouſands do ſay, and wholly believe, that Thomas gained his faith only by ſight and feeling: and why ſhall they believe through this Thomas, and I *cannot?* Oh, the myſtery of unbelief! for, ſometimes, my

* Cartaphilus here ſeems manifeſtly to ſuſtain the opinions, *firſt*, that the ſaints did not ariſe until after the reſurrection of Jeſus, although the rocks and graves were rent when the Saviour expired—and *ſecond*, that theſe ſaints returned to their tombs, to await that future riſing to immortality ſecured to them by their faith. This is the ſounder opinion, in after ages, of Origen, Chryſoſtom, Jerom and others.

own *unbelief* doth wonder me—and then, anon, my *belief* ſeems to level me with the common herd—the reaſon of Cartaphilus rebels —pride doth chide me—and ſome inner Spirit (of good, or of evil, I wot not which) then doth whiſper in my ear ſome diſcourſe like this:—"And art *thou*, O wiſe Cartaphilus, confounded with the "reſt?—'tis folly—Shiloh comes not to *die*, but to *conquer*—not to "be crucified, but to crucify ſin, and ſinners! Jeſus, *if* all-power- "ful, would ſurely not have ſuffered, and died—and, *if* ariſen, why "not with power—openly to all—and in majeſty, that myriads "might thus gain faith without alloy? If he the Meſſiah be, how "ſaved he Iſrael—how redeemed he his people—and why is the "nation thus trodden down by Gentiles?"

Such, or the like doubts aſſail me ever: and who ſhall reſolve them for me? O, that I could, *as if with hand*, take up the whole maſs of belief, and place it ſolidly within my heart and mind! * * * * * * * Judas and Cartaphilus, doubtleſs, did betray *innocent* blood: but oh, not the Lord of Life — not the veritable Emanuel! * * * * * * And, though willingly I gave conſent — and alſo united in the pious STEPHEN's death, and the firſt ſtone did prompt—and whilſt the lovely youth was pouring bleſſings on thoſe around,—yet was this ſoul of mine ſo filled with zeal for Iſrael's Law and Privileges, that the wrong I urged eſcaped me quite:—blind I may have been; but I was craving no revenge, nor ſought I the ſhedding of innocent blood cauſeleſſly, or in contempt of life. And, in like manner was Saul conſenting. Saul hath mercy found, and quick forgiveneſs—not ſo can it be with the wretched Cartaphilus! DESTINY, then, DESTINY it ſurely was!—be quiet, therefore, oh my ſoul! be quiet: if crimes like *ſcarlet* may become as *wool*, even Deſtiny ſhuts not out repentance; for, as Artemas declared, no deſtiny is irrevocable—none is ſtronger than the law that gives it, which doth ever yield to the law of repentance, baptiſm, and faith! But, doth repentance come at our bidding? and doth faith ever come at our ſummons?—whence doth either ſpring? Outward baptiſm brings them not—nor do they come by *wiſhing;* nor hath man always even the power to wiſh! for, if Cartaphilus doth wiſh, oh how clogged is it ever by torturing doubts, by the ſoul's ſuggeſtions; which, as troublous waves and winds, caſt him far from the haven he would be in—yea, upon fearful rocks, where darkneſs reigns, where lightnings flaſh around him, and where the terrors of recollection ceaſe not by day or night!

SAUL is bleſſed—but CARTAPHILUS is curſed!

Whence this, if free-agents we be?—mercy for one, unending woes for another! Why differ the Phariſees and Sadducees herein, and why do the faithful now ſo earneſtly bid me beware of Election?

Oh, vexing conflicts, endleſs ſurmiſes, tormenting queſtions! why thus poiſon my ſoul, leaving it no moment of repoſe?

The words, which at the Valley-Gate I uttered, were theſe;

"*Go faſter Jeſus—go faſter, why doſt thou linger?*"

His mild but firm reply was;

"*I, indeed am going, but Thou ſhalt tarry till I come.*"

Myſterious words!—no bleſſing can they to me import—but rather *Curſe*, if pregnant meaning they truly have. Many do ſtill firmly believe he ſurely hath *riſen from the tomb!* And ſome declare that *thrice* hath He aſcended from earth to Heaven, ſince that Reſurrection from the ſealed tomb! and, if ſo, and ſhould he come ſoon again, Cartaphilus may then no longer tarry, but would *die*, as Jeſu's words would ſeem to ſay! And yet, if riſen, was it not in three days thereafter—and, if thrice he aſcended, thrice muſt he have "*come*" ſince the day he periſhed on Calvary! but now, more than ſix-and-twenty moons have paſſed ſince then, and ſtill Cartaphilus lives! Hence, "*till I come*" doth import ſome other *mighty coming*—one that ſhall be with power, and glory, and vengeance—for the *Temple* ſtandeth as ever—and that was ſorely threatened, as alſo was Jeruſalem! * * * * Truly is my mind weary unto diſeaſe and loathing: no more will I ponder on theſe killing doubts—no light into my outcaſt ſoul do ſuch thoughts bring; no balm to its raging action!—unto Ramoth will I incontinently go; the excellent matron Priſcilla, and her gentle confiding daughter will pour into my belaboured and maddened ſoul ſome oil of conſolation—ſome beam of hope!

Oh Woman! ever man's beſt, and often his only ſolace in time of deep affliction, thou, of all God's creatures, art alone a comforter, an angel—miniſtering good to all, with gentleneſs and without reproof! No words of bitter cenſure come from thee—but all is ſweet forgiveneſs! And, though ſin and death were brought into the world by thee,—*thou*, ſince that time, hath been man's devoted, unforſaking friend; and yet, far more true to Heaven haſt thou been, than man! Yes, lovely Woman! and thou, Rebecca, the lovelieſt of thy kind, Cartaphilus will not be ſcorned of thee; but thy ſmiles will play around him ſtill, and ſhed their brighteſt, holieſt influences, to mitigate his ſorrows! As thoſe who would wed, we are indeed for ever ſeparate: but oh, never wilt thou deny me thy dear preſence—*that* would more than kill. Freely unto Artemas would I reſign thee; *his* love would bring no *curſe*.

But, on Death and Immortality, and on Sin and Love, no longer can I muſe: theſe thoughts are more than I now have mind that can endure them: much do I ſtrive to ſhut them out—they *will* come; and, as the guſhing fountain, they know no let! More

The three Aſcenſions—Letters on the Reſurrection, why omitted.

bitter are they than wormwood—more exhauſting to the ſoul, than would be to the body all the fabled toils of Siſyphus! Come genial SLEEP, if come thou canſt, and with thy pitchy mantle cover me: oh, hide me, if but for an hour, from my hated ſorrows; and let their odious hues be loſt in imagination's bright creations—left this dreariment of my waking hours quite upturn the mind, and leave it the triumphant prey of madneſs and of the demons! *

LETTER XII.†

ARTEMAS TO CARTAPHILUS.

CÆSAREA, (*late Straton's Tower*). Creation, 3796. *Sivan*, 20th. [May 10, A.D. 36.]

LETTER XIII.†

ARTEMAS TO CARTAPHILUS.

CÆSAREA (*late Straton's Tower*). Creation, 3796. *Sivan*, 29th. [June 19, A.D. 36.]

* Some apology may be due to Cartaphilus and his readers, for the proſaic manner in which his curious, deep, and metaphyſical Apoſtrophe to Death, and the other muſings that accompany it, have been rendered by his Editor. Blank-verſe, doubtleſs, would have been more rhythmical, and better ſuited to reveal the anomalous ſtate of the Jew's thoughts at that time. But as the vein of meditation on Death and Immortality would have been impaired, in many of its ſhades, by a leſs poetic genius than Cartaphilus poſſeſſed, his Editor was compelled to render it in the proſe garb in which it now appears,—and in which he ſtill hopes that the ſpirit of the original may have been in the main preſerved.

It will be perceived that Cartaphilus has no doubt that the Faithful of his then day believed in *three diſtinct Aſcenſions*—viz., inviſibly early on the morning of the Reſurrection, and before Jeſus was touched by human hands!—again, in the evening of the ſame day, but viſibly, from Bethany, and in the preſence of his diſciples only; and laſtly, from the Mount of Olives, on the fortieth day after his reſurrection—it being on Thurſday, May 6, of that year. As, doubtleſs, there were three Aſcenſions (and not *one* only, according to the popular idea) this fact will be found to ſatisfactorily explain various texts, otherwiſe of no ſmall difficulty, if not wholly inexplicable. Vide the eloquent Sermons of the Rev. E. Miller, of Bognor: Sec. xv.

† Letters XII and XIII are thoſe upon the Evidences of the *Reſurrection*, to which ſuch frequent alluſions have been made. The force and earneſtneſs with which Artemas ſuſtains his argument upon this intenſely intereſting matter, (though with little effect, at the time, upon Cartaphilus, but with great power upon him in ſome after years) might give them a ſpecial claim to inſertion in our Selections: yet, *for the preſent*, they are omitted, not only on account of their great length, but chiefly as the Reſurrection has never been queſtioned by any ſort of Chriſtians,—and as the *entire* infidel ſhould commence his reſearches elſewhere.

LETTER XIV.

Rebecca (of Eben-Ezra) to Cartaphilus.

Pella. Creation 3804. Month of *Sivan*, 18th.
[May 28, A.D. 44.]

WHERE this letter may reach thee, friend of my earlieſt youth, and happier days! I know not; but *Ananias*, the tabellarius, gives me hope of finding thee in thy ſolitude, ſomewhere in the valley of Jehoſhaphat, or of Hinnom—or poſſibly in ſome almoſt unknown ſpot in the now unhappy Jeruſalem!

The Eben-Ezra family remove to Pella.

From Sychar we removed with regret; and now we are ſcarce a furlong from the lovely *Pella*, as being the moſt retired and ſecure abode we could find, to ſcreen us from the dreadful perſecutions, which continue even yet againſt the afflicted and innocent Nazarenes, by Romans as well as by Jews!

Nearly ten years, Cartaphilus, have elapſed ſince we laſt met; though we have ſometimes correſponded. The God of Abraham alone can tell whether we ſhall ever meet again. The open converſion of Artemas to the New Faith, immediately after the extraordinary events of that Pentecoſt which ſucceeded the Crucifixion—and the like avowal of my ſainted mother, nearly at the ſame time,—together with the fact of my venerated father's ſtern refuſal, after his releaſe from exile, to countenance in any way the great perſecution that aroſe upon *Stephen's* death, and upon *Saul's* dereliction of thoſe in power—(in which not leſs than two thouſand of the believers, with Nicanor, one of the Seven Deacons, were cruelly ſlaughtered) ſo jeoparded the lives of us all, as to cauſe us to ſeek an early refuge in this beautiful and ſecluded ſpot—for ſuch Pella truly is.

Artemas, Aquila, Apollos, &c.

Our excellent friend Artemas writes ſometimes, and keeps us inſtructed in moſt of the intereſting events of theſe perilous times; but he is too zealous in this new and agitating faith to *viſit* us. He has been long abſent, and is now with *Thaddeus* in his journeys through Arabia and Perſia.

Aquila of Pontus, afterwards of Cæſarea, (whom you know as an early friend of Artemas) together with *Priſca* his wife, are now reſiding at Rome, inculcating their faith, under the protection of the recent edict of Claudius in favour of the Jews; of which

edict, though it *names* not the religion of the Nazarenes, the Christian Jews of that city may well avail themselves. Aquila and his wife, as I believe, joined the Faith on the pentecostal day; and being anxious to win over the Roman Jews, they went thither soon after, and have resided in the Imperial City some years,—often sustaining themselves by the making of leathern tents for the provincial troops.

APOLLOS is now at Corinth: him you may not know—nor do I; but I learn from Artemas' letters, that he is an Alexandrine Jew of extraordinary eloquence—deeply versed in the Scriptures, and of singularly winning manners. He is now ardent in the cause, and will visit divers lands, and ultimately Ephesus and Achaia, sustaining the infant churches, whatever may be the peril. He was first with the Baptist alone, and seemed to have some doubts as to Jesus being the real Shiloh.

The few letters I have written to thee, Cartaphilus, have been cheerful, and upon all matters, save our own deep sorrows, and thy special griefs: and even these would not be shunned of me, but that I find thou art still in gloomy solitude, and hence in a mind not to be reasoned with. Much have I to say to thee; but dread lest it should further waste and poison thy mind: upon such matters, therefore, will I remain silent, until I have hope from thy abandonment of those tombs, and other loathsome places, which, as they tell me, are still thy daily and nightly resorts! Oh no, Cartaphilus—prayer, and the garish light of day, and the whole mass of human transactions, are surer medicaments to the wounded soul, than solitude: for brooding in retirement over our cares is far more perilous; it often shuts out all but Satanas, and his chosen ally despair: bad as men often are as companions, the Tempter is far worse; for, believe me, dear Cartaphilus, it is only in the actual collisions of life, and in the comparison of the sentiments and opinions of a busy world, that we can either chasten the heart, or correct the judgment. Great is the error of him who thinks he cannot pray every where—yea, in the open field—in the street—in the midst of a tumultuous crowd; and greater yet the error of him who fears the seductions of society, more than those of an indolent and morbid seclusion. I call upon thee, therefore, oh Cartaphilus, forthwith to come out from thy odious hatred and shunning of thy species—from thy caves, and the lonely dwellings of the dead; and pray God and man and thy own heart to look upon thy terrific deed—nothing concealing—nothing extenuating—but in all its naked and fearful wickedness; then, Cartaphilus, and then only, will thy burthen be made gradually lighter, and until it wholly vanisheth! And, though that desperate action, and thy long-continued indiscretions,

Rebecca's kind admonitions to Cartaphilus.

and the fearful myſtery that clung to thee even from thy earlieſt hour, muſt render it impoſſible that Cartaphilus and Rebecca ſhall ever be *one*, *as promiſed*, yet doth my ſoul adhere to thee, as do light and heat to the Orb of day—as doth moiſture even to the verdure of Hermon, or of the valleys, after the ſtars become viſible—yea, O Cartaphilus, as do perfumes to the vines of Engeddi, or to the roſes of Sharon. If, then, it comfort thee to be aſſured Rebecca can never ceaſe to love thee—*thou haſt it:* her fate goes with thine in all things, ſave what flow from thy peculiar opinions, and thy reckleſs actions—theſe ſhe never can approve, but muſt ever mournfully chide thee for; yet never, oh never can Rebecca hate thee—ah, love *thee*, the *perpetrator* ſhe muſt, though thy *offences* be for ever loathed.

In regard to the Faith now ſo much noiſed around us, my father's mind, like mine own, yet remains in afflicting doubt. The prodigies which in quick ſucceſſion have crowded the larger part of my ſtill green years, and brought with them ſuch numerous ſorrows; alſo my father's exile for ſeveral years, followed by diminiſhed rank, influence, and fortune—the many artful machinations of cruel, wicked, and ambitious perſons, ever jealous of power, and with whom he could in no way conſort—the miſeries likewiſe, of thine own unhappy lot—the deep love, moreover, that Artemas, at one time, cheriſhed towards me; he, whom of all mortals, next to thee, I moſt value—his prompt and delicate withdrawal, on hearing of our own early and mutual love—my mother's wretchedneſs, daily growing ſtronger, at the feebleneſs of her huſband's faith, and her daughter's want of faith, theſe and many other ſad, or greatly exciting things, have ſo long oppreſſed me, that I have been far—very far from happy, even for an hour ſince we parted: but Cartaphilus, they ſhall never cauſe *deſpair*—never ſhall they ſeduce thy Rebecca into moody ſecluſion—there to hate her ſpecies, the world, or any little good that may be found therein. Oh no! ſuch withdrawals from the paths of life are ſtrong proof of an ill-arranged and ſickly mind. Better far is it to ſtem the torrent, than compliantly to be borne off by its bitter waters, into the deep and angry ocean of mad deſpondence. All this, again, O Cartaphilus, I deſign mainly for thee. And though our cauſes for grief are indeed very great, and ſhould be keenly felt by both, I deſire, more for thee than myſelf, that thou couldſt ſee with what horror my heart doth baniſh every feeling that would prompt one to ſeek, even for a moment ſuch an odious ſolitude as that of Hinnom, or of the caves and tombs of thoſe lonely valleys and rocky heights, to which, as I hear, thou doſt ſo much reſort. But I muſt forbear; and now would to other matters, leſs perſonal to thee and myſelf—and hence leſs painful to us both.

Death of Salomè—Retributive Juſtice.

You have probably not heard of the luckleſs fate of the beautiful Salomè—ſhe of dancing memory, who ſo wickedly danced off the head of the pious Baptiſt! The rumour now is, and I doubt it not, (as the details are too circumſtantial to be unfounded) that Salomè, having accompanied her wicked father Antipas, and her ſtill more odious mother Herodias, into the exile of Lugdunum, provided for them a few years ago by Caligula, ſhe lately met a fate ſo truly retributive, and marvellouſly correſpondent to her crime, as ſhows the hand of Providence, not *accident*, to have cauſed it! In truth, Cartaphilus, I cannot help remarking how numerous are the inſtances of a like nature, as to all that have fiercely oppoſed this new faith: for I have obſerved that thoſe concerned in the death, or perſecution of the humble Nazarene, or any of his followers, have come to ſome untimely or ſhocking end; or that, in a few inſtances, they have been ſnatched, as it were, from impending ruin, to be made ſignal objects of providential mercy! This wonderful fact has ſometimes more ſeriouſly impreſſed me, than all others; and hence that the Phariſees and Sadducees do greatly err, in attributing to Beel-zebul the acts and marvels that have attended the courſe of theſe Nazarenes; and truly ſo, even from the firſt hour we ever heard of them! Now, I put it to thee, Cartaphilus, to ſay whether, if ſatanic agency be out of the queſtion, there be any other power than that of Abraham's God to which they can be aſcribed? The inquiry I now make of thee, doth, I confeſs diſturb me. And moreover, the letters written to thee by Artemas in proof of the alleged *Reſurrection* of this Jeſus, (a copy of which I have) greatly rouſed me then; and doth more ſo now: the ſame I may ſay of my excellent father: eight years have now gone by ſince theſe letters were written: and, dear Cartaphilus, yet another matter adds trouble to my mind; which is, that never have I yet ſeen the Jew or Gentile that could controvert thoſe letters—never one who could give a good reaſon for their diſbelief of that averred reſurrection—nay, never one in whom I could find a hearty and clear denial of the fact ſo powerfully urged by Artemas! But, I muſt not wholly forget the hapleſs SALOME—I have yet to ſay *how* ſhe periſhed.

Salomè's wonderful death.

During the laſt extremely cold winter, eſpecially in that inhoſpitable region that ſurrounds Lugdunum,* Salomè, in ſome excurſion of pleaſure, was paſſing over a frozen lake. The vehicle that bore her and her attendants, ſuddenly broke through the ice, and ſhe was hurled, up to the neck, into the deep and chilling waters; where,

* Now called Lyons, a city on the Saône, in France. That region of Gaul was, at that time, a far more inclement one, than at preſent.

ſtruggling to avoid ſinking, *her head was incontinently parted from her body* by the violence of the icy fragments, that ruſhed in on all ſides againſt her! Thus ended the life of that much flattered princeſs—ſurely one of Galilee's moſt beauteous daughters—the cheriſhed pride of an accompliſhed, but moſt wicked mother—the glory of a doating uncle's once ſplendid palace—the moſt winning, ſprightly, and embelliſhed among all the lovely women of Sepphoris,—and yet a true *Herodian:* for, with all the genius, taſte, and worldly elegance of that remarkable family, Salomè had her ſhare alſo of their vaulting ambition, of their ſupreme wickedneſs, and of their reckleſs diſregard of Abraham's God. She has conſequently ſhared the uſual fate of her race—which has been that of marvellous proſperity, followed by equally ſignal adverſity!

Some account of the Herodian family.

And here, Cartaphilus, I would recall thy mind to the eventful hiſtory of all the Herodian family—ſo viſibly marked by God's ſevere reproof of proſperity ungratefully and impiouſly dealt with; moſt of which muſt be well known of thee,—but ſome portions not, as being of late, and only ſince thy miſeries came upon thee: but the remembrance of all may now be uſeful to thee; for, as that wonderful Nazarene ſaid, no ſparrow falls to the ground, but that the Father knoweth it; and that the very hairs of our head are numbered!—and Salomè's death, how retributive!

Thou knoweſt that Salomè's grandfather Herod, the firſt of that Idumean family, exceeded in regal magnificence, and in the ſplendour of his public works, all that Iſrael hath known ſince the golden days of Solomon: and equally would I have thee remember that his life was marked by every diſguſting crime, that even Moloch and his hoſts might have envied!—witneſs his ſlaughter of the *Innocents*, with the hope of ſlaying the infant Jeſus!—witneſs his murder of Ariſtobulus and Alexander, his *ſons* by Mariamne an Aſmonean princeſs—likewiſe the murder of his wife, another Mariamne, daughter of Simon the High Prieſt—alſo the murder of Antipater, his ſon by Doris, his firſt wife! This was the laſt act, ſave one, of his truly Satanic life; and it was done, too, when his breath only lingered in him, amidſt his unutterable tortures; and remained only ſufficiently long for him to pronounce the fatal mandate! And witneſs, laſtly, his atrocious *wiſh* (happily never executed) to force upon his oppreſſed people a general mourning after his death—not indeed for *himſelf*, for that were impoſſible, but for *themſelves*, by commanding many of our chiefeſt families to be forthwith impriſoned in the Hippodrome; and then ſecretly inſtructing his truſty and infamous ſiſter, another Salomè, to have them all ſlain, ſo ſoon as he ſhould expire!

Theſe, and a hideous roll of others, from which the ſoul

recoils, were not permitted by Providence to eſcape without ſignal puniſhment, even in this world: for, as this Herod's crimes hath perhaps exceeded all that is known in humanity, ſo the complicated horrors of his dying hours were terrific, and eminently unnatural!*

With that incarnate fiend began the now loudly threatened ruin of Iſrael's hopes: for though his numerous lineage (the offſpring of no leſs than ten wives) are now, happily, almoſt extinct; yet the paſt ſuperlative wickedneſs of this Herodian family hath contributed, more than any other cauſe, to corrupt and degrade our people — to rivet on them more firmly the Roman chains — and to prepare the way for that total overthrow of our nation,—which, whatever thou, O Cartaphilus, may think of it, ſeems to have been one of the moſt remarkable among the *denunciations* of that wonderful Being who died on Calvary!

I have ſaid that the poſterity of this Herod, highly gifted as he and they certainly were, has now dwindled down to a ſingle point, —and he, as I believe, by no means a brilliant one—I mean Herod Agrippa II. his father Agrippa having died only a few days ago; and in a very remarkable way, as will be preſently ſtated.

I will now, my Cartaphilus, as promiſed, trace briefly the hiſtory of theſe three Herods, who, ſince the firſt of that name, (ſo famed for his greatneſs and wickedneſs) have, in our own unhappy times, figured ſo largely, and with ſo little advantage to themſelves, or to Iſrael. And this, as I have ſaid, I the more willingly do, as two of them have died ſince the world to thee hath been ſo hateful; and alſo as their exemplary fates have ſcarce reached thy ſolitudes; and I would that theſe may awaken in thee deep attention, they being of no ordinary character, and ſeem largely to partake of that retributive juſtice, that ſo clearly marked the end of Herod the Idumean, and equally that of Salomè, the dancer.

Of Herod-Antipas, ſon of the Great Idumean, thou knoweſt all; and I need only remind thee how cauſeleſſly he divorced the lovely daughter of Aretas, King of the Stony Araby; alſo of his ſeduction of, or rather being ſeduced by, and his inceſtuous marriage with Herodias, but after her huſband's death,—Antipas being brother of Herod Philip (not the Tetrarch); likewiſe of his dealing towards the Baptiſt, whom he impriſoned, and then ſlew, utterly without cauſe, or even accuſation. And further would I remind thee of his cruel mockery, and unkind treatment of the Great Nazarene, —whoſe life he could have ſaved by a ſingle word—and which word was not given; not becauſe Herod judged him guilty of death,

* This firſt of the family has always been called, by way of diſtinction, Herod the Great.

but mainly as the Nazarene would not *flatter* him, by working ſome miracle to ſatisfy an idle curioſity!—and finally I may here note his baſe conſpiracy againſt his emperor Tiberius, and his friend, Caius Caligula,—both being, indeed, his earlieſt and kindeſt patrons! Theſe are ſome of the many outrages committed by this bad man. They are all well known of thee, ſave the laſt, which cauſed Caligula, ſcarce two years ago, to baniſh him to Lugdunum, and to confer upon his brother, Herod-Agrippa, the whole of his large poſſeſſions.*

Herodias voluntarily participated in her huſband's exile—that being, probably, the only virtuous act of her whole infamous life; and therein, her reply to Caligula (upon his tendering to her money and liberty, through the reſpect he bore towards her brother Agrippa, whom he greatly liked) was a truly noble one, and worthy a far better woman than Herodias; "*Moſt noble Emperor*," ſaid Herodias, "*thou dealeſt with me indeed after a magnificent faſhion; and as truly becomes thyſelf: but the kindneſs I bear my huſband forbids me to partake thy gift of money, or thy exemption from baniſhment—for it is not juſt that I, who have been made a partner in his proſperity, ſhould now forſake him in his adverſity.*"

The career of the third Herod, named Agrippa, ſon of Ariſtobulus, and grandſon of Herod the firſt, has been a ſtill more varied and brilliant one, though far leſs wicked; but its fatal termination, only a few days ſince, was ſo evidently punitory, and therefore miraculous, as to aſſure us that, if the God of Abraham doth ſometimes arreſt nations in their mad career, ſo will he likewiſe ſometimes ſay to individuals—"*Fool! know that thy ſoul is now required of thee.*" You, Cartaphilus, muſt have heard much of this Herod-Agrippa in the times we firſt knew each other—he being only four years thy ſenior: but during the paſt ten years, his life has been that of an elegant and truly accompliſhed worldling—a man of high faſhion—a moſt faſcinating and bewildering ſtar in all brilliant aſſemblages—the favourite alike of princes and princeſſes—the cheriſhed friend of the moſt powerful and deſpotic of emperors—a boundleſs ſpendthrift,—to whom, when his own coffers were often exhauſted, the purſes of diſtinguiſhed women, as well as of men, were freely thrown open—a man of ſome occaſional humanity, but oftener of cruel and murderous tyranny: ſuch, in a few words, was Herod-Agrippa! When a very young man, though wedded, he viſited Rome; where he much needed, and freely received the judicious counſels of Antonia, who had ever been greatly devoted

* This took place about nine years after the crucifixion, A.D. 43. Herod-Antipas, and his wife Herodias, died in wretched exile, ſhortly after Salomè's miſerable fate.

to his mother Berenīce. Druſus the huſband of Antonia, and ſon of the emperor Tiberius, as alſo the monarch himſelf, greatly befriended Agrippa; who, during this viſit, conciliated all hearts by his youth, by the amenity of his manners, the ſingular elegance of his perſon, and by the utmoſt liberality, free of oſtentatious extravagance. But his mother Berenīce died, as alſo his friend Druſus; the Emperor likewiſe had become inacceſſible from grief at the loſs of his ſon: ſo that Agrippa being now much left to himſelf, became ſo thoughtleſs and diſſolute, that his property was ſoon expended, and his health greatly impaired. In the midſt of millions of human beings there in Rome, all of whom knew ſomething of Agrippa; and ſurrounded by thouſands who, in his proſperity had greatly admired and courted him, he was aſtoniſhed to find himſelf in abſolute want, and none to aid him!

In this condition, Agrippa haſtened into Idumea, where he reſolved to terminate his exiſtence: but his wife Cypros prevailed upon him to live; and his ſiſter, the infamous Herodias, during her proſperity conferred upon him the government of Tiberias, with ſome inſignificant penſions!

Such a ſtate of reſtricted dependence, however, ill ſuited ſo ambitious a ſpirit as Agrippa's; and, though it was the reſult of ſevere neceſſity, he could no longer brook the ridicule of his uncle; who ſometimes jeered him as to his *tiny* dominions, and his *ſtipendiary* obligations to his ſiſter! In ſore diſguſt he forſook them all, reckleſs as to what might follow: but he was kindly ſuſtained by the proconſul Flaccus, of Syria, whom he had known at Rome when in proſperity. With Flaccus he was ſoon at variance, occaſioned, however, by the machinations of his half-brother Ariſtobulus; who whiſpered in the ear of the Proconſul ſome idle tale reſpecting Agrippa's perfidy in favouring the Damaſcenes for money, when contending with the Sidonians in the matter of their boundaries—little, if any, of which was true.

Agrippa, now again deſtitute, had recourſe to a freedman of his mother Berenīce; and from him obtained a loan of ſome ſeventeen thouſand drachmas; for which he freely gave him his *bond!* Haſtening with this new ſupply towards Rome, he was arreſted by the Procurator of Jamnia for a much larger ſum, which that officer had formerly loaned him, under plauſible promiſes of its certain and ſpeedy return. Agrippa, upon this arreſt, promptly aſſured his creditor, in one of his moſt winning and gracious ways, that payment ſhould *forthwith* be made: but, gaining an hour thereby, and taking inſtant advantage of the darkneſs of the night, he eſcaped in an Alexandrine veſſel; and, on his arrival there, he obtained a further loan from the Alabarch of the Egyptian Jews!

With this freſh ſupply, ſo needful and unexpected, this Herodian

loſt no time in making his way to the Imperial City; where Tiberius received him with kindneſs and diſtinction: but, unhappily for this patrician furcifer, a letter from the Procurator of Jamnia reached Tiberius only a few hours after!—and the Emperor, to his honour, inſtantly withdrew all further intercourſe, until he ſhould wholly diſcharge the debt due to that creditor, and thus remove the ſtain his ſudden flight from Jamnia had caſt upon his name.

Here, once more, his kind friend Antonia aſſiſted him; and the procurator's claim was paid. Agrippa then attached himſelf to Antonia's grandſon, *Caius Caligula:* and his pleaſing ways having gained him many new friends, he obtained a loan from ſome one elſe, to the amount of a million of denarii; wherewith he diſcharged without delay his obligation to *Antonia;* and liberally uſed the reſidue in continued diſſipations with the young Caligula, and in various loans to him, that came at convenient times for the reckleſs youth. It ſo occurred however, not long after, that in one of his many rambles with his new friend, Agrippa unguardedly expreſſed a hope to Caius, that TIBERIUS would ſoon leave the Empire to him, inſtead of that Emperor's grandſon! This baſe and injudicious remark being overheard by their attendant, was early communicated to Tiberius! Agrippa was then living in almoſt royal ſplendour: but his magnificent purple clothes were promptly covered with heavy iron chains; and he was thus conveyed to a priſon; where he remained until that emperor's death. Antonia and others had often and earneſtly petitioned Tiberius for his releaſe; but all in vain. And here, my Cartaphilus, wonderful as the tale ſurely is, it is not more ſo than what befell others of this remarkable family—nor is it leſs proved, or leſs credited; I pray thee, therefore, liſten to it; and, whilſt aſtoniſhed, be admoniſhed!

When Agrippa had been in cuſtody about half a year, a German ſoothſayer ſtrangely obtained entrance into his priſon: and looking about him in all directions, he beheld an *owl* perched upon an adjoining tree. He bade Agrippa look at it, and then ſaid, "Thou, O Agrippa! wilt ſoon be as *free* as that bird—and alſo raiſed to the higheſt honours,—but, in *five* days after thou haſt gazed upon *that owl again*, thou ſhalt ſurely die!"

Not long after this remarkable prediction, the emperor Tiberius was gathered to his fathers; and CAIUS CALIGULA came to the throne.*

Agrippa was inſtantly releaſed; and received from his friend Caius a diadem; being likewiſe made king of Gaulanites, Batania,

* Tiberius died March 16, A.D. 37, VÆ. 43 true era; and in the 78th year of his age. Caius Caligula reigned 3*y.* 10*m.* 8*d.*

The Herodian Family.

and Traconitis,—and alſo Tetrarch of Lyſanias. Caius then preſented to him a magnificent *golden* chain, of equal weight with the *iron* one that ſo long had bound him!

But the wicked rule of Caligula laſted ſcarcely four years; he was aſſaſſinated, and CLAUDIUS, ſon of Druſus, and grandſon of Tiberius, ſucceeded him.

New honours and poſſeſſions were laviſhed upon Herod-Agrippa. He was raiſed by Claudius to the rank of Conſul: and Samaria, JUDEA, Abila, and a part of Libanus were added to his other ample dominions,—ſo that, in extent they had become equal to thoſe enjoyed by the firſt Herod, his renowned, but odiouſly wicked grandfather.

Caligula had ſorely oppreſſed our country; but Claudius greatly mitigated our condition; and only lately confirmed to the Alexandrian Jews the freedom of that city—and now permits them every where the free uſe of their religion—forbidding them, however, to hold aſſemblies in the Imperial City.*

Agrippa, king of Judea, viſited Jeruſalem about eighteen months ago; and after many thank-offerings in the Temple, ſuſpended there, in gratitude to Caligula, the golden chain he had received, when releaſed from priſon! This was among the firſt of thoſe ſacrilegious acts that brought on his ruin: truly, Cartaphilus, theſe formed a chain far more galling to him, than the iron one with which Tiberius had bound him,—for the God of our forefathers ſees through all of one's life; and, if not early, yet at laſt, brings the whole together; and that golden chain, *idolatrouſly* ſuſpended in the holy Temple, was, doubtleſs, not forgotten. Now, dear Cartaphilus, thus far, the German ſoothſayer is, no doubt, winning thy confidence! From Jeruſalem Agrippa went, for a time, to *Berytus;* where he built a theatre, a portico, and extenſive baths; and ended not until he raiſed alſo a ſplendid amphitheatre, in which were practiſed all the Roman and other Heathen cuſtoms—ſo little known of Jews, and to our holy religion ſo abhorrent. In that amphitheatre, the gladiatorial games were on ſo extenſive a ſcale, that, as 'tis ſaid, no leſs than ſeven hundred criminals were thus engaged,—all of whom were ſlain, or grievouſly wounded, by other gladiators, after the faſhion of theſe cruel and wicked gentiles! And here again, dear Cartaphilus, thou wilt remember the ſoothſayer!

It is not to be wondered at that he, who had ſo utterly forſaken the religion of our country, ſave on public and formal occa-

* About five years after, that is in A.D. 49—and in the early part of the ninth year of his reign, Claudius baniſhed the *Jews* wholly from Rome; and, this no little prejudiced the condition of the *Chriſtians.*

ſions, and who, to amuſe an idle and unfeeling maſs, exhibited to them the gladiatorial ſcenes at Berytus I have named, would not heſitate to perſecute the unhappy Nazarenes, whenever his *popularity* in any way demanded it. And ſo was the fact, for, only a few weeks ago, he beheaded a moſt beloved diſciple of the great Nazarene—one JAMES, of Bethſaida: and ſoon, thereafter, he cauſed the much-famed PETER to be impriſoned,—and ſet over him a guard of ſixteen ſoldiers,—intending that he ſhould ſhare the fate of James, if demanded by the Jews at the then approaching Paſſover! But oh, my Cartaphilus, doubt it not, this Peter was miraculouſly reſcued by an Angel; and on the very night before the intended execution! Peter was then in a profound ſleep; when ſuddenly the priſon was effulgent with a dazzling light—the chains fell from his limbs—the doors and maſſive iron gate opened of their own accord; and the Heavenly Meſſenger left him in ſafety in the open ſtreet! Such, at leaſt, is the uncontradicted account we have of this wonderful matter.*

Agrippa then went to Cæſarea; and there he celebrated games in honour of his beloved Emperor Claudius: and, if Peter's aſtoniſhing reſcue awakened him not, it ſeems that Jehovah ſaw that his cup of iniquity would contain no more!—for it happened that, on the occaſion of thoſe games, when entering the theatre in the early morning, the rays of the then riſing ſun ſhone brightly and directly upon Agrippa's magnificently ſpangled robes, reflecting myriads of dazzling beams into the eyes of a vaſt and admiring audience. His flatterers inſtantly cried out, "*A preſent God! Be thou merciful to us; for although we have hitherto reverenced thee only as a man, we henceforth ſhall own thee as beyond mortals!*"

The infatuated Agrippa repelled not this idolatrous ſalutation, but ſeemed pleaſed with their impious flattery. At that inſtant he lifted up his eyes, and ſaw an *owl* perched on a rope above his head! He at once remembered the German ſoothſay er's words!

* The James, here mentioned, was the elder of that name, who, with John, were ſons of Zebedee,—*John* being uſually called the Saviour's "beloved diſciple," and is ſuppoſed to have been the bridegroom at the marriage of Cana, where Jeſus wrought his firſt miracle. The death of James the elder is recorded in Acts xii.—and alſo the impriſonment and miraculous eſcape of Peter. This James is the patron Saint of Spain. James, the *younger*, was ſon of Cleophas, by Mary, the ſiſter of that Mary, who was mother of Jeſus, ſince called the Bleſſed Virgin. James, the younger, alſo called the "*Leſs*," and likewiſe the "*Juſt*," was murdered by his countrymen about eighteen years after the death of James the elder; and, in the earlieſt copies of Joſephus, the deſtruction of Jeruſalem is aſcribed to God's anger againſt that murder: this, from one who denied Chriſt to be the Meſſiah, is a marvellous proof not only of James' exalted reputation for piety, but alſo that Chriſt was the true Meſſiah, as James periſhed for refuſing to deny that fact!

—and knew that his releaſe from chains, and his ſubſequent proſperity were all as that ſoothſayer had predicted—why then, ſhould the reſt of the prophecy prove untrue? A ſevere pain inſtantly ſeized him; and he exclaimed, "Ye Tyrians, Sidonians, Jews, and others, behold! I, whom ye have juſt called a GOD, am ſummoned by the true God to leave this world! Providence thus reproves *thy lying words:* for, he who was your *immortal* is now hurried to almoſt inſtant *death!* I have lived with ſplendour, and in a proſperous manner,—but now muſt yield to God's will."

During five days, his agonies were unimaginable: the people ſat in ſackcloth, and with their wives and children, praying for their king's recovery!—but on the fifth day thereafter, he died; being then in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and in the ſeventh of his entire reign,—three whereof were over the dominions of Philip, the late Tetrarch—one over thoſe of Antipas alſo; and theſe four were during the reign of Caius Caligula,—the remaining three years were under Claudius; during which period his revenues were great, amounting to no leſs than twelve millions of drachmæ.*

Agrippa left three daughters; and a ſon of his own name, on whom the hopes of this expiring family now alone repoſe. He is about ſeventeen, and was educated at Rome, under the care of Claudius: but ſtill, he gives us no bright promiſe either of ability or of inclination to better our condition. Claudius deems him too young to take his father's throne: Judea, therefore, is united, for the preſent, to Syria, under the Prefect Longinus.

The Jews, ſtrange to ſay, have very generally mourned over the death of Herod-Agrippa; the Greeks, and others, eſpecially of Samaria are much rejoiced, and even celebrated the occaſion with feaſts, and other unbecoming expreſſions of ſatisfaction: indeed they went ſo far as to tear down the ſtatues of his daughters—Berenice, Mariamne, and Druſilla—which ſtood in the royal palace, and placed them on the roof of a notorious courtezan!

How matters ſhall proceed with this Herod Agrippa II. when his more mature years ſhall prompt Claudius, if ever, to place him where his father was, thou, Cartaphilus, as I truſt, will cloſely obſerve, if Rebecca can but prevail on thee at once to abandon thy ſolitudes.

I have not reminded thee of that *Philip*, who was tetrarch of Ituræa, and ſon of the ſame Herod the Great, by Cleopatra of Jeruſalem, his ſeventh wife! He died about a year after the Crucifixion—in the 37th year of his tretrarchate, and about the 20th year of the reign of Tiberius. I end what I have to ſay of the

* About £425,000 ſterling—or more than two millions of dollars—a large ſum in thoſe countries, at that time.

The ſecond marriage of Herodias—Death of Pontius Pilate.

Herodian Family with him—the only one, of that numerous progeny, who ſeems to have had the leaſt regard for mercy, truth, and juſtice: his death being a natural one, (ſo uncommon in this family) and without iſſue, his poſſeſſions were added to the province of Syria.* †

Death of Pontius Pilate.

Before ending my long epiſtle, you muſt forgive me, if I add to your pain and wonder, another proof of God's indignation againſt thoſe who perſecuted the mighty Nazarene and his diſciples. The news, O Cartaphilus, hath juſt reached us, that *Pontius Pilate* laid violent hands upon himſelf, and terminated his exiſtence at Vienna, upon the Rhone, in the province of Narbonnenſis in Gaul! This Pilate (after being our procurator about ten years,—that is, about four years before, and ſix years after the great event that ſo poiſoned his peace) was baniſhed by Caius Caligula, early in his reign; and, after an exile of poverty and miſery of ſcarce more than two years, he thus ended his wretched career. The fact however is, that nearly two years before the death of Tiberius, the Samaritans made complaint againſt Pilate, to the proconſul of Syria, Vitellius—who ſent Marcellus into Judea to take Pilate's office, and order him to Rome; which

* It may here be proper to remind the reader of a ſomewhat popular error reſpecting the brothers, *Philip* and *Herod-Philip*, both ſons of Herod the Great—the former by Cleopatra of Jeruſalem—the latter by Mariamne—Philip being tetrarch of Ituræa—and Herod-Philip being tetrarch of Galilee. Herod-Philip had married HERODIAS, by whom he had *Salomè*; after which Herodias divorced him, and married his brother Herod-Antipas—but not until after the death of her divorced huſband Herod-Philip. When, therefore, the Baptiſt reproved Herodias and Antipas for that marriage, it was not for *adultery* in either, but in maintenance of the Moſaic Law, which prohibited a brother from marrying the wife of a deceaſed brother, or the ſiſter of a deceaſed ſiſter. The error alluded to aroſe from the fact that the two Philips, (ſons of the ſame father) are often not ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed, either by the *patronymic* name of *Herod*, or by the particular *tetrarchy*; alſo by not adverting to the fact that Herod-Philip was certainly *dead*, when Herodias wedded Herod-Antipas. Now, as ſhe then had Salomè by Herod-Philip, ſhe did not come within the *exception* to the law, which legalized a marriage with a deceaſed brother's wife, where there are *no* children—and *that* was the ſole cauſe of the Baptiſt's cenſure of Herodias and Antipas. It was inceſtuous, according to that law, but not adulterous; although Cartaphilus, in one caſe, calls it *adulterous* alſo, poſſibly as he thought her *intentions* always ſo, ſhe having divorced herſelf perhaps cauſeleſſly. And, as to the univerſality of that Levitical prohibition, and its obligatory force at this time; or, as to the *policy* of denouncing ſuch marriages in the preſent ſtate of ſociety, the Editor prefers to expreſs no decided opinion. The *laws* and *deciſions* of different countries have entertained different views on the ſubject; but even, if not obligatory on us, under the Levitical law, it may not be too much to *feel* that a refined ſentiment, and alſo a holy tenderneſs of reſpect for that which was once law, not only in Judea, but in other countries, ought to entitle (in the preſent day) the opponents to ſuch marriages to a moſt reſpectful conſideration.

† See *Appendix*, Genealogy of this Family.

The lovely ſolitudes of Pella—Caiphas removed.

was done. At the paſſover of the next year, Vitellius viſited Jeruſalem; and there found Pilate ſtill lingering. The complaint againſt Pilate was his exceſſive cruelty towards ſome miſerably deluded Samaritans; who had aſſembled under a falſe Meſſiah; armed themſelves, and proceeded to Mount Gerizim under the ſilly notion of finding ſome ſacred veſſels, ſaid to have been there depoſited by our Maſter Moſes! Pilate intercepted their march thither, and ſlew the greater part of them. Pilate could not venture to continue longer in Jeruſalem. Vitellius was all-powerful; the Jews had received him with unuſual kindneſs; he granted them exemption from an odious tax—alſo ſome privileges, and eſpecially the removal of CAIAPHAS from the high-prieſthood!—thus, as thou wilt ſee, O Cartaphilus, Pilate and Caiaphas fall from power together—and through that very Imperial authority they had ſo wickedly invoked, ſix years before, for the cruel death of, ſurely, a wiſe and good man—of, ſurely, a prophet—of, ſurely, a worker of miracles—let the Jews and others ſay what they may, as to his being the long-expected Meſſias!

Only one word more, ever beloved Cartaphilus, as to thine own ſad condition—and mine—for if thou art wretched, can Rebecca be otherwiſe!—My *mother's* faith *ſhould* be mine; my *father's* will ſoon be the ſame as hers; *mine* hath been too much that of *thine*, ſave in all unkindneſs to the Nazarenes—*that* I muſt ever abhor. But, Cartaphilus, I know not how to gainſay one word uttered, either by my mother, or by Artemas,—the brightneſs of proof, indeed, doth but grow the brighter every day! And, O Cartaphilus, I charge thee to remember that *little word of hope*, which the Great Nazarene uttered to thee in the Temple—"Thou art *yet* in the gall of bitterneſs!"—doth not that word "*yet*" prophetically import that thou mayeſt hereafter believe, and be ſaved? What that ſalvation is—what the extent of the faith—and how obtained, I know not; but Artemas and my Mother aſſure me there is virtue in the death and reſurrection of the Nazarene! that *ſalvation* comes thereby—that *faith* may become in the mind an *aſſured certainty!*—and that it is *obtained* by prayer,—often coming into the heart and ſubduing it, like ſome wind that bloweth from cauſes and directions unlooked for and unknown,—but with effects never to be forgotten!

And now, Cartaphilus, here am I at PELLA, in perfect ſecurity; and ſurrounded by every beauty that nature, morals, religion, and domeſtic love can laviſh upon me. *Pella's lovely ſolitudes.* The Nazarenes, and very many ſtubborn, perhaps fierce, Jews in the new faith, but of exalted virtue and intelligence, are now eagerly ſeeking theſe mountains, and the repoſe of their lovely ſhades and valleys. Theſe good Nazarenes ſpread over

An Hebraic expreſſion explained.

their abodes an air of delightful tranquillity, ſuch as we have no where enjoyed for ſome years paſt. Nature, in apparent ſympathy with our feelings, is here moſt lovely—nearly in perpetual verdure; the trees, alſo, are vocal with many birds, whoſe ſongs are as varied as their plumage—the freſh-blown violets, and roſes, and lilies drink the ſhining dews of the early morn,—and, at the evening-dawn, give out their moſt delicious fragrance; the ſpicy breezes of the valley embalm the very ſkies; and the curious inſects of every form and colour, revel in the ſun, and hum their gratitude for the Creator's bounty, in a language I often earneſtly deſire to know.*

We make frequent and delightful excurſions over the mountains, to Jabeſh-Gilead; and ſometimes down the placid ſurface of the little ſtream that glides by Pella, until we almoſt reach the Jordan! †

But what are all theſe, and much more, to a ſoul that hath loſt its firſt and only love?—they delight me not, ſave for the moment; and that aching void ſoon recalls our mutual ſorrows. FARE-THEE-WELL. REBECCA.

* "*The evening-dawn*" is an Hebraic expreſſion that may need ſome explanation. The word *dawn*, with us, is confined to the firſt approach of light in the *morning*; and is ſtrictly equivalent to *diluculum-aurora*, and not to *crepuſculum*, or twilight. But, among the Jews, whoſe day commenced at the evening twilight, when the ſtars firſt become viſible, the phraſe "Evening-dawn," and other expreſſions uſed by the Evangeliſts, as where they ſay "it began to dawn towards the firſt day of the week"—and "the Sabbath was going to dawn"—and eſpecially, where Luke ſays "*the dawn of night*," are all fully juſtified,—not only from the fact that their day began at twilight, but becauſe the moon, and, in her abſence, the ſtars, and the milky-way, in that country, ſhine with remarkable brightneſs,—the luſtre of Venus being ſometimes in the evening ſo great, as to caſt a ſhadow from ſurrounding objects! The Jews, therefore, having had two dawns, were compelled to ſeek for language that ſhould obviate ambiguity; and this was effected by the expreſſions "evening dawn"—the "dawn of morning"—and often by the context, or attendant facts. Luke's expreſſion "While the dawn was deep," is beautifully ſignificant of the "*very early morning*," (as it is otherwiſe rendered)—that is, whilſt the approaching ſun was yet deep beneath the horizon. And it may be further noted, that Rebecca's alluſion to the fragrance of all nature being more delicious in the *evening-dawn*, is philoſophically correct,—as the ſun's warmth has by that time elaborated the juices and odours, which are inſtantly abſorbed by the evening moiſture, and thereby more powerfully affect the ſmell, than is ever the caſe in the morning.

† The Nazarenes were very early, and prophetically, admoniſhed to abandon Jeruſalem, and flee to the *mountains*. It is well known that, when the predicted calamities approached, they ſought in *Pella*, and other mountainous ſituations beyond the Jordan, an aſylum; and there they remained, for a time, in perfect ſafety. But, as the conteſt between the Holy Spirit and the Powers of Darkneſs was then very great, no permanent ſecurity was promiſed to the Faithful any where: ſo that, eventually, even Pella was deſtroyed, and the Nazarenes were ſo hunted after, that it became a proverb—that the "blood of the Martyrs was the ſeed of the Church!"

LETTER XV.

Rabbi-Eben-Ezra to Cartaphilus.

Pella, Month of *Ciſleu*, 16; A.M. 3805.
[November 22, A.D. 45.]

I AM rejoiced to find, O Cartaphilus, from thy letter to Rebecca, juſt received, that thou haſt ſo far caſt off thy gloom, as to have abandoned the pernicious ſolitudes in which, during eleven years, the world to thee has been wholly dead. And I have cauſe further to greet thee that now thou art in Jeruſalem; and in quiet poſſeſſion, not only of thy own long withheld patrimony, but likewiſe of the ample eſtates that have come to thee by the death of thy maiden aunt. *Converſion of Eben-Ezra and of Rebecca.*

Wealth is indeed a *bleſſing* when rightly gained, and rightly uſed—when, in large part regarded as a ſacred truſt, freely to be diſpenſed in judicious charities—but the greateſt of *curſes*, if waſted in riotous living,—or, if hoarded from an abſtract love of mammon. Thou art now in the prime of life, when youth hath wholly paſſed, and age is no way upon thee; and, withal, having health and worldly knowledge and wealth—and yet, *one thing* is greatly wanting in thee; without which all outward things are but as tinkling cymbals,—yea, as light and air and food are to him who is in a ſealed tomb! I know, Cartaphilus, thou art ſick with ſin: of what avail, then, is the light of heaven to thine outward eyes, when the inner ones are in darkneſs—how will the air refreſh thee, when the next current is poiſoned—and how will food nouriſh thee, when thy ſoul hath no digeſtion for it? all is turned to bitterneſs at laſt, when the inner man is unſound: the world, for a time, may ſerve thee; but thy days, nay hours, will be but a ceaſeleſs conflict between light and darkneſs—health and diſeaſe—hope and deſpair! As God is one, ſo is the human ſoul—no divided loyalty—no two ſervices can it endure. I call upon thee, then, if happineſs be thy aim, to caſt from thee *all*, ſave the ſtrife for, and hope of, Heaven. I rejoice, then, to tell thee that Rebecca and I have joined our dear Priſcilla in open adoration, unto death if need be, of Him who died on Calvary for the whole world—truly, no leſs for the Gentiles, than for Abraham's ſeed! We have great need of *thee*, my Cartaphilus, to make us wholly happy—for thou haſt ever been one of us in all things, ſave in that ugly, hideous act, that ſo long hath ſeparated us: ſuffer not *deſpair* to be thy ruin; there is no ſin ſo black, that may not be waſhed out—until the ſoul is as bright and

white as ſnow! O that thou couldſt rejoice with us in our ſpiritual riches, a thouſand times more than we truly do with thee, in thy temporal wealth—if thou doſt but wiſely uſe it. FARE-THEE-WELL.

EBEN-EZRA.

LETTER XVI.

PRISCILLA TO CARTAPHILUS.

PELLA, Month of *Tebeth*, 5th day; A.M. 3805.
[December 20, A.D. 45.]

THY generous letter to my daughter Rebecca hath filled us all with great joy—but only, my Cartaphilus, as it gives us the brighteſt hopes that thy heart is changing, and that ſoon thou wilt be one of us in the houſehold of faith.

Artemas weds the Princeſs Druſilla.

ARTEMAS (as doubtleſs will ſurpriſe thee to hear) is inſtantly to wed the pious and lovely princeſs *Druſilla*, daughter of AGBARUS, prince of Edeſſa. Who this prince of Edeſſa is, and how Artemas firſt came ſo worthily to beſtow his affections on this faireſt and moſt excellent of maidens, I will preſently relate.

THY own reſolution never to wed, after Rebecca's oft-repeated declarations to thee, by letter, that ſhe never could be thine, but would ever continue faithfully to love thee, added to Artemas' like aſſurances in reſpect to Rebecca, many years ago, that aught of love he ſhould never whiſper unto Rebecca, *ought* to have ſettled thy mind as fully in regard to them, as in reſpect to thyſelf and her. We were, therefore, ſurpriſed at thy late entreaties that Rebecca ſhould accept the hand of Artemas—repeated alſo in thy laſt letter; and with urgent ſolicitation that ſhe would yield to thy bounteous offer to beſtow upon her in dowry, two-thirds of thy now ample poſſeſſions! This, I ſay, hath alſo much rejoiced us all, as it ſhows not only thy perfect love, but that thy heart is expanding to the moſt generous influences; and that the aſſiduous love of money in thy early life, which betrayed thee into miſery and crime, hath now paſſed from thee, as the glowing morn diſſolves the dews of night:—but thy generous endowment is moſt gratefully declined; and Rebecca hath bid me take her place in this, and all things in reply to thy welcomed letter. Her heart is full of love and gratitude for thy proffered kindneſs—and likewiſe in regard to Artemas, knowing well the cauſe that made it fit for him to keep from thee, until now, all knowledge of his love towards Druſilla. Thus, O Cartaphilus, have all matters reſpecting the happineſs of all, at

length eventuated as, under all the circumſtances, we all ſhould wiſh: and our bliſs would know of no alloy wert thou, as Artemas long hath been, and Druſilla and Rebecca and Eben-Ezra now are, zealous in that new and enlivening faith, which ſeems deſtined to be noiſed throughout the world; and to awaken all mankind to the new lights ſhed upon the only religion God ever revealed to man!

Agbarus, prince of Edeſſa.

And now, as promiſed, I will detail how Agbarus and Artemas firſt met—and how "*Druſilla*," who, as her name imports "*watered by the dews*," firſt became watered by thoſe of the new ſalvation, and then beſtowed freely on Artemas her heart,—he having been, under grace, her ſpiritual guide to that wondrous change in her, and her princely father!

Know, then, that in the life time of the mighty Nazarene, the fame of his miracles, and of his infallible cure of the worſt diſeaſes, reached into far diſtant countries, cauſing many from even the remoteſt parts of Paleſtine to viſit the Holy City, with the hope of there meeting Jeſus, and of being cured of ſome grievous malady. But Prince Agbarus, who lived ſomewhat too remote, and reigned in glory over nations near the Euphrates, was too much waſted by a foul diſeaſe, incurable by any known human means, to viſit Jeruſalem. He, therefore, deſpatched a truſty meſſenger to Jeſus, with a ſuppliant letter, imploring deliverance from the dreadful malady! A copy of this Letter, and of the Reply vouchſafed by Jeſus, I now encloſe—they being handed to me by Artemas, who received them from Agbarus, as you will preſently find.

The Great Nazarene declined to cure the diſeaſe at that time; but promiſed to ſend a *diſciple*, at ſome future day, to heal his affliction, and to beſtow *Salvation* on him and his family!

A few years after the Reſurrection, Thomas Didymus, one of the Apoſtles, was divinely actuated to ſend into Edeſſa *Thaddeus*, alſo an Apoſtle, and one of the Seventy, as a herald of Chriſt's doctrines,—and to that city Artemas journeyed with him. Immediately on his arrival in the dominions of Agbarus, Thaddeus proclaimed the name of Jeſus; and confirmed his authority by ſome notable miracles. Agbarus ſuſpected at once, that this Thaddeus might be the promiſed diſciple, who was to heal his foul diſeaſe, and bring happineſs alſo to all his family, by a ſalvation that reached far beyond the body! He, therefore, promptly ſent for the pious meſſenger, whom he received in royal ſtate, his family and nobles being around him.

"Art thou truly the promiſed one," ſaid Agbarus, "ſent of Jeſus the Son of God, to heal my ſickneſs, and give life to all my family?"

And Thaddeus anſwered, "Seeing that thou haſt faith in

Him who ſent me, I declare unto thee *I am that Meſſenger*—and, if thou believeſt with renewed faith, the petitions of thy heart ſhall be granted unto thee." Agbarus replied, "My confidence in Him would have prompted me, forthwith, to have deſpatched forces to deſtroy thoſe Jews who crucified him, had not the Roman power been too ſtrong for me." Whereupon Thaddeus ſaid, "I place my hand upon thee, O Prince Agbarus!—be thou, in the Name of the Lord Jeſus, healed of thine infirmity!"

On that and the day following, many others were cured in like manner, and the Goſpel was powerfully expounded to the aſſembled multitude,—many of whom, with the whole family of Agbarus, embraced the new faith.

The Apoſtle and his attendants were moſt hoſpitably entertained by Agbarus in his princely palace; who likewiſe commanded gold and ſilver to be given to them; but they would none of it,—ſaying, "What hath through us been given, hath been *freely* given."

Artemas, ever zealous in the diſcharge of all he undertakes, and deeply verſed, moreover, in the Scriptures, as well as in much other learning, ſoon eſtabliſhed himſelf in the deepeſt affections of the Prince, in whoſe family he continued for a time. The excellent Druſilla liſtened to his holy counſels,—they wandered together on the ſhaded and flowery banks of the ſmall clear ſtream that borders upon Edeſſa, and empties itſelf into the wide Euphrates: there he would often converſe much upon the glories of the new ſpiritual kingdom: but, as it is natural with hearts deſtined for each other, they likewiſe ſpoke much of love. Druſilla was then ſcarce eighteen; Artemas, as you know, exceeded her by fully nine years,—yet are their ages *now* well aſſorted; for Artemas is highly gifted with extraordinary health and manly beauty, and he now thirty-ſeven—ſhe twenty-eight. Edeſſa's Prince, with the livelieſt approval, ſanctioned their mutual love—and Artemas, after an eſpouſal of ten years, now writes that they are ſoon to wed, and that, although their nuptials are to be celebrated with a becoming ſplendour, yet all oſtentatious extravagance will be avoided, as being unſuited to the changed views of Agbarus, and of all that princely family.

The vaſt wealth of Artemas, moreover, enables him to indulge his liberalities in a different way; and his charitable propenſities will be manifeſted by numerous ſmall *dowries* for all ſuch poor and meritorious perſons of Edeſſa, and the neighbourhood, as may honour his nuptial day with the celebration of their own.

Artemas, as I learn, has ſeldom written to thee ſince his Letters on the Reſurrection—thy ſeeming neglect of which ſo much grieved him: but he will now inſtantly write—and fully ſatisfy thee

reſpecting Druſilla, and the cauſes of his ſilence thereon: and I muſt alſo ſtate that Rebecca was likewiſe ignorant, for many years, of his devotion to the maiden—but oh, how great is her joy at hearing that he is now actually ſoon to wed!

The following are the copies of thoſe deeply intereſting epiſtles, ſent to me by Artemas: the originals of which are depoſited in the archives of Edeſſa; and from them he obtained, with princely permiſſion, what I now ſend thee.

LETTER XVII.

From King Agbarus, of Edessa, to Jesus, of Jerusalem.

AGBARUS, Prince of Edeſſa, to Jesus, the excellent "Saviour, who has appeared in the borders of Je- "ruſalem, ſends greeting.

"The reports reſpecting thee, and thy cures, as "performed by thee without medicines, and without "the uſe of herbs, I have heard.

"For, as it is ſaid, the blind are made to ſee, the lame to "walk, by thee; and thou doſt cleanſe the lepers, caſt out impure "Spirits and Demons; and thou healeſt thoſe tormented by long "diſeaſe—and thou raiſeſt the *dead!*

"Hearing all theſe things of thee, I have concluded in my "own mind, one of two things—either that thou art God, and "doſt theſe things as having deſcended from Heaven, or that, "doing them, thou art the Son of God! Therefore, have I now "written, and beſeech thee to viſit me, and to heal the diſeaſe "with which I am afflicted.

"I have alſo heard that the Jews murmur againſt thee, and "are plotting to injure thee: I have, however, a *ſmall* but noble "State, which is ſufficient for *Thee* and *me*."

Answer of Jesus to the Letter of King Agbarus.

"Bleſſed art thou, O Agbarus! who, without ſeeing, haſt "believed in me. For it is written concerning me, that they "who *have* ſeen me will *not* believe, that they who have not "ſeen may believe and live.

"But, in regard to what thou haſt written, that I ſhould "come unto thee, it is neceſſary that I ſhould fulfil all things *here*, "for which I have been ſent. And after this fulfilment, thus to "be received again by Him that ſent me. And after I have been

" received up, I will ſend to thee a certain one of my diſciples, " that he may heal thy affliction, and give life to thee, and to thoſe " who are with thee."

I am curious to know the dates of theſe letters; and ſhall requeſt of Artemas to aſcertain them for me: but, as they were both delivered by our well-known tabellarius, Ananias, who, though old, is ſtill living in Jeruſalem, near the Water-gate, you may probably obtain the information from him, ſooner than I can from Artemas—to whom I do not deſire to write, ſeeing that he is now ſo much engroſſed with his approaching nuptials. FARE-THEE-WELL. PRISCILLA.

LETTER XVIII.

ARTEMAS TO SAUL OF TARSUS.

EDESSA. *Niſan*, 8th day; A. M. 3808.
[Friday, 19th March, A. D. 48.]

TWELVE years have elapſed, my brother Saul, ſince, with Thaddeus, I firſt came to Edeſſa; and how ten of thoſe years were ſpent with that holy man, thou art, doubtleſs, fully informed by him; and alſo that, on my return two years ago, my long-delayed nuptials were celebrated with the princeſs Druſilla, the only daughter of thine admiring friend Agbarus.*

I now am bleſſed with a lovely ſon, whom I have named *Thaddeus*, in reſpect for him, who, in our long journeyings, proved to me the kindeſt adviſer,—ſuſtaining me in all things by his heavenly wiſdom, when my own much feeble nature was ſo often nigh exhauſted; for, I confeſs to thee, I ſometimes ſighed for Edeſſa, our abſence being very long, and our toils exceedingly great and inceſſant, whilſt paſſing through Syria, Meſopotamia, Arabia, and moſt of Perſia,—where I left that zealous Apoſtle, who will remain there, probably a year or two longer.

With *his* approval, and I truſt with *thine*, I haſtened to my beloved Druſilla; and am now a huſband and a father! Theſe, my PAUL, for ſo I muſt now call thee,† are to me new, and deeply

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* It is probable that Saul, ſhortly after his converſion, viſited Meſopotamia, and there became acquainted with Prince Agbarus.

† This alludes to the then recent change of Saul's name to *Paul*, which took place about four years before the date of this letter, when Artemas was in the Eaſtern countries, and about twelve years after Saul's converſion. It is ſaid, that whilſt Saul was at Paphos, in the iſland of Cyprus, the Roman proconſul,

reſponſible relations; which, I devoutly pray, and firmly truſt, may never conflict with thoſe that are yet much higher: but, as I find in my Druſilla, and in her princely and pious father, all that can be looked for in mortals, and infinitely more than I merit, I feel as if I ſhall be made a better Chriſtian, from my being a huſband and father; as I am likewiſe ſure that we are all better huſbands and fathers, from being made Chriſtians.*

I have juſt been informed, my Paul, and with grief, by a letter from Aquila, that thou haſt been lately viſited by another calamity, in being ſtoned at *Lyſtra*, nearly unto death! and that, too, by the very people who, only a little before, had witneſſed thy reſtoring one born a cripple, and had thereupon deſired to worſhip thee, as Mercurius, and one Barnabas, as Jupiter! Oh, who ſhall fathom the infatuation and wonderful blindneſs of the natural man! for, as I alſo hear, this ſudden turn againſt thee was produced by the coming unto Lyſtra of a few ſtraggling, wicked Jews from Antioch and Iconium; who, proving themſelves more eloquent than even Mercurius, and more powerful than Jupiter, inſtantly drew over the Lyſtrans to murder their Gods—thee and Barnabas! But thou, O Paul, haſt experienced enough of man's fickle and baſe nature, and haſt alſo endured too many ſevere labours, with perils of life and limb, to have much ſurpriſe at the conduct of the Lyſtrans.

I hope ſoon to hear from my good father Thaddeus; who, no doubt, will give us great cauſe to rejoice; for, among the Gentiles he hath ſhown himſelf a good huſbandman; one who plants deeply, and waters freely—one who knows the various ſoils, and adopts accordingly his modes of cultivation.†

Sergius Paulus, and many others, became converts to the new faith, not only through the great eloquence of Saul, but from their witneſſing his infliction of inſtant blindneſs upon the magician Barjeſus, for his wicked attempt to reſiſt Saul's preaching, by exerting over Sergius Paulus the influence he had gained by pretended magical powers. The change, however, of the name of the great apoſtle, is probable to have ariſen, either from Paul being the equivalent Roman name for *Saul*, or, from Sergius Paulus and his family calling him Paul, through great deference and love for the apoſtle, as their ſpiritual parent,—or, poſſibly, from Saul's adopting the Proconſul's latter name, in reſpect for one who had proved himſelf ſo firm and uſeful a patron of the then infant church.

* Theſe remarks of Artemas reſpecting marriage, ſeem to have been drawn from him, as knowing Paul's ſomewhat peculiar views on the ſubject,—and more eſpecially as it regarded the earlieſt propagators of the new religion.

† Thaddeus ſeems to have been known by ſeveral other names—as Libbēus, Judas, and Jude. He was ſon of Cleophas—brother of James the Leſs—and couſin (according to humanity) of the SAVIOUR. He is the author of the Epiſtle under the name of Jude; and was probably a *huſbandman*; to which occupation Artemas has evident alluſion. Jude lived to a very advanced age;

Aquila—Priſca—Artemas.

I have been pained to learn from Aquila, that he and Priſca have been recently compelled to leave Rome in conſequence of the Edict of Claudius, which baniſhes all Jews from the Imperial City. It ſeems that the late troubles in Paleſtine have greatly diſpleaſed Claudius; and that he, who hath ſo generally favoured our countrymen, is now leſs diſpoſed to be kind to them. Aquila, it ſeems, is now at Corinth, labouring in the great work of our Maſter, and ſuſtaining himſelf and family by his early occupation, that of making leathern tents for the ſupply of Roman troops.

As I further learn from Aquila, that thou wilt ſhortly be at Antioch, after paſſing through Piſidia and Pamphilia, I ſhall not fail, *Deo juvante*, to meet thee there anon. Until then, my Paul, FARE-THEE-WELL. ARTEMAS.

LETTER XIX.

AQUILA TO ARTEMAS [*now at Cæſarea, late Straton's Tower*].*

DERBE. Creation, 3814. *Adar*, 19th.
[Saturday, Feb. 18, A.D. 54.]

SINCE thy departure from Antioch, where we united with Paul, about three years ago, I have heard little of thee, my excellent Artemas; but I know thee to be, as thy name imports, "*whole and ſound*," and doubt not that our little communion, of late, hath been only occaſioned by our being both ſo much toſſed about; and eſpecially thou, in thy zealous exertions to advance the mighty cauſe of the *Chriſtians*, as we are now generally called at Antioch and other places.

Aquila's youthful reminiſcences.

It muſt be a great delight to thee, Artemas, to be once more at Cæſarēa, thy native city,—there, to reviſit the ſpots of thy youthful paſtimes — to recall to thy faithful remembrance ſo many places, now ſacred by their aſſociations—to roam over others, where thy mind firſt began to expand, and afterwards to drink in ſo largely the elements of thy preſent uſefulneſs.

How often have we wandered together, my Artemas, amidſt

and is ſuppoſed by moſt writers to have died a natural death in Lybia: but others ſay he ſuffered martyrdom in Perſia. Two of his grandſons, more probably, were among the early martyrs. The ſhort Epiſtle under his name, as to the genuineneſs of which there can be no doubt, was probably written about A.D. 66, or ſomewhat later.

* They probably continued ſo to direct, or to date from, in order to diſtinguiſh this Cæſarea from Cæſarea-Philippi.

the wilds of the Chrysōras, chaſing with boyiſh temerity the *Akkos* from rock to rock, until, in deſpair, they plunged into the river, and were ſoon loſt to us! Doſt thou ſtill bear in mind our dangerous adventure with one of them, which, with her young, was defending herſelf and them, with ſavage fury againſt the eagles? We, as you remember, eſpouſed *her* cauſe, and truly deſired to ſhow our regard for her maternal love: but ſhe, witleſs of our fair intentions, became frantic with rage, in ſuppoſing the eagles were re-enforced by us,—and ſeeing that we had no wings, darted upon us with murderous fury! Thou, being my ſenior, and ever my generous friend, obſerved my more immediate peril; and with the lightning's rapidity, levelled with unerring aim thy club, and ſlayed the beaſt! The young were then ours by conqueſt, no leſs than by the humanity of our intentions—and we ſhared the tender Akkolets, with the reſolve, however, to make them our deareſt pets,—and to this we faithfully abided, as thou wilt remember. Theſe, and very many of the like, are to me, and doubtleſs to thee alſo, delightful recollections; and now the more ſo, as quite thirty years have mingled their varied hours in Eternity's deep ſea, ſince laſt I parted from Cæſarēa. I ſigh for thoſe ſcenes of my childhood, though not of my birth; and largely, alſo, that I may there embrace thee, dear Artemas, and likewiſe behold for the firſt time, thy beloved Druſilla, of whom I have heard ſo much—thy ſweet boy Thaddeus, and thine infant daughter CORNELIA, ſo named, as they tell me, from thy juſt reſpect for the memory of Cornelius, the faithful centurion, who, with his family, were the firſt fruits, at Cæſarēa, of the faith in Chriſt. I will, therefore, be with thee ſhortly; and we will together viſit the rocky banks of the Chrysōras—and, poſſibly, may find the very cavern, from whoſe mouth the enraged Akko darted upon us.*

Some account of Cæſarēa.

I long alſo to wander with thee over our goodly city; which the infamous Idumean Herod, more than ſeventy years ago, raiſed from the ſmall village of Straton's Tower, to be the chiefeſt among the cities of Phenicia—nay even of all Paleſtine, ſave Jeruſalem; and this, too, in ſcarce more than twelve years! Well do I remember how unfeigned was my youthful aſtoniſhment at beholding the magnificent white palaces, then ſo new to my eyes; and alſo the great Temple, dedicated to the Roman Emperor—and the maſſive and graceful ſtatue of Rome and of Cæſar, which ſtands in its Court,—likewiſe the vaſt Theatre, and the ſtill more extenſive Amphitheatre, after the Grecian faſhion!

* The Akko is a ſpecies of wild-goat, with extremely furrowed horns, more than a foot long, and which incline much towards the back. It is likewiſe known by the name of Lerwee.

To my then youthful mind, theſe all were truly wonderful—for they were ſo unlike every thing *Jewiſh*. But, among all the great works of the ſplendid and wicked Herod, none filled me with ſuch unmingled ſurpriſe as the extenſive Haven, conſtructed to ſhut out the furious South winds, and the waves of ſand that rolled impetuouſly in from the ſea! Since then, I have viſited Athens, and find that Herod's vaſt Haven may well compare with the much-famed Piræus. My young fancy was particularly ſtruck with the daring enterpriſe of Herod, whom I then conſidered almoſt ſuperhuman, in his firſt ſinking deep into the waters, ſtones more than thirty-three cubits in length, twelve in breadth, and ſix in depth; and then, upon this ſolid foundation, erecting a pier fully one hundred and thirty-three cubits wide, and defended on the inner-ſide by a ſuitable wall, and by lofty towers—the outer-ſide, moreover, being ſo conſtructed as to daſh back the firſt wave, and hence called the *procymatia*, or firſt-wave-breaker! All of this mighty work, ſo beautiful, and of ſuch great coſt (as well under ground—and under the ſea, too, as above them both) often occaſioned me to think, even boy as I was, that the great Herod was permitted to achieve it by a much higher power,—ſo that, by his miſerable and inglorious death, we might be inſtructed in the *actual littleneſs* of man, and the ever-enduring greatneſs of the *real architect*, God; and that He often ſaith to us, in the very height and pride of our power, "Thus far ſhalt thou go in thy *miniſtry*, and here ſhall thine *arrogance* be ſtayed!"

Organization of the primitive Church.

But, my good Artemas, what I have now written performs not the main object of my letter: ſo far, have I dwelt upon only worldly matters—ſurely of ſome intereſt, and from which we may extract uſeful teachings. Now will I to matters of more abiding intereſt to us both; for greatly do I value thy keen deſire to have ſupplied to thee much, that during thy long abſence in the Eaſt with Thaddeus, muſt have eſcaped thee, in all that reſpects the Church in the Weſt. Our juſtly beloved Priſcilla hath told thee very many things,—Paul and *Manaen** have likewiſe by their letters inſtructed thee ſince thy return unto Edeſſa,—leaving thereby to me a ſmall taſk, eſpecially as I hope to ſee thy face ſo ſoon.

During thy ſhort ſtay with us at Antioch, we converſed, as I remember, ſomewhat reſpecting the organization of the Church, eſpecially as to its government and rulers; and, at our parting, you

* Manaen was a perſon of rank and influence, who had been educated with Herod Antipas, (ſome ſay as foſter-brother) in the Court of the firſt Herod. He early became a convert to the new faith; and, from his ſtation in ſociety, it is probable he was uſeful to the infant church in an eminent degree. Acts xiii. 1. Whether Manaen was one of the Seventy is not certain.

desired to hear from me as to my poor opinion in regard to the distinct duties and powers of those who preside over it; and whether they be solely of divine ordinance, and of perpetual duration; or, in what respect they may be under mere human control and expediency? These, my Artemas, are questions of great moment, which I should rather ask of thee; but, as the comparison of opinion, guided by a sincere desire for truth, tendeth to sound knowledge, I cannot hesitate to state cautiously, I hope, and as briefly as well may be, my views as to the constitution of the Church, *as it now stands*—thou receiving them as from one of far less experience and knowledge than thyself, and as from one not yet specially instructed by Paul.

By The Church, I mean the entire body throughout the world, of true believers in Christ: and, by A Church, I mean some particular assemblage or congregation of such believers, united in some city or place by some organization or church government—necessarily, in the larger part, divine.

The Church itself, and a form of government, were doubtless solely of divine origin; and are designed to be of perpetual duration—but the establishment of churches in various places, and the particular form of church government, are not necessarily, and in all respects of divine appointment and formation. So likewise, some matters clearly of divine appointment, are not necessarily of *perpetual* duration,—for the day must shortly come when we shall have no *Apostles;* and the day may be, in after ages, when Evangelists shall be equally unknown in the Church. We now have Apostles, Evangelists, Bishops, Presbyters, Deacons, &c.—nearly all being of divine, some, perhaps, of merely human appointment—some endued with peculiar powers, and bound to special duties—others having no *powers*, properly so called, but discharging duties not essentially personal to themselves. From all of these ministers of the Church, certain duties are *now* exacted; but some of these may not be needed in after times; and, indeed, *cannot* be possessed: the Apostolic power, for example, cannot be one of succession, in the *strictness* of that word; for, what is an *apostle?* He is one who hath received his commission immediately from Christ—one who hath seen Christ after his resurrection, that he may speak as an eye-witness—one who is endued with the power, by imposition of hands, of conferring the gift of the Holy Spirit—one whose full knowledge of the doctrines of the Saviour comes from inspiration, as well as from personal teaching—and finally, one whose duty is to propagate the Gospel to Jews and Gentiles throughout the world; and not merely to be charged with the care of some particular church or churches.

In proof of these infallible marks of apostleship, I would remind

thee, my Artemas, *firſt*, of the fact that none of the apoſtles were truly ſuch, until their Maſter had redeemed his promiſe through the wonders of the Pentecoſtal day,—they being then baptized by the Holy Ghoſt, and thereby became fully poſſeſſed of his doctrines by inſpiration; *ſecondly*, of the fact that Paul's apoſtleſhip is carefully made out by him, in his ſhowing that he has ſo ſeen Chriſt, and was ſo baptized, that his commiſſion muſt be regarded as coming *directly* from the Saviour; and that Paul hath miraculous powers, we all have witneſſed: *thirdly*, I would remind thee of the fact that, when Matthias was choſen to ſupply the place of Judas, the lot fell, by Chriſt's appointment, upon him, as one that had been an eye-witneſs; and this, moreover, was done through the miniſtry of the Eleven; who, fully knowing their Maſter's intention in this reſpect, even before the day of pentecoſt, completed the original deſign of having *twelve*, from among thoſe who had actually witneſſed Chriſt's miniſtry; and who alſo had had ocular proof of his triumph over the grave,—and ſuch an one was Matthias. Barnabas and Paul were ſpecially and miraculouſly called by the Holy Spirit to the apoſtleſhip—and neither of them can be regarded as *ſucceſſors to any one*, nor as coming in by any human appointment or agency whatever: *fourthly*, let me further remind thee of the well known fact that, after Herod Agrippa ſlayed our beloved James, his apoſtleſhip remained vacant; and that no one ever thought of any means to fill that vacancy—and doubtleſs, that ſo it will continue for ever. In the like manner (as to me it ſeemeth) may I ſpeak in regard to the *Evangeliſts;* for, my Artemas, they are alſo temporary—their charge not being local, but like that of the Apoſtles, univerſal. The Apoſtles are, *ex officio* Evangeliſts—but theſe are by no means the former. The evangeliſts attend the apoſtles in their journeyings, and more particularly among people who are wholly in darkneſs: they aid the apoſtles in the eſtabliſhment of churches—in bearing meſſages into diſtant lands; they alſo aſſiſt in the ordination of preſbyters to the various churches,—the reſpective congregations conſenting—and finally, in the reforming of all abuſes, and in the tranſaction of all things, which the extent of apoſtolic engagements may prevent the poſſibility of being done by them in perſon. Evangeliſts, therefore, do not eſtabliſh themſelves in any fixed place—their occupations being eſſentially ambulatory; and, as they receive their commiſſion from the Apoſtles, they are in all things under their ſuperviſion; and may wholly ceaſe to exiſt, when the ſtrict *Apoſtolic* miſſion ceaſes. In every Church or Congregation we have an Elder, and Deacons, and ſometimes Deaconeſſes. Theſe elders are likewiſe called preſbyters, ſometimes biſhops—for Elder, Preſbyter, Biſhop are all one. In each church we have few, or many preſbyters and deacons—according to the extent of the con-

gregation—and, when the preſbyters of ſeveral congregations aſſemble, to commune reſpecting ſome matter of general intereſt, the body ſo aſſembled has the name of Preſbytery, or Senate. Now, as in theſe aſſemblies, *order* doth require that ſome one ſhould preſide, then, for convenience' ſake, he who does ſo preſide takes a diſtinctive name, and then is called The Biſhop—Epiſcopos—or overſeer; not that the word biſhop was then firſt introduced—for all preſbyters were equally called biſhops, or overſeers of their reſpective flocks—but that, in the Preſbytery, the one who ſpecially preſides, is by way of eminence *the* Biſhop, or overſeer, of that preſbytery.

A *preſiding* preſbyter, or biſhop, is ſo in reſpect to *that* Preſbytery: but all preſbyters are otherwiſe coequal: the *biſhop* is ſtill only preſbyter,—he hath, indeed, official diſtinction and duties in the preſbytery: but out of it, and as to ſpiritual matters, that *preſiding* preſbyter varies not from others, in being thus more ſpecially called *biſhop:* they all preach, baptize, adminiſter the Euchariſteia, and, with the ſanction of the Congregation, they alſo reprove and admoniſh all who are within their church. But the name and duty of the head-preſbyter betoken no *ſpiritual ſuperiority* over his aſſociate preſbyters—all of them, with their biſhop, being entirely co-ordinate, ſave in the biſhop's directing-powers in the aſſembled preſbytery:—for ſo, at leaſt, do I now regard this matter: and a biſhop (ſo called in reſpect of a preſbytery) hath charge of only one preſbytery; and, however numerous that may be, it varies his ſpiritual powers, duties, and dignity, in no degree.

The Deacons were introduced into the Church, as you well remember, ſoon after the pentecoſtal day—which was the beginning of the true Apoſtleſhip; for, conſequent upon the great increaſe of believers on, and ſoon after that illuſtrious day, the duties of the XII became ſo arduous and various, that there aroſe ſome murmuring of the Greek againſt the Hebrew converts, touching the poor of each—the Greeks believing that theirs had ſomewhat been neglected. This induced the Apoſtles, to require their diſciples to ſelect for themſelves ſeven perſons; whoſe duty it ſhould be to protect the indigent, and to diſtribute all charitable collections: ſo that their office, as you perceive, was wholly *ſecular*. At the head of thoſe ſeven deacons, was the youthful and pious *Stephen*,—and yet he was not merely a deacon; for, as ſuch, he would have had no lot in the miniſtry: nor could he have wrought the wonders and miracles which he did. The deacon, then, is merely an aſſiſtant in ſecular matters; and now each church has its deacon, and ſometimes deaconeſs: but, of late, the deacon has been permitted to participate in a ſmall degree in ſacred matters—ſo that the deaconſhip may ſerve as a kind of noviciate to the miniſtry: and

though choſen, at firſt, by the congregation, they are now more generally ſelected by the Preſbytery, to be approved by the congregation.

Hence, my Artemas, you ſee that the organization of our churches is very ſimple—the Church at large having, for *ſpiritual* matters, its Apoſtles and Evangeliſts—the particular churches only their preſbyters, (or Elders, Paſtors, Biſhops) all of which words import the ſame thing,—ſave that the preſiding one, by way of deſignation, is now ſomewhat more excluſively called Biſhop: and to theſe are added the deacons, chiefly for ſecular purpoſes, regarding the poor, and the comfort of each congregation.

Such, then, being now the ſimple organization of our church government, well adapted to our preſent wants, and ſurely of divine origin mainly, and likewiſe of perpetual duration *in eſſence;* yet, can I ſee no reaſon why it may not, in after times, undergo ſuch changes, as the then exiſting ſtate of ſpiritual and ſecular things may demand —but preſerving, for ever, what God hath ordained, and deſigned to be perpetual. The Church, hereafter, may be without Apoſtles —without Evangeliſts; and preſbyters, more than one in particular churches, may alſo ceaſe: but preſbyters, or *biſhops*, in the primitive meaning of that word, the Church muſt, of courſe, for ever have; and yet theſe, or ſome of them, may preſide over more than one church or congregation—or, there may be more than one preſbyter or biſhop in each church; and others, again, may poſſibly preſide over all the congregations that may be within ſome preſcribed diſtrict or province.

In the like manner, at ſome future time, the now very limited ſacred functions of the deacons, may poſſibly be ſomewhat enlarged, and their ſecular duties be curtailed, or wholly transferred to others. All ſuch matters, as to me it ſeemeth, are wholly within the control of the Church; and poſſibly, of a congregation, or congregations. But, my worthy Artemas, whatever the changes may be, that after-times may require, no church can ever be left deſtitute of the power of perpetuating its own exiſtence, and even of giving ſhape to its *formal* being: for new churches may ariſe, derived in no way from any exiſting church—but ſolely from that great fountain of ſpiritual power, whence all originally ſprang—nor will any biſhop or other ſpiritual miniſter, on the ceaſing of the Apoſtles and of the Evangeliſts, be neceſſarily and truly *their ſucceſſors*,—or be fully endued with their powers; but will be for ever *preſbyters:* for, whether they preſide over one, or many churches—whether many preſide in only one city, or even church,—or, if poſſible, whether one, or many, preſide over all churches, yet would each and all ſtill be but *preſbyters*, and not Apoſtles, or Evangeliſts, whatever *name*, or *dignity*, or *rule* may be conferred on ſuch, by uſage, conſent, convenience, or otherwiſe.

Organization of The Church.

In fine, my excellent Artemas, the neceſſity of a church government, and alſo the organic form thereof, are ſurely of *divine* origin and inſtitution,—and as unalterable *in ſubſtance*, as is any matter of *doctrinal* faith whatever: for there muſt be a regular and duly authoriſed appointment and ſucceſſion of miniſters—whenever poſſible—but, whether there muſt be for ever *four orders*, or three, or two, we, at this moment, have no ſure means of pronouncing definitively. If at this time, there be Apoſtles, Biſhops, Preſbyters, and Deacons, and if theſe four be regarded as *diſtinct orders* of divine inſtitution,—we alſo know, of a ſurety, that immediately after Chriſt's departure, there was but one order, viz., the Apoſtles—ſoon after two, and then three—viz., Apoſtle, Preſbyter, Deacon. Now, if Titus, under Paul's recent letter, be of a new order,—or with power to create one, that ſhall take the excluſive name of Biſhop, and with any powers *unknown* to the preſbyter, then muſt there be, at this time, *four* orders, as I have ſaid, viz., three ſpiritual, one ſecular: and, if the Apoſtolic order ſhall hereafter ceaſe; and if, to the now preſbyter, there be added other powers, exerciſed at this time by the Apoſtles, then would the organic conſtitution aſſume ſtill another form: whereas, good Artemas, my humble opinion was, (and ſo muſt remain, until more ſpecially and clearly adviſed of Paul) that Chriſt ordained his Apostles as a temporary body, and merely for the full organization of his Church—alſo to diffuſe the Glad Tidings *authoritatively* to the whole world, then ſo utterly benighted, and finally, to appoint teachers, or preſbyters, to aid them, and for ever to continue in all the ages ſo to teach. Now, the queſtion that at this time diſturbs me, is, whether after the Apoſtles ſhall ceaſe to exiſt, there ſhall remain only Preſbyters and Deacons? Who ſhall appoint the preſbyters? Not the Deacons, ſurely,—for they are chiefly ſecular: not the Congregation, ſurely,—for they are wholly lay, and without any ſpiritual vocation: who, then, but the preſbyters *themſelves*, perhaps, with the adviſement of their flock? And yet, my Artemas, if Paul now really doth mean to conſtitute a *new order*, under the ſole name of Biſhops, with power to ordain all future preſbyters, and having rule over that order, it *well may be ſo;* and then ſuch Biſhops would alſo ſurely be of divine appointment—for Paul, queſtionleſs, hath *authority*—and the only queſtions now with me, are whether Paul *ſo hath done*—and if done, whether he hath made that appointment by Apoſtolic inſpiration—or only as of Paul; for Paul hath ſometimes ſaid—*this* is of inſpiration—*that* is of Paul: and, whether the one or the other, we ſhould now have Biſhops—Preſbyters—Deacons, as the three orders of the Church. In this view of the matter, there are at this time, clearly *four* orders in the Church. But, that Biſhops ſhall *hereafter* be *quaſi* Succeſſors, or

in loco Apoſtolorum, is yet to me doubtful, though free am I to confeſs its beautiful *harmony*, its *utility*, and alſo the ſeeming idea of Paul that ſo it ſhould be: and yet, were this his fixed *Apoſtolic* deſign, marvellous doth it ſeem to me, that ſuch intention is not more expreſſly revealed.*

No ſacrifices, or Prieſtly office now.

Nor, my Artemas, can I regard any of the perſons, on whom ſpiritual powers were conferred by Chriſt, or by the apoſtles, as PRIESTS, or as belonging to any *Prieſthood;* as all of that muſt have wholly ceaſed with the laſt and great *ſacrifice* made upon Calvary, by him who will remain for ever, not only the Supreme Head over all—but the only ſacrifice that ſhall ever be made, or needed: and, therefore, all Apoſtles, Biſhops and Preſbyters are but teachers—and not *prieſts*, ſtrictly ſo called.

Well do I know the tendency of our people, as alſo of the Gentiles, to cleave to the idea of the continuance of a Prieſthood; and to aſſimilate the government of our new Church, in ſubſtance as well as in form, to that of the Jewiſh hierarchy; which, as I believe, has utterly paſſed away.

We now have Apoſtles and Evangeliſts—we alſo have Preſbyters, or biſhops, they being ſurely different from the two firſt—and we have alſo deacons which greatly differ from all: but none of theſe claſſes are ſtrictly *prieſts;* nor do any or all conſtitute a *prieſthood.* All that exiſted of the prieſtly nature under the *Law*, centred wholly, and at once, in the crucified Victim of the Croſs; for we hear, or read, of no one that is now authoriſed to offer any *ſacrifice*, or other offering to *take away ſin*—and hence all *prieſtly* office hath entirely ceaſed—Chriſt's one ſacrifice of Himſelf being in no way *imperfect*, and therefore needing neither High-Prieſt, Prieſt, nor Levite—but only teachers, and miniſters of the ordinances. Doubtleſs, now, and in all after-ages, Church Government will be eſſential; and its *eſſence* is truly immutable; but its *form* and *ſubſtance* no longer need Sacrifices, or a Prieſthood of any kind.

* The reader will bear in mind, that theſe views of Aquila were written about the time that epiſcopal power was in its infancy, and ſimpleſt form—if, indeed, it then exiſted. Paul's Letter to Titus was probably in A.D. 53—ſo think Dr. Hales and Michaëlis, though others place it much later; and the one to Timothy was probably written in A.D. 58. The letter of Aquila to Artemas, therefore, bears date only a few months after Paul's Epiſtle to Titus, and ſeveral years prior to the Epiſtle to Timothy. The ſagacity of Aquila, at that early period, his difficulties and doubts, though, perhaps, ſurpriſing, ſhow us clearly the reaſon why ſuch doubts and difficulties ſtill continue, to the preſent hour, in the minds of ſome, notwithſtanding the volumes that have been written on Epiſcopacy, Apoſtolic Succeſſion, Prelacy, &c., ſince the letters to Titus and to Timothy.

Organization of The Church.

Formerly, none had immediate acceſs to God but the prieſthood; and all others were to make known their wants, only through the ſacrificial miniſtrations of that claſs. But now, neither prieſt, nor ſacrifice is needed: and thoſe called to evangelize and to miniſter, be they apoſtles, elders, evangeliſts, deacons, are all teachers only, and no prieſthood. No *ſin-offering*, nor *thank-offering* being now required, becauſe the *final* Sin-Offering was made, once for all, free and perfect, by the Chriſtus—he being the only poſſible MAN-GOD—and hence the only poſſible full Atonement! By that ſole ſacrifice, every individual who is of the Faith, is now enabled freely to make his own *thank-offering* unto God immediately—or rather, through the Meſſias, and not through any earthly prieſt—ſo that, thus far, all may be regarded as raiſed to the dignity of prieſt, under the only One in Heaven!

Nor can there, any more for ever, be the leaſt need of further ſacrifice, either actually, or typically, or memoratively: and, when thoſe of the Faith, partake of the Euchariſteia, this is neither ſin-offering, nor thank-offering: nor is it even memorative of Chriſt's *ſacrifice* alone—but of all that he hath done for man, and alſo as a *means* of ſtrengthening our faith, and for obtaining further grace thereby. And, though the holy feaſt be in the preſence of, or be miniſtered by ſome one of the appointed teachers, that preſence, even if an apoſtle, is proper or neceſſary only as a witneſs of the worthineſs of thoſe to whom he thus adminiſters the ſacrament—and not as making thereby for them any offering, or ſacrifice through a prieſt unto God. And hence is it that all of the True Faith throughout the world, and to whatever communion belonging, do of themſelves make the Church Militant Univerſal, and thoſe who more ſpecially and locally are united in faith, conſtitute A Church, or Congregation—differing, poſſibly, only as men do in form, complexion, or in ſtature,—but ſtill the one claſs are true Chriſtians—the other claſs are equally men, whatever be their form or complexion.

Nor, as to me it ſeemeth, is there any power ordained of God, in any claſs of men, to do more than evangelize, ordain, baptize, adminiſter the bread and wine, preſerve the faith,—and in doing all of which, they act not as *prieſts*, but only as appointed miniſters and teachers: nor, in this, as infallible expounders and judges—nor as *media* between God and Man, but leaving unto Jehovah all judgment, all *controul* of belief and conſcience, ſince thoſe alone will, and ought to commune and harmoniouſly aſſemble, who think alike: and ſince thoſe who differ muſt not dare do more than ſtrenuouſly admoniſh, they ſhould leave unto God's future and gradual action, the bringing of all into one fold of perfect faith. Doubtleſs, from out of all of the congregations, omniſcient juſtice

will ſelect thoſe who are his, and who conſtitute the entire Church: and though, in the viſible, or church militant, there be myriads of every degree of godlineſs—and in the Church Triumphant many manſions in "His Father's Houſe," yet is it through God's mercy alone that ſalvation comes to any: and therefore, my Artemas, it ſeemeth to me very daring that men ſhould quarrel ſo fiercely concerning points of faith; or hope that the mind of godlineſs ſhould be of the ſame impreſs in all. On the very ſame tree nearly every leaf may ſomewhat differ—and, even the ſame faith manifeſts not itſelf exactly alike in all: therefore, to preach the Faith in all ſimplicity, purity, and perſuaſion is the teacher's chief duty—allowing unto all the freedom of judgment we claim for ourſelves; and only withholding from them our own communion, when any eſſential of faith is wanting. In this way alone can the great human family be brought to underſtand and value the exhauſtleſs riches of the proffered kingdom: for I am well perſuaded there may be a *ſaving faith* in Chriſt, though we ſhould find the taint of ſome ſurpriſing folly in the pureſt human creed.

Now even in reſpect to *Faith*, how mournful is it to behold what we ſee at this time—yea, in the tendereſt infancy of our Church? and how dreadful to contemplate what hereafter may come! Already do we find that unity of faith is much impaired by man's vain conjectures, fanciful interpretations, and by the cleaving to his gentile recollections: but, dear Artemas, what is there that man will not pervert, however ſimple and manifeſt it be?—ſurely, the underſtanding and heart ought to perceive that the *doctrines* of our Maſter are ſimple, practical, and beautiful; and that our Church government, the viſible temples that ſhall ariſe, and all the obſervances therein, ought for ever to be regarded as deſigned to be ſo pure and ſimple, that they may ſymbolize the New Diſpenſation—itſelf ſo brightly clear, when compared with the ſhadowy one that hath paſſed away. The Church, *lato ſenſu*, (by which I mean the whole body of Chriſtians in all the lands,) ought to be as nearly one, in *form*, as one, in *faith*; and all ſhould ſtrive for the preſervation of that *lovely ſimplicity*, that marked the life and character of Him who gave it. But, O Artemas! the Powers of Darkneſs are leagued againſt thoſe of Light—and, doubt it not, the conflict will be long and mighty!

But I have conſolation in the firm belief that, however defective the Paſtor of any church may be, either as to the ſource, or nature of his appointment, or as to the motives that perſonally actuate him,—that is, be it from *love*, or from *contention*, that he labours in his office, ſtill the *miniſtration* thereof is not neceſſarily ineffectual; for,

What, when Juriſdiction ceaſes in fact?

even Satanas might make converts to our faith! And this example I put thus ſtrongly, only to ſhow you, in a word, my own decided conviction, that grace *may* flow through a corrupt channel, though to preſerve it pure is the higheſt duty of the chriſtian. Herein am I fully ſuſtained, as I think, by Paul; who declares that "notwithſtanding every way, whether in *pretence*, or in *truth*, if Chriſt be preached, I therein do rejoice—and will rejoice."—This he could not have uttered, if I be wrong in the caſe now put by me.

We have as yet no temples, or churches for our worſhip: but, very generally, all worſhip is in private houſes; ſometimes in the open fields, and occaſionally, in caves and caverns. Alſo, as I have ſtated, our church government, in officers, powers, and duties, is defined; and adherence to it is a ſolemn duty: but ſtill, I can ſee no reaſon why a mere *private chriſtian* may not, under very ſpecial circumſtances, exerciſe them all,—and with as much efficacy, too, as by any biſhop—yea, even any apoſtle! Suppoſe, my Artemas, ſome Chriſtians ſhould be caſt upon ſome deſert Iſland, or be loſt among the almoſt inacceſſible wilds of Parthia, or in the icy and ſnowy regions of the remote Hyperborean: may not theſe men form a chriſtian church, perfect in all reſpects? With humility, am I obliged ſo to think, though there ſhould be among them no apoſtle, evangeliſt, biſhop, or even preſbyter, or deacon. And, as it ſeems to me, I may yet go further, and ſay, that whenever and wherever ſpiritual aid *ceaſes in fact*, ſpiritual powers would *ariſe of right*, in any chriſtian whatever. Such a perſon, then, might baptize, preach, ordain, adminiſter the euchariſt—and do all other things needed by a perfect chriſtian church: but, whenever the *power* to be ordained ſhall come, then the *duty* muſt as ſurely ariſe.

The Saviour ſeems to have baptized none—Peter ſeldom did; and, even when ſpecially commiſſioned to viſit Cornelius and his family at Cæſarēa, he ſtill did not baptize them, but left it to the brethren who were with him. So, alſo, Paul was baptized by Ananias, probably one of the Seventy; and Paul regarded preaching as his more ſpecial calling: and yet the commiſſion to the apoſtles is to *teach*, *convert* and *baptize*: but every chriſtian, preſuming to do either, muſt ſurely ſeek (if happily it may be found) an ordination; for the rule is *non dat*, *qui non habet:* but, where that is not poſſible to be had, a church may ſtill ariſe in beauty and perfection, though the earthly link that unites it with the apoſtles, be wholly ſevered.*

* Dr. Campbell, however, has probably erred, in citing Philip's Baptiſm of the Ethiopian Eunuch, as an inſtance of that holy ſacrament being adminiſtered, under an exigency, by a *private perſon*. He ſtates that Philip was no apoſtle, no preſbyter, and probably, at that time, only a (*ſecular*) deacon; and yet that he preached to, converted, and baptized the Eunuch! That this learned writer

Now, dear Artemas, all theſe things are written to thee, with a fearfully tender, and unſhaken regard for *order* and *diſcipline* in the Church: but, may we not loſe much of the *ſubſtance*, through a frivolous and pertinacious adherence to *forms* and *notions*, which are ſometimes but as ſhadows? The SAVIOUR was the brighteſt exemplar the world hath ever known, as well of ſimplicity, as of unmixed truth: the inner ſubſtance and practical utility of every thing were always ſought by him,—and ſo ſhould his followers ever ſtrive to do: and that ſimplicity and truth ſhould always be reflected from our actions, ceremonials, temples, and throughout all of the viſible Church, in all the lands.*

Community of property.

I ſhall end this long epiſtle, with an equally candid ſtatement of my views, as to the Community of Property among chriſtians; as to which, I grieve to find that ſome weak-minded, but pious individuals, do ſo greatly and perniciouſly err.†

ſhould ſo entirely have miſtaken the true character of that holy man, is ſurpriſing. Philip, like Stephen, though a deacon, was evidently much more: and, if not an Evangeliſt, was ſpecially endowed with the Holy Ghoſt, for preaching the goſpel. He had not only wrought miracles and preached, before his interview with the Ethiopian,—but that very *meeting* of him was by no means accidental, but obviouſly commanded from on high: for Philip was not only ſent by an angel into the very road where he would encounter the Eunuch, but after he ſaw him, he was divinely urged to join him; and, doubtleſs, to teach, convert, and baptize him. The example of Philip, then, falls wholly to the ground; and is far ſhort of the views taken by Aquila, in the above letter to Artemas. I doubt much whether Dr. Campbell could have produced a ſingle inſtance in the primitive church, of mere private baptiſm, under any exigency whatever: though I cannot but concur fully in the opinion expreſſed by Aquila, that caſes may ariſe, in which this, and other Chriſtian offices, would be lawfully and effectually adminiſtered by a mere private Chriſtian—nay, even by one who himſelf is a mere infidel! Such extreme caſes *can* be put; but they become requiſite only to teſt the validity of an ultra oppoſite opinion; and, to this extent only is it, that Aquila ſeems to advance this doctrine; for, whilſt he evidently deſires to adhere to the ſoundeſt faith as to church government, he is equally ſtudious to avoid all impracticable, unmeaning, and ſuperſtitious exceſſes.

* The account here given by Aquila of the condition of the Church, during its earlieſt period, forms a wonderful contraſt with that which might be ſtated of its progreſs through the many centuries that ſince have paſſed! He ſeems to have anticipated, and to have liberally admitted, that great *formal* changes might properly ariſe in after times; and that in matters of *eſſence*, there probably would alſo ariſe great and improper changes: but all of his perſpicuity, unleſs truly prophetic, could ſcarce have preſented to him the leaſt idea of the extremely wide departures, no leſs in ſubſtance than in forms, which the actual hiſtory of the Church ſo lamentably furniſhes. But as to all this, it muſt be left mainly to Cartaphilus, or thoſe with whom he communed, to ſpeak hereafter.

† The detailed examination of the queſtion concerning *community of property*, as given by Aquila, the Editor wholly omits,—ſince the true doctrine on

The Adventures of Paul of Tarſus.

In return for what I have written thee, ſo much in detail, give me, I pray thee, ſome further account reſpecting that moſt ſingular and intereſting man,* CARTAPHILUS, who hath ſo long abandoned Jeruſalem for Rome. Much have I heard concerning him, but all vaguely; and I feel the more for his ſad condition, knowing how greatly thy heart is entwined with his; and alſo how much the now pious family of Eben Ezra ſtill love him. FARE-THEE-WELL.

AQUILA.

LETTER XX.

PAUL OF TARSUS TO ARTEMAS—[*now in Edeſſa*].

CORINTH. Month of *Tiſri*, 8th; Creation, 3816.
[September 13, A.D. 56.]

I HAVE heard of thee, Artemas, and of thy deeds at Cæſarēa, where I rejoiced to hear thou didſt tarry ſo long, as being the place of thy nativity; and where, with thy parents, thou wert ever by them and the people ſo juſtly beloved,—giving now to me ſtrong hope, in which thus far I in no wiſe am diſappointed, that thou wouldſt there accompliſh a good work. *Paul's account of his life.*

Thy friend, and truly mine, our dear Aquila, was with thee, as I learn, for a time; which likewiſe gave joy to all the brethren here, ſeeing that his pious zeal is ſo ſhining; and as thy greater knowledge of worldly matters, and of human learning would prove unto him uſeful: for ſuch poſſeſſions are by no means to be concealed by him who preacheth—but only the vanities and fancies thereof: for there is true learning, and there is falſe learning likewiſe; but to be puffed up, and boaſtful of knowledge, even truly ſo called, is itſelf a vanity, and offendeth much in a preacher,—whoſe

that ſubject is, at this time, ſo well underſtood. But it may be well to ſtate, that the views of Aquila prove ſufficiently that, whilſt in the primitive church there were ſome, whoſe intemperate zeal would have brought all the property of converts into communion, and thereby deſtroyed, rather than mitigated the motives for any acquiſitions; yet that the much larger portion of Chriſtians, even then entertained far juſter ideas upon this ſubject; and merely deſired to provide amply for the poor converts, a fund, voluntarily contributed out of their ſuperabundance: and this probably is all that is inculcated in Acts ii. 44; Acts iv. 32, 34, 35; 2 Corin. viii. 13, 15—although, in the fourth, and in ſome later centuries, the monks and their ſupporters evinced a ſtrong deſire to extract from theſe Scriptures, ſome countenance for an unbounded liberality to the Church, and for a communion of goods, at leaſt among a part of the clergy.

learning ſhould be uſeful, for example—ſtimulating, for encouragement—and threatening, for reproof; and theſe all (growing out of the very ſoil he hath then in hand, and not forced out by pride, and in untimely ways) not that he may exalt himſelf by the idle applauſes, of thoſe itching for worldly, rather than for heavenly wiſdom. For we know that heavenly wiſdom ſpurns not earthly wiſdom, rightly uſed; and in this, my beloved Artemas, I have great confidence in thee; and, by my now words, mean no reproof of thee.

Pleaſed am I, moreover, that once more thou art communing with thy valued friends at Edeſſa; where, as thou haſt for ſome time reſided, and wilt yet tarry longer, the detail I now give thee of my journeyings during thy long abſence from us, may prove uſeful to thee and thoſe of the Faith; as it will embrace the time ſince, at Antioch, I left thee, now ſix years, and unto the preſent hour;—it being now my deſire forthwith to depart from Corinth (where I have been nigh unto eighteen months) for Epheſus—thence to Cæſarēa, afterwards to Jeruſalem; and then, once more, to Antioch; which I hope to reach a year hence.

Whilſt at Antioch thou wert with us, a ſhort time; and there I abode with many diſciples, a long time: thou wilt remember how, on the eve of thy departure, a great debate aroſe between certain of the converted Jews and us, touching the neceſſity of circumciſion; and likewiſe of other matters under the Law; and eſpecially that the *Gentiles* could not be ſaved without full obſervance of the things taught of Moſes! This debate grew ſo ſtrong, after thy departure, that I, with Barnabas and others, were ſent to Jeruſalem,—there to hold council with the Apoſtles and Elders, concerning the matter. [A. D. 52.]

And, as we journeyed through Phœnicia and Samaria, onward towards Jeruſalem, we were joyouſly received on this matter; as they much deſired that it ſpeedily ſhould be determined. At Jeruſalem, we loſt no time in holding the council; when certain of the chriſtian Phariſees aroſe; and, heartily approving the converſion of the Gentiles, ſtill inſiſted that they ſhould be held to ſtrict obſervance of the Moſaic Law. Peter, who, though early ſent to the Gentiles, but more ſpecially to thoſe of the Circumciſion, warmly oppoſed this doctrine; and urged the caſe of *Cornelius*, as proof of there being no diſtinction, in this reſpect, between Jew and Gentile—and that for neither was circumciſion required. Theſe views were alſo held by Barnabas and myſelf; and truly we relied on our own experience, happily bringing over by teachings and miracles many Gentiles, and with but ſmall reference to the paſt diſpenſation, eſpecially thoſe matters therein that are ceremonial and typical of things now ended. The apoſtle James then ſpoke, and with

power,—urging the words of the prophet Amos; which conclude with the declaration that all the Gentiles that call upon the name of the Lord, ſhould be ſaved,—and further, that the gentile proſelytes, as do the Jews of our faith, ſtill venerate, as ever, the Books of Moſes, but uſing them only as far as they be now a law unto us —and reading them on every ſabbath day, and teaching the people therefrom.

This matter being at length ſoundly determined, and with harmony, we were ſent back to Antioch, accompanied by Judas and Silas, as additional witneſſes of the Council's deciſion thereon; and alſo with letters of credence as to our proceedings.

After ſome ſtay at Antioch, Barnabas united with me in the deſire to viſit thoſe cities in which formerly we had been; that we might truly learn of their progreſs in ſpiritual things. But he would have Mark to join us; and, as we differed in this, he, with Mark, went to Cyprus—and I, with Silas, departed for Syria and Cilicia.

At *Derbé*, we encountered Timothy,—whoſe mother only was a Hebrew; and he being pious and uſeful in the miniſtry, I yielded to the wiſhes of the Jewiſh converts, and had him circumciſed, notwithſtanding the late deciſion of the Council at Jeruſalem, —for the averſion of theſe Jews to the proſelytes of the gate, even after they become chriſtians, is often ſo great as to render circumciſion adviſable: and yet, when Timothy accompanied me, in travelling from place to place, we failed not to exhibit the decree,— ſo that this averſion might be gradually overcome—and thus, my Artemas, is it that ſometimes, *we may be all things unto all men.* [A. D. 54.]

Paſſing by *Myſia*, we came to *Troas*, through Samothraſia, and Neapolis, unto *Philippi* of Macedonia, where, Luke, who had been with us, departed from us, for I had there a ſpecial call.* This Philippi was formerly called *Datos;* and is diſtant from Theſſalonica ſomewhat more than two days' journey.†

In our wanderings on a certain ſabbath day, from city to city,

* That *St. Luke* accompanied St. Paul in this firſt voyage to Macedonia, and left him at Philippi, is no where elſe *expreſſly* recorded: but it may be remarked that in his narrative of this voyage in the Acts of the Apoſtles, of which he is the author, St. Luke ſays, "*We* came to Samothracia, &c:" but, in continuing the narrative, after leaving Philippi, the language is, "Now when *they* had paſſed," &c.—and ſo, in various other places, the like words indicate Luke's *preſence* with, or *abſence* from St. Paul. Acts xiii. 2; xvii. 1; alſo, 2 Tim. iv. 2; Col. iv. 14; Phil. xxiv.

† The Hebrews made but little uſe, if any, of miles, furlongs, feet, &c.; but uſually aſcertained long and itinerary diſtances by a day's journey—20 miles; or by a Sabbath-day's journey—730 paces, or by the paraſang, equal to about four of our miles: and their ſhort diſtances were meaſured by ſtadia, reeds, cubits, &c.

we ſtrayed on the banks of a river that empties into the Ægean ſea; and there entered into an Oratory, whoſe many women had then aſſembled for worſhip: and we ſpake to them of the Faith. Among theſe was LYDIA, formerly of Thyatira, a Jewiſh proſelyte of the gate; and ſhe, with her family, being converted by our preaching, they were baptized. Now, as ſhe very gratefully importuned that we ſhould tarry a while at her houſe, we conſented.

Whilſt at Philippi, a certain damſel (a ſlave, who brought to her maſter much gains by ſooth-ſaying, acting under, what the Greeks call, a *pythonic* ſpirit, as ſuppoſed to be from their god Apollo) often and vehemently cried out after us, that we were the "Servants of the Moſt High God, having the way of ſalvation." This damſel being cured by me of her infirmity, her maſter was greatly angered thereat, as his gains would ceaſe thereby! He united therefore with ſome others, violently ſeized upon us, and carried us into the forum, accuſing us before their rulers of being moſt troubleſome Jews, that teach cuſtoms and a religion contrary to their gods, and to Roman laws! The multitude ſpeedily increaſed againſt us; and the magiſtrates, regardleſs of even the forms of juſtice, gave us up to be ſcourged. Our hands were then tied to a pillar; and the lictor, after violently tearing from us our garments, beat us with many ſtripes—and then committed us to priſon.

The jailor, who had been ſpecially cautioned to guard us well, thruſt us into an inner priſon; and placed our feet firmly in the ſtocks. But God was with us——We were ſo cheerful, and prayed and ſang with ſo loud a voice, that the other priſoners and the jailors could not but hear us: and then we ſought for reſt in ſleep.

Suddenly, at midnight, the foundations of our priſon were violently ſhaken—the doors were all forced open, and every one's hands were looſed! The jailor haſtened to us, fearing for his life, ſhould any of the priſoners eſcape: and, in great deſpair, moved as if he would madly ſlay himſelf! But I arreſted his raſh hand; and aſſured him we were all in the houſe, and that none ſhould eſcape.

As ſoon as lights were brought, the jailor fell at our feet, in great conſternation, and was ſilent: then raiſing himſelf, he conducted us with reſpect out of that inner room, and inſtantly cried out, "Oh, Sirs! what muſt I do to be ſaved?" Soon was he relieved by that Spirit, which alone can ſave: he then gratefully waſhed our ſtripes—brought us into his own apartments, and kindly entreated us with food: after which, he and his family were baptized, to the great joy of us all.

On the following day, the magiſtrates of Philippi having conſi-

dered better of the matter, and that they could not juſtify themſelves to the governor for their cruel treatment of us, (we being Romans by privilege) ſent an order to the jailor for our immediate diſcharge. This the jailor ſuppoſed would be joyouſly received by us; but, as we had been openly and diſgracefully caſt into the priſon, we refuſed to be thus releaſed; and ſent them word by their ſergeant, that the magiſtrates muſt come themſelves, and bring us openly out: whereupon they came, and earneſtly beſought us to depart: ſo we left the priſon, and returned to the houſe of Lydia; and ſhortly after departed for Theſſalonīca, where there is a ſynagogue. In this we openly preached our faith upon three ſucceſſive ſabbaths.

But the Jews, at length, could not withhold their anger; and procured certain inferior officers of the courts of judicature* to ſearch for us in the houſe of one Jaſon,—but finding us not, they then rudely ſeized upon Jaſon himſelf, and likewiſe upon ſome of our friends, and hurried them all before the city magiſtrates,—complaining that this Jaſon had protected men who brought confuſion into the world; and who preached doctrines ſubverſive of Cæſar's authority—in ſtating that one Jesus was their king! Jaſon was thereupon ordered to give ſecurity for himſelf and his companions; and our brethren, alarmed for me, inſiſted that we ſhould all inſtantly depart, by night, for Berœa. Arrived at Berœa, we found much encouragement, and a kindneſs greatly different from the rudeneſs we had experienced at Theſſalonica; for all liſtened unto us, and many of note, both men and women, believed and were baptized. But the Jews of Theſſalonica, hearing with rage of our ſucceſs at Berœa, early purſued us thither,—ſo that our friends ſent me from thence to the ſea ſide, that the people might ſuppoſe ſome veſſel had there received me: but I ſtill journeyed on by land, with a few of the brethren, and reached Athens,—whilſt Silas and Timothy remained at Berœa, with directions ſoon to be with us in that famed Grecian city. [Early in A. D. 55.]

Whilſt we ſurveyed the goodly and renowned Athens, much was I ſtruck by the number and variety of their idols; there being more in this one city than in all others of Greece! Here the Jews have ſynagogues,—in which I preached, as alſo in other places of that city, where the people were moſt uſed to aſſemble.

They liſtened with curioſity and reſpect, rather than with a diſturbed heart and willing ear,—giving me little hope of their forſaking vain ſuperſtitions, and their idle philoſophy, with much ſhow

* The cuſtomary verſion is, "*certain lewd fellows of the baſer ſort*"—ſee Acts xvii. 5, but the Editor gives it as Cartaphilus ſtates it; which probably may be a more correct rendering of the meaning of that verſe.

of false learning. But some of their Epicúrean sages, who deny all providential interest by the gods in the concerns of men; and say that, as the world came by chance, so is it ruled thereby,—and also some of their Stoics, who hold that the world was only *fashioned*—not *created*, by God, whom they admit to be eternal, but a *substance*, though of a very ethereal nature,—and that he is bound by an unchangeable fate; and that, in order to be virtuous, we must study Nature in all things—these so called philosophers of both classes, perceïving how ready I was to engage in the support of my doctrines, to them so novel, undertook to dispute with me; and that I should go with them to the Areopagus, there fully to explain who this Jesus was, and the other strange matters, of which vague rumours had gone abroad.

Now this Areopagus, situate near the citadel on Mars-Hill, is the Athenian Senate, or high Court of Judicature; and is holden by men of great renown in morals,—men who have been Archons, and who, being once appointed, retain their seats during life. Their care is over religion, morals, the criminal laws, orphans, and over all disputes among the various Grecian States. Their sentences are submitted to, as those of unquestionable truth; and their meetings are holden at night, and in the open air!

To argue the cause of Jesus before this, perhaps the most august of all earthly tribunals, was an occasion to be willingly accepted—not indeed, for *him* who was called to speak, but for the value and power of the *cause*. And, moreover, as by their laws and custom, new Gods are received among them, their bidding of me to speak before the multitude, as the promulgator of an unknown deity, failed not to inspire me with a strong desire, and some hope, though with anxiety, to plead before them. I likewise was the more willing to appear on Mars-Hill, as I had just seen an altar, having thereon so remarkable an inscription!

"*To the Gods of Europe, of Asia, and of Africa*;—and
TO THE UNKNOWN GOD!"

The liberality of the Athenians towards the gods of other nations is as great as is their hospitality towards all strangers—so that no cause of fear had need disturb me.

Standing therefore by their appointment in the midst of that Hill, and of all its earthly grandeur, I spoke to them concerning the God who, not only created but fashioned the world, and all things therein—who is the Lord of the Universe, as well as of Heaven, and who dwelleth therein—a Temple, not made with hands—the God, not worshipped and appeased, even through men's best offerings upon *altars*, but with the *heart*;—as He needeth nothing, but giveth life and support to all—the God who hath made

of one blood all the nations of men that dwell upon earth, and who hath determined their times, and the boundaries of their habitations —the God, in whom we live, and move, and have our being— yea, "The Unknown God," whom they ignorantly worſhip,— Him did I declare unto them—ſtrenuouſly exhorting them to ſeek that very Lord alone: who, if ſincerely called upon, would be found cloſe around, and nigh unto each of them!—admoniſhing them, moreover, that, as we are ſurely His offspring, it were folly to look on the Godhead as, in any way like unto man's moſt ſkilful devices,—be the ſame in graven ſtone—in ſilver—or in gold: that this Unknown God, in times paſt, winked at theſe things, for their ignorance: but now, he commandeth all men, every where, to repent,—and, having appointed a day in which, with righteouſneſs, he will judge the whole earth; it ſurely will be by that Man, Jesus, whom he ordained, and hath *raiſed from the dead!*

Having, in ſubſtance, thus ſpoken, I there ended. Now, when they heard of the Reſurrection, ſome mocked—others ſaid with kindneſs, "We will hear thee again concerning this matter." And yet, my Artemas, ſome believed; alas! but very few; among whom were Dionysius, the Areopagite and his wife, named Damaris.*

I departed from thence for Corinth, pleaſed with the gentleneſs of the Athenians, but grieved at their vain learning, their worldly-mindedneſs, and refined ſuperſtitions; which had ſo obſcured their underſtanding, and encloſed their heart, as to cauſe them thus to reject the aſſured reſurrection of the only Emanuel!

Arrived at Corinth, we early found how great the need was there for the chaſtening influences of our faith. It is a city abounding in vaſt worldly riches, in the elegancies and ſuperfluities of life; but is far more abundant in all lewdneſs, and in every manner of vice, ſo as to become even a proverb!

Corinth has two harbours—that of *Schöenos*, with its extenſive quay on the North—and of *Cenchrea*, on the Eaſt,—ſo that its ſituation between the two bays formed by the iſthmus, makes it a place of great *commerce*, and therefore of equal luxury and wickedneſs.

* Dionyſius is ſaid to have been highly educated in all the learning of his day; and that, ſoon after his converſion by Paul, he departed for the Eaſt, and acquired in Egypt a knowledge of aſtronomy; which he applied with great earneſtneſs to explain, by way of eclipſe, the wonderful darkneſs that overſhadowed the land at the Saviour's crucifixion. In this, however, he neceſſarily failed; for that not being the effect of an eclipſe, or any other derangement of the kind, could not be ſolved by any aſtronomical reſearches whatever. It is nevertheleſs ſaid that the aſtronomer *Phlegon*, of Hadrian's time, ſpeaks of that miraculous obſcuration, as being the "greateſt eclipſe of the ſun that ever happened—the day being ſo turned into night, that the ſtars in the heaven were ſeen!"

VENUS is the goddeſs of this city; and upon the ſummit of the Acrocorynthus, ſhe hath her temple, where her prieſteſſes are implored in times of public danger; and, though no one hath ever ſeen this VENUS, yet hath ſhe as many *names*, as hath the Evil One! *

Such a place as Corinth, my Artemas, demands our ſpecial care; and though the Powers of Darkneſs have proved very obſtinate, we are not without fruits, and muſt rely upon the inevitable future.

Early after my arrival here, much was I pleaſed to ſee our Aquila, and his wife Priſca: who, ſince their expulſion from Rome under the Claudian decree, have moſtly reſided in theſe parts. And, as I found them occupied with the trade of tent-making, (in the which, when young, I likewiſe was inſtructed) I ſojourned with them for a while, aſſiſting them therein.†

At this time, Silas and Timothy, whom we had left at Berœa in Macedonia, arrived at Corinth, and to our great joy; for we much needed them, as the Jews there ſorely vexed our ſpirits,—not by contumelious treatment only, but even by open blaſphemy of the Saviour's name!—whereupon, I ſhook my raiment and the duſt from off my ſandals, in their reproach; and declared unto them that I was *free* of their blood, having warned them fully; and that now muſt I go over unto the Gentiles.

I then took up my abode with one Juſtus—by birth a Gentile, but then a proſelyte of the gate: and being there admoniſhed in a viſion, "*to fear not, for that the Lord was with me—that I ſhould receive no injury, for, in Corinth are much people, with whom the Word ſhall be effectual,*" I willingly continued, and was earneſt both there and in all Achaia.

And now, before I reſolved to quit Corinth, the Jew *Criſpus*, chief of their ſynagogue, was ours; as alſo were a few of the Corinthians, and theſe were baptized.

Now, having remained in Corinth eighteen months, ready am I to depart for Epheſus, taking with us Aquila and Priſcilla, who ſalute thee and thine. FARE-THEE-WELL.

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* How extenſive Paul's learning was, and his modeſty in but only incidentally ſhowing it, appear on various occaſions. He might alſo even here have ſtated, that Venus is known by the names of *Hera—Aſtarte—Aſhtaroth—Beltis—Mylitta—Alitta- -Aphrodite—Anaitis*, &c.; for the very many names of Venus would not have been thus alluded to, if not well known by him.

† Among the Jews, ſome trade or other was univerſal. The wiſeſt and moſt learned of their Rabbins failed not to be ſo inſtructed,—in order that if, from any cauſe, they ſhould fall into poverty, they might be enabled to maintain them ſelveshoneſtly. Hence it was a Hebrew ſaying, "*He who teacheth not his ſon a trade, teacheth him to ſteal!*"

CHRONICLES OF CARTAPHILUS,

THE

Wandering Jew.

BOOK THE THIRD

CHRONICLES OF

Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew.

BOOK III.

A Glance at Roman Life.

SECTION XVII.—ROME. XV. Kal. *Mar.* U. C. 817.
[February 15, A. D. 64.]

Cartaphilus resumes his Chronicles: a glance at Roman Life.

HERE have I reſided ſomewhat more than eighteen years, and ever ſince the time my face was turned from Judea for Rome—moleſted by no one, ſince they all here found me reſolved to live with them, not only harmoniouſly, but as joyouſly and expenſively as they liſted:—and the more able ſo to do, as I had wholly caſt off the ways of my too ſuperſtitious countrymen, ſo offenſive to theſe Gentiles—and likewiſe, as my *crumena* was now moſt abundantly filled. Hence the decree of Claudius, which ſeveral years after my arrival here, had baniſhed the Jews from the Imperial City, troubled *me* not, knowing moreover, as I did, full well, how it was that the firſt Agrippa made himſelf ſo agreeable and uſeful to the emperor Tiberius, and afterwards to Claudius,—who, only from ſome ſpecial cauſes had baniſhed the Jews from Rome; and from no particular hatred againſt them, as his previous general decrees in their favour clearly ſhow,—which is alſo confirmed by his many ſubſequent kindneſſes to both of the Agrippas.

Theſe matters I had pondered well, uſing them all with ſkill as they aroſe,—and thus found great favour in the eyes of Claudius, during all the nine years I lived under his protection; for, being no Nazarene, and alſo no longer a ſhekelleſs Jew, but poſſeſſed of the accumulated wealth of three of my deceaſed relatives, added to mine own gatherings, I could well play the part even of an Agrippa!—and ſo have I done to all around me; which Claudius

noting, and after him Nero, during now nearly ten years more, my days here in Rome have been ſo very unlike all that went before (eſpecially thoſe ſo fooliſhly and madly ſpent by me in Hinnom and in Jehoſhaphat) that ſcarce can I now hold myſelf the ſame Cartaphilus, of Meriamne and Seraiah born!

He commences his NERONIANA.

Wonderful are the bleſſings of having, and of uſing MONEY! It hath ſtirred up the vis inſita that truly was in me, though ſo long and deeply buried before Imperial Rome received me: for, had it not been thus rouſed, my NERO would have found no *worth* in Cartaphilus; but, doubtleſs, would have made him far more worthleſs—ſave to the *worms!* But *money* preſerveth one for ever even from the worms, if embalmed; and if not, Cartaphilus muſt ſurely have been in his grave long ere this, had not mammon gained unto him numerous friends, that ſcreened him from the accuſations, always ſo rife againſt the Jews, and ſpecially ſo now, as having made the great Conflagration—yet ſcarce extinguiſhed!

Now, my Nero availed himſelf, in this, of the people's folly in ſuppoſing that *Jews* were neceſſarily Chriſtians—and Chriſtians neceſſarily incendiaries! Ah, Nero! thou haſt in this, more than in all thy other deeds, immortalized thyſelf; for *thou* alone haſt the merit of that vaſt conception—unimaginable otherwiſe,—neither Chriſtian, nor Jew having any lot or part therein, as Cartaphilus doth well know.

A Muſing of Cartaphilus.

* * * * * * "Now, Cartaphilus! though life to thee be ſweet, and all good cheer thou loveſt; and though thou haſt, indeed, enjoyed in Rome a glorious life,—and during quite eighteen years haſt to a far better purpoſe lived (as being pleaſure's votary) than in all thy forty and three years ſpent in Judea—yet, ſuch an incarnate Beel-zebul, as thy friend NERO truly is, doth ſtill ſhock thee much; and is as abhorrent to thy inner ſoul, as is impurity to a veſtal's—he being no leſs beaſt and madman, than a devil! Shame upon thee, then, Cartaphilus, that thou haſt ſo often miniſtered to the volcanic luſts of ſuch an inſatiate monſter!—but this laſt act of his, in burning *Rome*, and then burning *Chriſtians* for it, hath torn away the veil that ſo much obſcured thy viſion: for *all* conſcience hath not yet quite forſaken thee, oh, thou ſon of the excellent Mariamne! Abraham's faith is ſtill, if feebly, at thy heart's core! Do the precepts and influences of early religion (thoſe of the mere child) ever *wholly* forſake the ſoul? Doth the fountain, as well as all the ſtreams, become utterly corrupt, ſo that no veſtige of purity remains?—this is a queſtion hard to be reſolved. Beel-zebul, as I know, labours cunningly and conſtantly—and, as if his empire depends upon that one ſoul, whoſoever it may be!—but Jehovah's

image (impreſſed upon the youthful mind) is difficult to be quite eraſed: mountains of ſin may gradually cover it—but the image is ſtill there, and its ſickly voice will ſometimes be heard! Much have I enjoyed life here; Roman faſhions were new to me—money had often been a rare commodity to me in Judea, when under the yoke of my mother's ſiſter—my whole exiſtence had been poiſoned by what went before: but genius and learning were mine; and money likewiſe ere Rome was ſought of me: and when here, Claudius, and the young Nero, and the ſplendid Agrippa laviſhed honours and kindneſſes in abundance on me,—all being as freſh to the ſoul of Cartaphilus, as are the morning dews upon the parched earth—yea, as the ſhowers of Sivan upon a bed of drooping violets! I lived with the joyous, and with them was joyous:—but oh! Conſcience *would* ſometimes come,—that indwelling voice *would* whiſper; and ſometimes, as if gaining ſtrength by ſuppreſſion, it would, for a moment, burſt forth in terrific thunders! * * * *

Finding me ſo well inſtructed in all *Jewiſh* matters, the young Nero had me often near his perſon, as Claudius before him had: but yet they both ſeemed to court me far more for my wit, and charms of converſation, than for things of State.

Nero had come to his power like a *lamb!* and well do I remember that, ſhortly after the imperial robe was upon him, on being required to ſign his name for the execution of ſome foul malefactor, he exclaimed, "*O, would to heaven I had not been taught to write!*" I did not *then* like this ſhow of deep humanity in Nero; to me it was but the preſage of an end that would be as a *roaring lion*—and ſo hath it fallen out—the youth in tenderneſs ſoon became the veteran in cruelty!

And, moreover, the *green* Nero hated flattery! for, when the Senate would beſtow upon him liberal commendation for his earlieſt acts, he mildly urged them to reſerve their praiſes until he deſerved them *better!*—and hence, as Cartaphilus opines, Ad Græcas Kalendas.

Murder of his mother, Agrippina.

Now, as nature doth ſometimes congregate within her dark and hidden receſſes, the direſt miſchiefs, that without admoniſhment burſt forth with ſudden and reſiſtleſs fury, ſpreading miſery and deſolation around,—ſo with my Nero!—and finally, to give aſſurance to all perſons that imperial anger would endure no reſtraint, he ordered the aſſaſſination of his mother Agrippina!—which done, he gazed on her lifeleſs body with high admiration, and with a ſmile exclaiming, "O truly, never did I believe my mother was ſo *beautiful* a woman!" [A. D. 59.]

All who actually, or in the emperor's diſeaſed imagination, in any way mar his pleaſures, are promptly and cruelly ſacrificed. All

of the debauchery that Rome contains is now familiar to him, young as he is; and to me alas! his cherished companion, almost equally so, aged as I am! Often, at night, would Nero say, "My pleasant Jew, *thee* must I have with me, when the clepsydra is at ten—and mark that thou keep close in thy bosom all thou shalt see or hear:" and then would we sally forth, both in most impenetrable guise—and visit places that courtly eyes have seldom seen before!

Death of Montanus.

In those nocturnal rambles, his excesses and cruelties might shame the very demons: but, I remember me, that, in one of them, he had well-nigh been made a corpse, when attempting a great rudeness towards the wife of Montanus, a Roman senator. This dignitary had used the Emperor so severely for it, that he was confined to his chamber some weeks—the marks of which upon his head and face can never forsake him! Nero made no inquiry after the author of this mischief to him, dealing with the matter as belonging to his own madness, and hence no fit subject for voluntary revenge. Montanus was equally ignorant at the time, that it was the emperor whom he thus had belaboured: but afterwards, though, learning it was the powerful Nero who had offered the insult to his wife, and whom he had so severely handled, he suppliantly craved pardon by a formal epistle—thereby revealing the fatal secret!—to which Montanus received only the following laconic, but truly alarming reply—"How! is the man who beat Nero still alive?" And the unfortunate husband was instantly thereafter compelled to fall upon his sword, and expired!

Such was the ardent temper of this light-haired youth, that he sacrificed to all the Muses with nearly an equal fervour: and fancying himself deeply skilled in the histrionic art, he appeared as actor and musician at a private theatre, personating even the vilest and most loathsome characters: and shortly after, this Emperor appeared publicly upon the stage at Neapolis!

The contagion of his example was so great, that even those of consular dignity sang with him lewd and amorous airs: and Catulla, a lady of noble family, and four-score years of age, united in these public exhibitions, by appearing among the dancers!

A burning passion for music so possessed my Nero, that, to refine his voice, he so moderated his daily nouriture, as scarce a *pharisee* would have done—yea, a pharisee even in the holy Jerusalem, in the months of Ab, and of Thammuz! Next came the Olympic Games, which would have instantly carried him to Greece, a zealous competitor for the highest honours! but this, for the present, the Senators prevailed on him to abandon—or, at least to postpone.

He next assumed the female dress and character; and even

went through the forms of celebrating his nuptials with ſome of the moſt abandoned!

All this, however, was ſnowy innocence, compared with his reckleſſly jeoparding at once, the lives and property of ſeveral millions of his ſubjects! for, out of a ſilly fancy gleaned from his poetical readings, he cauſed fire to be ſet to Rome in numerous places,—that he might thus realize his imaginings of a TROY in flames! [July 10, A. D. 64.] *Conflagration of Rome.*

During one of thoſe nights of matchleſs horror (greater than was that a year ago, near Neapolis—*) when the flames of Rome were raging with terrific force, as if Ætna and Veſuvius combined, had ſuddenly broken over the City of Ages, my Nero turned haſtily round to me and ſaid, "Cartaphilus! quick to my muſeum—bring me hither my lyre,—we will inſtantly to the Mecænas Tower, and there, with appropriate and ſweet muſic, celebrate this ſcene!"—— "Apollo and all the Muſes!" exclaimed I, involuntarily, "can the lyre diſcourſe ſweet muſic to thee now?—will it drown the lamentations of thoſe mothers, whoſe children are periſhing in the flames—the groans of hundreds, now dying around us—the craſh of falling palaces, and the roar of the fiery billows that envelope the humble dwellings of thoſe thouſands?"——Nero ſurveyed me with an undiſturbed and placid countenance, in no way angered by me, but rather pleaſed at the ſtriking *contraſt* between us, and ſaid, "Thou art *nervous* to-night, my Carta:—but go! fetch me the lyre." I obeyed in ſilence; and placing the inſtrument in his hands, we ſoon were ſeated on the ſummit of the lofty tower, ſurveying the wide-ſpread devaſtation before us! Occupied in this but a few minutes, Nero repoſed upon his couch; and to his lyre he ſang of Troy's deſtruction,—ever, and anon, ſaying to me, "ſurely, my Cartaphilus, Troy was not ſo goodly a city as this!" "My Emperor!" at laſt replied I, "this muſt, indeed, have been a vaſt city; for, as I think, this is now the *ſeventh* day and night the fires have been thus raging!—truly, it is a diſmal ſcene." "Yes, my Cartaphilus," ſaid the Emperor, "fire and air, and earth and water are well commingled here—and, even the ſon of

* Cartaphilus evidently here alludes to the firſt recorded eruption of Veſuvius, in A. D. 63. Diodorus Siculus, B. C. 25, merely ſtates that this mountain, like Ætna, had in former times thrown out fire: Strabo, B. C. 17, ſpeaks of Veſuvius as being very barren at its ſummit with earth-like aſhes, abounding alſo in holes and caverns, and with ſtones, as if burnt with fire:—and he regards the whole as a then extinct volcano! and finally, Vitruvius, two years after, ſays, "Long ago, fire greatly increaſed under Veſuvius, from whence it iſſued in flames over the country around." No further alluſion is made to this mountain, than in A. D. 63, and A. D. 79—when Herculaneum and Pompeii were deſtroyed.

Saturn and Ops could do no more—yea, this would, even in Hades, be called an uproar: but come, good Carta:—it doth diſturb thy gentle frame—we will to ſupper!"*

When the conflagration had nearly ceaſed, after many days, Nero endeavoured to avert the public odium, by feigning great pity for the miſeries of his ſubjects; but ſtill more, by caſting all blame from himſelf, upon the poor and humble Chriſtians—a tale of no difficult belief among the ruder ſort!

Unfortunate for me, however, theſe people could ill diſcriminate between Jew and Chriſtian; ſo that I ſhould have been in conſtant peril of life or limb, had it not been for my ſtill good friend Nero! who, though black as Pluto himſelf, was to me ineſtimable then, if ſafety or repoſe I valued.

SECTION XVIII.—Rome, Idus *Iuniæ*, U.C. 819. [June 13th, A.D. 66.]

WELL do theſe Romans ſay, "*Dum vivimus vivamus*,"—and being myſelf an apt ſcholar in the ars vivendi, my motto hath been the ſame, and with its fellow—"dum bibimus bibamus"—for the Italian wines are ſurely as pure and beautiful, as are their ſkies!

Introduction to a Retroſpect of twenty years.

Jeruſalem, doubtleſs, is a great city: but, to Abraham's children, the boundleſs riches and luxuries of Rome are wonderful—and, when partaken of with no gall of Hebrew *conſcience*, the faſcinations of the Imperial City are thoſe of the Immortal Gods, as revealed to them by their poets!

Well do I remember the impreſſions made on me by the firſt magnificent *prandium*—or rather *cœna*, to which I had been bidden: there Cartaphilus was ſeated with eight others, fanned by many ſlaves: we repoſed on ſoft couches, more gorgeous in various hues than the bow of heaven; and, as we lifted golden goblets filled with the wines of Falernus, of Chios, or of Calenus, each ſome centuries old, and each draught burying at leaſt a mina, I thought not of Paleſtine: then were we crowned with garlands, and our ſouls calmed by the enrapturing muſic of many flutes and lyres and hautboys in ſweeteſt harmony!—beneath, and over the whole teſſelated pavements, were ſtrewn freſh and odorous bloſſoms; the ſurrounding apartments were each named after ſome god, or hero! Language is poor, and Cartaphilus, then, and now

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* The fire having been ſuppreſſed, broke out again; and raged with equal fury during ſeveral days more.

knows not where to gain words that may deſcribe the variety of diſhes—from the *guſtatio* to the *bellaria*—they came in ſucceſſion, and with a deſigned order were ſet before us, that ſhowed ſcience as well as art, and moreover, perfect experience in the Apician, by whom all had been concocted and garniſhed! Never before had my mind conceived the thought of ſuch a union of ſcience with art in ſuch a matter! and, when I gazed upon the nine ponderous pieces of ſilver that reſted upon the maſſive ivory menſa, (encompaſſed on three ſides by couches, on each of which three gueſts reclined) my ſurpriſe was boundleſs, at the information given to my inexperience by that gueſt, who was *ſummus in lecto ſummo*, that the centre piece weighed quite five hundred pounds of ſilver—and that the eight others weighed each fifty pounds! But, even this wonder ſoon paſſed off, when my ſimplicity was further inſtructed, by a whiſper from the ſame gueſt, as to the probable coſt of ſeveral diſhes! All ſuch things, however, are now more familiar to me, than are the Penates to any Roman! and, at length became, either indifferent, or loathing, according as I had ſurfeited, at times, more or leſs. And yet, greatly did I enjoy life: but ſtill, in the midſt of all my Claudian and Neronian diſſipations, the impreſſions of my Jewiſh youthful days never wholly forſook me: the habit of my mind had ever been thoughtful—my hours had never been waſted in idleneſs,—ſo that now, in Rome's midſt, I neglected not learning—books were my conſtant companions—my imaginary *lares* much engaged me—but the *bibliotheca* became my moſt cheriſhed *lararium*.

Doctrina ſed vim promovet inſitam, as their juſtly admired Horace ſaith,—ſo that, (when Claudius at firſt, and then Nero permitted) no little time was ſpent by me among the Greek and Roman hiſtorians, poets, and moraliſts. Theſe Romans, therefore, have become far more dear to my mind, than the *ſacrificing* Jews, whether of the Holy City, or elſewhere. Now I live in every moment of the day—years have been as a century of delight, ſo various and continued are my thoughts,—and hence thoſe years, ſince my departure from Paleſtine, have been nearly oblivious of all that went before!

* * * * * * * But, Cartaphilus, thy idleneſs hath been without alloy in one thing—thy Chronicles have been wholly unthought of! Nearly twenty years have now been paſſed at Rome, and but few pages of thy diary blotted! Canſt thou not chronicle thy chief doings, ſeeings, and muſings during all of thoſe fleeting and now irrevocable years?—or, doſt thou ſhrink from *retroſpection?* Canſt thou turn back thine eye of remembrance, and wander over thoſe years, ſince Rebecca and Priſcilla and Artemas were wholly thine

Reminiſcences of my early life.

—and, with thy *Roman* heart, canſt thou *think* of them, and of thy own doings juſtly? Ah, no! theſe would require, at leaſt, a Jewiſh, if not a Chriſtian mind (ſo full of tenderneſs) that I might, even whilſt writing, cheriſh their dear and greatly honoured memory: for, though they ſtill live, and are happy, they are *dead* to me! I now fear to open that roll of my Chronicles, which records their brilliant virtues, and their devoted love towards me. Cauſeleſsly was I angered at the letters received by me from the excellent Priſcilla, alſo from the worthy Rabbi, and even from the beloved Rebecca: their well intended counſels gave me offence; their rejection of my propoſed dowry for my betrothed enraged me, and the long concealed love of Artemas for the Princeſs Druſilla, ſo natural and proper, likewiſe vexed my morbid ſpirit: and finally, their full adoption of the New Faith, ſeemed to eſtrange me from them wholly! Hence was it that I haſtened here to Rome—became an alien to my country, its laws, and its inſtitutions; and, ſince the death of Claudius, now quite eleven years, I have been conſorted with a man-demon, and ſcarce able to look at the only letter ſince that time received by me, from my only *real* friends, thoſe of Pella and of Ramoth! But, as the poet truly ſaith, "We chooſe our fellows"—and this is according to nature; hence muſt I not complain; myſelf have I made unlike them, and they have faſhioned themſelves unlike to me; therefore, Cartaphilus lives in Rome—they in Jewry—he thinks of the pleaſures of *this*—they of the life *to come*;—and herein are we both conſiſtent,—they, moreover, are full believers—I am not. * * * * * * * * And yet, were Ophir mine, it would be given for the blotting out of all memory of my life, ſince firſt I ſaw the Nazarene! Oh, *that* was a hideous act—it *will* come forth in ſpite of Imperial pleaſures, and of all ingenious dialectics in my ſolitary muſings: no Protéan forms are as varied and vexatious, as thoſe forced on me by conſcience, when in ſtrife with argument. Oh that, in one ſolid maſs, the full belief of Artemas were *mechanically* poured into my mind, there to have perpetual lodgment, and without the conteſt that our philoſophy doth bring! for, unleſs *that* Faith be ſo placed by ſome reſiſtleſs Power wholly foreign to myſelf, where the hope that the perfect belief of Artemas ſhall ever be mine? Doubtleſs, faith, of ſome kind is mine—but not *like* their's. My eyes and ears have ſeen and heard too much for unbelief—but not enough for the belief that ſecures us peace! To them, their faith is indeed priceleſs—welling from within them, as from exhauſtleſs fountains.

Much do I deplore that league with Judas—and, though life in Rome hath been unto me as a ſummer's day, it hath not been wholly freed from the mind's ſtorms: that inner entity *will* revert to former days and deeds; nor can all of Rome's luxurious living,

Love of our native land never dies.

her gorgeous palaces, her bewitching theatres, circuſes, and baths, —her dramatiſts and poets and philoſophers—her triumphs and games,—and the other thouſand amuſements of her daily exiſtence, ever baniſh Jeruſalem utterly from my mind. Horace, then, rightly aſks, *Patriâ quis exul ſe quoque fugit?* Oh! it is indeed true, that no *exile* from his country *can* eſcape himſelf! feebly, perhaps, may his remembrance reſt upon his native ſoil, and on his once dear friends; but the crimes and even follies there committed are not waſhed out in foreign lands, and by other ſcenes;—the cauſes of his exile will force his thoughts back to his natale ſolum —to his friends forſaken, and his country diſhonoured.

When thus muſing upon my younger days, and early miſeries, I ſometimes almoſt *hate* Jeruſalem: but yet, at other times, Heaven ſeems to ſhine into the very depths of my benighted ſoul; and then Rome, in return, is almoſt loathed; and then I feel the whole force of the remark, *patriæ fumus igne alieno luculentior*—for, even the *ſmoke* of our own country ſeems brighter than the *fire* of any foreign land!

In the following Retroſpect, then, of the twenty years I have paſſed in a ſtranger-land, I feel as if I *muſt* avoid thinking much of my own greatly beloved Judea; and that the reminiſcences of my Jewiſh life ſhould in no way be blended with thoſe of my Roman. To-morrow will I begin my taſk: but alas! on the following day, it muſt be interrupted by the cruel order of Nero for PAUL's death! This doth greatly move me: and why doth the emperor ſo firmly inſiſt upon *my* preſence? This Saul of Tarſus, now called Paul, he will have *beheaded*—as privileged—and that I, of all in Rome, muſt witneſs it! Oh, how like a band of iron is the will of tyrants! Entreaty by me were vain, as 'tis his humour—and refuſal might be certain death.*

* St. Paul was executed at Rome, perhaps, in the thirteenth year of Nero's reign, and in the ſummer of A. D. 66—but the exact time has been conſidered doubtful. The Roman Martyrology gives the 29th June as the true date in A. D. 66. Paul was impriſoned by Felix in A. D. 61, during two years; and in A. D. 63 was ſent to Rome by that Procurator, where he lived ſeveral years in his own "hired houſe." Probably, late in A. D. 65, he viſited Timothy at Epheſus,—and returning to Rome, not long after, was caſt into priſon by Nero, that tyrant having taken offence at the converſion of his favourite concubine. Paul then addreſſed his 2nd Epiſtle to Timothy, evidently making alluſion to his approaching death; vide chap. iv. 6, 7. It is alſo probable that St. Peter, and Liſius, the biſhop of Rome, were priſoners at the ſame time; but the times of their martyrdom are not definitely known. See the Editor's further Note on the death of Paul, poſt.

THE RETROSPECT.*

SECTION XIX.—ROME, Anno Mundi, 3826. *Elul*, 18.
[Auguſt 20th, A. M. 4066, A. D. 66.]

NOW will I faithfully recount what hath befallen me, from the hour of my departure from Jeruſalem, on the twelfth of the month *Irar*, until the preſent day, (ſave what hath been already haſtily, and out of time ſtated, in the two preceding ſections)—the period now being ſomewhat leſs than twenty years.

Roman Life continued.

I arrived within ſight of the Imperial City, on the twentieth day after a veſſel at Joppa had received me. The ſun's declining rays gave to the verdure of the fields an unuſual brilliancy, reflected from a thouſand objects of ſurpriſing beauty, and to me of entire novelty: theſe ſo raviſhed my then excited mind, that all my paſt days ſeemed as miſpent—or, if deeper and ſounder thoughts obtruded, I ſtrived to forget them.

We entered the Walls by the double gate, called *Capena;* at which was placed a brazen ſtatue, repreſenting ſome tutelar god. I was much ſurpriſed and greatly ſhocked to find, that all who journeyed with me deſcended from the vehicle, and kiſſed the right hand of this ſtatue: which was done, as they ſaid to me, *boni ominis cauſâ!* From this ceremony, I, of courſe, was exempt.† My

* The reader will perceive that the two preceding Sections contain various matters out of chronological order, having ſome details reſpecting the emperor Nero, before any ſpecial mention is made of his predeceſſor Claudius. It is therefore probable that Cartaphilus, in thoſe ſections, contemplated nothing more than a haſty glance at his then courtly life, being then two months engaged in his Neronian diſſipation in the *twelfth* of that emperor's reign: but in two years after, A. D. 66, he reſolved, with a better ſpirit, to give a faithful *retroſpective* chronicle, from the time of his departure from Judea: and this is done, with but brief alluſion to the matters contained in the preceding ſections. The narrative, as it ſtands in thoſe ſections, and in the Retroſpect, is given with no material variation from the original Polychronicon, as the Editor preferred this, to a more orderly and hiſtorical detail from the materials furniſhed by the chronicles.

† In this cuſtom we doubtleſs find the origin of the practice of kiſſing the foot, and rubbing the forehead of the ſtatues of Chriſt, of the Virgin, and of St. Peter! The bronze ſtatue of that Apoſtle, in St. Peter's church at Rome, as alſo the marble one of the Saviour, in the church of *Santa Maria ſopra Minerva*, in the ſame city, the work of M. Angelo, have their feet ſo much worn by this act of the devotees, as to occaſionally demand new ones! The *Porta Capena*, at which Cartaphilus firſt entered Rome, was the ancient one of

courſe ſoon brought me near the baſe of the Palatine, cloſe by the magnificent Circus,—and paſſing through the *Forum Boarium*, I found a home in the *Vicus Tuſcus*.

My firſt interview with Claudius.

As I had obtained letters of ſafe-conduct from Cuſpius Fadus, the procurator, and a more ſpecial one from the young Agrippa, to the emperor Claudius (which letter I much valued, as Agrippa had been educated under Claudius, and then was upon a viſit to Judea, but intending ſoon to return to Rome) I loſt no time in preſenting myſelf at the feet of the Emperor; who received me with marked kindneſs. After ſome queſtions as to my country and family, greatly was I aſtoniſhed and diſturbed, for a time, at a remark of Claudius, accompanied, as I thought, with a ſearching eye. "Thou, my Cartaphilus, art a *Jew*—but, as I am ſpecially informed, not of the Sect of the Nazarenes, but contrariwiſe, being, in thy younger days, a hot enemy of that man *Chriſtus*, as alſo called *Jeſus*—who would be both a king and a God!" and then regarding me more intently, the Emperor proceeded, "but, as ſuch kingly and celeſtial pretence was not to thy mind, thou didſt largely aid in furthering his crucifixion." This, ſo unexpected a ſpeech ſeemed inſtantly to congeal my ſoul—no word of utterance had I:—to confeſs myſelf a *hot enemy* now, to one ſo innocent as Jeſus ſurely was, I felt moſt unwilling,—and yet the truth was much as Claudius had ſtated the matter; I had been active in that bloody deed! How, then, to reply was the queſtion that demanded ſome promptneſs: to admit my former, and deny my preſent hoſtility, might rank me among the Nazarenes—an admiſſion to Claudius by no means then to be made: time and ability ſeemed both now to fail me,—ſo that policy triumphed over conſcience; and bowing lowly, my trembling anſwer was, "O, Emperor! thou haſt truly ſaid." My cheeks were as burning coals, and my heart beat violently,—ſo that, Claudius perceiving my confuſion, permitted me, after ſome trivial remarks of courteſy, to retire from his preſence.

On my way homeward, I was ill at eaſe with myſelf; for conſcience whiſpered that my implied confeſſion of hoſtility was againſt one, who, if not the Shiloh, was yet ſurely guiltleſs of death—and who, if *riſen*, was the greateſt among all the prophets!

My agitation increaſed, as thus I muſed on my way, when I remembered that the words of Claudius ſhowed how greatly *my*

that name. The walls having been extended by Aurelian, about two hundred years after; the new and correſponding gate retained the ſame name during ſeveral centuries; but now bears that of *San Sebaſtiano*. It enters the City along the Via Appia, on the ſouth—which proceeds through the twelfth region, and along the valley between the Aventine and Cælian Hills.

agency in that dread act had been noted by the people,—and probably alſo the marvellous words that ſo cut me down at the Valley gate! Agrippa, and alſo Fadus, muſt have known all,—and hence the Emperor's knowledge of me!

These thoughts vexed my ſpirit grievouſly; my path homeward was forſaken—all was bewilderment; and ſoon my feelings muſt have overcome me, had not a vaſt crowd encountered me in their eagerneſs to preſs through the gate leading into the Campus Martius, in purſuit of pleaſure. There my attention was at once drawn to the ſplendid appearance of the Flaminian Circus, into which the people were pouring, as faſt as every avenue of that vaſt ſtructure would admit them.

The Circus is ſituate at a ſhort diſtance beyond the walls,—in order that the Roman Generals may aſſiſt at its games,—becauſe thoſe with *actual* military command, are not permitted to appear within the city walls!

At that moment, I was ill-diſpoſed for enjoyment of any kind; and thought not of following the multitude into the circus. But ſome change had come over my thoughts, by what had been forced upon my ſight,—and wandering over the Campus, I found myſelf cloſe by Pompey's magnificent Theatre; which is not far ſouth of the Flaminian Circus.*

This maſſive ſtone theatre was erected by Pompey at a vaſt expenſe, on his return from the Mithridatic war, it being after the model of one ſeen by him at Mitylene; but which it greatly exceeds in ſplendour, as well as in extent, accommodating about 40,000 ſpectators! †

My firſt viſit to a theatre.

Having never been at any theatre or amphitheatre, though there are both at Cæſarēa, at which ſplendid city of the firſt Herod I had ſometimes been, when in communion with Artemas,—my curioſity, when ſurveying Pompey's great ſtructure, obtained the maſtery over education, and even over my then gloomy ſpirits; and I entered it, as if by a reſiſtleſs impulſe, and heſitated not a moment in ſelecting my ſeat! My attention early was attracted towards the crowd of Senators—of diſtinguiſhed

* The Campus Martius contained ſome of the moſt magnificent public and private buildings of Rome,—all of which were without the walls; and ſo continued until Aurelian embraced the Campus within his mural extenſion; that he might ſecure from hoſtile incurſions a portion of the city, then ſo much increaſing.

† There are now but poor remains of this theatre, in that part of modern Rome, known as the Campo di Fioré. Caſſiodorus mentions that it much needed repair in his time; and its ſurpriſing ſtrength cauſed it, in the mediæval ages, to be uſed as a fortification; and in a few centuries more, it almoſt wholly diſappeared.

The Building deſcribed.

magiſtrates — and of eminent citizens; who had ſeats ſpecially appropriated to them, in the orcheſtra, which adjoins the pulpitum or ſtage. Here I ſaw aſſembled before me, on the fourth day after my arrival, Rome's proudeſt citizens,—many of whoſe names I collected, as well as I could, from thoſe around me.

Pompey's Theatre deſcribed.

The proſcenium is a richly decorated Hall, encompaſſed by numerous ſplendid columns, in the depth of which are two ſemicircular receſſes with ſtatues. The actors ſoon appeared, each attired to repreſent their reſpective characters,—but all in maſks, varied to ſuit the ſeveral perſonages. The mouth of the maſk is ſo formed as to caſt the voice (by ſome cunning contrivance) to an extraordinary diſtance, which is diſtinctly audible in every part of the extenſive building: and this is the more neceſſary, as the theatre is roofleſs—though with an awning ſufficient to reſiſt the ſun, and alſo in a degree the rain.

The ſplendour and novelty of all things there, were too exciting to permit me to attend much to what was tranſpiring on the ſtage: but the little I heard, even then, impreſſed me with no favourable opinion of the intelligence of a Roman aſſemblage, in their being ſo greatly pleaſed with what I could not but regard as a very meagre dialogue.

The building is ſemicircular in the part occupied by the audience, and ſquare in that embraced by the *proſcenium* and the *poſtſcenium*,—the latter being a covered portico in the rear; to which the actors retire when they change their habiliments, or, when the furniture and decorations of the proſcenium are to be varied. In caſe of a heavy rain, the audience likewiſe have permiſſion to take ſhelter in the poſtſcenium,—as alſo in the *vomitarii*, or thoſe entrances which gave admiſſion into the theatre; all of which are covered ways, or corridors, and which terminate in ſmall ſtaircaſes leading to the ſeats in the aria.

In the front of the orcheſtra, and projecting a ſhort diſtance into the ſemicircle, where the audience are mainly ſeated, I obſerved a ſmall Temple, dedicated to *Venus Victrix;* which thoſe around me laughingly informed my provincial ignorance, had been placed there by Pompey—to make his *theatre* a *temple!* As this fact ſomewhat ſhocked, and no little aſtoniſhed me, I ſought ſome further explanation; and was told that this ſplendid and ſolid ſtructure was the firſt *permanent* theatre ever erected in Rome! and that previouſly, all the theatres were by law merely temporary, forming no part of the permanent ſcheme of improvement in this vaſt city; but ſtill, that ſome of them had been and now were extremely magnificent and coſtly; and that Pompey had been obliged to reſort to this poor device, in order to ſatisfy the compliant Cenſor; whoſe duty would otherwiſe have required its removal! But, at that

time, Pompey was very powerful, and a great favourite with the people; ſo that the Cenſor was blind to the harmleſs ſubterfuge,—and thus the matter has reſted ever ſince! * It was further related to me that, when the theatre was dedicated, the people were amuſed with bloody combats between lions; in which no leſs than five hundred were ſlain!—and that to this ſucceeded one of more grandeur, though leſs in number, the like furious wars between numerous elephants.

I had previouſly read, ſomewhat, concerning theſe matters: but *ſeeing* is far more impreſſive than even much reading.

I am the more particular in my account of Pompey's theatre, as the exhibition I then witneſſed, though ſo accidental, forms the firſt link in that long chain of diſſipation which enſued,—by its giving to my mind the firſt ſweet taſte of ſplendid pleaſure; and on a ſcale of grandeur, and of faſcinating variety, ſuch as my previous thoughts had never in any degree realized. But age waits for no man—and now is faſt creeping upon me. I have gone through every variation of ſenſual delights; and, after twenty years of almoſt daily experience therein, begin to think with Solomon, that exhauſtion muſt come at laſt; and that heart, mind, and body will ſoon confeſs that nothing is enduring under the ſun; but that all muſt end in vanity and in ſore vexation of ſpirit! * * * * * But, I muſt not now ſpeak of the *preſent;* for, whatever my age and infirmity may now be, and however growing my deſire to behold Jeruſalem at preſent is—things were far different from the time I viſited Pompey's theatre, and for very many years after. I have promiſed myſelf, moreover, in this Retroſpect, to detail my career, ſince home and friends were abandoned, with exact truth; and to do this, I muſt now ſtrive to feel as I felt during all thoſe intervening years.

Thus ended the firſt few days of my Roman life: and I may here remark that, even in this Imperial City, the *whole circle of life* would be ſufficiently portrayed, by a careful deſcription of a much ſhorter period than that of my reſidence here—yea, even of the one tenth thereof:—for, even the world of amuſements, of ſenſuous

* The temporary theatres of *Caius Curio*, and of *Marcus Scaurus* were very extenſive; and muſt have been inconceivably ſplendid. The former was of wood; and, as it turned upon an axis, with the ſpectators in their ſeats, the performance was readily changed from the drama, to that of an amphitheatre! Scaurus' theatre would contain 80,000 ſpectators: its *ſcena* was three ſtories high, and embelliſhed with three hundred and ſixty columns, the foundations of the ſcene being of marble! Its firſt diviſion was of glaſs; and the third one was formed of golden pictures! But the whole was rendered yet more luxurious, by no leſs than 3000 brazen ſtatues, which intervened between the columns!

Interviews with Claudius—His opinion of the Jews.

diſſipation, of daring ſin, and of innocent occupation, has its boundaries, and its tedious repetitions!

My earlieſt care was to make myſelf familiar with the City—the inſtitutions and habits of the people, and, in ſome degree, even with its laws, written and cuſtomary. The language of Rome, as alſo that of Greece, had been ſomewhat familiar to me before I left Judea; and, indeed, formed there my chief ſtudy; both of which proved almoſt equally uſeful to me here,—ſince the Romans now have even a paſſion for the language of the Athenians.*

My intercourſe with the powerful and diſtinguiſhed was becoming daily more general; and Claudius often complimented me with queſtions reſpecting the policy he ſhould obſerve towards my own wayward countrymen,—frequently complaining of them as the moſt tumultuous and rebellious of all his ſubjects. Still, the emperor ſpoke highly of their bravery, and even deſperation when preſſed: which encomium greatly pleaſed me,—but, he then added, with ſome vexation, "theſe deſcendants of Abraham ſeem to be *now* as regardleſs of their Divine, as they evidently are of the Roman laws,—for neither the ordinances, nor cuſtoms of their own land, nor the regulations of Rome, can bind them."

All this, alas! was but too true; and I had not wherewith to make any defence for Iſrael: my ſilence, therefore, ſeemed to win the Emperor's confidence; for he proceeded with many inquiries reſpecting the numerous bands of robbers that infeſt our country; alſo, as to the diſſenſions among ourſelves, and as to the peculiarities of our religion; which he frankly admitted were, at leaſt, *ancient* and *ſelf-denying*.

The Emperor Claudius' Opinion of the Jews.

In one of thoſe interviews with Claudius, he thus addreſſed me. "I have ſent for thee, good Cartaphilus, in conſequence of ſad news from Judea. Thy people are hard to govern—they are againſt Earth and Heaven,—and, therefore, no marvel would it be if the Gods, and the miniſters of man's laws, were to *cruſh* them."

"Mighty Emperor! have patience with them," ſaid I, "they are unlike other people, as knowing little at any time of Man's law: and, as Iſrael hath much forſaken her heavenly Lawgiver, ſhe is the more reſtive under human control." "Thy words, Cartaphilus, are no riddle to me," replied the emperor, "I have long heard

* This acquaintance with Greek, in Cartaphilus, was, no doubt, unuſual among the Paleſtinian Jews: for even Joſephus, who valued himſelf on extenſive learning, confeſſes his limited knowledge of Greek; and ſays that his countrymen do not much eſteem the acquiſition of languages; which, as he thinks, may be eaſily cultivated by ſlaves, as well as by freemen,—but adds, that a thorough acquaintance with divine and human laws and inſtitutions, is a far ſtronger teſtimonial of a wiſe man.

of thy nation's ſtrange ſuperſtitions—but, that matter of a ſole *heavenly* legiſlator, I will not argue with thee,—for thou haſt now in thy nation *ſix* galling evils to contend with; and theſe ſix would ſhow that, not only Heaven hath forſaken thy people, but that even Roman power is too weak to do aught but to *ruin*—for deſtruction is ſometimes eaſier than *regulation!*"

"Thy ſpeech, O mighty Claudius! alarms me much; and I pray thee, tell me what are theſe ſix galling evils, that I may the better know thy mind, if poſſibly, I can render thee ſome uſeful counſel reſpecting any of them?" Claudius promptly replied,—"Thou art a divided people, and racked with more civil diſſenſions than fall to the lot of any other nation—thou art overrun with robbers—a ſore famine rages in thy land—thou art mad with thy peculiar ſuperſtitions—thou art often oppreſſed by petty Roman tyrants—and laſtly, Samaria, in the very heart of thy ſoil, hath hated thee during full ſix centuries!—theſe are the gangrenes that eat up the vitals of thy people; which, if not ſpeedily remedied, muſt ſurely end in thy nation's total ruin. Thou doſt remember that only lately, the procurator Fadus ſubdued that wild magician *Theudas*, and his crazy followers, with loſs of many lives, and of his own head: for that ſilly man would be prophet, and a worker of miracles, promiſing his deluded proſelytes an eaſy paſſage over thy Jordan, on dry land, too,—and yet could not ſave his own head from ſeparation!"*

Procurators in Judea, appointed by Claudius.

"As ſucceſſor to Fadus," continued Claudius, "I appointed *Tiberius Alexander*, [A. D. 46,] who had great difficulty with two of the ſons, James and Simon, of that rebel Judas of Galilee; who is dead ſome time. Theſe two ſons, my procurator hath lately crucified. And now *Ventidius Cumanus* is appointed procurator, inſtead of Alexander [A. D. 47]; and I am this day informed through a ſpecial meſſenger, that under the maladminiſtration, as I fear, of this Cumanus, a violent tumult hath happened in your Holy City, as ye call it, at the Paſſover; in which no leſs than 30,000 Jews have periſhed!† The daily increaſing animoſity of thy people againſt our Roman ſoldiery, compelled the procurator as matter of precaution, to ſtation a regiment during the Paſſover, in one of the cloiſters of the Temple. Unfortunately, one of thoſe beaſtly ſoldiers, ſometimes found among the beſt diſciplined troops, indecently expoſed his perſon in the preſence of aſſembled thouſands, to ſhow thereby his contempt for thy religion and people. The Jews, ever

* This Theudas ſeems to be a different perſon from him of the ſame name, who, under Cyrenius, created a like diſturbance.

† Euſebius gives the ſame number; but Joſephus ſays twenty thouſand.

too alert to make ſerious difficulties out of trifles, became furious with rage ; and not content with regarding it as the coarſe and intemperate act of a baſe individual, whom they inſtantly ſlew, they charged the whole matter as of the contrivance of Cumanus,—and refuſed to be appeaſed by his utmoſt endeavours to aſſure them of their miſtake, and of his own deep indignation at the act. Seeing that a tumult was inevitable, Cumanus immediately ſummoned his entire forces into the Antonia, and equipped them in full armour.* The alarmed multitude, aſſembled for the great feſtival, fled in all directions; they cruſhed one another in the narrow ſtreets, and the panic became ſo general and uncontrollable, as to occaſion the great deſtruction of life mentioned,—which, no doubt, was an hundred-fold greater than were likely to have fallen by the ſword of Cumanus ! Thus, my Cartaphilus, by the low obſcenity of one Roman ſoldier, and the mad ſuperſtition of thy reckleſs people, all Jeruſalem is now in tears and deep lamentation!"

"But, Cartaphilus," continued the Emperor, "thy countrymen, as well as mine own, ſeem incapable of profiting by the leſſons of experience: for, immediately thereafter, another outrage was committed. Near Beth-horon, a few miles north of Jeruſalem, ſome rebel-robbers attacked and plundered a favourite ſlave of mine, and when engaged upon my ſpecial meſſage,—whereupon Cumanus deſpatched his troops in ſearch of the offenders : and one of his ſoldiers having furtively gained poſſeſſion of a copy of the Law of thy famed legiſlator Moſes, he tore it into pieces,—and, with much abuſive language, caſt them upon the ground. The people, again, looking on this as the act of our people, inſtead of the raſh deed of one man, became ſo furious, that Cumanus, fearing another ſanguinary outbreak, promptly beheaded the perpetrator, —but with little effect, as further violences followed. The Galileans, as you may know, were ever uſed to come to the Temple, on thy feſtival days, through the country of the Samaritans. When attending upon the laſt paſſover, the Samaritans oppoſed this paſſage; and encountering them near a ſmall Samaritan village, many of the Galileans were ſlaughtered by them. Cumanus was appealed to, that he ſhould avenge this murder—which he declined to do ;

* The *Antonia* was a caſtle that overlooked the cloiſters of the Temple. It was built by Hircanus I. about a century before Chriſt; and then was called Caſtle Baris; and became the palace of the Aſmonean princes, during their reſidence in Jeruſalem. It was highly adorned and enlarged by Herod the Great, who made it a ſtrong fortreſs; and, in compliment to Mark Antony, called it the ANTONIA. It was a quadrangular building, of 1200 feet in circumference, ſituate upon a rock,—which on the Eaſt was nearly on a level with the Temple's foundation, but, on the other ſide the rock was more than ſeventy feet above the level of the ſtreet.

whereupon the incenſed Galileans accuſed him of receiving a bribe from the Samaritans, or others,—and inſtantly reſorted to arms, gaining to their ſide the notorious robber Eliazar—whoſe habitation, with his lawleſs band, is ſomewhere in the mountain faſtneſſes. Cumanus then armed the Samaritans, ſlayed many of the Galileans and their allies, and made numerous priſoners."

"Jeruſalem ſoon became ſeized with the contagion, and all gave promiſe of a general inſurrection! This, however, was happily prevented,—but only by the urgent entreaties of the more conſiderate citizens; who, clad in ſackcloth, and heaping aſhes upon their heads, (as is the ſtrange cuſtom, I learn, of thy people) at length prevailed on the inſurgents to lay aſide their arms, and the robbers to retire to their mountains."

"The whole matter," continued the Emperor," was then referred, on the complaint of the Samaritans, to my Præfect of Syria. The Jews urged on *Quodratus* that the Samaritans were ſurely the aggreſſors; and that Cumanus had, without doubt, been bribed by them. The Præfect decided that the Samaritans were in the wrong—that Cumanus and Celer ſhould be ſent to Rome for trial. The procurator Cumanus, and his military tribune, Celer, are now here; and, good Cartaphilus, what I have ſtated to thee of the proceedings of thy countrymen, as well as of my procurator, and tribune, have been thus detailed, that I may incontinently have thy aid in doing full juſtice: for, ſince thy ſtay here in Rome, we have had many proofs of thy wiſdom and candour: thou well knoweſt the faults of thy countrymen—Samaritans, Galileans, and thoſe of Jeruſalem—no enthuſiaſt art thou in thy religion—and wonderfully free art thou of the wild ſuperſtitions and rabid prejudices that abound in thy native land—and yet, I find thee no traitor to Judea's intereſts."

The ſober ſenſe and beautiful frankneſs, with which Claudius had expreſſed himſelf, greatly charmed me,—and the more ſo, as I had conſidered him rather a weak and timorous prince, more given to exceſſive eating and drinking, than to cloſe thought and accurate obſervation. And this impreſſion of his character had been ſtrengthened by the fact, that he who utterly fails to govern his own houſehold, can ſcarce govern well a nation. The continual and abominable diſorders in his family, and eſpecially of his wives, *Meſſalina* and *Agrippina*, had often ſurpriſed and diſguſted me. The wiſdom, therefore, now manifeſted by the Emperor's expreſſed views, and ſtrong deſire to ſeek counſel in his preſent difficulties with the Jews, greatly won my confidence and reſpect.

After expreſſing to Claudius my utmoſt gratification at the confidence he would repoſe in me, and my perfect willingneſs to impart my frankeſt counſel, he further ſaid, "I have appointed two

days hence to hear Cumanus and Celer, as alſo thoſe who prefer complaints againſt them: and be thou, Cartaphilus, preſent to note carefully all that ſhall be teſtified on either ſide. I will then commune with thee again, and hear thine opinion of the matters.

The trial came on: and, at firſt, I much feared the reſult; for Celer's freedmen, and the numerous friends of Cumanus, hotly eſpouſed his cauſe, and that of the baſe Samaritans. But, happily for juſtice, and for my countrymen, I was powerfully ſuſtained by the young Agrippa, then king of Calcis, who recently had arrived. He, well knowing the fairneſs of the Jewiſh cauſe, had earneſtly entreated the Empreſs Agrippina to lend her aid againſt Cumanus —ſo that, what with princely and womanly influences, added to mine own, I ſoon found reaſon to ſuſpect the cauſe had already been decided as I wiſhed: and ſo, in truth, it was; for Claudius laughingly ſaid, I perceive, my Cartaphilus, the drift of *thy* mind is as mine own—Cumanus is baniſhed—Celer ſhall be returned to Jeruſalem, there to be drawn through the city, in ſight of all thy people, and then ſlain:—and, as for thoſe hĕadmen among the Samaritans, order ſhall inſtantly be given to make them each a head ſhorter!"—and thus ended this matter the firſt one of actual buſineſs during my long intimacy with the emperor Claudius.

Felix was then ſent by Claudius, as procurator over Judea.* But change is not neceſſarily improvement; for Cumanus, though baniſhed, ever had more worth than Felix, ſoon ſo high in power, and eminent in wickedneſs. On his arrival, that procurator found Judea overrun with the robbers called Sicarii, (from their conſtant uſe of the *ſica*, or Roman ſickle) and alſo with many prophets, and even with ſome falſe Meſſiahs!

Here muſt I leave Jewiſh affairs, for the preſent, with merely noting that Herod-Agrippa II. after being made king of Calcis by Claudius, and alſo receiving from him the ſuperintendency of our Holy Temple, and the nomination of our High Prieſts! reſided moſtly at Jeruſalem. And as his ſubſequent hiſtory ſeemed ſo likely to become intimately connected with that of my countrymen, I noted its progreſs; and it may hereafter cauſe me to chronicle no leſs of him, than of Felix—whoſe procuratorſhip of ſeven years, ending about the ſixth year of Nero, is likewiſe too full of ſtirring events to be paſſed.

* Felix was probably appointed early in A.D. 52, V. ÆRA—eighteen or twenty months before that emperor's death. It was before this procurator that St. Paul made his memorable defence at Cæſarĕa, which cauſed Felix to tremble—as is recorded in Acts xxiv. 25.

Death of Claudius—Agrippina.

Death of Claudius.

I muſt now recur to Roman matters. Claudius, my valued maſter, and kind friend, died in the ninth year of my coming here,—having reigned leſs than fourteen years, by three months and ten days.*

I grieve to record that, during the laſt eighteen months of his life, he had become very imbecile, and almoſt childiſh; probably from exceſſive indulgence of his palate.

As to the rumours, alſo, which are yet afloat, that Claudius met his death from poiſon adminiſtered by Agrippina, I can record nothing poſitive, ſave that ſhe was *wicked* enough to do the act,—and that, as her ſon Domitius (by her former huſband Ænobarbus, whom Claudius had adopted, and then named him NERO) might have been deprived of the throne by Claudius' own ſon *Britannicus*; and likewiſe that, as the Empreſs Agrippina had often ſhown no little jealouſy of that youth, her guilt is ſtrongly believed, at leaſt by ſome. And yet, I am free to admit that theſe are not *proofs*—but only the elements of an *ugly ſuſpicion*. I cannot help remembering, alſo, that Agrippina was extremely prompt in ſummoning her ſon Nero from the camp, and proclaiming him emperor, on the death of Claudius: and finally, that Britannicus, ſoon after, was made away with, alſo by poiſon!—but many ſay that this was Nero's own doing, (young as he was,) and not his mother's: and this is even the more probable, as Agrippina herſelf was, at that time, greatly diſpleaſed with her ungrateful ſon. Such black deeds are ever done in their congenial darkneſs; and are ſcarce likely to be revealed in "*Agrippina's Memoirs!*"

The Neroniana continued.

The new emperor was prompt in admitting me to his preſence, and even confidence; for he often had remarked the affection and reſpect which Claudius bore me. Nero early ſent to inform me he had much enlarged the power of my friend Herod-Agrippa, by conferring upon him a part of Galilee, alſo Tiberias, and fourteen villages in Perea;† and at the ſame time bidding me to be often with him; which I well knew he deſired, no leſs from my ſocial qualities, than my well known familiarity with all Jewiſh affairs. But, in truth, this flattering meſſage occaſioned me ſome mixed feelings; for my mind had become no little chafed in Claudius' time, by the continual

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* Claudius died on the 13th of October, A.D. 54, having reigned 13*y*. 8*m*. 20 *days*.

† All theſe poſſeſſions of Agrippa, with thoſe conferred by Claudius, remained with the favourite, until ſeized upon by the Jews, early in the war that enſued, which ended in Jeruſalem's deſtruction, about ſixteen years after.

The NERONIANA continued.

accounts of ſavage wars, of rebellions, and of the many deſpotic cruelties practiſed on both ſides, and likewiſe by the robberies, murders, ſuperſtitions, and factions throughout Judea. And now yet more annoyed by the budding enormities of Nero, which began to ſhow themſelves ſoon after he came to power, (though then with much deceit and careful artifice,) and which in a year or two more, became ſo truly terrific. I therefore, at firſt, ſought to amuſe myſelf with books—with the feſtivities of the Imperial City—with her magnificent and various inſtitutions—with the progreſs of her unexampled luxury, and with the ſplendour of her ſuburban palaces and villas. Hence, when Nero, as emperor, firſt beſet me with his civil biddings, I attended on him with reluctance, and even apprehenſion: but theſe ſoon vaniſhed; as I gradually found that his follies, more than his vices—his private, rather than his public intereſt, were ſo often the ſubjects of our interviews; and that eventually my preſence was demanded more to ſtimulate his diſſipations, than to conſult me, either as to his cruelties, or his ſtate policy. Hence, before a year had paſſed, I learned to regard my aſſociation with the Emperor as perfectly ſafe; and to welcome it the more, as it harmoniſed ſo well with my own ſupreme love of pleaſure, and of all that might drown the ugly inward thoughts, that would ſometimes bring me into the midſt of my moſt hated Jewiſh recollections.

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* * * * "We muſt go to the *Milvian* to-night, Cartaphilus," ſaid the jovial monarch,—"rare ſport ſhall we there find: and do, my good Carta, ſee that our maſks and other guiſes be perfect." The Milvian Bridge is a place of great reſort, a few miles from the city, for the gay and moſt diſſolute youths of Rome. They often aſſemble there in crowds, ſpending the whole night in revelry, debaucheries, and exceſſive gambols. We went, and the night paſſed on there as uſual in that reſort,—and yet in a way quite unknown to all my ten years of previous diſſipations! But, on our return, at the earlieſt dawn, Nero ſaid, "Come, we muſt leave the road, and viſit the Salluſtian Gardens." Moſt of the emperor's attendants, however, purſuing their uſual route to the City, were encountered by ſome of the licentious youths then upon their return from the Milvian; and were ſomewhat maltreated,—but more through a frolicſome deſire to excite the fears of the emperor's friends, than any wiſh to do them harm.*

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* The *Pons Milvius* (erected by M. Emilius Scaurus, only a few years before Nero's viſits there) now bears the name of *Ponte Mollè*, and ſtretches over the Tiber, at about two miles from the *Porta del Popolo*. It was at this bridge that the Catiline conſpiracy was detected, by the ſeizure of the papers, and the arreſt

Shortly, however, after this trivial event, the infamous *Graptus*, whom I always abhorred, whiſpered in the ear of my Nero, that this dealing with the emperor's attendants was, in truth, a concerted ambuſcade, to ſeek the Imperial life! and that his turning off, with a few friends, for the gardens of Salluſt, was indeed a ſpecial protection of him, vouchſafed by the gods! The emperor, moreover, was aſſured by this Graptus that the treaſon was contrived by Sylla, ſon-in-law of Claudius: and, as this idle tale harmonized with Nero's previous diſlike, and with his actual, or pretended ſuſpicion of Sylla's hatred towards him, no time or ceremony was loſt in baniſhing him, for life, to Maſſilia!

The Empreſs Poppœa.

A ſhort time after this, and towards the cloſe of his fifth year, Nero firſt encountered that ſupremely beautiful, but equally wicked woman, Poppœa. She had been wife to Criſpinus; who, though a Roman knight, was deprived of her by Otho, one of the Imperial favourites. Her charms ſoon became too highly extolled for Nero's peace—he ſaw, and loved her!—and Otho, in a ſhort time, was kindly commiſſioned to one of the Provinces; when the monarch openly received Poppœa as his miſtreſs; and cruelly abuſed his wife, the young and lovely Octavia! But the foul matter ended not here: two brilliant *ſtars* may ſhine in the ſame firmament, and with undiminiſhed luſtre—not two *women*; for, at the inſtigation of the beautiful and vicious Poppœa, the virtuous and lovely Octavia was firſt exiled, and then murdered with unexampled cruelty! * The head of this young creature, then only in her twentieth year, was brought to Poppœa; who feaſted her eyes with the horrid ſight,—for the diadem had ſparkled too brightly before her, and ſhe ſaw it in her imagination too firmly within her graſp, to permit Octavia to live! To this alliance with Poppœa, we muſt refer moſt of the Emperor's crimes; which followed in fearful ſucceſſion.

But even the beautiful Poppœa, could be endured by Nero, only about five years; and, though ſhe preſerved her perſonal charms with extraordinary care, (ſhe having at her command no leſs than five hundred aſſes, in whoſe milk ſhe daily bathed) and though ſhe invented a pomatum for her complexion, with which all Rome was and now is mad, (the male, as well as female *beauties* of Rome being ever on the alert to procure this famed *Poppœānum!*) yet its renowned inventreſs received from the foot of her ungrateful

of the Allobrogean ambaſſadors. Annually there was caſt from it into the Tiber a living man, as a ſacrifice to Saturn! Tacitus confirms Cartaphilus reſpecting Nero's frequent reſort to the houſes and gardens adjoining that bridge; which were receptacles for the vileſt nocturnal revels. The *Ponte Mollè*, raiſed on the ancient foundations of the *Milvius*, was erected by Pope Nicholas V. about A.D. 1450.

* A.D. 62, nearly three years after he firſt beheld Poppœa.

paramour her death wound; and that, too, when likely ſoon to be a mother. Thus terminated *retributatively*, the life of the empreſs Poppœa; who, during the firſt year of her brief ſway, had inſtigated Nero to attempt the drowning of his mother Agrippina, by an artfully contrived *ſhipwreck*—which failing, he ſhortly after, by a deeper laid plot, had her murdered in her bed! But this matricide hath previouſly been ſomewhat chronicled. [A.D. 59.]

The Ex-Empreſs Julia Agrippina.

Agrippina was as ſuperlatively wicked, as is her ſon; but her genius greatly exceeded his—and her acquirements were worthy of Rome's beſt days. Theſe would have graced the annals of the moſt diſtinguiſhed matrons of the empire; but her crimes muſt be remembered, when her genius ſhall be forgotten. The "Memoirs" of her Life, of which ſhe is the ſole author, are at this time much read; and, I confeſs, they yield me no little amuſement as well as information, —often, indeed, ſeaſoned with revolting regrets that a woman, ſo highly gifted, was herſelf a Hecate, and the mother of a ſecond Moloch! *

Seneca and Thráſeus.

As for Annæus Seneca, the great moraliſt and philoſopher, I know not *what* to think or to record of him!—my deſire is great to cheriſh his apparently truthful fame; but I like not his apologetic letter, (if his it be,) in reſpect to the factitious ſhipwreck, that was to drown his emperor's mother—and the matricide that ſoon followed! Nero affixed his own ſignature to that letter, and addreſſed it to the Senate; but none regard it as his: and if *Seneca* be indeed its author, as is the more general opinion, it ſurely contradicts the tenor of his uſually correct life, and yet more the doctrines of his moral writings and exemplary converſation. It is to be ſomewhat remembered, however, that Seneca had been Nero's preceptor, and yet retains ſome lingerings of that paternal affection: he is, moreover, by no means inſenſible to the dread that Nero's great vices involuntarily inſpire in all; and, as far as prudence for life and property demands, would carefully avoid a rupture with him. Still, all this is a poor apology, perhaps none, for the inditing of ſuch a letter! But the venal and baſe and timorous *Senate* that received the apology, and had no word of reproof as to the foul act, (ſave alone the noble exception of *Thráſeus!*) how can language compaſs the full meaſure of that deep indignation I feel towards them all! Thráſeus bravely rated

* Julia Agrippina was daughter of Germanicus; and after the death of her huſband, Domitius Ænobarbus, by whom ſhe had Nero, ſhe married her uncle, the emperor Claudius! When, by Nero's order, the aſſaſſin approached her bed, ſhe exclaimed, "Come, ſtrike the body that could give birth to ſuch a monſter!" It is ſaid that her "Memoirs" greatly aſſiſted Tacitus in the execution of his immortal Annals!

thoſe vile ſenatorial ſycophants—entered his intrepid proteſt, and openly declared "*Nero may ſlay, but he cannot hurt me.*"

* * * * "But hold, oh thou ſevere *moralizer* on the faults of others! Touching thy friend Seneca, and the reſt, thou canſt feel a virtuous indignation; even their lurking and peccant humours of venial immorality are alſo ſeen of thee! and thy ſoundly judging eyes can ſcan the conduct and motives of each vile ſenator, and give due praiſe to the noble Thráſeus! Why, then, art thou, O Cartaphilus, yet here in Rome, inſtead of Jeruſalem, and almoſt hourly in conſort with this baſe Emperor, thy country's oppreſſor?

Cartaphilus reproves himſelf. His Meditations.

* * * * * "True, moſt true, O Conscience! and no other reſponſe can I make thee, than that Jeruſalem hath been moſt hateful to me—that *deſtiny*, perhaps, firſt brought me hither, rather than elſewhere—that love of pleaſure, more than of vice, hath long aſſociated me with this Nero, and that *habit* hath raiſed a new man in Cartaphilus. But ſtill, thanks to that lovely monitor, Conſcience!—an inward whiſperer which hath ſeldom wholly left thee—I may juſtly ſay that in all my intercourſe with the Tyrant, never hath the *Jew*, in one inſtance *flattered* the *Roman*, or ſmiled upon any of his ſavage cruelties!

"Thy life, O Cartaphilus! hath been indeed deeply ſtained with one foul and damning act,—of which remembrance can never loſe aſſurance of its terrific guilt: and though thy more than follies here in Rome have often won thee from its vivid recollection—Judæa would ſometimes thunder in thy ſoul all the terrors of the Abrahamic law!—and here my *monologue* muſt end."

Now, though the horror inſpired in me by Nero's cruelties, would ſometimes be manifeſted even unto him, not long would it vex the gay Emperor,—for all was ſoon loſt in the magic of my witty ſpeeches! O, how infinitely potent is the God of Wit!—what is there in all life that, before *his* indomitable might, may hope to ſtand competitor?—things moſt ſober, yea divine, are made ſubmiſſive to the ſway of that potential God: for who dare raiſe around that ſparkling throne, even for a moment, the murky atmoſphere of dulneſs? The drooping ſoul—the angered brow—the firm reſolve, do all vaniſh before the flaſh of Wit's diſſolving influences! As breaks the Sun ſuddenly through the fleecy clouds, ſo doth Wit inſtantly diſpel all gloom from the mind—all vexation from the heart,—yea, all obſtinacy, even in the unjuſteſt of man's purpoſes—ſhedding o'er his entire ſoul, and of thoſe around him, its myſtic mantle—converting the ugliеſt goblins of a diſtempered brain into the ſprightlieſt and moſt beauteous of angelic forms!

The Praiſes of Wit.

The Praiſes of Wit.

"O who, from the dazzling throne of Wit (when encompaſſed by the ſons of Humour) hath ever been known to deſcend willingly therefrom?—and who, below the throne, (in that barren valley of the mere human herd) is content to live upon the dry thiſtles of every-day thought—or, poſſibly, even upon the fruits of ſome few trees of ages, that therein may occaſionally be found? Not Cartaphilus, truly—nor my Nero, though both have ſometimes dealt in *morals* and in *proverbs!*

"Philoſophy is for the cloſet—Virtue, and the ſombre Judgments of age, (the natural allies of that philoſophy) may repoſefully dwell therein: but Wit and Humour are for the few who, in gariſh and in outward life, ſtill do ſegregate themſelves a peculiar people;—and though the follies and vices of the maſs be often their ſole companions, the jewels of ſprightly thought are radiant around theſe ſons of Wit—breaking forth in awakening brilliancy! Graver thoughts may ſometimes, indeed, be ſmuggled in by others; but, doth not Wit ſoon extinguiſh them all?—ſurely ſo it is,—elſe, even Humour would degenerate, and become but a hypocritical imitator. And hence is it that Cartaphilus can be truly wiſe, only in the cloſet—or, in his own unuttered thoughts, elſewhere: for, in the preſence of Rome's facetious livers, and ever in my Nero's, the Jew muſt be ſeated on Wit's loftieſt pinnacle—there to form into amuſing and fantaſtic ſhapes the ſolideſt metals—yea, the very diamonds of curiouſly faſhioned thought, often diſtilled from ſubtileſt and moſt diſguiſed dialectics!—blending all, moreover, with that froth and ſcum of Folly's ocean, in which men do moſtly ſwim! There, as Wit's monarch, doth Cartaphilus ſit ſupreme, to diffuſe into life's bitter acids embodied ſweets—to cull the flowers, and to ſecrete the odours, of the boundleſs garden of the mind!

"But what *is* Wit?—'tis a happy and darting ſeries of thoughts from ſome very foreign region—taking inſtant and exulting growth in a ſoil, wholly unlike their own!—'tis the quick perceiving by one, and the inſtant application by others, of deeply hidden reſemblances,—cauſing pleaſure from the great and ſudden brightneſs, where no light before was ſeen!—'tis a piercing and luminous victory of mind, over comparative dulneſs,—which, Parthian-like, ſurpriſes and fully accompliſhes, whilſt others are ſcarce thinking of a conflict! Wit is indeed an inſtant *creation*, eſtabliſhing fellowſhip and conſanguinity among unlooked-for, and even hoſtile bloods—and the more effectual, from its own warmth and pervading ſharpneſs,—which, quickly recogniſed, cauſe the ſons of Humour, as well as of Wit, joyouſly to welcome the alliance, ſhaking the vela and janua, yea, the very empyrean, with their loud and long and exulting applauſes! Wit (more multiform than the ſea-god of famous memory) is, at one time, lurking inviſibly, in ſome ambiguous

word—but ſuddenly to ſtart upon us in no doubtful ſhape—and then, anon, is it haſtily and brightly revealed from ſome remote cognation of mere *ſounds*—and again is it ſeen in philoſophy's moſt cunning diſtillations—but, poſſibly, ſoon to vaniſh, in ſome ſparkling elixir of nonſenſe! O, how boundleſs are the realms of Wit!—who ſhall define them—who, even imagine them?—all mind and matter being ſo tributary to it!

"WIT doth ſeize upon, and render palpable, even the feebleſt *reſemblances:*—eſſentially ambulatory, it flits about in ſearch of theſe hidden cognations: but JUDGMENT, more quieſcent, doth ſoberly weigh, and well compare, all *differences:* it ſparkles not, nor refreſhes, as doth Wit,—but yet gives to the mind abiding aſſurances of its own ſolid worth, and invites its diſciples to faſhion thereon their moſt cheriſhed actions.

"WIT is the vagabond herald of Genius—JUDGMENT the ſtaid executor of Wiſdom:—the one hath a multitude to ſhout its pæans—the other but few to heed its beheſts.

"Wit often, but not always, provokes to laughter—judgment uniformly ſeeks repoſe. Wit is a ſophiſt—judgment a logician. Wit hath a ſpice of truth—judgment is Truth itſelf! Myriads would attend the Courts of Wit, as admiring liſteners, if not as ſucceſsful doers: but Judgment, though ſo proudly born, hath *no* Court—is individual, and antiſocial—dealing only with the actualities of life,—and uſing language only as the exacteſt ſymbol of thought!

"Wit, moreover, doth often attract to her court the Humoriſts—but only as attendants ſubmiſſive to her ſway. Wit, more grave than Humour, receives them all upon tolerance only, leſt her point and brilliancy ſhould be borne off by the laughter of the Humoriſts! Wits are not always humoriſts, nor are the latter always wits: Humour ſeldom offends, Wit often doth: both are children of the Imagination: but the elder brother is leſs fantaſtic, and ſeemingly is never as anxious, nor as conſcious of his doings, as is the younger."*

* Our philoſophic Jew, in his foregoing "Praiſes of Wit," has more thoughtfully dealt with his ſubject, than, perhaps, elſewhere may be found—ſo far as the Editor remembers,—and yet, under leave of Cartaphilus, we pray to ſay that had Cartaphilus explored the actual *fountain* of wit, and likewiſe, why it, and alſo Humour, are ſometimes, not nature's gift to merely a few individuals and families, but may be ſaid to be ſometimes National characteriſtics, he would have further gratified us. And, if we may ſtill extend our note, we pray to advert to a couplet from a Poet of our own age, who, next to Shakeſpeare, we are compelled to regard as the moſt natural, philoſophic, accurate, terſe, and yet graphic, of all the poets, of any of the ages.—

"True wit is nature to advantage dreſſed;
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſſed.

The People's *facetiæ* on Nero.

And now, Cartaphilus, thou ſhouldſt not forget the *theme* of thy former diſcourſe, which ſurely was not *Wit's praiſes*, but the *Senate's baſeneſs*, in that ſore matter of Agrippina:—proceed we then with that.*

The People's dealings towards the Emperor.

Now, what the Senate dared not do in that matter of the murdered Empreſs-Mother, the people did privately, and with a galling potency; for, on all other ſubjects, than the ſlaying of his mother, Nero hath proved invulnerable—but on *that*, he is ever deeply ſenſitive, but more from the dread of ridicule, than from its intrinſic horror: for my Nero's ſhrinking from the people's gibes was ſcarce in the way of remorſe; and often have I thought that *ſuperſtition*, far more than conſcience, hath cauſed his emotion at Agrippina's name. The ſoothſayers, as 'tis fooliſhly ſaid, *knew* he would ſlay Agrippina; and that the eclipſe, which ſhortly after happened, and other prodigies, are to be referred to that matricide: and ſo the ruder people firmly hold; and of that notion ſeems my Nero, quite as much as the hated ſoothſayers! Added to theſe, the people's ſatires thereon, annoy him almoſt daily—many of them being ſo very clever in thought, and humorous in alluſion—nay ſo full of wit, that even friends as well as foes ſeek eagerly for them. * * * * I remember me, that on one morning early, when paſſing by Pompey's ſtatue, I beheld a crowd of people making very merry; and with many gibes, at their diſcovery of an infant, expoſed in a wicker baſket ſuſpended from the ſtatue; and with this inſcription, in letters nearly as large as the forſaken child.

"I DO NOT BRING THEE UP LEST THOU MAYEST KILL THY MOTHER!"

A few nights after this, there was the like vociferous merriment over a *ſack*, ſuſpended from the neck of Nero's ſtatue—in alluſion to the cuſtomary mode of deſtroying a *parricide*, by tying him up in a ſack, with many venemous ſnakes, and other animals,—and then caſting him into the ſea!

And again, a few nights after followed the famous epigram;

Quis neget Æneæ magna de ſtirpe Neronem?
Suſtulit hic matrem: ſuſtulit ille patrem.

Who denies to Nero deſcent from the ſtock of Æneas?
The one bears off his father—the other his Mother!

* The eventful life of Cartaphilus, as we have ſeveral times before remarked, occaſioned him frequently thus to muſe, and to record his thoughts, often in the *third* perſon; as if ſpeaking to, or of another: and, when powerfully excited, he paſſes unconſciouſly into the conſecutive uſe, even of the three perſons! The Editor has not ſeen fit to omit this peculiarity, or to faſhion it in another way; as it is not an unnatural mental idioſyncracy, though poſſibly, it may ſometimes diminiſh its clearneſs to the general reader.

The equivoque, then, conſiſts in the word *ſuſtulit;* which imports to *kill*, as well as to *bear off*. Theſe irrepreſſible *facetiæ* diſturbed the Emperor greatly,—for they came from inviſible hands, and penetrated as lightning through a population of ſeveral millions —a multitude quite too numerous to be cut off, even by a Nero; and hence, perhaps, his great attempt, a few years after, to lay all Rome in aſhes; and how nearly executed we all do know!

Two years after theſe numerous manifeſtations of a people's horror of the Great Parricide, Nero ſought the life of the prætor *Socianus;* and merely for a ſimilar piece of wit; but this was defeated by the ſtill fearleſs Thráſeus: and the matter ended only in the baniſhment of the offender. [A. D. 62.] In the ſame year, the excellent Burrhus became a victim, as 'tis ſaid, by poiſon adminiſtered to him when unwell; and this by Nero's contrivance! The loſs of Burrhus haſtened the extinction of the waning regard of Nero towards Seneca—and now theſe two greatly troubled me, compelling me to think far more cloſely and conſtantly of my relations with Nero, than ever before had been my wont.

Interview between Seneca and Nero.

Being one morning at the Palace, I perceived Seneca enter. He aſked of the ſecretary, Epaphroditus, a private audience with the Emperor: which being ended, and Seneca retired, Nero found me ſtill on my couch, greatly amuſed with Horace. "My laughing Carta-
"philus," ſaid he, "would that I could always be of thy ſprightly
"temper—thus to drown all care with Horace, or the like!—but
"SENECA now *troubles* me no little—he is reſolved to retire utterly
"from Court, and into ſome ſecluded ſpot, far from the world's
"annoyance, as he terms it!—and alſo he prates much of his care
"of my early youth—of the riches and honours I have laviſhed
"upon him—alſo of my great progenitor Auguſtus; who he ſaith
"permitted Agrippa to retire to Mitylene; and Mæcenas into a
"ſnug retreat in the boſom of the City: and he craves now of me
"the like permiſſion—deſiring to ſeek a humble home, but *extra*
"*muros*, and among the groves and ſtreams! And, ſtranger ſtill,
"he prays that I may receive back all that I have given him, and
"more—yea, nearly all his great poſſeſſions! To this evidently
"*ſtudied* ſpeech of my Seneca, I heſitated for ſuitable reply: but,
"finding he looked for ſome more inſtant anſwer, I admitted that,
"if to *his prepared* diſcourſe I could at once reſpond, I owed to
"*him*, as well my power of every *prompt*, as of every *ſtudied* reply;
"for that he had early taught me both. I admitted fully, moreover,
"what he ſaid of Auguſtus' dealing towards Agrippa and Mæcenas,
"—but prayed him to remember that neither of them had been
"ſtripped by Auguſtus of their *merited rewards*—that my Seneca
"had been to me as faithful, as they to *their* maſter—that Seneca's
"gifts to me were by nature *immortal*,—whereas mine to him were

" eſſentially *periſhable;* and I added that yet he was of good age to " enjoy life, and to manage riches—that his honours were not yet " equal to what Claudius had laviſhed upon his friend Vitellius— " that I would yet *add* to his; and prayed him to continue with " me, inſtructing me by his wiſe counſels,—adviſing him, more- " over, to keep his poſſeſſions, and not to ſeek applauſe for mode- " ration, at the expenſe of his pupil's reputation. Then kiſſing " Seneca, I permitted him to leave me."

Nero having ended this ſtrange account of his interview with that philoſopher, eyed me with a ſearching gaze, to diſcover whether I had fathomed his ſecret thoughts,—but every muſcle of my face was faithful to my reſolve—which was to *diſappoint* him!

Though the Emperor's deep hypocriſy had often much ſurpriſed me, I had now liſtened to his detail with an aſtoniſhment nearly overwhelming—and yet without the leaſt viſible emotion: nor could his moſt penetrating look arouſe me. I knew he hated Seneca, and only ſought fitting occaſion to deal with him, as with Burrhus!

The Emperor ſtill waited for ſome flattering comment by me; but I continued hermetically ſilent. " Thy tongue, good Carta, is not uſually ſo chained," ſaid Nero mildly, " did I not deal with Seneca nobly, and to thy mind—was I not moſt *kind* to him?" " Thy *kiſs*, mighty Emperor," replied I, " is warrant ſufficient that Seneca is not *yet* among the doomed!"—" Thou art a ſubtle devil;" ſaid Nero, with a Satanic ſmile, " but, my funny, though myſterious Jew, I know thou *loveſt* me; and a thouſand Senecas will not make me *doubt* thee."

Seneca retires. Tigellinus ſucceeds.

Seneca, I queſtion not, *fathomed* our Nero as truly as I had done; and conſequently dreaded him: and though he went not into the retirement of the country, he withdrew himſelf from the court—changed the whole courſe of his former expenſive life—cloſed his doors againſt the crowd that yet would have paid him their cuſtomary homage; and addicted himſelf to all the charms of the moſt varied ſtudies. Though his wealth was boundleſs, (ſome of which had been gained by uſury, which he never deemed immoral, and much alſo by gifts from Nero, under circumſtances, too, queſtionable, at leaſt,) yet Seneca ſeemed proud in the conſciouſneſs of never having gained any thing by wrong, or manifeſt indirection: for he boaſted that " *he could throw open all his coffers, and bid every man to come and take whatever belonged to him, and be none the poorer!*" But ſuch ſpeeches are eaſier made than vouched: people, moreover, have different conſciences—different opinions of *indirection*—and different notions as to the legitimate modes of gaining wealth: and yet, on the whole, I ſomewhat love Seneca, and think well of him *as the world goes*. I doubt not the ſincerity of his proffer to Nero;

he muſt have known the riſk, at leaſt, he ran with Nero in making it; for it truly was a great one: and the offer, perhaps at any other moment, would have been courteouſly accepted! But what the ſad end of Seneca was, will preſently be ſhown.

TIGELLINUS ſucceeded to the place of Seneca,—a more worthy miniſter he, for my Nero's purpoſes; and Tigellinus was not ſlow in manifeſting that fitneſs. He early ſtimulated the emperor's jealouſy of Plautus' immenſe *wealth*, and of Sylla's abject *poverty*; and therefore each poſſeſſed, in his opinion, an equally dangerous ambition! Both were at that time in exile—the former in Aſia, the latter at Maſſilia; and both, no long time after, were privately murdered by Nero's orders!

TWO years more went on with the Emperor in his cuſtomary way: refined in cruelties, exceſſive in debaucheries, ſtriking in his follies, mad in his paſſion for muſic and the ſtage; and the now public exhibition of the hiſtrionic art failed not to incenſe many of the people, and to diſguſt the Senate. Nero, therefore, had daily cauſe to know that abſence of princely dignity might offend more deeply, than the preſence of crimes and cruelties, however enormous!

Magnificent feaſt of Tigellinus.

"THOU wilt be with *Tigellinus* to-morrow?" ſaid the Emperor to me, "his entertainment upon the Agrippa Lake (with which he doth favour his Emperor) will do honour to his own taſte, whilſt it equally manifeſts his zeal for him he ſerves." "That truly is my intention, moſt potent Emperor," I anſwered; "and, though, like *Seneca's*, my age now doth begin to admoniſh me, I ſhould ſoon retire from theſe daily indulgences, and the *nightly*, too, as thou knoweſt,—yet, in reſpect to *thee*, dread Emperor, I willingly yield to Tigellinus' bidding."*

ON the following evening, Nero was more gorgeouſly attired and attended, than I had ever before ſeen him. We arrived at the Lake a few hours after the ſun was buried in the dark blue waters of the remote Zephyrus. Luna was giving a clear but feeble light, being only in her firſt quarter: but the lake was magnificent beyond imagination, with the moſt varied illuminations. The palace, ſituate upon a little artificial iſland, was ſtill more radiant in dazzling lights, ſhed through coloured lamps, and all reflected from walls of poliſhed marble, often inlaid with burniſhed gold, and ſometimes with ſhining jewels! The air was redolent of the moſt delicate perfumes; muſic, as of the ſpheres, ſtole gently upon our raviſhed ears—the tables were then groaning under the rareſt lux-

* This ſplendid entertainment probably occurred in the ſummer of A. D. 64, a ſhort time previous to the great Conflagration.

The Feaſt of Tigellinus in honour of Nero.

uries, that earth and ſea, and the remoteſt regions of each could yield. The gueſts had moſtly aſſembled, and were impatiently waiting Nero's coming.

At length (in a barge of ſuperlative beauty, drawn by ſix boats adorned with gold and ivory, each rowed by twenty of Rome's handſomeſt youths, and each party richly and differently attired) appeared the EMPEROR!

Then came thirty other barges, with ladies of the higheſt rank, aſſociated with the moſt diſtinguiſhed of the courteſans of the Imperial City! The ſofteſt muſic, upon the ſhore of the little iſland, awaited their approach; and, with the ſteps, as it were of a God, Rome's proud and wicked Sovereign deſcended from his barge—all eyes intent upon him, as would the Muſes be, when Apollo met them! And yet, O, ſhame on poor humanity—of all the men and women there aſſembled, ſcarce one was *pure!* And, though all *without* them diſplayed to the eye more lovelineſs and beauty than, perhaps, had ever been brought together,—ſtill, to an eye that could have ſearched the *interior*, (the hearts and thoughts of each) the ſight muſt have proved one, that earth ſeldom, if ever, before had witneſſed—ſo extraordinary was the unſeemly union of phyſical elegance with moral deformity!

As to the many diſguſting ſcenes that marked with illuſtrious infamy *that* night, and which infinitely ſurpaſſed even my experienced conception, or even my moſt unbridled imagination, I ſhall wholly forbear to detail them. Aurora dawned in murky clouds upon the loathſome ſcenes; and the morning freſhneſs ſeemed ill in harmony with the waſted and haggard looks of all!

* * * * The events of the two years that followed Seneca's more than partial withdrawal from the Court, at length cauſed him to leave it wholly,—left even his occaſional preſence there ſhould countenance in any degree Nero's then more reckleſs and mad proceedings. The emperor had reluctantly permitted Seneca to greatly ſeclude himſelf: but now, as he reſolved to abandon the city, and ſeek deeper retirement, and no more to preſent himſelf at court, Nero was equally firm in reſolving that he ſhould not live; and therefore bribed one Cleonicus, a freedman of Seneca's, to poiſon him! How this was defeated, hath not yet tranſpired,—ſome ſuppoſe from Seneca's extreme caution; others believe the freedman, though accepting the bribe, proved faithful to his patron: time can alone, if ever, reveal to us the truth.

Piſo's conſpiracy againſt Nero.

Early in this year, the eleventh of Nero's reign, [A. D. 65,] a great conſpiracy was formed againſt the emperor's life, under PISO, whom his friends deſired to raiſe to the throne,—but hatred of Nero was the controlling motive:

The Piſo Conſpiracy.

Piſo was a nobleman of talents, learning, eloquence—and of ſome virtue, yet, from his great mildneſs, and extreme love of pleaſure, ill adapted for the contrivance, or for the execution of a conſpiracy, eſpecially ſuch one as the criſis demanded.

The conſpiracy, however, was well planned by others; and embraced many noble and determined ſpirits. Though ardently engaged in by many, it remained concealed for a long time; and was upon the eve of ſucceſsful execution, when all was caſt to the winds! The diſcovery was made on the eleventh of April,—the following day being the one appointed for its conſummation. This revelation bathed Rome in the blood of many of her moſt diſtinguiſhed citizens, and occaſioned the exile of many others. The more celebrated among the conſpirators were the præfect *Fænius Rufus*, the centurion *Sulpitius Aſper*, the tribune *Subrius Flavius*, the conſul *Lateranus*, the ſenators *Scævenus* and *Quintianus*, the poet *Lucan*—and that remarkable woman *Epicharis*. Some would implicate the philoſopher *Seneca*,—but, as I think, with little or no truth; as, upon the whole, the evidence is not even feebly circumſtantial.

For the accompliſhment of the great deſign, three plans were ſuggeſted; viz., that Nero ſhould be attacked whilſt ſinging on the ſtage, or at the Milvian, where it was known he would be a few nights thereafter: others thought that he ſhould be deſtroyed at *Piſo's* villa, near Baii, where Nero ſo often bathes, and without ſtate, or even guards,—but to this Piſo would in no wiſe conſent, as being groſſly violative of hoſpitality. The third propoſal was to beſet the emperor at the approaching games of the Circus, to be celebrated in honor of Ceres, on the twelfth of April—and that plan was adopted.

Lateranus claimed the honour of the initial act, which was to caſt himſelf at the Emperor's feet with a petition! Scævinus then prayed permiſſion to inflict the firſt ſtab, and with a dagger ſpecially and long dedicated to ſome great deed!—and finally, Piſo and Fænius, with many others, were to await the conſummated event, in the temple of Ceres, whither the dead body was to be conveyed.

But the whole of this induſtriouſly planned ſcheme was brought to light, by the overzealous fidelity of Epicharis, and the treachery of one Melichus, the freedman of Scævinus.

Epicharis, whoſe womanly impatience could not brook the delay of the other conſpirators, believed ſhe might fully rely on the tribune Proculus, who had been known to expreſs no little diſcontent at the poorneſs of his reward for the ſhare he had in the murder of Agrippina! She therefore communicated to him ſuch knowledge of the conſpiracy as ſhe poſſeſſed, ſave as to *names*, of which ſhe profeſſed total ignorance,—not doubting, however, but that

Proculus would bring with him all the officers of the Miſenum fleet, who could eaſily have deſpatched Nero, during any of his frequent excurſions of pleaſure round the promontory of Miſenum, or during any of his like expeditions to Puteoli.

Shrewd as Epicharis certainly is, Proculus left her under the conviction that he was zealous in the cauſe: but mammon was ſtronger than hate,—ſo that he haſtened to Nero, and revealed all that he knew, or conjectured. The Tribune and Epicharis were ſoon confronted in the Emperor's preſence; but the woman proved the ſtronger—her bold denial being ſuch as to ſeemingly confound all three! and Proculus, moreover, when cloſely queſtioned, could really ſay ſo little that was ſatisfactory or probable, that Epicharis was likely to go quite free! But the Emperor's ſecond thoughts were more prudent, and ſhe was ordered to priſon, to abide the events of accident and time.

It ſo chanced, a few days thereafter, that the freedman Melichus had heard a ſuſpicious whiſpering converſation between Scævinus and Natalis, an intimate friend of Piſo—whereupon this freedman appeared before the emperor; and with the conſecrated dagger of Scævinus in his hand (which had been given him to ſharpen) he offered to divulge much reſpecting the now rumoured conſpiracy,—and demanded to be examined thereon in the preſence of his patron! Melichus had alſo ſeen his patron Scævinus make his Will, and give freedom to ſome of his ſlaves, and money to others—all of which aſſured him that theſe were preparatory, in ſome way, to an attempt upon the emperor's life: and ſo the matter was ſoon proved to be. Epicharis was then put to the torture; but would confeſs nothing; but being to ſuffer again on the following day, ſhe ſuſpended herſelf by her handkerchief, and thus deprived the tyrant of any further revelation from herſelf.

Such of the conſpirators as had been named, or ſuſpected, were then put upon their trial. Nero preſided in perſon as chief judge,—next to him was his counterpart, Tigellinus—on the other ſide ſat the conſpirator Fænius Rufus! who having eſcaped all ſuſpicion, neceſſarily found himſelf in the fearful attitude of their judge. The conſpirators doubtleſs thought themſelves moſt fortunate in having Rufus there; who acted his difficult part ſo well that, whilſt he ſeemed to aſſure the other judges of his deep zeal for Nero, he likewiſe indicated to his co-conſpirators his ardent deſire to ſave them, were that poſſible. *Trial of the Conſpirators.*

Piſo was urged at this moment by his friends, to excite the ſoldiers and people to open rebellion; but courage is of various kinds, and Piſo was not equal to the emergency: he hopeleſſly haſtened to his own roof, and calmly awaited his inevitable doom. The Emperor being duly informed of all, ſuffered Piſo, with ſome

ſhow of mercy, to ſelect the manner of his death; who, after executing his will, in which he laviſhed upon Nero the moſt fulſome adulation, (hoping, as 'tis ſaid, to thereby ſcreen *Arria*, his beautiful though wicked wife) laid open his veins, and ſoon expired!

Lateranus was not ſo much favoured; but had his head inſtantly ſtruck off by one of the unſuſpected conſpirators! Flavius and Subrius and Aſper died valiantly: and, upon the Emperor's aſking Flavius, "Why he had violated his military oath?"—he replied, "*Thou, O Emperor, haſt forced one, who, at firſt, loved thee, ſoon to abhor thee—for, from the hour thou didſt murder thy Mother, and thy wife—and then turned player and incendiary, I deteſted thee.*" Nero ſtruggled to conceal his galling emotion, and deep rage: for all that had taken place ſtung and vexed him not half ſo much as this intrepid ſpeech—pronounced with unfaltering tongue, and pointed by a keen and ſteady eye direct to the tyrant's heart! Nero ſat nearly motionleſs for a while; and then turning to Sulpitius Aſper, he ſaid, "And why didſt thou conſpire againſt thy emperor's life?" The centurion anſwered, "*Becauſe the progreſs of my Emperor's crimes could in no other way be ſtayed.*"

At length, came on the trial of Scævinus; but thereupon the præfect Rufus became much excited; and unhappily overacted his judicial part—for, by his too preſſing queſtions, he ſo angered Scævinus, that he caſt out many words of accuſation againſt the judge himſelf! Rufus became deadly pale—his tongue cleaved to his mouth—no ſingle word of utterance had he—guilt was ſo ſtamped upon his face, as to leave no ray of doubt in thoſe around him; and, in this ſtate, he was incontinently ſeized from off his judicial chair, and caſt into priſon, with heavy irons on him! Rufus ſhortly after died, and with much cowardly and even howling lamentations—which, for a Roman, is among the rareſt of events, and gave to this matter, otherwiſe ſo full of valorous devotion, a feature of ridicule that greatly vexed the nobler ſpirits.

Next came the conſul Veſtinus—which, with him, was a ſpeedy work, though he as guiltleſs of any lot therein, as is a child of any deep philoſophy! But Nero hated Veſtinus; and this was a fitting occaſion to ſettle that account. Then came the poet Lucan,—who had never forgiven Nero for having ſlighted, more than once, his muſic,—and particularly on the occaſion, when Lucan was publicly reciting his verſes, the Emperor was ſeen to leave the houſe, in the midſt of the poet's performance! The offended vanity of authorſhip, far more than wounded patriotiſm, had ſtimulated the mortified poet to enter into this perilous league: and, it is ſaid, that whilſt life was ſlowly departing from him, and the blood from his opened veins was gradually trickling down,

Lucan failed not to remember his own verſes in the "*Pharſalia*," deſcriptive of a death ſimilar to what he was then enduring—where the extremities were lifeleſs, whilſt head and heart were quite warm —he rouſed himſelf, and repeated with animation,

—— Pars ultima trunci
Tradidit in letum vacuos vitalibus artus, &c.

and then, without a moan, expired!*

The evidence, if ſo it may be called, againſt SENECA, was ſcarcely more than what ſufficed as to Veſtinus; and for the like reaſon it came to the ſame ſpeedy reſult. That great philoſopher alſo died by the opening of his veins, aſſiſted by a hot bath, and by a ſmall doſe of poiſon: and his wife Paulina, having refuſed to ſurvive him, likewiſe opened her veins—but was reſcued from death by Nero's orders. In that endeavour of Paulina, Seneca concurred; he having ever maintained the moral right of ſelf-immolation!

As for Rufius Criſpinus, the former huſband of the Empreſs Poppœa, he, together with Flaccus and Rufus, men of great learning, were baniſhed: as alſo very many others, of much leſs note, women as well as men, and ſome children, were conſigned to the ſame fate—a few were alſo poiſoned, and ſome were ſtarved in priſons:—and thus ended that famous conſpiracy, and thoſe diſtinguiſhed conſpirators; for they were moſtly perſons of great note, and ſome of much worth: and ſurely two quite innocent of that matter—poor Veſtinus—and the renowned ſage, Lucius Annæus Seneca.

MELICHUS, the freedman, however, was not forgotten in the midſt of all that ſcene of blood: but, as the diſcoverer of the plot, Nero conferred on him great riches, and the honour of the Greek name of *Soter*—or Saviour! The month of April had alſo its glory; it being decreed to be henceforth called *Nero's Month*. A Temple of "Safety" was alſo decreed to be forthwith erected on the ſpot where Scævinus had firſt conſecrated the dagger; and the inſtrument itſelf was dedicated to the Emperor in the Capitol, with the inſcription—"To Mars The Avenger!"—and, in addition to all theſe teſtimonials, the Conſul Cerialis propoſed that a commemorative Temple ſhould be erected, and inſcribed,

TO THE GOD NERO.

* Pharſ. III. 638.

Death of the Empreſs Poppœa.

Early in the following year, it being the twelfth of his reign, the maddened monarch committed other enormous cruelties; and among theſe, as previouſly alluded to, the murder of his ſecond wife Poppœa—alſo of *Antiſteus Vetus*—of *Sextia*, his mother-in-law, and of *Antiſtia* her daughter—thus, at one ſtroke, ſweeping away a whole family!

About the ſame time, were ſacrificed *Silanus* and *Oſtorius*, and *Mella*, brother to Seneca: alſo the intrepid and virtuous ſenator Thrasseus; and indeed ſo many others of like renown, that the bloody catalogue, and that of the almoſt equally cruel baniſhments, would ſwell this narrative of Nero alone into a hideous volume! [A. D. 65—66.]

ARRIVAL OF KING TIRIDATES.

In this ſtate of things, it was fortunate that tyranny ſhould find ſome other ſources of excitement, to divert it, if but for a time, from private bloodſhed to *pleaſure!*—and next to ſome preparations for a war—as to which of the twain our Apollo or Theſpis, was ever moſt inclined, and the more probable to now ſelect, was at once decided in favour of the former, though the latter might follow of neceſſity. The two circumſtances, however, that cauſed this diverſion to our Emperor, were the arrival of Tiridates, Prince of Parthia—cauſing much gorgeous feſtivity; and next, the renewed revolt of my ever rebellious countrymen—a war, which, if perſiſted in, ſeemed likely to involve all Paleſtine. On thoſe two events, my Nero failed not to conſult me, and with more than cuſtomary ſolicitude—the one of *pleaſure*, now at hand, and becauſe in that he knew I was ſkilled—the other of *war*, becauſe that happened to be with my own country and people, alike well known of me: but the Emperor ſoon haſtened from the matter of Paleſtine, to the feſtivities due to Tiridates,—as to which his ſoul was alive—for our Nero, as I have intimated, is but a ſorry warrior!

"Thou wert with me, Cartaphilus, at Neapolis," ſaid the emperor, "when Tiridates the Parthian, made me ſuch deep obeiſance—kneeling, as thou doſt remember, with croſſed arms, and hailing me as his Lord and Maſter—and yet the wily Oriental kept his ſword welded to his ſide, and would by no means part with it, though inſtructed that it was cuſtomary ſo to do! I liked the *cautious* barbarian the better for it. What honours I then laviſhed on him at Puteoli, and on my way hither towards Rome, thou well knoweſt: but now, that Tiridates hath reached the World's great City, and is ſoon to receive at *my* hands Armenia's Crown, I deſire

thee to conſult with my good Epaphroditus, as alſo with Helius, concerning all that can gladden the ſtay of Tiridates; and all that likewiſe may impreſs him deeply with the power and riches of my Empire." With this, Nero courteouſly waved his hand towards the door, and I took my reſpectful leave.

On the night of the following day, the whole city was in a blaze of light; the illuminations being inconceivably various, and far more brilliant than thoſe witneſſed by me at the Agrippina Lake, when Tigellinus ſo feaſted the Emperor. Many feſtivities then ſucceeded in unbroken continuance—each vieing for the palm of novelty, no leſs than of ſplendour.

The day appointed for conferring Armenia's Crown upon Tiridates, had now arrived. The ceremony was performed in the Great Forum; in the centre of which were ſeated, during the whole previous night, a vaſt aſſemblage of Rome's moſt diſtinguiſhed people of both ſexes, clad in white robes, each crowned with laurel, and all arranged according to their reſpective tribes. Encircling theſe, were the Pretorian Cohorts; whoſe highly burniſhed arms, and with many colours waving in the gentle breeze, added largely to the brilliancy of the ſcene. Myriads of ſpectators were ſeated upon the houſe-tops, among whom were moſt of the illuſtrious females of Rome, in taſteful and in gorgeous habiliments. And all of this untold multitude awaited, during full ten hours, the riſing Sun—at whoſe gradual preſence, Nero was ſlowly to approach!

The propitious moment came!—the Emperor was ſeen in the far diſtance, attended by the Senate, and by his Imperial Guards. As he gradually approached, the Sun's rays were becoming brighter and brighter, until the Proceſſion ſtopped, for an inſtant, oppoſite the noble Portico of the Curia Hoſtilia, then ſuſtaining a living and dazzling maſs of Rome's moſt renowned Courtezans—and, at that moment, Apollo's beams ſhot forth with intenſe ſplendour upon Nero's flowing robes, which, in a conſtellation of ſparkling lights, were reflected from the myriad golden ſpangles that enriched his veſtments!

The Temple of Auguſtus, and that of Caſtor and Pollux, were alſo thus honoured by the Emperor's momentary delay, that he might alſo receive the adulation of the thouſands ſeated there.

The *Roſtrum*, that had been enlarged for the occaſion, was at length attained. Nero, ſeated there in his curule chair, awaited the coming of Tiridates, and of his almoſt equally ſplendid train. Paſſing through a double row of ſoldiers, near the Roſtrum, the Parthian king left his magnificent car; and approaching the Emperor, kneeled before him on the firſt ſtep of the enthroned roſtrum. At that inſtant, the multitude gave ſo loud a ſhout, that Tiridates,

not prepared for it, became ſo terrified as to remain for a moment almoſt ſpeechleſs! Nero graciouſly raiſed him, and affectionately kiſſed him. Silence being reſtored, the King, in the language of his own country, thus addreſſed our monarch.

"*Though I am deſcended from the renowned* ARSACES, *and am brother to* VOLOGESES *and to* PACŌRUS, *both great kings; I own myſelf, O Nero, thy ſlave! Thou art my God; and I am come to adore thee, as I adore the Sun! My deſtiny is to be determined by thy ſupreme and omnipotent will; for, upon thee do I depend, as upon Fate, and upon Fortune.*"

The Emperor's reply was ſtrictly Neronian, and as follows!

"*Thou haſt done well, Tiridates, to come hither to receive in perſon my favours. What thy father could not leave thee, and thy brothers, after giving it thee, could not preſerve,* THAT *I now grant of my liberality. I make thee King of Armenia,—that the whole* UNIVERSE *may know that it appertains to* NERO *to give, or to take away crowns.*" Tiridates was then ſeated at the Emperor's feet; who thereupon placed a ſplendid diadem on the King's head, amidſt acclamations that ſhook the Forum and its ſolid ſtructures, as if by a ſudden remote earthquake and thunder!

Then enſued the Games, and with greater magnificence than Rome perhaps ever witneſſed. The interior of the ſumptuous building in which they were celebrated, and the ſtage in particular, glittered in every direction with golden ornaments—and hence this was called the Golden Day! The ſtage was covered by an awning of the richeſt Tyrian purple,—on which was embroidered in gold a repreſentation of Nero driving a car, encompaſſed with glittering ſtars, as if he were ſpeeding through the firmament! On the ſtage appeared the Emperor himſelf, who diſplayed his ſkill in muſic; and afterwards, at the Circus, he drove his car, attired in an humble caſſac!—for Nero's *divinity* and *humanity* were often in conflict for the aſcendency!

The enjoyments of ſucceeding days need no detail; they never failed in magnificence and in variety. At length the day of the Armenian Prince's departure being announced, and he then receiving large donatives, with permiſſion alſo to rebuild ARTAXATA as his kingly reſidence, the withdrawal from Rome of Tiridates was well-nigh as gorgeous and expenſive, as had been his reception—but this likewiſe need not be chronicled by me.

Departure of Tiridates.

Soon after the return of Armenia's Sovereign, the city of Artaxata was rebuilt, and received the name of *Neronia:*—but how long to retain it, is with Cartaphilus no queſtion,—ſince flattery's offerings in this way, have ſo often ceaſed to exiſt with the death of the power that cauſed them.

Vologeſes' Reply to Nero—Paleſtine.

In a few months after that Prince's return, the Emperor deſired to win a like homage from the brother, *Vologeſes*—and, with that intent, invited him to Rome: but this far more wary Parthian replied, "*Thou, O Nero, canſt croſs the ſea with much more eaſe than can Vologeſes. Do thou come over to Aſia, and then we will ſettle all ſuch matters!*"

Greatly incenſed indeed was Nero at this unexpected anſwer; and little elſe did he ſpeak of, for a time, than *war* againſt all the Eaſtern nations!—but our Nero loved muſic and the ſtage—and could *forget* marvellouſly, whenever power ceaſed.

Affairs at Paleſtine.

The ſerious revolt of the Jews, however, demanded inſtantly quite as much of war, as the Emperor could even think of, though all action, and nearly all of thought were left by him to able and renowned captains. Now, as to how and when the valiant VESPASIAN was ſent to conduct that war againſt my countrymen, I muſt, for the preſent, paſs by: but my faithful Polychronicon muſt record that, during my many colloquies with Nero, ſo much had occurred to aſſure me of Jeruſalem's now great peril, heightened alſo by my knowledge of Veſpaſian's juſt renown, that I ſighed for a ſpeedy return to the land of my forefathers,—and I ſhould certainly have ſecretly departed could I have conceived it poſſible for me to be any where ſafe in Judæa, even were it poſſible to eſcape from the Imperial City.

The perſecutions, moreover, of the Chriſtians at Rome, and ſomewhat in the Provinces, in which ſo many even of the Jews had periſhed in the paſt two years, augmented ſtill more my diſguſt of courtly life, and my longing after Jeruſalem in its lowering difficulties. Thoſe perſecutions had commenced ſhortly after the great fire, fooliſhly imputed by many to the ſo called Nazarenes—but *that* I knew to be far from true; and it pained me much to ſee their greater perſecution, as the conſequence of the exiſting rebellion in Judea.

My eyes had already witneſſed, and were again to behold ſcenes of ſavage ferocity againſt thoſe helpleſs and innocent people—be they Jewiſh or Gentile converts to that myſterious and wonderful faith: and theſe ſo deeply poiſoned my happineſs, as ſometimes to excite in me a tranſient reſolution to avail myſelf of my daily opportunity to rid the world of this matchleſs monſter! But I could not fail to remember how kind Nero ever had been to me: and truly may I ſay, *Nullum odioſius mihi crimen ingrati animi culpâ.*

My pleaſures, alſo, had now become almoſt invincible habits; and Nero, when not cruel, was to me the moſt agreeable of

mortals: for, not being myſelf a Roman, his follies offended no pride or dignity of country in me;—and, as to his crimes, they were in no part mine; but perſonally and wholly his own.

Thus did I often muſe with myſelf, ſtriving to ſoothe the alarms of a purer conſcience—alſo the awakening calls of my country, and my natural averſion to all tyranny. But my mind would *ſtill* recur to thoſe pious, though poſſibly deluded Jews and Gentiles of the new faith, whom Nero had lately ordered to be clothed in garments ſtiffened with wax, and then ſet on fire, to brighten therewith the illuminations of his gardens! I remember with equal horror, how others were ſewed up in the ſkins of wild beaſts, and then worried by dogs, until they expired! I could not baniſh from my mind the many ſtrange devices, firſt to *torture*, and then to *kill*—ſome being caſt to ferocious wild beaſts—others beheaded, and ſome crucified by modes of newly invented agony!

Death of Paul, the Apoſtle.

Nero had never troubled me with ſuch matters—I being uppermoſt in his thoughts chiefly as aſſociated with his amuſements—or, ſometimes, as Claudius before him had done, when the ſpecial condition of Paleſtine needed my counſel: but now, as I have previouſly intimated, Nero had ſtrangely departed from his dealing towards me, in his inſiſting upon *my witneſſing* the appointed execution of *Saul of Tarſus!*—now always known as PAUL.

Now this Paul, in his then trouble, had, by an epiſtle from his priſon, lately reminded my Nero that, if death muſt come, it ſhould be by decapitation, and not by crucifixion—he being a Roman citizen, poſſeſſed of the *jus civitatis* by ſucceſſion; and moreover, as being of Tarſus in Cilicia, free-born and well-born. He made that appeal for his privilege with ſtrong right, and with confidence that it would be allowed; and hence, alſo, he had forthwith written to Troas for his mantle—his parchments—and his books, that he might appear in judicature, not in a leſs ſeemly attire, and with his proofs of citizenſhip, than of right he could, and thus to die the death of a Roman. Paul ever had great and juſt repute for learning, and for an ardent and moſt winning eloquence—both well ſuited for thoſe who were to witneſs his mock trial, and cruel exit—and yet, as all knew, of no avail whatever with Nero, or his judges—but, poſſibly, of great avail with the multitude—and, if not now, yet in future ages; for Paul's death ſeemed to him but the *antepaſt* of Heaven.† * * * * But the ſad

† This portion of the Chronicles affords an intereſting explanation of a verſe, towards the concluſion of St. Paul's Second Epiſtle to Timothy, chap. iv. 13, in which, after he knew his fate was ſoon to die, he ſtill manifeſts ſolicitude in regard to matters ſeemingly of ſo little moment as obtaining his *cloak*, *parchments*, and *books!* After a ſolemn exhortation to Timothy, as to his care and

Death of the Apoſtle Paul.

event is now paſt: and, in compliance with Nero's order, (for who dare ſet it at naught,) I attended the melancholy ſcene. Now, whatever may be thought of Saul's ardent temper, which cauſed him, in ſo ſhort a time, to be equally zealous *againſt* and *for* the Nazarenes, that wonderful martyr was doubtleſs, in both caſes, alike ſincere: and ſo his dealing towards all around, at his cloſing hour, and eſpecially to thoſe commiſſioned by the tyrant to execute the cruel deed, abundantly proved.

The proceedings of that painful day were entruſted by Nero to two officers of his Guard, named *Parthemius* and *Feréga:* and Saul being permitted to ſpeak a parting word to the people, declared in brief words his belief, as follows,—that the doctrines that had brought him to death were nothing more than what Jesus, the Chriſtus, when on earth, had taught his diſciples and others: alſo that the ſame Jeſus, after his crucifixion, had ſpoken to him Saul—when journeying to Damaſcus that he might perſecute thoſe of the new Faith—and audibly from the heavens, bidding him to preach the Goſpel, that would aſſure everlaſting life through Jeſus, to all who believe and ſhall practiſe his teachings—and, that the whole ſcope of that doctrine, ſealed by his approaching death, teaches

diligence in the Faith; and after ſome touching alluſions to his own approaching death and preparedneſs—his then lonelineſs—the perfidy of Demas, and that no one was with him, ſave Luke, he ſays, "The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comeſt bring with thee, and the books; but eſpecially the parchments." Now this anxiety reſpecting the three things aſked for, has been ſomewhat carped at by the ſciolous, and eſpecially the infidels, as being unſuited to the decorum of his then condition—or, by the pious, probably wholly miſapprehended as to the true motive.

That St. Paul pleaded his privilege as a Roman citizen, and was ſucceſsful in that plea, in that he was *beheaded*, whilſt St. Peter (at another time, *when* and *where*, we know not of a certainty) was *crucified*, can in nowiſe be queſtioned; and that Paul ſhould be ſolicitous to appear on his trial, not only in his national dreſs, but with his proofs of citizenſhip, and, if need were, alſo with his books, to eſtabliſh his exemption from *crucifixion*, are matters extremely probable and natural—and hence he requeſts the cloak, parchments, and books to be ſent. The mantle, or cloak, at this time had ſuperſeded the Roman *toga*; which perhaps had been little if at all worn ſince the reign of Auguſtus. It may be here remarked that none of the Biblical commentators have given this explanation to Paul's requeſt of Timothy: but the deſire to have the named articles is conſidered by them as being merely for his comfort during his remaining impriſonment,—and that the *parchments*, he ſo ſpecially needed, were only his common-place-books! We preſume that this verſe has nowhere received the illuſtration which the above paſſage of Cartaphilus ſuſtains, *except* in the two inſtances, firſt of the enlightened Author of the "*Purſuits of Literature*," who, though ſo emphatically a *layman*, has the merit of originating this view of the matter; which, ſecondly, has been entirely approved by the eloquent and learned Edward Miller, of Bognor, Suſſex. See his Sermons 1848, p. 107.

men to cultivate peace and charity among all men—to love one-another—to put no truſt in riches—nor to be made vain by their poſſeſſion: that one God, alone, is to be relied on, and with perfect faith in his only ſon Jeſus, and in the Holy Spirit—that the poor muſt be content with their lot—that fathers ſhould teach their children to love their Creator, and to obey their parents—that huſbands ſhould be tender to their wives—and they obey and reverence their huſbands—that governments ſhould be ſuſtained by the people, and due obedience be rendered to them by all—that maſters ſhould be kind to ſervants, and they faithful to their maſters.

After declaring theſe to be the ſubſtance of his creed, this great champion of the New Religion mildly ſubmitted, and ſaid he was prepared to yield his life in teſtimony of the words he had uttered. Parthemius and Ferega were much affected by what they had juſt heard and ſeen; and beſought Paul to give them ſome further inſtruction in thoſe wonderful things announced by Jeſus and his followers. The holy man aſſured them that they both, ere long, ſhould be baptized at his ſepulchre!—and, after a fervent prayer for them, and thoſe around him, Paul yielded his neck to the fatal ſtroke.*

I retired from this ſcene of blood with feelings of unmingled horror. My eyes had never reſted upon Saul, ſince the ſtoning of Stephen—in which we both had too much ſhared. And, let my pages now confeſs that, though preſent at the beheading of Saul, ſo much againſt my will, I ſtill had not courage to reveal myſelf to him at ſo awful a moment: nor did I feel myſelf at all worthy, even to look ſteadily on him—ſo ſublimely great was he in faith, and ſo ſtoically indifferent to the pains of death, and to all he left behind!—for it matters not how erroneous men's opinions may be as to the *heavenly origin* of their doctrines, if ſuch doctrines be zealouſly and honeſtly cheriſhed,—and eſpecially when they ſo ſublimate heart and mind as to raiſe us far above mortality, (as thoſe of Jesus ſurely do) then are they and their poſſeſſors commended to my reverence, though aſſent as to their direct celeſtial ſource be withheld by me.†

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* The foregoing account by Cartaphilus of Paul's laſt moments, is ſubſtantially the ſame with that handed down by Abdius. We meet, however, with nothing of the kind in the works of any other hiſtorian, or in the writings of any of the Fathers of the Church. Abdius, moreover, is an ancient and extremely rare book; and we are pleaſed to have it in our power to give the like ſtatement a more extenſive circulation through the Chronicles of Cartaphilus. See alſo, ante *Section* XVIII.

† Theſe remarks of Cartaphilus ſeem an involuntary eulogium on the excellence and beauty of the Chriſtian code. Its *divine* ſource he then appears to have queſtioned, at leaſt, in part; but, experience teaches that he who unaffectedly admits the excellence of Chriſtianity, is often not remote from embracing

The Colloquy between Cartaphilus and Nero.

On the following day, Nero desired to see me. I thought him, for a time, hideous, black, and disgusting! And though it seemed as if he had read my inward soul, he eyed me amiably! Nero truly, had nothing to fear in me—no motive to be angered with me—none to regard me in any other light than as one, both willing and able to augment his pleasures. Nero, therefore, sweetly and jocosely said, "The CHRISTIAN of Tarsus died *valorously* at the Salvian Waters, I learn: but, my agreeable Cartaphilus, I am sorry that thou wert so much *pained* yesterday, at what met thine eye and ear there—brighten up, good Carta:" (for so he would sometimes call me) "for, dost remember how, scarce two years ago, thou wert equally in horror, and played the child, when Rome was burning, and wert much vexed with me, that I so preluded on my lyre, whilst the fiery surges shot up from all directions, and rolled their red waves through the skies so angrily? And yet, Cartaphilus, look all around thee now—the Streets! are they not nearly whole again? Nor was I wanting in all liberal expenditures to adorn the City, and to raise it far beyond its former state! Behold likewise my Golden House!—dost think thy famed Solomon ever saw the like? And yet Rome had not such palace *before* the fire, good Carta! Thy soul, at that time, seemed to retire from its wonted vast expansion, and into the least possible compass too, my Cartaphilus, to show unto me, doubtless, how great is its versatility! And so *now:*—churlish art thou, and moping, because a silly Christian dies *valiantly!* wouldst thou have had him die *otherwise?*"

"Ho, mighty Nero," timidly replied I, "but I would not have had him die at all." "Well, that's freely spoken," rejoined the Emperor, "but why lament over *one*, when so *many* are likely soon to follow?"——musing then for an instant, the Emperor further said, "cast off these vapours from thy mind, and be thyself again: thou hast been much to my fancy; and I would not lightly part from thee."—and then placing on my neck a rich and costly chain, and upon my finger a brilliant ring, he continued, "be with me at my Golden House, at this hour to-morrow: and come with smiles—with smiles, I say; for I have something to propose unto thee, which then, and for many months thereafter, will need thy most *sunny* countenance." And thus we parted—he to his bath, and I to my meditations on the long past, and early future.

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also the doctrine of its heavenly origin,—and eventually, too, without any heretical limitations. How it will be with Cartaphilus, must not be now anticipated,—as the reader will be more interested, as well as improved, by noting the progressive development of his more orthodox faith. He has a long career before him; and one in which the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, are destined to be strongly against him.

His Viſit to the Golden-Houſe.

Nero's Golden Palace.

My curioſity, I confeſs, was intenſe to know what new freak had beſet Nero's mind; and therefore very early on the following day, even ſome hours before the appointed time, I ſet out to view the Golden Houſe, and its extenſive grounds. The palace ſtood before me in all its wonderful richneſs, vaſtneſs, and glory; for truly the world now hath not its equal. I found it ſtill, in many of its parts unfiniſhed; but that many hundred of the firſt artiſts of the age, were then engaged in its minute decorations. Meeting with the ſecretary Epaphroditus, I was informed by him that the Emperor would not be in the Audience Chamber, until three hours hence—and this ſomewhat ſuiting the appointed time, and equally my ſtrong deſire to examine this eighth wonder of the world, more carefully than ever before I had occaſion, I thus employed the interval.

Nero's former palace having ſhared the common fate, that levelled to the earth ten out of the fourteen diſtricts, into which Rome is divided, the Golden-Houſe was raiſed upon its ruins—but with a ſublime enlargement of all its former ample boundaries; and with a multiplication of its variety and magnificence, as daring as the mind that conceived and executed that awful conflagration.

In extent, the now palace and its grounds ſeem nearly boundleſs—and this, too, in a *city*, ſo needful of cautious ſpreadings for others, as well as for my Nero!—ſhowing herein, the bold and illimitable ſpirit that is found ſo ſtrangely blended with littleneſs and folly, in none elſe known than in Nero! I ſtood in the veſtibule, contemplating the gorgeous and ſoul-expanding ſcene. Near me aroſe the coloſſal ſtatue of that emperor, the work of Zenodorus, which pierces the air to the height of an hundred and twenty feet. Before me were numerous fiſh-ponds, animated with every variety of the rareſt and moſt beautiful of the finny tribe—then were ſeen boundleſs meadows, luxuriant in verdure and wild flowers—then vineyards, with their luſcious grapes—next, groves of fig-trees, ſtruggling to ſuſtain their myriads of green, ripe, and almoſt falling fruits,—then again, extenſive foreſts alive with beaſts and birds of every known region—and finally, as far as the eye could reach, a ſoft and mellow proſpect, mixing with the light blue ſkies! Had I not known the maſter of all this varied lovelineſs, I ſhould have hailed it as the abode of a God!

And well did Nero call this habitation his *Golden* Houſe; for it is adorned with much fine gold moſt cunningly wrought—alſo with mother of pearl, and with very many precious marbles and brilliant ſtones!

From the veſtibule, I went around the building, into its numerous porticoes of great length, ſupported by a triple row of columns: and after much obſervance of the exterior, I took to my currhus,

and ſpeeded off to the baths, filled with the ſalutary waters of Albula, or with thoſe of the ſalt ſtreams from beyond Oſtia—and thence on a few more miles, until Nero's fancies ceaſed to appear.*

Turning my currhus again towards Rome, I reached the palace in due time: and on entering it, again encountered the good natured ſecretary; who bade me go any where, ſave into the Emperor's Muſeum, for yet an half hour.

My attention was early attracted by the ſpacious *Dining Hall*, then juſt finiſhed. It is wainſcotted in a very novel manner, with the pureſt white ivory,—each ſquare whereof is ſo contrived as to turn upon pivots; and, in their changes, they form a moſt pleaſing variety of moving pictures! At proper diſtances down the walls of this magnificent hall, I found ſuſpended numerous wreaths of artificial flowers, faſhioned to the very life, and out of no periſhable materials,—through the ſtems of which dropped the richeſt and moſt coſtly perfumes into ſmall vaſes, ſuitably placed for their reception! From thence I paſſed into the *Circular Room;* which being in perpetual, though ſlow motion, and adorned with a vivid repreſentation of the Zodiac and ſurrounding Heavens, preſents a ſublime picture of the celeſtial ſpheres! The Chambers were quite too numerous and varied, to be more than glanced at—ſave the Emperor's, which detained me: for truly it is ſuch as Venus herſelf might anxiouſly covet! I reached the Audience Room juſt as Nero was ſeated there; who, as I at once obſerved, was habited with a moſt chaſte ſimplicity, amidſt all the ſplendour that encompaſſed him.

A further Colloquy between Nero and Cartaphilus.

The Emperor had thrown himſelf, with apparent languor, upon a ſoft and dazzling couch: and as I entered, bade me do the ſame. "Thou ſeemeſt fatigued, my funny Jew," ſaid Nero. "Truly ſo," replied I, "for the wonders of thy creative fancy and boundleſs liberality, in this ſtately palace, and in theſe extenſive grounds of thine, have occupied me quite four hours; and during the larger part of that time, my horſes, I aſſure thee, Emperor, have done their duty." "What thou haſt ſeen, good Carta, will *ſomewhat* do—I begin to be lodged now, more like a man: but *much* yet muſt be done." This was ſaid by Nero in a tone of ſuch unaffected indifference, as to what had ſo nearly overwhelmed me with aſtoniſh-

* The baths of Albula were ſupplied from the ſulphurous ſtreams at Tibur—the modern *Tivoli*, to which the grounds of the Golden Houſe extended, probably a ſomewhat narrow ſtrip of land reaching from Rome to beyond Tibur, a diſtance of about ſixteen miles. The ſalt waters alluded to, were conveyed from near Oſtia, either by canal, or by ſubterranean pipes to the Baths, ſituate about the ſame diſtance from the City.

ment and admiration, that, I confeſs, I knew not what to ſay or think!—"Devil, or God!" thought I, muſingly to myſelf—"for *mortal* thou canſt not be! If theſe things content thee not, and fully, how will the little piece of earth, and narrow ſarcophagus, though ever ſo gorgeouſly adorned, be reliſhed by thee—*if thou ever dieſt?*—for a God, they now call thee!"—and then, arouſing from my momentary outward ſilence, "This Golden Houſe, and all around it, my Emperor," ſaid I, "are to *my* poor mind, quite celeſtial; and ſo far exceed my utmoſt imaginings, and all that the fire hath lately devoured, that it ſeems a ſupernal creation—or, as Fancy's moſt delicate ſketchings, ſuddenly realized!"

"Well, Cartaphilus, and thy content, if juſt, may go yet further, and more than redeem all done in *conflagrated* Rome: for, are not all the ſtreets now much wider—more like *javelins*, alſo, than like *horns*, as was their late condition?—the houſes, likewiſe, are they not now of due elevation, and all of defined height, with porticoes throughout the whole line of nearly every new ſtreet?—and yet, the ſilly ſcribblers complain of theſe as unhealthy innovations,—urging that narrow and crooked ſtreets give more ſhelter from the ſun—as if that beautiful, and genial and fructifying orb of day, were peſtiferous! But, my Cartaphilus, *they* may ſcribble on; their verſes do but amuſe me, though their witty authors only mean to vex their Emperor." Nero was ſilent for a moment, and with an eye intent upon me, that gave aſſurance of leſs repoſe in him, than his words implied. "Theſe unknown growlers," continued he, "are, or affect to be, alarmed at the vaſtneſs of this palace, and fear, as they preſumptuouſly have it, that *one houſe and its grounds* will ſwallow up all Rome—and that, ere long, they muſt all depart to Veii; and, even there, have ſpecial care leſt the Emperor doth encroach upon them!—for doubtleſs, thou haſt ſeen the Epigram, to which I would allude?

Roma domus fiet. Veios migrate Querites!
Si non, et Veios occupat iſta domus.

"But let *them* laugh, whilſt Nero works—for Rome ſhall extend every way, and in proportions, too, well ſuited to his palace: yes, Cartaphilus, her walls ſhall not ſtop until they reach Oſtia—whence I will bring the ſea by canal, even into the very heart of our city!—and why not, good Jew? Shall Nero be controlled by mere drivellers; or, ſhall he direct the artizans of the world to execute *his* and *their* boldeſt conceptions? My architects, *Celer* and *Severus*, are much to my mind, in theſe my deſigns,—our project being to extend a navigable canal from the Avernum Lake, to the mouth of Tiber, though more than a hundred and fifty miles; and that, too, through arid ſoils, and divers very rocky hills!"

Propoſed Expedition of Nero into Greece.

"But, my Cartaphilus," continued the now loquacious emperor, "I have not ſummoned thee here to diſcourſe of Rome—but of GREECE—yes, good Carta, of Greece; for I will inſtantly there, and deſire to have *thee* with me—thou wilt cheer the arduous journey,—for *thou* canſt *talk*; but the fools around me cannot.

"The Games at Olympia, and elſewhere, have long reſted upon my mind; and I would now contend at them, and pluck bright laurels in thoſe fields of honourable rivalry. I know the *ſqueamiſh* Senate have heretofore frowned upon this fond enterpriſe of mine—and as they alſo did upon my theatrical campaign at Neapolis, and likewiſe upon my muſical diſplays here in Rome! But now my reſolution will brook no further let. Prepare thyſelf, therefore, my Cartaphilus, and at my ſole charge, with all things fitting the ſplendour of the occaſion."

The Emperor aroſe from his couch, and approaching the *Clepſydra*, eyed it for a moment, and then courteouſly ſaid, "Depart now, Cartaphilus; I would court Somnus awhile, before my bath and prandium." With low obeiſance, I took my leave of this moral and intellectual *luſus naturæ*—a ſtrange being, in whom mightineſs and littleneſs are more artfully combined, than in any other mortal!*

The propoſed expedition with Nero into Greece was, of all other things, the moſt in conſonance with my wiſhes; and though I well knew the Emperor's ſilly objection to embrace *Athens* within his plan, I yet hoped to obtain permiſſion for myſelf to viſit it,—for what is Greece without the City of Minerva? Is it not Delphos without the Oracle—or Parnaſſus with no faith in the Muſes?

I was pleaſed ſoon to learn that meſſengers had already been ſecretly deſpatched to Olympia and elſewhere, announcing with due pomp the emperor's intention, and his will that the uſual time of celebrating the Games ſhould be deferred, until he and his retinue

* The ancients were ignorant of wheel-clocks, and aſcertained time either by the *Dial*—the *Horologium ex aqua*, a ſpecies of rude water-clock—or by the more perfect one called *Clepſydra*, of theſe three the dial was the ſimpleſt, and earlieſt invention, being introduced from Sicily during the firſt Punic war. As it was adapted for day, and clear weather, it was of little domeſtic uſe, and conſequently was nearly ſuperſeded by the others. The water-clock was firſt introduced by Scipio Naſica, about 125 years later. This and the Clepſydra meaſured time by the dropping of portions of water in a given time; but the Horologium being rude, though complex, gave way to the almoſt univerſal uſe of the clepſydra. Both were called winter, or night clocks, (*horologium hibernum, aut nocturnum*) as diſtinguiſhed from the dial, of ſo little value in winter, and of none at night.

End of the Retroſpect of Twenty Years.

ſhould arrive in Greece, the month of June, of the preſent year of Rome 819, being otherwiſe the appointed time.*

And here muſt end my promiſed Retroſpect; which has embraced ſomewhat more than twenty years—ſince, in the time of Claudius, I abandoned Jeruſalem for Rome. What next ſhall be chronicled by me, is as the Fates ſhall direct.

* June, A.D. 66—whereas Nero could not depart for Greece earlier than in October of that year.

CHRONICLES OF CARTAPHILUS,

THE

Wandering Jew.

BOOK THE FOURTH

CHRONICLES OF

Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew.

BOOK IV.

Neronian Equipments for the Expedition.

SECTION XX.

NERO'S TRAVEL INTO GREECE.

THE month of October was nearly ſpent, before the Expedition was in readineſs: for an enterpriſe in every way ſo remarkable required no little thought, and conſequently time, for its juſt accompliſhment.

A faithful deſcription of what I have ſeen and heard during our abſence, would demand a volume, rather than a ſection of my Chronicle; and even were the larger choſen, words could but feebly unfold the varied realities: for ſurely, none but a Nero could have imagined ſuch curious and minute details as ſignalized thoſe journeyings from their *commencement* to the *end*—and theſe Chronicles were ſet in order only upon my return—the daily events being too ſtirring to be recorded invariably at the time. * * * * Suffice it for the commencement to ſay, we departed from Rome with *Soldiers*, armed indeed, but in a faſhion ſo dainty or *damſel-like*, that they and their equipments were manifeſtly not for uſe, if even needed: alſo, with very many coſtly *inſtruments of Muſic*—ſo brightly poliſhed, as to ſerve all for mirrors!—alſo with numerous *Maſks*, in every ſhape of beauty, or of deformity—likewiſe with dreſſes and every equipment for *Stage* and *Circus*, and of all fantaſtic kinds—a private *Wardrobe* ſo numerous in garments and other attire as could not be catalogued, and were put in charge of no leſs than a thouſand truſty ſlaves! *Horſes* alſo of the rareſt beauty, ſome from Meſopotamia, others

from Perſia and Arabia—with *Chariots* and *Cars* of wonderful ſplendour, and of heretofore unimagined forms—alſo all the devices that appertain to *Hunting* and *Fowling*, each wrought with matchleſs ſkill, and with *Fiſhing-nets* of twiſted gold and ſilver, the rods of rareſt wood inlaid with ivory and precious ſtones,—and, in fine, with all that the moſt refined and ſtimulated ingenuity, miniſtering to Imperial ſenſuouſneſs and to *Neronian* fancies, could contrive!

Nero's victories and Crowns.

Arriving at Caſsĭopéa, in Epirus, the Emperor commenced his career by ſinging at the altar of Jupiter Caſſius! At Olympia, he inſiſted on having his darling muſic, though in that place no ſtage had ever been known, and though courteouſly informed by the Olympians that chariot-racing, and wreſtling had alone been practiſed at their Games, during all the many ages! The Emperor then proclaimed to all Greece that, during his ſojourn of a year, or more, the Games ſhould every where be celebrated to ſuit his *own* conveniency; and then paſſing in quick ſucceſſion from city to city, he informed them all that their long cuſtomary obſervances, as to times, could not be regarded by him. Nero then diſputed every where for the prizes—encountering the experts at the *Pythian*, the *Iſthmean*, and at the *Nimæan*, with alike wonderful ardour,—and ever, of courſe, the *victor*, and with ſuch acclamations, as made the mountains and valleys, and the very heavens to echo, as if the Univerſe were intenſely intereſted to know of Nero's triumphs! Oh, how baſe and loathing and ſervile is man—and how ſlaviſhly given to the ſervice of that vile ſerpent *Flattery!* Oh, ſhame upon all that's ſincere and honeſt, thus to charm the ear of ſuch a tyrant, and to award, as was ever done, to haughty pretenſions the meed due alone to exalted worth! But, in this venal age, 'tis not given to Princes ever to hear unmixed Truth—*that* is an abſtraction known but to cloſet philoſophers, and not always practiſed even by them. Nero entered Greece, a competitor againſt the world: but the mantle even of *Grecian hoſpitality* ought not thus to have ſcreened his many faults and failures. Nero, doubtleſs was ſometimes very ſkilful, and ever daring; but often was really vanquiſhed, and yet was always the conceded victor! Nothing unattempted was too much for his ambitious ſoul, as defeat brought no expreſſed ſcorn,—and partial ſucceſs ſhook the heavens! Nero therefore undertook to drive ſix horſes round the Stadium, and accompliſhed it, too, in the larger part; but with a reckleſs rapidity that cauſed the wheels to be inviſible, and, *mirabile dictu*, though daſhed from his car, but not deſtroyed, the race ended amidſt fearful ſhouts and apprehenſions for his fate! The emperor was in great pain, not injured, and regained his ſeat before the car had reached the meta! It was indeed a noble feat of madneſs, and yet not of complete ſucceſs—ſtill, the myriad paraſitical voices pro-

Propoſed Canal through the Iſthmus of Corinth.

claimed him the triumphant conqueror,—and on this, as on all other occaſions, Nero ſet aſide the eſtabliſhed heralds; and taking up the cuſtomary proclamation, ſhouted forth his own victory!

These proclamations uſually were in the following faſhion. "*Nero is Victor in the race, and hath gained the Crown for the Roman People, and for the Univerſe—of which he alone is Maſter!*"

Eighteen hundred crowns, of various kinds, were awarded to this "Maſter of the Univerſe," during the year he was thus occupied in Greece! And for thoſe honours ſhowered upon him, the Emperor proclaimed that country to be free! He alſo conferred upon ſome individuals there, large donatives; and upon others, many civil ſpeeches, and ſpecious promiſes: but to detail the particulars of a hundredth part of the ſtrange things done by Nero, and the ſingular events that happened during our abſence from Italy, would ſwell my narrative beyond its deſigned limits.

The Emperor's bold conception, however, in regard to the Iſthmus of Corinth, deſerves ſome ſpecial notice. During one of our viſits to Corinth, Nero was much ſtruck with the extreme narrowneſs of that Iſthmus which ſeparates the Saronic and Corinthian gulfs. "Why, Cartaphilus," ſaid Nero, "ſhould navigators be debarred by this little neck of land, only five miles acroſs, from paſſing direct from the Ionian into the Egean ſea? They are now compelled to ſail round the Peloponneſus!—an extreme abſurdity this: I will pierce that Iſthmus, and teach Greece and the world, that whilſt Nero purſues his many pleaſures, he has time to conceive and to execute mighty projects, unthought of in all preceding times!" *

Iſthmus of Corinth.

"Thy ſcheme, O Emperor, is a bold and noble one," replied I, "and would add largely to thy laurels; and being for ever *uſeful*, the laurels thus gained would never periſh." "It ſhall be done, Cartaphilus, it ſhall be done, and quickly too, on the word of Nero—but, we muſt to ſupper!"

On the following day, no time was loſt in preparations for the mighty work. Thouſands of workmen were ſoon aſſembled from all the ſurrounding provinces. The jails were emptied of their priſoners; and the Jewiſh captives, more than ſix thouſand, were added not long after.

The undertaking was begun at Lechæum, one of the ports of Corinth; and Nero's tent was pitched on the ſhore,—where he

* In this aſſertion, either Nero's vanity made him forgetful, or he may have been ignorant of the fact, that the ſame wiſh was expreſſed long before by others—as by Demetrius Poliocretes—by Periander—by Julius Cæſar, and by Caligula, and finally by Herodes Atticus. Some remains of Nero's excavations are yet viſible.

ſung a hymn to Neptune, and to Amphitrīte. The Governor of Achaia then preſented to the Emperor a golden pick-axe; who, with great ſolemnity aroſe, and thrice ſtruck the earth, in the preſence of a vaſt multitude, who rent the air with their acclamations. The Emperor then received a ſmall baſket filled with ſoil; and placing it upon his ſhoulders, depoſited its contents at a convenient diſtance,—thus ſtimulating the workmen by his own example—but to a far more arduous and perſevering toil on their part! The enterpriſe was carried on with great ſpirit during about two months; and yet the only reſult of their labour was a ſuitable excavation of not more than four ſtadia, or about the tenth of the required diſtance.

Among the labourers I early recognized, and with grief, ſome of my earlieſt friends of Jeruſalem; and not a few from other parts of Paleſtine. Theſe had been made captives, during the late and exiſting conflicts between the Jews and Romans, eſpecially under the procurators Feſtus, Albinus, and Florus,* and alſo more recently, by Veſpaſian; who, after the deſtruction of *Taricléa*, ſent to Nero no leſs than 6000 captives.†

My attention was likewiſe drawn, and with deep ſympathy, to the melancholy ſight of the philoſopher *Rufus*, a knight of high diſtinction, and ſeveral other Romans; who, being baniſhed by Nero to one of the Iſlands, on account of the Piſo conſpiracy, were now brought by his command to the Iſthmus, and moſt ſeverely taſked.

They aſcend the Acrocorinthus.

During the progreſs of that work, the Emperor made an excurſion to the ſummit of the Acrocorinthus, a mountain bordering cloſely upon Corinth. Aſcending its lofty heights with ſome toil, Nero and his attendants were graciouſly welcomed by the prieſteſſes of the beautiful little Temple of Venus, ſituate upon its extreme ſummit. From the temple's dome, our view of the extenſive proſpect before us was truly enchanting. Almoſt immediately beneath us, the magnificent city (whoſe patron goddeſs is Venus) was repoſing alongſide the limpid waters of the Corinthian gulf—a city then, as always, enlivened with the entrance and departure of a thouſand veſſels, bearing to and from diſtant lands the countleſs commodities of an extenſive commerce. Near to this were the myriad of buſy labourers toiling in Nero's ſervice, to further enlarge the means of that commerce, which maſs of men, from the height we viewed them, ſeemed but as ſo many induſtrious ants, confuſedly engaged in ſome work of comparative inſignificance—ſo *ſilent* were their labours then to us, and ſo apparently *ſmall* the field

* Between the years A.D. 63 and 66. † In the Autumn of A.D. 67.

of their action! In the diſtance, towards the Weſt, and North, were deſcried the mountains of Phocis—among which were the ſnowy tops of Parnaſſus, towering greatly above their fellows:—then came thoſe of Bœotia,—and on the Eaſt were ſeen in the horizon, thoſe of Attica, encompaſſed by the lovely blue waters of the Ægean, ſpeckled with their hoſt of iſlands and iſlets! Further on, our eyes reſted on the ſummits of the *Hymettus*, and *Pentelicus*, and even on the walls of the *Propylæum*, the *Erectheum*, the *Parthenon*, the *Pandroſeum* and the *Acropolis*—thoſe glories of Athens, all blended into one indiſtinct maſs of ſhining whiteneſs! A more raviſhing and varied proſpect ſurely never greeted the eager gaze of thoſe loving the ſublime and beautiful in nature and in art!

"Haſt thou, good Cartaphilus," ſaid the merry Emperor, "ever ſeen ſo goodly a proſpect as this, even in all fair Italia—ſaving always, my Carta, the *near*, not *diſtant*, proſpect of the many courſes of delicious viands and of ſparkling wines that grace our Roman tables?" *Cartaphilus offends the Emperor.*

A hundred voices promptly ſnatched, as it were from me, the reply; and reſponded in flattering admiration the Emperor's humorous alluſion to my, perhaps, too great love of good cheer; and this being continued a ſhort time, ſeemed to relieve *me*, and as I *wiſhed*, from any further notice of the Emperor's queſtion.—"Again, Cartaphilus," continued Nero, "doſt perceive the *Biceps*, far to your left, piercing into the very clouds?—We muſt not ſhrink from their arduous heights,—poetry and muſic unite in bidding me thither; and though the aſcent of this Acrocorinthus hath, I confeſs, ſomewhat jaded me, the *Hyampèa* and the *Tithorèa* of Parnaſſus would receive me, treading their ſacred paths with an elaſtic ſtep!"

Now, though Nero's boundleſs vanity had often met my ear and in a thouſand forms annoyed me during my long reſidence at Rome,—yet the love of flattery, in man or woman, I could never endure. I was therefore ſtill leſs prompt to reply than before; and my very pliant friends again relieved me by their inſtant and vociferous adulation! The Emperor, at this renewed dulneſs, or ſlowneſs of mine, ſeemed ſomewhat diſconcerted; and ſaid, (ſtill with apparent good humour, *when he commenced*) "thou ſeemeſt not yet to have forgotten *Paul*, or the *Conflagration*, and art too deep in thine own cogitations, to *heed* thy Emperor!—Thou haſt aſked permiſſion, moſt *Bœotian* Cartaphilus, to gratify thy curioſity by viſiting for a ſhort time Athens, and other Grecian cities not remote from Corinth.—Go!—but ſee that, on thy return, thy *good humour and thy wits* have returned with thee——or, by Apollo and the Nine, *I'll put all wit out of thee!*"

Theſe words were as thunder in my ears; for Nero was too

well known of me, for a moment to doubt the ſincerity of his threat: and though this was the only unkind language I had ever experienced from him, during the more than twelve years of my cloſe aſſociation with him, (before and ſince he came to the throne,) it was quite too ſternly uttered, not to diſturb me greatly. I ſaw, at once, that my *diſlikes* were in no degree to be indulged towards one ſo ſupreme in wickedneſs, as well as in power; and was therefore quick as lightning, on *this* occaſion, with my reſponſe—making no alluſion, however, to his alarming *threat*—but, with many civil ſpeeches of meaſured praiſe, and with much good humour withal, yet with clear avoidance of flattery: for *nolo eſſe laudator, ne videar adulator*—and no one ſhall ever ſay of Cartaphilus *Ut phaleratis dictis ducis me.*

The Emperor, to my great relief, and that of all in company, cheerfully aroſe, and ſaid, "Well, we muſt now deſcend—the bright waters of the Corinthian and Saronic are darkened by the evening ſhades; and the ſun of this glorious day will ſoon dip his beams behind the lofty Cithæron and the other heights. Come, Cartaphilus, thou *ſhalt* go upon thy excurſion, and without conditions." I kiſſed the Tyrant's hand—and all was well!

SECTION XXI.

CHRONICLE OF MY VISIT TO ATHENS.

ON the ſucceeding day, with the Emperor's renewed permiſſion, I commenced my ſhort journey,—taking with me my *Strabo*, being myſelf no great geographer in *Grecian* matters.

Paſſing through *Tenea*, and thence on the verdant banks of the *Ornea*, I deſcended through the narrow valley which opens to *Nemæa*. In the vicinity of that ancient city, the hills and rocks and caverns reminded me of the exploit of Hercules; who, according to the legend of very early days, and as the *firſt* of his Labours, deſtroyed the fierce lion that infeſted theſe wilds—clothed himſelf in its ſkin, and was honoured in all after times by the celebration of the famed *Nemæan Games*, in commemoration of that event. In theſe woods was alſo ſhown me a cavern, traditionally held to be the lair of the very beaſt ſlain by that hero! After viſiting the temple of the Nemæan Jupiter, and the noble Studium, I paſſed from that city to the foot of mount *Apeſantus*; then croſſed the river *Inachus*, and reached *Argos*, a city built by the *Cyclopeans*, more than nine hundred years before the Trojan War! "Head of Methuſelah!" exclaimed I, "but they *have antiquity* in Greece, as well as in Egypt and Paleſtine! Ever ſince my reſidence at

Rome, I have ſighed for ſomething *ancient*—things being there ſo very *modern* and *freſh*,—and ſo *changing*, withal, that one ſcarce can think of his great grand-ſire! One third of that vaſt City hath been newly built, or faſhioned ſince the time of Auguſtus—and our *Nero* hath lately made ſuch havoc with both, as to leave Rome little to remind one even of its *Commonwealth*, much leſs of its Kings." Theſe words were uttered by me to a civil *Argolicus*, whilſt he was ſhowing me the buildings of his city, and pointing out, with evident pride, thoſe of its earlieſt days.

The Cyclopean walls that abound hereabouts, are truly wonderful, and much rouſed my curioſity, they being ſtill uninjured,—and indeed, as ſolidly on their foundations, as if newly raiſed, and yet more aged than Rome are they, by at leaſt ſeven hundred years! *

Theſe giant-like people, the Cyclops, were doubtleſs too good architects to be "*one-eyed*," as they are fabled to have been! but how much of fable do we find in moſt that is called hiſtory! and therefore do I count them, not one-eyed—but round-eyed, or rather, *bull-eyed;* which, as ſome tell us, is ever a token of mental, as well as of bodily ſtrength; and both of theſe ſeem to have been needed, to accompliſh ſuch maſterly and maſſive works as theſe.†

From the plain of Argos, I croſſed the river *Aſterion*, and in a few hours reached the *ruins*, I may ſay, of *Mycenæ*, juſt as the ſun was withdrawing his beams behind the lofty mountains, to quench them in the deep blue ſea. *Ruins of Mycenæ.*

This ancient city, built by Perſeus, was much to my mind, as being crowded with the mementoes of almoſt *Abrahamic* days! It never, however, ſurvived the deſtruction brought upon it by the *Argives*, nearly ſix hundred years ago; but there yet remain ſufficient proofs of its former power and magnificence—the origin of which is more than as many centuries before the Argives thus dealt with them.‡ I paſſed into Mycenæ through the "*Gate of*

* Theſe walls are ſtill in perfect preſervation in many places, though nearly 1800 years have elapſed ſince Cartaphilus viſited them—they now being 3,200 years old.

† Various intimations are given in the progreſs of theſe Chronicles, from which we learn that Cartaphilus was not ignorant of what we now call Phyſiognomy and Phrenology; and that our Galls and Spurſheims may have been more indebted to Cartaphilus, *indirectly* at leaſt, than the pride of modern diſcovery is often ready to admit. But this remark is equally applicable to various other ſciences, and eſpecially to the arts—ſhowing to the philoſophers of our day that there are really few things entirely "new under the ſun!" And yet the moderns, even Cartaphilus would admit, greatly excel all antiquity in the ſublime uſe of ancient principles of philoſophy and of art; and wholly excel them, in what may be denominated the "*Georgics*" of the mind, and eſpecially of the heart.

‡ Many remains of Mycenæ are ſtill viſible, and nearly in the ſame condition, as when viſited by Cartaphilus.

the Lions"—a truly ſublime opening, which pierces thoſe Cyclopean walls, as if deſigned by giants, and for their ſpecial uſe! The lions, of rather primitive workmanſhip, that grace the pillars of this vaſt portal, are ſtill in tolerable preſervation. Not far from this gate I entered the Mauſoleum of king *Atreus*, ſon of Pelops—who being unjuſtly ſuſpected of the murder of his illegitimate brother Chryſippus, the favourite of his father, ſought refuge in Argos,—of which he afterwards became king. It is further ſtated of this Atreus that, having invited his legitimate brother *Thyeſtes* to a ſplendid feaſt, he ſerved up to him the fleſh of his wife's children, inceſtuouſly the offspring of Thyeſtes: and, to aſſure him of the revolting fact, and thus heighten his own revenge, Atreus exhibited to his brother the heads of the murdered children: at which refined cruelty, it is ſaid, the ſun receded ſome degrees in his courſe through the zodiac! Atreus was aſſaſſinated, ſhortly after, by the ſon of Thyeſtes. This tale (related to me by my loquacious guide, and which, indeed, is traditional) ſhocked me ſo much (ſurrounded as I was at the time by a feeble torchlight, and the ſepulchral dampneſs) that I thought this ſplendid tomb had been permitted to eſcape the ordinary ravages of time, only that we might thus learn that He, who cauſed the great luminary to ſtand ſtill, ſees and knows all our actions; and that, when man becomes ſo ſupremely wicked as Atreus, the ſame Almighty Being will alſo ſometimes ſtop the courſe even of natural decay, that we may have, as in this tomb, a perpetual memorial of God's ſignal vengeance againſt ſuch monſtrous deeds! I therefore aſcended from theſe dark chambers, deeply conſcience-ſtruck, and glad again to behold the ſun's bright rays, left in thoſe gloomy abodes, I ſhould find the tomb of Atreus my own,—and the record of his fate fixed upon myſelf! Remembrance there had brought the bloody ſcene on Calvary vividly to my view,—and placed me in ſuch agony, as I have never experienced ſince firſt I ſought Hinnom's hideous valley!

Viſit to the tomb of Agamemnon.

On the ſucceeding day I regained my ſpirits, ſufficiently to viſit ſome other places at Mycenæ; and among theſe, the circular tomb of *Agamemnon*, king of that city, and grand-ſon of Atreus.

As I entered its lofty portal, and ſurveyed its ſpacious chamber, nigh thirty and five cubits in diameter, and from thence paſſed into another of ſmaller dimenſion, I eagerly ſought for the ſarcophagus, that ſhould contain the remains of this illuſtrious hero of the Trojan war: but neither the receptacle, nor the aſhes were to be ſeen. Agamemnon, as I remembered from Homer, had murdered his daughter, and ſtolen the miſtreſs of Achilles, and then fell by the hands of his wife, Clytemneſtra! If then, the Greeks thought him ſtill

worthy of ſo great a mauſoleum, their Gods ſeem to have thought otherwiſe; and have probably changed the ſarcophagus into *lime*, and ſcattered his *aſhes* to the twelve winds! And thus is it that, even in this world, men can ſcarce value on His being *indifferent* to their actions, as all things were created in purity and under law, and hence puniſhment, in ſome form or other, ſeems to follow upon our vices, as do the ſhadows their ſubſtances! What may alſo come *hereafter* we know not. As I came from this tomb, my mind again reverted to my life at Jeruſalem—to my numerous miſpent years at Rome, and ſtrongly to Nero's ſignificant threat when on the Acrocorinthus. "Will not the fate of Nero," ſaid I mentally, "be that of Atreus, or of Agamemnon—and will Cartaphilus eſcape?"

I left Mycenæ ſoon after: and, as my time might prove very ſhort for all I wiſhed to ſee, I haſtened on through ſeveral ſmall towns, until I reached Epidaurus,—there to obtain a paſſage over the Saronic to Athens—that being the great object of my now ardent purſuit.

I delayed not an hour at Epidaurus, believing that, after my panting curioſity as to Athens ſhould be allayed, I ſhould not fail to retrace my ſteps, and then ſee in Epidaurus the many things that Fame hath given it, and its vicinity.

Our little veſſel deſtined for the *Piræus*, ſoon brought us to Ægina; where, as uſual, we were happily detained a few hours,—as that Iſland is not only beautiful, but is adorned with ſome very magnificent temples, and other buildings. It is about an hundred and eighty furlongs in circumference, and contains ſeveral good ports. The town, of the ſame name, is ſtrongly walled, and embelliſhed with many notable ſtructures of the pureſt Doric; and the ſame may be ſaid of its *language*, and of the *manners* of the people—both ſo extremely chaſte. *Iſland of Ægina.*

In the time of the ſplendid Pericles, Athens waged a moſt ruinous war againſt this naval and flouriſhing little Iſland—ſeized on and deſtroyed ſeventy of their Veſſels, and put the worthy people to flight. Theſe fugitives from Ægina ſettled in Peloponnēſus: and though they returned to their lovely Iſland, ſhortly after the Spartan, Lyſander, had ruined Athens, they never regained their former ſtanding. In this fertile and beautiful Iſland, made ſo by man, not by nature, nearly the firſt object that raviſhed my attention was the wonderful Temple of *Jupiter Penhellénius*, ſaid to have been erected to that god by his ſon Æacus, of the nymph Ægina! It is, however, quite certain that its chaſte and natural beauty differs from, and is yet even more truthful than the Attic architecture. The temple is highly decorated on its eaſtern and weſtern fronts,—the

graceful ſculptures of which portray the battles of the Æacidæ, under the protection of Minerva.* And though this ſplendid temple is conſtructed of the fineſt Parian marble, the figures, and all of the rich and deep ſculptures, the foliage, vines, and fruits are rendered additionally effective and true, by the *painter's* exquiſite ſkill—in which are found many colours blended according to Nature's moſt happy combinations.†

Arrival at Athens.

Our good veſſel, meeting with a favourable breeze, raiſed her anchor, and, with all ſails ſet towards Athens, bore us proudly into the boſom of her port, the Piræus, before the ſun had dipped behind the mountains that border upon the weſtern limits of Epidauria.

This great City of Minerva lies at a ſmall diſtance, perhaps a hundred and twenty furlongs, from the ſea, upon a promontory formed by the junction of the *Cephiſus* and the *Illiſſus*. Its three harbours—the *Piræus*, *Munichia*, and the *Phalerum*, are ſituate reſpectively to each other, as the points of an equilateral triangle—the two former on the ſea, the latter ſo much the more within land. Very maſſive walls connect the City with its harbours,—of which the Piræus is far the greater, and may be regarded, indeed, as one of the wonders of the world.

It is now more than a century and a half ſince Sylla added this long-famed city to the Roman Empire—robbing Athens, at the ſame time, of the greater part of its extenſive libraries, of the ſplendid columns deſtined for the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, alſo of many valuable paintings of note, and of much ineſtimable ſtatuary—transferring them all to the City of Univerſal Empire!—and yet how little hath Rome profited by them, and how greatly Athens ſuffered by their loſs! But war and plunder have always been cloſe aſſociates; and, if the war be juſt, ſuch ſpoils are far more equitable than thoſe gained from private property,—and being ſelected, moreover, by the victor, becauſe of their rarity in his own country, they ought to, and often do exerciſe a meliorating influence in the

* Theſe beſt of all the remains of the ancient Doric architecture, are ſtill extant in tolerable preſervation: and have recently excited much attention. In the year 1812, the King of Bavaria purchaſed the beautiful ſculptures that adorned the fronts of that temple; and employed the great ſculptor *Thorwaldſen*, to reſtore the deficient parts. The work being accompliſhed, each member of the Engliſh and German Aſſociation (eſtabliſhed in 1811) was preſented with a *caſt* of thoſe precious Æginétan remains, as repaired by Thorwaldſen.

† The painting and gilding of marbles, ſo abhorrent to our modern notions, were not uncommon, even in the moſt refined ages of the ſculptor's art. The Greeks derived the practice from the Egyptians. The modern conception of all ſculptures is ſo entirely an *abſtraction*, as probably will for ever forbid the adoption of theſe ancient additions—and we hope ſo.

* *Circiter*, B. C. 410.

land whither they are ſent. And yet a nation whoſe vocation is War, is far more apt to become oppreſſive, and indiſcriminately greedy of plunder, than to improve its ſcience and arts and taſte by ſuch acquiſitions—and that hath ever been too much the caſe with Rome.

The maſſive and yet beautiful ſtructures of Athens greatly charmed me—ſo different from thoſe of Egypt, and of the yet more oriental lands! Had the "UNKNOWN GOD," to whom the Athenians have raiſed an altar, been ſolely worſhipped there, inſtead of the hoſt of deities of their own vain imaginings, it is quite probable that their laws and inſtitutions would have been as eternal, as are their ſtructures; for theſe ſeem as if deſtined to be coeval with time—if, happily, *they ſhall be left to time alone!* But that Great Being, who rules the deſtinies of nations, may provide a *deſtroyer;* and, indeed, often ſelects wicked inſtruments for the puniſhment of the wicked; who, in turn, are immolated by others. And ſo may it be with Greece, and certainly with victorious Rome!—other nations, now unknown—unthought of, may ere long wreſt from the Imperial Empire the ſceptre of the Univerſe it now wields, and level into duſt its now proud head! Athens, in turn, if chaſtened by long adverſity, may again triumph,—and Jeruſalem, at preſent ſo very low, may yet regain a Solomon; yea, a far greater than he, when the true MESSIAS ſhall appear—and yet the NAZARENE, though now inviſible, *ſeems* to be effecting wonders! Oh, who ſhall reſolve *that* myſtery?

Of all places my eye hath ever reſted on, none ſeems as full of the elements of every earthly enjoyment as Athens.

A new-made Acquaintance.

The morning after my arrival there, I ſallied forth at an early hour, to ſee the wonders of the ACROPOLIS. When near the hill's ſummit, my attention was arreſted by an immenſe multitude, as it preſſed into the avenue of the Temple dedicated to Minerva Parthĕnos. I did not then follow the crowd, though curious to learn the cauſe of their ſo early oblations,—for the ſplendour by which I was ſurrounded was too abſorbing to permit diſtraction, even from a moſt gorgeous proceſſion. At that moment I ſtood before the ivory ſtatue of the Goddeſs, from the matchleſs chiſel of Phidias; and it had ſo fixed my gaze of wonder and delight, that an Athenian youth (ſo ſure to venerate age, and to obſerve hoſpitality) thus graciouſly accoſted me. "Thou art, poſſibly, a *ſtranger* in Athens; and, as I ſerve in the Temple, freely will I anſwer thee of any matter thou art curious to know of it, and of other things around us." So kind an offer was moſt kindly accepted; and from him I learned the impreſſive truth that, even from a *youth* at his home, *age* may learn much when abroad. There ſoon paſſed by us many who wore upon their head, or garments, a golden *graſshopper!*—and though this Athenian *vanity* was not un-

The Parthenon.

known to me, it was the more ſtriking when *ſeen*, and its exact cauſe explained, when the youth remarked, "this traditional badge of honour all Athenians *claim* to wear, as their undoubted birthright: and though not conſtantly worn, all hold it as indicating that *they*, of all Attica, are the moſt ancient people—*men*, *who*, *like graſshoppers*, *are originally ſprung from the very earth they now inhabit!*"*

The Youth, as a retainer of the Parthenon, was naturally ambitious to ſhow me its glories,—and truly *Minerva's* Temple ſhames her not; for, ſaving the Temple of Jeruſalem, with its Courts, none other that earth contains doth equal it. In length, it is one hundred, forty and five cubits—in breadth, ſixty and ſeven, and in height, forty and ſix cubits,—ſo that, in *dimenſions*, it finds not its ſource of grandeur—its real worth being in its wonderful beauty of deſign, and of workmanſhip, as likewiſe in its vaſt riches. The chryſelephantine ſtatue of the Goddeſs is ſplendid beyond the power of words to unfold, not only in finely wrought gold, but in exquiſitely chiſelled ivory: the weight alone of its precious metal equals forty and four talents of gold; and its ivory dwindles not in like eſtimation, from its great purity, and its matchleſs workmanſhip. The height of the ſtatue is thirty and two cubits; and in elegance, majeſty, and grace, it fails not to ſymbolize all the virtues of that famed deity!†

During the Perſian war this great temple was deſtroyed; but was rebuilt in all its preſent excellence, by the princely and accompliſhed Pericles—its illuſtrious deſigner being Phidias; and his architects the renowned Ictinus and Callícrátes.

"Doſt thou perceive that this garment hath been formed with ſuch admirable ſkill by the great Phidias," ſaid the intelligent youth, "that it may be haſtily taken off, either for ſafe cuſtody, or to pre-

* The ethnological reſources of modern times, as a moſt important branch of the hiſtorical, have taught us that it was not ſo much vanity, as ignorance in the Greeks, to claim for themſelves the appellation of *Autochönes* (that is, ſprung from, or indigenous to the ſoil). The fact was that the *Pelaſgi*, or ancient inhabitants of Greece, were themſelves emigrants from a very remote land—no doubt India—and that their language was doubtleſs, the *Sanſcrit*; and, further, that the comparatively more recent emigrants into Attica (the Greeks) remained for ever ignorant of their actual Indian or Ethiopian geneſis. That the *Nineteenth Century* is far better acquainted with the Hebraic, Abrahamic, Pelaſgic, Etruſcan, Oſcan, Roman, Hyperborean, and other national lineages, than were thoſe people reſpectively, can ſcarce be queſtioned—and this fact will gradually, but abundantly, be ſhown in the progreſs of theſe chronicles.

† The ſuppoſed coſt of this ſtatue was probably £176,000, or 880,000 dollars in the materials alone; the exquiſite workmanſhip muſt have very largely added to it; poſſibly as much more.

ſerve it from the ravages of war? for, 'tis ſaid that, about three hundred and ſeventy years ago, that is, about one hundred and fifty years after it came from the hands of its author, it was carried off for a time, by that deſtroyer of cities, *Demetrius Poliorcetes*. I would alſo inform thee, Stranger," continued the youth, "that thoſe two figures upon Minerva's ſhield, (pointing them out to me,) are faithful likeneſſes of Phidias, and of his diſtinguiſhed patron, Pericles. The concave ſide of the ſhield, as you perceive, repreſents the battle of the Amazons—and the beautiful ſculpture on its convex, that of the Titans. The eyes are of marble, carefully inſerted in the ivory, and are ſo exquiſitely painted, with imperiſhable materials, as perfectly to repreſent the living eye!—the colours, moreover, have been ſo made to combine with the ſtone, as to be equally durable with it!"

My attention was next directed to the little goddeſs of Victory, about four cubits high, which Minerva holds in her right hand. The materials are likewiſe ivory and gold, even more elaborately wrought than in the ſupporting ſtatue. The patron goddeſs holds a ſpear in her left hand; her breaſt is covered with the ægis; and the graceful dragon by her ſide is ſaid to be connected with the remarkable hiſtory of King *Erictho*nius, whoſe feet are fabled to have been like thoſe of a dragon,—which compelled him to invent a wagon for his conveyance, and to conceal his deformity! After his death, Jupiter, as ſome ſay, kindly placed him among the ſtars, under the name of *Arctóphylax*.*

The Proceſſion then paſſing into the Parthenon, through the magnificent white marble Propylæum, that forms the entrance to the temple, is called the *Panathenaic* proceſſion. It is of high antiquity, in honour of the goddeſs who preſides over the city; and far exceeds all others in variety and ſplendour. In that proceſſion I beheld hundreds bearing olive branches, (that tree being ſacred to Minerva)—theſe were followed by a long train of virgins and of matrons, of the higheſt diſtinction—all in white robes; then came numerous youths in armour, after the ſame faſhion as the Goddeſs, who preſides over War, no leſs than over Wiſdom and Learning; next ſucceeded a train of gladiators, followed by the Bearer of Minerva's Sacred Garments, compoſed of white and gold threads, woven with matchleſs ſkill by virgins ſelected for that ſole purpoſe! Next in order were the Flower Bearers, with light baſkets upon their heads, filled with the freſheſt and moſt beautiful of Flora's

* This conſtellation is now more uſually known as *Boötes*, or "Charles' Wain," it being one of the twenty-one Northern conſtellations, of which *Arcturus* is the chief ſtar. Being ſituate near the Urſa Major, and the ſmaller one, it ſeems their keeper; and hence Ovid calls Arctóphylax the *Cuſtos Urſæ*.

gatherings. Aged men followed, ſuſtaining ſhields and ſpears,—after whom came the Peregrini, or Foreigners, alſo called the Boat-Bearers, with their wives and daughters—the former carrying tiny boats, of beautiful materials, as ſymbolizing their tranſmarine or alien origin—and the latter gracefully waving their water-pots, and ſhading themſelves with little umbrellas.

The foregoing are ſcarce one half, of even the *claſſes* that formed the ranks of that great proceſſion then entering the Parthenon, with ſlow and meaſured ſtep. The ceremonies that enſued laſted during ſeveral days; and I deemed myſelf fortunate in arriving at Athens ſo near the 20th of their month *Thargêliôn*, as it enabled me to witneſs ſo much ſplendour, even in this their *leſſer* Panathenæa! But, to deſcribe the proceedings of theſe few Panathenæic days would much exceed the deſigned ſcope of my haſty travel; as Nero, doubtleſs, will ſoon be beckoning me *Corinth-ward*.*

The Propylæa, ſo called from the propylæum, or central building, is the firſt that meets you,—and forms the grand entrance into the peribobus, or area, of all the buildings of the Acropolis. Its approach is firſt by a gradual aſcent, ſuited for chariots or other wheeled vehicles,—which road, after branching, is continued on each ſide up to the portico; whilſt, from the point of diviſion, where all vehicles ſtop, the more narrow approaches are formed of ſeveral ſtages of marble ſteps, until you reach the veſtibule the Propylæum.†

On each ſide of this magnificent ſtructure, and connected with it as wings, are the temple of Wingleſs Victory, upon the right, and the Hall of Polygnotus, a repoſitory of paintings, upon the left. Theſe are nearly of equal extent; ſo that the entire front of the three ſtructures, is in beautiful harmony. The whole, indeed, is the pride of Greece, and it may well have coſt more than 2000 golden talents, no leſs from its intrinſic riches, than from the ſurpriſing ſkill and beauty of its colourings, gildings and varied ſculp-

* Nero left Rome at the end of October; and Cartaphilus ſeems to have departed for Athens in the month of April following. The 20th of Thargêliôn correſponds to about the ſame time of our month, April,—as the year began with the ſummer ſolſtice, in the month of *Hecatombæon*, or 21ſt of our June. Nero, therefore, had been in Greece, at that time, about ſix months.

† The account here given by Cartaphilus of the approach to the area of the Acropolis, differs from all others we have ſeen; and would ſeem to explain the doubt which many entertain, as to whether *carriages* ever paſſed up to the Propylæum, and into the Acropolis. But, that chariots *did* paſs into the peribobus, and in the mode ſtated above, ſeems highly probable, eſpecially in connexion with the *greater* Panathenæic, not only from the width of the central intercolumniation, but alſo from the *reliefs* upon the frieze and pediment of that temple, both of which entirely ſanction the ſtatement of Cartaphilus.

tures that dazzle the eye, and rival even Flora's choiceſt fruits and flowers.*

The PARTHENON, of white Pentelic marble, ſhines as the ſtar of Venus, and occupies the loftieſt ground of the Acropolis,—for I perceived that the baſe of its periſtyle is on a level with the frieze of the Propylæa! Time will not permit me to dwell upon this glory of all Athens; which, let it ſuffice to ſay, is worthy of Minerva, were all the praiſes that have been beſtowed on her by Greeks and Romans ſtrictly true.

Leaving the Parthenon and Propylæa, and walking a little towards the north, ſcarce more than a hundred cubits, I entered the ERECTHEUM, ſo named from the temple of Neptune, built by Erectheus, but which now embraces the *three* temples known as the *Erectheum*—the *Pandroſeum*—and the *Minerva-Polias*, all under the general name of the firſt, or *The Erectheum*,—each temple being of the pureſt white marble, and the firſt named one of great antiquity, if Erectheus be its actual founder. According to the popular hiſtory of theſe temples, the *Pandroſeum* was raiſed in honour of *Pandroſos*, daughter of Cecrops, king of Athens, more than ſixteen centuries ago! and, as the ſtory goes, Minerva having entruſted a valuable caſket to this Pandroſos, and her ſiſters, Hirſe and Aglauros, the firſt alone proved worthy of the truſt, and reſiſted the prohibited and fatal curioſity of inſpecting its contents!—to commemorate which fact, Minerva erected the Pandroſeum cloſe to her own temple—ſuch rare fidelity in woman being regarded even by Minerva as meritorious of the higheſt honour!

Theſe three temples, that compoſe the preſent Erectheum, though each is of ſmall dimenſions, are executed in the moſt exquiſite Ionic taſte. Their porticoes, of the chaſteſt caryatides, ſupport friezes and cornices of ſingular beauty.

Parting from that rich group of buildings, I wandered among the more rocky heights of the Acropolis, and found the *Citadel* a rich depoſitory of treaſures, alſo of the public records, and of thoſe trophies, ſo dear to every nation, whether eſſentially peaceful, or warlike. At this ſpot, moreover, the eye reſts at once upon much of the viſible glories of the whole city; and not far below me, were ſeen the many proofs of wealth, of taſte, and of luxury, as alſo the ever varied dwellings and occupations, and means of amuſement, of her intelligent people—great even in adverſity, and perpetually reminding one of the luſtrous days of her renowned Stateſmen—philoſophers—hiſtorians, poets, ſculptors, warriors, matrons, and virgins—a *galaxy*, ſuch as no ſpot on earth, of ſuch ſmall territorial

* The probable coſt of this ſplendid building would amount to about 22,000,000 dollars—or nearly £4,400,000 ſterling!

extent, ever yielded a ſimilitude !—and whether equal, or greater things, are ever likely to be again accompliſhed, *quid dicam hiſce incertus ſum*, as Terence ſaith ; and with Cicero would I ſay, they are *res cognitione dignæ*. All human greatneſs, moreover, ſeems at this time deſtined to be caſt into *new moulds*,—and as to which thoſe Nazarenes alſo appear deſtined to have no ſmall ſhare in faſhioning ! Strange, and paſt all divining is this ! for, though few, comparatively in number, their work is conſtant and rapid ; and they fear not to contend with the higheſt powers, and to argue againſt all known philoſophy ! — but of this matter, I muſt no longer think.

Upon the right and left, and near each other, are two beautiful little theatres—the one of Bacchus, and the other, called the Odeon, for muſic, as the former is for the drama. But my eye was not permitted to reſt long upon thoſe diſtant views and proſpects ; for the famed *Bronze Statue*, alſo the labour of Phidias, drew me as myſteriouſly to it, and as certainly, as doth the loadſtone win to its embrace the iron ! This little ſtatue was preſented to the Acropolis, by the people of Lemnos. Its proportions are ſo exquiſite, that, by way of eminence, it is only known as the "*beautiful ſtatue*." The kind youth, who ſtill adhered to me, found me at the moment in ſuch deep contemplation of that ſtatue that, at length, he was obliged to awaken me : and from thence we proceeded to the place where the Areopagitæ hold their ſevere deliberations. My eye was delighted to reſt upon thoſe marble ſeats of the Judges—upon the ſtations, reſpectively, of the accuſing and of the accuſed party ; where, during ſo many ages, Athenian juſtice had been adminiſtered. I felt as if upon ſome holy ground, when deſcending the noble flight of ſteps, which leads down from the Hill of Mars—all as ſolid and eternal as the Hill itſelf,—the ſteps being hewn into the maſſive rock, ſymbolizing, as it were, that all things in any way connected with the enforcement of juſtice, ſhould be as enduring as are its immutable Principles !

Taking leave of all this aſſembled magnificence of the Acropolis, and of all the buildings that encompaſs the hill, which together form the larger part of the Upper City ; I next viſited the Catopolis, or Lower City,—in which the objects of moſt note are *The Temple of the Winds*—*The Poikile*—and *The Street of Monuments*.

The firſt is an octagonal and narrow tower, of moderate height, erected by *Andromachus Cyrrheſtes*, ſomewhat more than two centuries ago. Each of the four principal ſides is oppoſite to one of the four principal winds ; and the others reſpectively face the four intermediate winds—all of which are diſtinctly marked by the moſt expenſive ſculptures on the frieze of the eight ſides, all of which repreſents the *Seaſons* and the *Winds*.

Temple of the Winds—The Poikile—Zeno.

"Doſt thou obſerve Boreas," ſaid the intereſting youth, "he, I mean, who holds a tortuous horn, and ſeems to blow his Hyperborean winds from the loftieſt tops of the remote mountains?—and behold likewiſe how his airy and fluttering garments appear ready to leave him! And, good Stranger, perceiveſt thou how *Auſter* hath her feet naked, and holds an inverted water-pot, pouring on the parched earth her genial ſhowers? Here is alſo another, with her lap full of delicious fruits; and further on, you ſee *Eurus* blowing a veſſel along, directly in the courſe ſhe would be!—and all theſe, methinks, portray whence come the winds in the heavens, and the ſeaſons as they divide the year."

The kindneſs and cleverneſs of the youth much pleaſed me: and thanking him warmly, I as cheerfully complied with his wiſh, and followed his ſteps into the town; which, as he aſſured me was remarkable for its interior beauty, and alſo for a wonderful clepſydra for the public uſe. And truly ſo I found all within,—the roof being formed of marble wrought into maſſive panels: and the clepſydra, moreover, was indeed ſuperb, and ſo contrived as doubtleſs to make it an accurate meaſure of time.

We paſſed from thence, and next viſited the POIKILE or Pœcĭle—an extenſive range of marble buildings crowded with paintings, almoſt wholly of the hiſtorical claſs. *The Poikile.* As we traced the extenſive gallery, the Youth ſaid, "here the followers of ZENO hold their appointed meetings: they, I aſſure thee, ſtill greatly venerate, and juſtly, their maſter's name, though more than three centuries have elapſed ſince he lived. In the *Ceramicus* we ſhall ſee his monument; which, though firm enough yet, cannot outlive his great fame: for, oh venerable ſtranger, youth as I am, I find that marble may diſſolve, but ſuch a luſtrous name as Zeno's muſt be eternal. Forty and eight years did the great Zeno publicly teach in this *Poikile Stoá*,—and ſuch was his temperance in all things, that he never knew diſeaſe, until the gods—or rather *God* removed him quietly, in the ninety-eighth year of his age?"

The manner of my young friend, and eſpecially his laſt remark, won him greatly to me; and awakened in my heart ſome ſenſations that had ſlumbered there many years. "And why wouldſt thou rather ſay 'God,' than 'the gods?'" aſked I—but, as the youth ſeemed alarmed at my queſtion, and evidently preferred ſilence on that matter, I urged it no further, though my curioſity was indeed great. "But theſe *paintings* of Meicon, of Polygnotus, of Pamphilus, and others, delight me much," continued the Youth, "and ſurely will *thee*, as all the great and learned frequent this Portico, to view them: but I muſt ſhow thee the great battle at Marathon, as alſo that between the renowned Theſeus and the Amazons—nor muſt we paſs by the famous Shields of the Lacedæmonians, and of

the Thracians." I again earneſtly thanked my kind friend, though in truth my heart was ſufficiently ſet upon them all, before I had entered the Poikĭle, as they have had a wide and enduring fame: but ſtill, the Youth's unintentional alluſion to a God, inſtead of many, and his deſire to conceal the reaſon, made me very thoughtful: the paintings moreover, were quite too numerous for preſent examination—they were but glanced over, and hours were now as days with me, as Nero's commands would brook no delay beyond the aſſigned time. We therefore haſtened to other objects elſewhere.

The Pnyx.

We ſoon arrived at the Pnyx, an extenſive and maſſive ſtructure, a ſhort diſtance from the Areopagus; to which it is in ſome degree akin, as to the uſes to which it is almoſt daily appropriated. The foundations of the Pnyx are alſo upon the natural rock, and ſeemly is it ſo; for the place in which the Athenian people deliberate reſpecting all their means of happineſs —where they ſo cautiouſly argue, approve, or reject the counſels of wiſdom, or of folly, ſhould indeed be founded upon a rock, alike to ſymbolize that their principles ſhall never prove faithleſs.

The Roſtrum.

In this kind of muſing upon the Pnyx and its great uſes, I was detained a while in ſilent meditation; when, loſing ſight of my youthful guide, I feared I had pained him by my queſtion as to his evident doubt touching a plurality of gods: but, after a little quiet ſearch, I found him at a ſmall diſtance from the Pnyx, repoſing in the Rostrum—a marble ſtructure, from which the orators of every kind are accuſtomed to addreſs the people; and near to which are the Scribes, and the places for thoſe officers, whoſe province it is to preſerve ſilence, and to proclaim the deciſion of the aſſembled multitude. I was likewiſe ſtruck with the *niches*, in which thoſe having requeſts to make of the people, are accuſtomed to depoſit their petitions.

As I approached the Roſtrum, the Youth (with all that Athenian deference to age, that ſo awakens reſpect even in the Barbarians) promptly aroſe, and courteouſly invited me to occupy the ſeat. I did ſo; but only ſufficiently long to muſe on that hallowed ſpot, where the renowned men of Athens, during ſo many ages have been wont to *reaſon* with the people—or to *charm*, and ſometimes to *terrify* them to deeds of valour, or of honour,—but ſo ſeldom to the reverſe of either.

The Street of the Tripods.

Leaving this, we next examined ſome of thoſe numerous monuments raiſed to the memory of their celebrated men, which together form an entire avenue of mauſoleums, of cenotaphs, and of tombs, of ſurpaſſing beauty, and all of great intereſt. How true is it that "all fleſh is graſs!" and that virtue alone is immortal—that riches take wings—the happy die, as well as the wretched—all, all may periſh and be forgotten: but

virtuous fame lives for ever; and ſcarce can ever need the proud mauſoleum: for marbles may waſte away, or be deſtroyed; but a good name periſheth not! Who, that hath a heart, can ſurvey this long ſtreet of tombs, and not ſigh for that viſible token of a grateful country, which theſe monuments proclaim—and yet more for that *traditionary* renown of virtue, that ſome poſſeſs, and which is far more enduring than any ſculptured mementoes, however ſolid and gorgeous they may be? Theſe tombs and cenotaphs are as many in form and ſize, and in decoration, as the various taſte and ſkill, or fancy of the numerous ſculptors of different ages, neceſſarily would make them. Here, was the maſſive and ſplendid mauſoleum—there, the chaſte tomb, or the more modeſt cenotaph; and here again, the unobtruſive tablet. The monument to *Pericles*, and alſo that to *Theſeus*, are, as they ſhould be, truly magnificent: and, of the ſmaller claſs, that of *Lyſicrates* is chaſte and extremely graceful. This, as well as others, and alſo many ſmall temples, are all called *Choragic*, owing to the fact that the Choragi of their theatres, eſpecially that of Bacchus, dedicated to that deity all the tripods awarded to them at various times—which tripods, when collected, were placed upon the *finials* of theſe monuments and temples. This circumſtance has occaſioned the avenue of tombs, &c. to be alſo called the Street of Tripods.

The monument of Lyſicrates was erected about four hundred years ago; and is of the richeſt Corinthian order, in which every appropriate embelliſhment is found. The whole is of Pentelic marble—is *ſolid* throughout, and conſiſts of a quadrangular and lofty baſe, with a circular ſhaft of the temple-form, the intercolumniations of the ſix columns being cloſed, but ſo as to leave the columns in high relief, to the extent of quite one half their diameter. Theſe ſupport a gorgeous entablature, upon which repoſes a ſolid cupola,—the highly ornamented and imbricated roof of which is terminated by a *floſcular* ornament of exceeding richneſs; and in the centre of which ſtands a magnificent tripod.

We both gazed upon this beautiful object, until admoniſhed that the ſhades of night were coming on,—for the deeply carved capitals, and the frieze, ſo abſorbed the remaining feeble light, as ſcarcely permitted them to be longer viſible.*

With the exception of a very ſlight repaſt of fruits and wines in the early morning, we both had faſted till night, ſo, beſtowing

* This monument of Lyſicrates, ſtrangely called by ſome the "Lantern of Demoſthenes," ſtill remains to delight the traveller, though greatly ſhorn of its beauties by time and accident, and alſo by ſome barbaric mutilations. It never could have been the muſeum or ſtudy of that great orator, nor of any one,—being ſolid, or wholly deſtitute of a cavity.

upon my young friend a kind *ſic te Superis commendo*, we parted; and, as I thought, never to meet again—he to his home, near the Acropolis, and I to my taberna, near the gate leading to the Piræus.

The Theſeion. On the following day, and for three more, I wandered much at random, obſerving the places and things of moſt note beyond the city walls. Much did I regret being without the aid of my amiable and ſenſible guide, who had ſo greatly aſſiſted me at firſt; and finding myſelf, at length, ſo much an alien here, (having failed to bring with me a ſingle letter to connect me with the powerful name of Nero) I reſolved to ſearch for my only acquaintance, hoping to meet the kind boy ſomewhere near the Propylæa,—and in this I was not miſtaken:—he was delighted to ſee me, was much regretful at my not naming my abode, and gave me as his name ALCÆUS. He readily accompanied me at once to the Temple of Theſeus; which, though ſmall, is the chaſteſt of all the Athenian temples, being of the pureſt Doric. It much reſembles, however, the Parthenon in its outlines, of which it is about half the ſize.

The high reſpect in which THESEUS is ſtill held by the Athenians, though more than ten centuries have paſſed ſince he was king of Athens, is ſhown by the feſtivities and games yet celebrated in honour of that hero. The Theſeion is of white marble. Its two fronts are graced with a portico, each of ſix fluted Doric columns; and its ſides have each *eleven* columns—an uneven number ever being characteriſtic of Grecian temples. Theſe repoſe upon the pavement, without any pedeſtal or baſe. The triangular pediment in front, and the frieze all around, are decorated with the moſt exquiſite reliefs; whilſt upon the ten metopes of the eaſtern front, are repreſented the labours of Hercules, alſo upon ſome of the metopes of the two ſides are delineated with equal beauty, the labours of Theſeus; and the figures upon the frieze depict the wonderful achievements of that heroic ſon of Ægeus, in his famous combat with the Centaurs!

This beautiful memorial to his fame was erected about 530 years ago, by Cimon, ſon of Miltiades, himſelf an illuſtrious hero—a princely liver, and munificent patron of the arts. Strange! that centuries ſhould have mingled their years with eternity, and no atonement made for a nation's ingratitude to Theſeus. At length (as 'twas ſaid) the ever patriotic *Spirit* of that long deceaſed hero, was ſeen fully armed upon the plains of Marathon, ſcattering to all the winds his country's enemies!—and only then was it, that the Doric Oracle decreed that his aſhes ſhould be ſought after, and receive the higheſt funereal honours,—which ſervice was performed

by Cimon; who happily found at Scyros the remains, and the armour of the long neglected Theſeus, and brought them to Athens; whereupon all Greece united in doing them every honour.*

Alcæus now urged that we ſhould proceed forthwith to the Temple of the Olympian Jove; it being his pride to ſhow it to me, as the moſt ſuperb of all the Athenian buildings; but, as we were then in the northern part of the city, and the famed temple was more in the way of my return home, he yielded to my intimations; and the morning was ſpent in examining many other objects of intereſt, but of far leſs note.

The Prytaneum.

A few minutes brought us to the Prytaneum, an extenſive Hall of the Senate-Houſe, in which are convened the Prytanic Magiſtrates, who are of the moſt exalted dignity. They aſſemble the Senate—preſide over its deliberations—give audiences to diſtinguiſhed perſons—offer ſacrifices in their ſplendid Hall—and direct the order of ſuch public feaſts, as are given in honour of ſuch as have faithfully ſerved the country. It has ever been conſidered at Athens as a mark of ſignal honour, to poſſeſs the privilege of eating in the Prytaneum; for its officers being choſen wholly from ſenators, in the order of the twelve Tribes of Athens, each preſiding one month, they live freely at the public charge during that period.

The Gymnaſium.

Under the guidance of my good Alcæus, I entered the *Great* Gymnaſium,—for, there are many that have aſſumed the name. This is a very extenſive building—or rather ſeries of buildings and of grounds, aſſociated for diſtinct purpoſes, and fitted to accommodate many thouſand perſons. That part in which the philoſophers, rhetoricians, and the poets are accuſtomed to recite their compoſitions is, perhaps at this time, more peculiarly called the Gymnaſium; the other, in which the phyſical education of the Athenians forms the main object, has taken the name of *Palæſtra*—the exact reverſe of what their names ſhould now be; for it is certain that, originally there was no other name than the former,—as indicating a place for phyſical exerciſes alone; and this alſo appears from the root of the word—*gymnos*, nudus—which ſufficiently imports that the Gymnaſium was for phyſical, and not for mental inſtruction, as now is the caſe. But, after the philoſophers began to *lecture* there, the Hall in which

* The *Theſeion* is yet in tolerable preſervation, in all of its ſolid parts, though ſome are ſaid to be comparatively modern repairs. The deſigns of the ſculptured decorations, are ſtill perfectly known, though greatly injured. Thoſe of the interior frieze, however, have been much more fortunate. The temple meaſures but 104 feet by 45 feet; and was erected B.C. 465, about 25 years earlier than the Parthenon.

they taught retained its name; but the place, then assigned for the wrestlers, the dancers, leapers, riders, &c. gradually assumed the distinctive name of the Palæstra,—so that the present suitableness of the original name to the teachings of the philosophers, can be, as I suppose, only in a metaphorical sense—the Gymnasium being a place where *naked truth* alone is taught!

In the Gymnasium I found many beautiful statues, paintings, sculptures, altars, &c. representative of various matters in war, religion, history, philosophy, and in fine, illustrative of all that may highly embellish the Athenian youth, as well as the general people.

The Academy.

Whilst walking in the many spacious apartments of the Gymnasium, I soon perceived that Alcæus was far more interested in the instructions there given, than in the wonderful exercises of the Palæstra, or than in any thing he had yet pointed out to me. I therefore readily yielded to his desire that we should visit the similar institutions named by him—as the Academy—the Lyceum—and the Cynosarges,—all of which are specially dedicated to mental instructions; though the exercises of the palæstra are occasionally found in each.

The Academy lies without the walls, a few stadia north of where we last were; and is connected with the *Ceramicus*. After wandering a while in the shady groves of the Academy, observing its beautiful limpid streams, its many couches placed beneath the trees of closest foliage, and in which the plebeian and student, no less than the philosopher and idler, were seen reposing in undisturbed quietude,—I sighed deeply and involuntarily at the recollection of the many years wasted by me at Rome; and especially at the remembrance of my Neronian dissipations. Oh, who can gather up the minute fragments of spilled time!—are they not devoured instantly by the insatiate son of Cœlus, who, after once granting the blessed boon, thus regains it, never more to be returned to man, however much he laments its abused use, and resolves thenceforth to nourish it? Oh yes! the pure waters of heaven may be spurned, and dashed upon the foul earth—they may pass through caverns and into streams and rivers, and even into the fathomless ocean; but they reach the skies again, and seek ungrateful man every where, yea, a thousand times, in plenteous and fructifying showers—but not so, even once, of Time,—*that*, cast off, returns to man no more, and is for ever lost! Eternity hath no ages, nor years, nor days, nor even moments—but Time is formed of moments only,—which, passing from us into the ocean of indivisible duration, no realms, nor diadems, nor deep sorrow can buy them back, nor even mitigate their loss! Oh Man! thou shouldst bind this truth upon thy forehead, and hem it as a phylactery upon thy garments, and cherish it within thy heart—for, all

other truths neglected, have their appropriate cures—this hath none! *

Seated with Alcæus under a lofty tree, the ſtream near me then gently whiſpering to its Nymphs ſome language denied to man to know, I muſed upon the ſcene around us—upon that ſacred ſpot where man's ſupremeſt intelligence has ſo long and brightly ſhone—upon that ſpot which holy prophets never ſaw, but which yet is illuſtrious by the beſt uſe of time ever made by fallible and unaſſiſted man—upon that little ſpot, though not knowing Abraham's God even by name, hath often been more faithful to His Spirit, and to the "Unknown God," (either of their own imagination, or coming to them by ſome whiſpering *tradition*) than ungrateful Iſrael hath often been, though ſo highly favoured by Prophets, and teachings without number! In theſe Academic ſhades, ſo nearly *holy*, I muſed with intenſe thought, on all I ſaw and heard—upon Athens and her doings through a ſucceſſion of ages—upon her hiſtorians, orators, poets, artiſts, and philoſophers—upon her morals, her religion, her prieſthood, and upon her general exemption from the extremes of wickedneſs among other people: and oh, how humbled as an *Iſraelite* was I (and for the firſt time in all my days) at the melancholy, but irreſiſtible fact, that God's peculiar people—they alone who poſſeſſed the true Faith—they alone to whom the Shekinah, with Urim and Thummim were imparted, ſhould have been in almoſt every age ſo groſſly rebellious; and that they at this very hour, are among the moſt degraded and wicked of all the nations!

Apoſtrophe to Plato.

Such were the meditations that ruſhed through my agitated mind, and cauſed the gentle Alcæus to gaze upon me with wonder, and then ſtrive to amuſe me with his intelligent and ſprightly converſe. "Ah, my Alcæus," ſaid I, "thy kindneſs is indeed very ſoothing to me; but *thought* muſt have its courſe—the ſoul *thinks* as neceſſarily, as the machine *moves* when ſet in motion: go, for a time, my gentle youth, and amuſe thy ſelf." He cheerfully complied; and for an half hour, my ſoul was vexed by the ſame train of uncontrollable meditation,—until, happily, the law of mental aſſociation, and the ſcene ſo near me, brought the divine PLATO fully to my view. "Here," ſaid I muſingly to myſelf, "was it that the greateſt of all the philoſophers taught that

* How ſlow to realize his actual deſtiny Cartaphilus was, or diſpoſed to become oblivious of it, is ſeen in this meditation: for 'tis obvious this was the repining only of one conſcious of age—looking towards the grave, and muſing upon life, and upon time, as other men of years are wont to do, when rouſed by circumſtances to lament the paſt, and to regard the future as uncertain and fleeting! How he contemplated life and time in after ages, when his deſtiny had been more fully revealed to him, will not be anticipated.

deep and myſtic wiſdom, uttered by no other mortal of the Gentile world! Whence came it, and why did it come! Was it the deſtined light—or rather the deſtined *dawn*, that ſhall prepare the way to the heathen world, for a far brighter light? Is it a ſilent revelation, through the mere enlargement of human powers, and without the dignity and authority of divine annunciation, though ſtill intended to gradually win the mind to deeper and more potent truths, which the Gentile ſoul was then unable fully to endure? It may be ſo: and doubtleſs, the Philoſophy of that great Maſter hath exerciſed upon the Athenian ſoul, and on the mind of all the people it hath reached in other lands, a ſalutary influence—harmonizing with Iſrael's thought, as it was in her purer days,—and likewiſe well ſuited to lead the heathen world to the more exalted faith of Abraham!"

"Here, cloſe by me, is the *Ceramicus;* and there was this divine Plato buried: the Inſcription, juſt read by me, proclaims the great merit, the wonderful mind, and the devoted love of virtue that marked his life, and the laſting affection of thoſe who witneſſed it all. It ſeems, moreover, that this delightful old man was gently wafted to the ſkies: for, when ſurrounded by his friends, even at the wedding feaſt of youthful lovers, he gave out his laſt ſoft breath! Yes, thou greateſt of all the philoſophers! thy broad forehead and ample cheſt truly proclaimed the expanſive mind that dwelt within thee—and rightly did they change thy name from *Ariſtocles* to that of Plato, more that they might thereby ſet forth thy vaſt *mental* powers, than thoſe of thy admirable *body*, great as they alſo were. O, wonderful and excellent Plato! no marvel is it that Athens gloried in thee, and that my countryman, the great Philo, late of Alexandria, loved thy memory ſo well, and did thee and thy philoſophy ſuch continued homage—for, next to Iſrael's Scriptures, Philo regarded Plato's philoſophy as the cloſeſt approximation to heavenly wiſdom."

But ſuch muſings ſuited not the brief time allotted me here in Athens: and arouſing myſelf, I ſummoned Alcæus to me: we met each other with more cheerful countenances:—and then taking another glance at all things in the Academy, we ſilently departed from its lovely groves—where 'tis offence in any one to do ought than look, or muſe, or quietly to teach—all unneceſſary ſpeech, or laughter being utterly unknown therein.

The Lycæum.

We next viſited the Lycæum; and almoſt with equal delight; for it was there that Aristotle had taught. Situate upon the banks of the Iliſſus, it affords a moſt ſalubrious air, refreſhing ſhades, and enchanting walks. Here was it that

the philoſophic pupils of the Stagirite converſed on things divine and human,—taking no *ſeat*, but continually *walking*, that the body's action might yield renewed life and ſpring to the long exerted energies of mind!

As we courſed over the ſame Peripathon, in which that illuſtrious ſcholar of Plato had taught his maſter's, but more ſpecially his own peculiar views,—and, upon recalling to my mind the admirable writings of Ariſtotle, I could not fail to remember, and with ſome ſurpriſe and contempt, the little eſtimation that Romans have yielded to them: for Tiberius and Caligula would ſcarce permit the philoſopher's few admirers there to utter a word of his philoſophy; or indeed, that of any foreign growth! And well do I remember that my maſter Claudius was of the ſame mind; and that even my Nero preſumed to follow the like faſhion! Strange, that the teacher of the great Alexander—he whoſe writings are as extenſive and varied and deep as all nature, and whom Plato regarded as the crowning excellency of his ſchool,—ſo that, when Ariſtotle was abſent, he was uſed to ſay, "*Intellect is not here!*"—Strange! I ſay, is it that our emperors perceive not the value of ſuch writings, and would baniſh thoſe who ſtrive to enlighten the people, by the ſoul-enlarging wiſdom of ſuch a man as Ariſtotle! But the ſecret truly is, that our Cicero and Seneca may be read and underſtood with eaſe; but Plato and Ariſtotle need more ſtudy, than ſuits their indolence—as the diamond, to yield its luſtre, needs more toil than other precious ſtones: and what thoſe Roman emperors fail themſelves to maſter, they ſeem unwilling others ſhould better know!

The Cynoſarges.

Retiring from that delightful ſpot, we ſoon reached the Cynoſarges. It is ſituate in a ſmall village of that name, cloſe to the city. Here is a temple dedicated to Apollo—alſo a gymnaſium, in which the Cynic philoſophers of old held their ſchool, founded more than four and a half centuries ago by Antiſthĕnes. Theſe *Cynics*, to my Sadducean education, ſeem the moſt abſurd of all the numerous ſects, who ever claimed philoſophy as their own. As far as they are haters of vice and lovers of virtue, the Cynics truly are wiſe; but their mode of avoiding the one, and of obtaining the other, is no way to my mind of liking; for a torturing abſtinence neither exorciſes Beelzebul, nor wins grace from the ſkies. Doubtleſs, there are more vitality and ſtrength in moderate abſtinence, than in pampering of the body; but, to impoveriſh and waſte the fleſh, and torture the tabernacle, in hope of thereby invigorating its informing ſoul, is to violate nature, and ſet at nought the ſuggeſtions of Him, who created all things in matchleſs excellence for man's uſe. As for that Antiſthĕnes, the founder of the ſect, hiſtory and tradition have told us of his zeal in making proſelytes, and how he obtained ſo many: but we alſo know

that ſucceſs is no ſure proof of wiſdom in maſter or in pupil; for few things are ſo monſtrouſly abſurd as not to be adopted by thouſands, if eloquently taught, rigidly practiſed, and myſteriouſly ſet forth: and what will not man endure through vanity, and the flattering ambition of becoming popular and conſpicuous! Well did the wiſe Plato ſay to this miſguided diſciple of the great Socrates—"*I ſee thy vanity through the holes of thy tattered garments!*" for this teacher of morals, in ſuch cloſe alliance with phyſical miſery, was often ſeen at the Cynoſarges, and at Athens, with a wallet upon his back, and with a ſtaff in his hand, playing the part of a wretched mendicant!

These Cynics of the Gentiles are as loathing to me, as even thoſe of my own country: for we, too, among the Phariſees, have many of this claſs,—men who would win Heaven's favour by a mere exterior holineſs—by a tangible and viſible religion, to be put on or off, as we change our habiliments—or, by the moſt diſguſting expiations, aſcetically tormenting the outward man, to cure the ſoul's diſeaſes! And yet, little do I doubt that, if one ſhould meet here in Athens, as well as at Jeruſalem, an oppreſſor of the poor—a deceitful, hollow-hearted pretender to exceſſive holineſs, *that* man is more apt to be of the Cynics in the one place, and of the Phariſees in the other, than of the Epicūreans, or Sadducees of either. Doubtleſs, the two latter, of both cities, are too often given to ſenſual indulgence, alike ruinous to body and ſoul; but he alone is truly wiſe in this regard, who, looking upon all nature, ſees it full of the richeſt gifts to man—all for uſe freely—none for abuſe.

Cartaphilus ſighs for Jeruſalem.

But the life I have ſo long led with my Nero, and the reſt, doth frown upon all this ſage philoſophy! I know it well; for, habeo conſcientiam mille peccatorum morſibus quaſi ſtimulis vulneratam—and therefore do I begin to ſigh for Jeruſalem once more—oh yes, for that ſtill beloved city of my innocent but wretched childhood, and of my guilty manhood. I now long for the ſacred mountains and lovely valleys of Judea—for the green banks of the Kedron, the heights of Olivet and of Gihon,—ah, even for the ſmoking plains of Hinnom! Oh, Jeruſalem, Jeruſalem! who can forget thee?—can the youth forget his firſt love, or the maiden her mother's tenderneſs?—ſurely no. Seas have ſeparated me from thee—years have blanched my locks—new friends, and other habits and thoughts have occupied me,—but ſtill I cling to thee, oh my country!—for no *other* can ever be truly mine—none in which my bones in repoſe would lie. * * * * * * Such were

The youth Alcæus.

the thoughts that flitted rapidly through my mind, when ſlowly wandering in the Cynoſarges. Alcæus, who had keenly obſerved my ſilence, and that my

muſings had much agitated me, ſuddenly and to my great ſurpriſe, thus accoſted me. "Haſt thou, O venerable Cartaphilus, ever ſeen, or heard of thoſe people called Nazarenes by ſome, and Chriſtians by others?"

The queſtion, in my then ſtate, greatly diſturbed me; and the more ſo, as the anxious looks of Alcæus ſeemed earneſtly to ſeek a reply. "Yes, my young friend; in early life I knew much of thoſe wonderful people,—concerning whom my opinions have been very fitful—but the older I grow, the more favourable are they becoming in my eyes." "Oh, I am glad of that," quickly added Alcæus, bowing himſelf to the earth, "thanks then, thanks to Jupiter, whoſe name is but another for the Supreme God of Abraham, if I find in thee a Chriſtian! for truly my heart is weary of the ſervices in our Temple; and my ſoul hath panted after ſome one to teach me the wonders of this new religion—and from thy *looks*, I thought thee a Jew, and from thy *kindneſs*, probably a Chriſtian."

"How comes it, my good Alcæus, mildly rejoined I, that *thou*, a youth of Athens, and daily occupied in the ſervices of Minerva, thy tutelar goddeſs, haſt aught heard of that obſcure ſect? Much have I ſeen and heard of them in Paleſtine—likewiſe of their progreſs at Antioch, and other places: but, having left Jeruſalem more than twenty years ago, my acquaintance with them ſince hath been very ſmall—ſave that Nero hath much favoured their *perſecution*, of late, at Rome, and ſomewhat even in the provinces. Here, in Athens, the moſt refined of cities, I little thought to find theſe poor and unoffending Nazarenes—eſpecially in the very courts of her greateſt temple!"

"O that I knew much more of thoſe humble people!" exclaimed Alcæus, with great animation, "a few are indeed to be found here,—but only as a pinch of ſaffron in an amphora of water!—but they are ſtill diſtinctly and beautifully viſible: yet of *perſecution* I have heard nothing. My parents, now both dead, were Chriſtians:—no brother nor ſiſter have I; and my own means flow alone from my daily exertions in the Temple. My humble ſituation, not inclination, forced me into Minerva's ſervice: and though, when my parents adopted that new religion, I was ſcarce eight years old: well do I remember the thrilling accounts my mother often gave of the preaching of one Saul, a noted Nazarene, whom Heaven, in a dazzling light, had ſummoned as its meſſenger to diſtant nations—and alſo, how my father would often ſpeak with tears, of the crucifixion of one whom they called Meſſiah, and whom my parents regarded as the holieſt man the world hath ever known—far greater in virtue than even Socrates, or any among the wiſeſt of our philoſophers! My father alſo ſpoke much of the

One Unknown God, who, in form of Meſſiah, had appeared among men, for a ſhort time in Jeruſalem,—where, for ages, there had been a great temple erected to his name—that this Holy Being, under man's likeneſs endured a moſt cruel death of his own will, and then triumphed over the grave and his enemies—and then aſcended to the ſkies!—and finally, that all perſons of whatever country, who believe in that Meſſiah, and obſerve his laws, will alſo ſurvive the grave, and become for ever happy in the ſkies! Theſe matters have I deeply pondered: and it hath conſtantly, ſince that time, appeared to me moſt ſtrange, that men ſhould faſhion with their own hands images of gold or ſilver, of ivory or marble—yea, even of painted wood, and then fear or love *them*, and, as if to real gods, fall down and worſhip them!"

"What thou ſayeſt, my gentle Alcæus," replied I, "is indeed moſt true; and the folly of ſuch is extreme, ſeeing that they who make ſuch gods with great care, may, with ſtill greater eaſe, unmake and utterly deſtroy them. Greatly do I love thy inquiring ſpirit; and, at a more convenient ſeaſon will I ſpeak of theſe matters, which my now diſturbed mind forbids at preſent. Let us, then, haſten homeward."

Alcæus thoughtfully accepted my arm, and accompanied me to my door,—promiſing to be with me early on the following day, that together we might examine the famed temple of Jupiter Olympius; which again had been paſſed over, though Alcæus by no means had forgotten it. At parting for the night, my feelings ſuddenly prompted me to delay the youth for a moment. "Alcæus! my heart is greatly warmed towards thee," exclaimed I. "In a few days more I muſt leave Athens and thee, perhaps for ever. But, good youth, ſhould inclination prompt thee to accompany me to Rome, and ſhortly after to Jeruſalem, I will be to thee a father—for children I have none, and thou art parentleſs." Alcæus preſſed my hands, bathed them in tears, and with a voice that ſank in feeling, whiſpered that he had but few ties to bind him to Athens—that my too generous offer would not be now accepted, but that, in a month hence, he would meet me in Rome, ſhould my own mind continue in the ſame way,—and thus we parted till the morrow.

The new light in which I now viewed Alcæus—the caſual incident that brought me to his acquaintance—the fact that the only mortal I knew in all Athens, ſhould be more than half a *chriſtian*—the manner in which that was revealed to me, and finally that our hearts ſeemed to yearn towards each other, almoſt from the moment we met near the Propylæum, all appeared as links in deſtiny's chain, or as little elſe than miraculous,—and continued to occupy my thoughts till we met again.

At the appointed hour of the next morning, Alcæus was with

me; and with a more beaming countenance than I yet had witneſſed in him. Without thinking of the ſplendid temple, and other objects we were about to viſit, he proceeded at once to inform me of the cauſe of his joy and hurried bearing. "Soon after I left thee, O venerated Cartaphilus!" ſaid he, "I was rejoiced to learn of the ſafe return from Egypt of DIONYSIUS, late of the Areopagus, and of his wife DAMARIS, both converts, at the time Saul preached on Mars' Hill. During their long abſence in diſtant lands, I had no one to conſult: they had been the kindeſt patrons to my father; and before they left Athens, they were in like manner moſt kind to me, a poor orphan, ſcarce ten years old; and would have taken me with them, but that my tender years, and education not half complete, equally forbade it. They are now back again: and I muſt haſten to ſee them. Now, as the temple we ſeek is cloſe at hand, and the other objects yet unſeen of thee may eaſily be found, I have come to pray thy excuſe, if, this day till ſunſet, I am with Dionyſius—but after ſunſet, I will be ſurely with thee."

"My dear Alcæus," I haſtened to ſay, "my delight is great that thy valued friends have come; eſpecially as thou mayeſt now act adviſedly, and counſel with them ſlowly, as to thine abandoning Athens. It may be that Judea is now in too diſturbed a ſtate for thee to accompany me there—alſo, it may be, that Nero will not liſten to my early leaving Rome; but, dear Youth, there is ſtill a much ſtronger reaſon that may weigh powerfully with Dionyſius and thee—I am no Chriſtian!"

Alcæus looked at me with the deepeſt emotion and ſurpriſe. "From thy being a Jew," ſaid he, "and from thy ſeeming approval of what I uttered reſpecting the Nazarenes—but above all, from thy great *kindneſs*, I judged thee one: but, honoured Cartaphilus! whether now ſo, or not, I believe thou *wilt* be one; and, if Dionyſius approve, and thy mind ſtill be the ſame, I will follow thee to Rome, early after thine arrival there—after which, my life ſhall be dedicated to thee and thy happineſs, any where,—ſo far as a faithful love towards thee can make me uſeful."

"Excellent Youth!" exclaimed I, taking Alcæus in my arms, "it now ſeems we are indeed deſtined long to be friends—my heart is thine—thou ſhalt be to me a ſon, and I to thee a father. I deſign for thee a peaceful reſidence at Pella, not remote from Jeruſalem, until I am quit of Nero—there to be under charge of ſome valued friends: for, I am ſure the pious Eben Ezra, and Priſcilla his admirable wife, as likewiſe his daughter Rebecca—the glory of all Hebrew women, will receive thee, for my ſake, moſt kindly—and for thy own *Faith's* ſake, with rapture,—for they all are Chriſtians. My wealth is ample: I am, as I told thee, childleſs—and ſo probably ſhall ever be."

Temple of The Olympian Jupiter.

Alcæus kiſſed my hand, and we parted—he, to the moſt diſtinguiſhed among the Athenian chriſtians—I, to explore the wonders of the Temple of the ſupremeſt among the Gentile gods.

Temple of the Olympian Jupiter.

A few minutes' walk brought me to the long famed Temple of Jupiter Olympius, a building of ſurpriſing grandeur; which yet is in an unfiniſhed ſtate, though more has been expended upon it through many centuries, than upon any other in all Athens! As Jupiter is regarded as father and ruler of gods and men, and worſhipped as ſuch by Greeks and Romans, under no leſs than ſixteen names, and in the reſt of the world under, perhaps, three hundred more, his temples, and their ceremonials are magnificent beyond all others, and are peculiarly ſolemn.

The fluted Corinthian columns that grace the exterior of this ſplendid ſtructure, are forty cubits high, four in diameter, and one hundred and twenty four in number. Its great extent, at leaſt for a Grecian temple, (for theirs compare not, in dimenſions, with thoſe of the Egyptians,) may be judged of from the interior circumference, which is juſt ſeven hundred cubits.*

On each ſide are forty, and on each front are twenty and two columns—the former *dipterally*, and the latter *tripterally* diſpoſed, —the whole dipteral colonnade ſuſtaining an architrave of maſſive blocks of the pureſt marble; and in vaſtneſs theſe blocks reſemble thoſe of our Holy Temple at Jeruſalem.

This beautiful edifice (erected to the ſame God, worſhipped in Egypt under the name of *Oſiris;* by the Babylonians as *Belus;* by the Africans as *Ammon;* by the Greeks as *Jupiter*—and by the Jews as JAH, or JEHOVAH) was probably commenced in the time of Piſiſtratus, nearly ſix centuries ago,—though even a much earlier origin is by ſome given to it, who fabulouſly attribute it to Deucalion! Certain it is, however, that Piſiſtratus employed upon it four renowned architects; whoſe names are given as *Antimáchides —Porinus—Antiſtales*, and *Callæſchrus;* and that it continued in a very unfiniſhed condition fully three and a half centuries—when the Syrian king Epiphanes (ſo infamous as the oppreſſor of the Jews) added largely to it, under the direction of the Roman architect *Coſuntius*—the naos, or central chamber, and the dipteral colonnade, with the beautiful entablatures, being executed by him: and laſtly, after an interval of nearly one hundred and ſeventy years, the Emperor Auguſtus, and his allies, greatly embelliſhed it

* It is obvious that the wonders, magnificence, and great coſt of this temple were mainly owing to the materials and exquiſite workmanſhip; and in no great degree to its extent,—as 700 cubits amount to only 1050 feet—a very inconſiderable even interior circumference, compared with many modern ſtructures

—but, about eighty years before this, Sylla (after his ſucceſsful ſiege of Athens) removed many of its ſplendid columns to Rome, and added them to the Temple of the Capitoline Jupiter.*

Temple of Triptolĕmus.

Being without the walls, I failed not to viſit the little Ionic temple, on the ſouthern bank of the Iliſſus, not far from the fountain of Callirrhoc. Though very ſmall, this amphiproſtyle temple is wonderfully impoſing and beautiful,—the reliefs in the frieze telling its ſtory with great clearneſs, and their execution belonging evidently to the proudeſt days of the Grecian arts. To whom dedicated I could not learn: but Alcæus afterwards informed me that it is probably the temple of Triptolĕmus; and yet, who this Triptolĕmus was is now moſt doubtful—ſuch being often the treachery of hiſtory, and the periſhable nature of even traditional fame! As to the fable of his being the ſon of Celeus, king of Attica, who ſo hoſpitably entreated Ceres when in ſearch of her daughter, and in gratitude for which ſhe received the infant ſon of Triptolĕmus—fed him on her own milk, and by means of fire, utterly deſtroyed the *mortality* he had received from his parents, it is ſurely as little worthy of belief, as any of the thouſand other tales that fully the early hiſtory of moſt nations; and whether he ever exiſted, or Ceres be its founder, let no one conjecture. But though a deep miſt may hang upon its hiſtory, none clouds its own chaſte beauty. The four Ionic fluted columns ſuſtain a frieze enlivened with the chaſteſt figures, and an equally ornamented pediment; whilſt the interior even exceeds the fair promiſe given by its outward graces.†

* Nearly fifty-ſix years after this viſit of Cartaphilus to Athens, it is recorded by him that the temple of Jupiter Olympius was finiſhed by the emperor Hadrian. At preſent, it is a total ruin; little of which remains beyond ſixteen mutilated columns, out of the one hundred and twenty-four, together with portions of the entablatures.

† The doubt here expreſſed by Cartaphilus as to this temple being *founded* by Triptolemus, from his rejection of the idle tales of tradition reſpecting Ceres, and Triptolemus, ſeems a departure from our Wanderer's uſual ſound judgment: the fables may well be diſcarded, and yet the great antiquity of the temple—the long tradition as to ſome connexion between Ceres, the patroneſs of agriculture, and Triptolemus, (who is ſaid to have done ſo much in that way for Attica), render the founding of ſuch a temple by him, rather than the goddeſs, ſufficiently probable, to forbid the cold rejection of that portion of the tradition that reſpects the human,—eſpecially as it is alſo quite probable that the ornaments of the frieze ſuſtained that tradition; and Cartaphilus admits that the frieze told its ſtory with clearneſs. The whole tale of *Ceres*, ſo fancifully told by the mythologiſts, is, indeed, quite inſtinct with fable: but tradition has not only aſſigned that temple to Ceres herſelf, but ſtates that ſhe dwelt in it a year; during which ſhe permitted not the earth to yield its produce, in revenge for the abduction, by Pluto, of her daughter Proſerpina: and ſo the miſery is ſaid to have continued, until Jupiter and all the gods prevailed upon the raviſher to reſtore the maiden! Moſt of the ſtory of Ceres and Trip-

Views from the Acropolis.

I then croſſed the *Ciphiſus;* and found on its weſtern banks many ſuperb villas—ſeveral ſmall gymnaſia, and numerous gardens of ſurpaſſing beauty, crowded with ſtatues and other ſculptures by the beſt artiſts. And here I may remark that, in my rapid ſurvey of Athens, my eye always reſted with peculiar delight upon ſuch monuments of taſte and grandeur, as juſtly may be referred to the period before the famed Perſian War. It is, indeed, true that Themiſtocles, Cimon, and Pericles, not only were prompt to reſtore moſt that Xerxes in that war had deſtroyed; but they alſo gave Athens a beauty of far greater renown: but ſtill, ſo great is the charm to me of unmixed antiquity, that almoſt any thing purely and certainly *ante*-Perſian, won my attention more, than the perfecteſt of works far more recent.

My ſtay at Athens was now near its cloſe: but I could not reſiſt another viſit to all the glories of the Acropolis, though at the expenſe of many others yet unſeen and of great excellence: I therefore ſoon found myſelf once more upon the heights of that richly laden rock. During my firſt excurſion there, the magnificence of the buildings, and the impoſing ceremonials of the Panathenæa, at that time going on, were quite too abſorbing to permit me to devote much attention to the many ſplendid views that burſt upon the eye, either from the northern rear of the buildings, or from any of their ſummits. When ſeated on the higheſt point of the Erectheum, lo! the crowd of the city's commingled beauties lay all beneath me, whilſt upon my right looking towards the Eaſt for a time, I beheld extended in the diſtance the lovely valley of Athens, reaching from the foot of the Pentilicus, to the blue waters of the Saronic gulf on the weſt,—the whole embelliſhed by countleſs objects of varied intereſt and lovelineſs, reaching to where they fade as it were into the clouds of the horizon, and then back to the environs and walls of Minerva's city!

In front of me, extending far to the North, lay the ſame rich valley, bounded there by the rocks and glens and woods of Mount Parnes,—whilſt behind me, towards the South, aroſe the more modeſt Hymettus, and its fellow, the thirſty Anydros! The craggy Egina alſo, with its ſhining white temples and palaces, was in the diſtance upon my left; and the bright waters of the Great Sea, every where enlivened with the continually recurring and moving

tolemus, to whom ſhe was ſo grateful, may be the ſheereſt legend; and yet, that Triptolemus was the founder, rather than Ceres herſelf, (or than Panops, another hero,) continues far the more probable. This little temple exiſted in a very mutilated ſtate, ſo far down as to the middle of the laſt century! During ſome one of the early centuries, however, it was converted into a church, under the name of "*Our Lady of the Rock:*" but no remains of it are now to be found.

white ſpots, gave aſſurance of man's induſtrious traffic: and theſe, united with all the reſt, yielded a ſupreme enchantment to the view. Never before had my eyes reſted upon ſuch an aſſemblage of harmonizing and yet varied beauties: but theſe were not all; for *Marathon*, *Thermopylæ*, *Platea* and *Salamis* were all viſible, at leaſt to the mental eye, and nearly ſo without imagination's aid. Gazing towards thoſe directions, the renowned deeds that eterniſe thoſe localities, ſeemed to bring them all diſtinctly within my range; and would have riveted me to the ſpot on which I ſtood, had not remembrance led me almoſt to fancy I could then hear Nero's emphatic whiſper from Corinth, chiding me for delay, and bidding me thither forthwith, on pain of being headleſs! I deſcended from the height and haſtened home; where I was delighted to find Alcæus near ſunſet, ready to unburthen his heart, and alſo moſt anxious to know how the day had paſſed with me. His eyes beamed with exultation, as he informed me how Dionyſius and Damaris had received him with open arms, and the warmeſt hearts. But, when he further told me of their approval of his accompanying me, after a time, to Jeruſalem, or elſewhere, his joy knew no bounds:—but, how great was my own joy, and awakening my ſurpriſe, when Alcæus proceeded to ſtate that Dionyſius knew of *me* from the Rabbi Eben Ezra,—who, with all his family, was then on his return to Judea—they having been abſent ſome years; and that, in the courſe of their journey homeward, they would viſit *Artaxata* in Armenia, thence proceed to *Edeſſa* in Meſopotamia, and laſtly to their home at Pella.

That ſo quiet a family as my beloved friends of Pella, ſhould have journeyed ſo far from Judea, gave me ſome ſolicitude; and rendered me ſtill more anxious to be with Nero at Corinth, looking to his ſpeedy return to Rome, and my own to Jeruſalem, ſo ſoon after as might be.

It was then arranged that Alcæus ſhould meet me in the Imperial City, a few months thereafter; and taking affectionate leave of my young friend, I haſtened next day to the Piræus, where a veſſel was then ready to receive me,—but alas! not for Epidaurus, as I had deſired—but for Megara.

He departs for Corinth.

I departed from the City of Pericles, of Socrates and of Plato, with feelings of great ſadneſs; for my curioſity was more awakened than ſatisfied. The change of my route for Corinth cauſed me ſome regret, having much wiſhed to paſs through the Æſculapian city, as Epidaurus is called —thence to Tyrens and Naupalia, and then again through Argos, by nearly the road journeyed by me, when coming to Athens. The travel, however, to Corinth by the way of Megara was not only eaſier but ſhorter, and far from void of intereſt; for, next

to Athens, that city is, or rather was, among the moſt wonderful in Greece,—not from its extent at any time, but from its hiſtory. We entered the port of Megara, called *Niſæa*, in about eight hours after our departure from the Piræus, in a ſmall veſſel, and with a crowd too numerous to know any thing of them, in ſo few hours—but ſtill ſufficiently varied in their exterior, and languages to aſſure me that, even a little veſſel may, for the time, be nearly a microcoſm—for there were Areopagites and Centurions—Prieſts and Pirates—Greeks and Romans, Jews and Chriſtians—a Sculptor and a Poet!—each of whom revealed his character by that great law of our nature that prompts aſſociated man to vaunt in ſome way, that each may not be loſt in the whole! Theſe were amuſing diſplays of individuality ſtriving to reſcue itſelf from a totality,—and again confirmed what I before have noted, that, if the ſea be calm, man on ſhip-board experiences a ſenſe of freedom, and finds himſelf more in a ſtate of nature, than when on land,—unleſs in ſome remote deſert beyond the influences of his fellows.

But Niſæa was reached; and paſſing between the maſſive walls that connect it with the City, diſtant about eight ſtadia, I found Megara at the baſe of two hills, with a ſtrong acropolis upon each—the one hill being known as *Alcathous*, after a ſon of Pelops—the other as *Caria*, from Car, a ſon of Phoroneus; which *names* ſeem to indicate great antiquity.

It is ſaid Megara was founded more than twelve centuries ago: but others, as uſual, claim for it much greater remoteneſs. It was ruled, for a time, by *The Twelve*—then became a republic; and, being juſt midway between Athens and Corinth, it had little chance of aſſured independence. Commerce and occaſional piracies greatly ſuſtained it: but its people were ſo proverbially wicked and deteſtable, that greatly do I marvel how it ſo well maintained that famous School of Philoſophy, over which the renowned *Euclid* preſided: but often have I had occaſion to remark that there is in life nothing ſo bad, as to have no mitigating good! Megara is alſo the burial place of Phocion—the pure and noble in private life—but yet the ill-judging and unfortunate Phocion in public life!—whoſe bones the high-ſpirited, and ſometimes raſh Athenians would not ſuffer to continue within their boundaries! His remains were exiled to Megara, as thoſe of a traitor—there ſecreted by a heroic matron, under the hearth of her own houſe—ſhe hoping the day would come when the Athenians would gladly receive them as the remains of a patriot, in grateful remembrance of his actual worth, and in total oblivion of that honeſt deſpondency for his country, which had ſo angered them, as to baniſh from their ſoil even his bones! And in this, the good woman predicted wiſely; for it was but a black cloud that had then come over the Athenians, and cauſed them to

He arrives at Corinth.

deal thus harſhly with their hero. The aſhes of Phocion were proudly brought back, and received the higheſt funereal honours. A bronze ſtatue was raiſed to his great name—bright ſtill, though juſtly tarniſhed by a ſad infirmity for a patriot, in yielding ſo compliantly to the gloomy aſpects around him, and to the ſuppoſed overwhelming power of his country's foes—but never through any intentional defection.

I tarried at Megara ſufficiently long to glance at its noble aqueducts—its temples of Diana, Apollo, Minerva, Venus, and of Ceres,—as alſo at the little one dedicated to Nox. The ſtatues alſo were every where noble, as if the vicinity to Athens had influenced for ages the Megareans,—and among theſe ſtatues I obſerved that of Minerva, having the body richly gilt, and the hands, feet, and face of ivory. The twelve ſtatues, alſo, of the greater gods, all dedicated to the Olympian Jupiter, are worthy of Praxiteles. Paſſing from theſe, I viſited the tombs,—eſpecially that of Hippolita, a queen of the Amazons; likewiſe that of Hillus, and the one raiſed to Alcmenes. The Megareans were ambitious in war: at the battle of Salamis they provided twenty ſhips—the like number alſo at Artemiſium; and to that of Platæra they furniſhed three thouſand ſoldiers; and they gained great honour in their achievement againſt the Perſians under Mardonius.*

During my little journey back to Corinth, my mind would again involuntarily dwell upon the life I had paſſed at Rome during ſo many years; and theſe meditations cauſed me no little pain. I ſtill derived ſome comfort from the belief that, during my twelve years ſojourn with Nero, none had ever ſerved him, or any monarch, with leſs flattery. Now, however, that my mind was keenly ſet upon Judea, I reſolved to pleaſe him by all aſſiduous attentions, and by an unclouded cheerfulneſs—hoping thereby to gain permiſſion to leave his Court, and to depoſit my remains in my native ſoil;—for I well knew if my departure were without leave, not even the mountains of a diſtant province could ſcreen me from the offended Nero.

After an abſence of only twenty days, I reached Corinth much improved in health and ſpirits,—the reſult doubtleſs of unceaſing exerciſe—a ſubdued diet—and of a calm but fixed reſolution to effect my return to Jeruſalem,—none of which bleſſings had I much cultivated under the gilded ſlavery, ſo neceſſarily experienced in the ſervice of an emperor, and eſpecially of one whoſe attachment and tyranny were ſo artfully combined—for ſuch was Nero's

* Such was the condition of Megara when Cartaphilus thus chronicled; but it has almoſt wholly vaniſhed, and indeed may be ſaid to have retained nothing but its name.

ever,—though far leſs towards me than others. In all truth, however, I muſt record it, Nero had been moſt kind to me; but my time was always his, never my own, if he ſuggeſted: when a demand was made upon it, no thought could I ever cheriſh for a moment of excuſing myſelf, though ſometimes in great mental agony. Were clouds all around my ſoul, ſunſhine muſt diſpel them all, and ſuddenly too; and yet, thanks for the remembrance, leſs was demanded of me, ſave in pleaſures, than from his other favourites: he loved me, becauſe I was ever cheerful—he ſought me becauſe he was ever compenſated—he honoured me, becauſe my ſuperior mind abſorbed his, without any mortification,—and he ſometimes ſpared me, becauſe of his conſciouſneſs that ſmaller ſouls would often ſuit him better!—and thus, between love, reſpect, and dignity on the one hand, and my own cheriſhed gaiety and deep ſkill in pleaſures, on the other, my time with Nero had been ſuffered to paſs with leſs occaſion for *adulation* (ſo violative of my nature) than perhaps with any other of his courtiers, could the truth be faithfully recorded of them.*

NERONIANA CONTINUED.

Arrived at Corinth, the monarch's reception of me was moſt gracious. I found him ſeated with *Helius;* each on a couch, in cloſe and obviouſly awakening converſe. Helius, who had juſt arrived from Rome, greeted me warmly; and ſeemed diſpoſed to ſuffer me at once to participate in the ſubject of his communication, and in the cauſe of his haſty appearance in Greece. But Nero's pride indicated to the incautious Helius the Emperor's preference that we ſhould now ſpeak of other matters,—ſo that I inſtantly inquired, and with apparent ſolicitude, as to the progreſs that had

* The remarkable deteſtation of *flattery*, always manifeſted by Cartaphilus, ſeems to have been a collateral reſult from Jewiſh hatred of all *idolatry*. Thus do the impreſſions of early education ſometimes cleave to us in the midſt of mutations in character, of a far different and more pervading nature. To this cauſe muſt we frequently impute the apparent inconſiſtencies, if not contradictions, ſo often found in Cartaphilus. The ſeeds of virtue, planted by an early moral culture, often lie buried, as if wholly deſtroyed; but time and circumſtances occaſionally will revive them; and though feebly, they ſtill exert a ſubdued influence, and give riſe to feelings and conduct that greatly mitigate the otherwiſe deformed and odious general outline. Strong ſenſe, a highly cultivated mind, and ſound morals implanted in the youthful mind, though followed by much corruption in after life, are generally found to excite an influence upon character, which nothing through the whole ſtream of life can wholly obliterate: and this trait is remarkably ſhown in theſe chronicles of his eventful career,—and alſo in that of the apoſtate Julian; whoſe character bears no ſlight reſemblance to that of Cartaphilus.

been made in the mighty ſcheme of uniting the two gulfs. But alas! this, if poſſible, was yet more unfortunate; and then, with an unconſcious quickneſs, I ſpoke, not of Nero—nor of Rome, nor yet of any thing in Greece, but wholly of myſelf,—and in ſo ſprightly and entertaining a manner withal, that the Emperor was greatly charmed, and ſeemed to have forgotten the troubles of which his Miniſter was evidently the bearer.

Now, as to the *canal*, the truth was that, during my ſhort abſence, the vulgar and ſuperſtitious people had taken much alarm; and reported that the gods frowned upon the undertaking from its commencement! They inſiſted that blood had been ſeen to guſh from the earth, when the firſt axe had penetrated it—that dreadful moans had afterwards been heard to iſſue, as if from deep caverns—that phantoms had been ſeen by many; and finally, that Nero himſelf had been warned by Egyptian mathematicians, that Corinth and the Iſthmus would be deluged, ſhould the work be perſiſted in; for that the level of the two ſeas had been aſcertained, and that the Ionian was conſiderably higher than the Ægean! In the ſeventy-fifth day, then, after the Emperor had ſtruck his golden pick-axe into the Iſthmus, I was not ſurpriſed to find an Order from him to forthwith deſiſt from further work: and thus ended a noble enterpriſe defeated by ignorance; but which, in days of leſs folly and popular ſuperſtition may be effected.*

As to the other matter, that ſoon cauſed our return to Rome, (and as to which the Emperor had been ſo ſilent, believing me quite uninformed of that) the truth alſo was that all had been ſuſpected by me, if not fully known, even before my departure for Athens. The letters Helius then wrote to me, and thoſe received from others, had ſufficiently appriſed me that this miniſter of Nero (who with the freedman Polycletus, was entruſted with the government during the emperor's abſence) had many tumults to contend with, that would ſpeedily end in open rebellion, if the Emperor long delayed his abſence. Helius had repeatedly urged his return in vain; for Nero was daily greeted with victories he had never won, and with laurels, freſh and odorous only through flattery; ſo that this miniſter, wearied and diſappointed at the Emperor's ſilence, and his ſtrange proceedings in Greece, had ſecretly haſtened to Corinth, and revealed to his maſter that deep conſpiracies were

* Cartaphilus ſtill regards the forſaken enterpriſe as moſt worthy of the preſent time to execute, and as one of eaſy accompliſhment, that would be followed by ſignal advantages, not only to all the ſix diviſions of the Peloponnēſus, (an iſland, or rather peninſula, of not leſs than 500 miles in circuit, and of about 7,800 ſquare miles) but to the whole of Greece: and ſhould any of the great Powers of Chriſtendom quietly poſſeſs it, a vaſt commerce would again revive, and Corinth once more become a magnificent city!

then forming againſt his throne and life, which could brook no further delay of him in Greece. Then only was it that Nero's ear was opened; all previous entreaties had been but unimpreſſive air; but now the words of Helius were inſtinct with galling alarm. Helius, however, had not revealed the whole truth; as he failed to ſtate that, during every hour of his ſovereign's abſence, he had proved to the Romans as cruel a ſcourge as Nero had ever been, and a leſs acceptable one, as 'tis man's nature to endure with leſs patience the wrongs of a deputy, than thoſe of an acknowledged principal. Helius therefore ſoon became himſelf in great peril; and ſought Nero in Greece, as much for protection, as for his maſter's intereſts!

Matters after ſuch revelations were ſoon in readineſs for our departure towards Rome: and here it may be well to remark that, if Nero's hours whilſt in Greece were much abſorbed in pleaſures, and alſo in the exploit as to the Iſthmus, he was by no means forgetful of that conſiſtency of his wonted character, which could not be oblivious of cruelty; for he there committed many enormities, in harmony with the nature of a ſoul that twice ſought, and then extinguiſhed a mother's life—and *that* followed by a humorous contemplation of the marvellous beauty of her corpſe! But his cruelties in Greece will not be recorded—ſave one, ex uno diſcere omnes!

The excellent Corbulo, whom the Romans deſired to elevate to the throne, had, however, proved himſelf moſt faithful to his emperor; and in proof had ſent his beloved ſon as an hoſtage to Nero's beſt friend, king Tiridates of Armenia! Nero, on being appriſed of this, invited Corbulo to Greece, called him father, and benefactor: but oh, when Corbulo reached Greece, and was fully within the monſter's graſp, this ſame "ſon of Corbulo" hurled the confiding Roman to inſtant death! Many others were ſacrificed, and under circumſtances almoſt equally revolting: for during our haſty return to Italy, the whole heart of Nero ſeemed changed into nothing *but gall;* and he ſighed for Rome, with threats of black vengeance againſt nearly all of the Roman Senate!

When we arrived at Beneventum, a ſhort diſtance from Neapolis, the emperor's fury was raiſed to madneſs, upon hearing that Vinicius had headed a daring conſpiracy, which only at that moment had become known. How much blood was inſtantly ſhed, and even before we reached Neapolis, I will paſs over in loathing ſilence: but how poor is language to expreſs my feelings, when we heard a few hours thereafter, that the venal Senate, even before it knew of our arrival at Beneventum, had iſſued the moſt fulſome decrees of welcoming Nero,—thanking the Gods for his expected return, and for all the glories won by him in Greece!

Arrival of Nero at Neapolis—Alba.

The blood so lately lavished by Nero, followed by the flattering words of the Senate, had somewhat softened his feelings; and having reached the walls of Neapolis (next to Rome his favourite city) he there resolved to commence his triumphal progress towards the Imperial City—with a pomp commemorative of the God-Nero's Expedition into Greece, and of his safe and glorious return to his Beloved Italy! *Arrival at Neapolis.*

But if Nero's mind was somewhat eased, mine had been greatly aggravated: but extreme caution was now the law of my life—if it had any value left. I mused upon Alcæus—revelled in the thought of again seeing Rebecca, of sitting with her in the peaceful shades of Pella, conversing upon their extensive travels, and upon my own varied life. In those sweet anticipations, I realized not, even for a moment, that sixty and five are the moons of Nisan that have departed since my melancholy birth—and that Rebecca could not now be the fresh and joyous maiden, who, upon Kedron's garnished banks, or on Gilead's verdant heights, would often cull the wild flowers, playfully cast them on me, or gracefully weave them into my then raven locks, and declare (in jesting words, but with a heart of feeling and belief she could ill conceal) how "beautiful" I looked! Oh, how sweet are such reminiscences, how delightful the illusion that brings such innocence to view, and makes one thus oblivious of the wretched changes life brings on!

But we were not yet within the walls of Neapolis—*that* was an Imperial ceremonial now, for the first time to be witnessed by me. Under the Emperor's order, a portion of those walls was to be speedily demolished,—that through a more spacious aperture Rome's dread sovereign might proudly enter: and this entrance was in a gorgeous car, drawn by six richly caparisoned horses, shining in milk-like whiteness! The noisy greetings of myriads attended him; and these vociferations seemed the offering of joyous spirits—and welcomed that wicked monarch just as kindly, as if Nero had ever been their friend, and that of universal man!

A day in Neapolis made us quit of it: but, in what force and splendour we departed, need scarce be told, since it was an hourly increasing one. We advanced slowly to *Antium*—where Nero first saw light—thence to *Alba*, and through numerous other towns, until finally we reached the gates of Rome: and during our whole progress from Neapolis to the Imperial City, the line of the way exhibited an unbroken chain of triumphal receptions—each continually swelling the tide of those who now would do honour to Nero! *The Procession towards Rome.*

Whilst the august procession had been thus increasing in num-

bers, it of courſe became proportionately more varied and glorious; but to *my* eye it ſeemed to picture forth its *maſter*—bright and pompous and ſmiling outward—black and hollow and malignant inward! Strange ſpectacle! myriads of countenances, and of hearts, utterly divorced from each other! alſo voices of gladneſs and feelings of deſpair, in hideous aſſociation! Many faces in that proceſſion, well known to me, could not abide my ſearching eye—truth and nature being ſtronger than artifice and flattery,—and our eye ſilently and reciprocally divulged, what words dared not utter! —and ſuch, ſaid I to myſelf, is the myſterious influence of *one man over myriads!*—an ænigma truly wonderful: for, in that proceſſion were many brave and daring ſpirits,—and yet not *one* to hurl the tyrant from off the earth!—it doth baffle all philoſophy!

But the *materials* of that great proceſſion muſt not be forgotten, in the wonder cauſed by its anomalous *mind.* Firſt, were ſeen the Eighteen Hundred Crowns, awarded in Greece to Rome's mighty ſovereign,—each crown with an inſcription, denoting by whom—when—and why conferred; as alſo the adverſaries whom the emperor had vanquiſhed!—and to this was added the flattering declaration that NERO was the firſt, throughout all time, who had received ſuch brilliant rewards! Then came the ſame long extended retinue that had accompanied the Emperor into Greece, with all their gorgeous appendages:—next, and in the centre of the whole proceſſion, appeared the EMPEROR, followed by the muſicians, vocal and inſtrumental, in great force,—then, in majeſty and ſplendour came Rome's *Senators*, and all the Chief Authorities of the City, all in their appropriate habiliments,—to them ſucceeded the New Legion, compoſed of the talleſt men of all Italy, the whole of the ſame height: and theſe are called by Nero, "*The Great Alexander's Phalanx.*" And laſtly came on, the Deputations from Neapolis, and other places—on horſe, or in vehicles of every faſhion.—Such was the proceſſion, by the time it reached Rome's gates—but, doubtleſs, it had often ſomewhat varied in its progreſs—thouſands gradually retiring, and others coming in!

The car which Nero occupied on this occaſion, was that which Auguſtus uſed in his triumph: and upon Nero's head was placed the Olympic Crown of olive. In his right hand was the great Pythian crown,—his robe was of the richeſt Tyrian purple, and his mantle ſpotted with myriads of golden ſtars, was more gorgeous and dazzling than Herod Agrippa, in all his vanity and extravagance had known how to conceive!

As we approached the City, the moſt brilliant garlands were every where ſeen; and, on entering it, the very heavens were perfumed with incenſe, ſmoking in fantaſtic curls in a thouſand places!

The ſtreets were covered with ſaffron—flowers were ſhowered

towards the Emperor, from every direction—and the rareſt *birds*, the moſt curious *confections* and even *paſtries*, (delicious in odours and *equal in taſtes*,) were in like manner beſtowed in rapid ſucceſſion and in waſteful profuſion—deſigned to honour Majeſty and to ſuſtain the almoſt fainting Multitude! The whole preſented a vaſt *Saturnalia;* for everything in nature, that was animate, had licenſe freely to partake; and amply did they refreſh themſelves.

The proceſſion paſſed through the *Forum* to the Temple of the *Palatine Apollo**—there it divided; a portion with their laurels went to the Capitol,—but Nero, with his Crowns and Inſcriptions, proceeded to the Imperial Palace—where they depoſited thoſe appertaining to the Sacred Games, and from thence to the Hippodrome, where the Emperor ſaw the reſt hung upon the Egyptian Obeliſk.†

SECTION XXII.—Rome, u.c. 821. *Seleucidæ*, 380. *Thamuz*, 11th. [A.D. 68, June 20.]

NERO is no more!—like a ſplendid but foul viſion from ſome nether world, he, and his tremendous power, and morbid love of miſchief—his pomp and his glory, have all vaniſhed! Thoſe countleſs voices that, ſo ſhort a time ſince, hypocritically ſung his praiſes—declaring him another Hercules—a ſecond Apollo, and that he alone ſince time began, deſerved his glory, are now, as to his praiſes, huſhed in death-like ſilence—but, as to his foul demerits, are ſuddenly awakened to the keeneſt execrations! Oh, how unlike is the preſent multitude to that, which, only a few moons ſince, had cracked their voices, and made the heavens reverberate with their flattering ſhouts! But Nero, now, is alike unconſcious of praiſe and of blame!

Nero fell; and how he acted, when ſtern adverſity had ſurely come, deſerves much more than a paſſing notice in my Chronicles: —'tis a *leſſon* of no ordinary occurrence—a *ſtudy* for all that would tyrannize—a *volume*, for all who know not that a wretched adverſity as ſurely follows a reckleſs proſperity, as doth the intangible ſhadow its palpable ſubſtance!

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* The Temple of the Palatine Apollo was erected by Auguſtus; and ſtood not far from the preſent ſite of the Arch of Titus, on grounds lately occupied by the Convent of St. Bonaventura.

† This Obeliſk is the ſame that now occupies the centre of the *Piazza di S. Pietro in Vaticano*. It was brought to Rome by Caligula, from Heliopolis of Egypt; where it had been raiſed by Nuncoréus, the ſon of Seſoſtris. It was dedicated by Caligula to Auguſtus; but Nero conveyed it to the Hippodrome; which then occupied a part of the preſent ſite of St. Peter's Baſilica,—where it remained till Pope Sixtus V. transferred it to the ſpot it now graces.

Conſpiracy againſt Nero—His Laſt hours.

Nero finiſhed his infamous career, at that primal period of man's exiſtence, in which are uſually developed his entire capacity of uſefulneſs, or of equal miſchief—he being then in the ſixth month of the xxxiſt year of his age—having reigned fourteen years, and nearly four months; during which brief time, he had cauſeleſſly ſhed more blood, and committed more outrages and fierce cruelties upon man and beaſt and property, than, perhaps any other mortal ever did, by his own direct and individual means!——And yet, to me it ſeemeth, that even *this Nero*, through the whole of his inſenſate career, is leſs to be blamed than the *Roman Senate and People!*—for Nero was but *one*, with myriads to flatter and miſlead, and to pamper his every paſſion,—the Senate and People were *many;* and having, in truth, all the power—the enaction and guardianſhip of all laws—and being themſelves, moreover, the legitimate ſource of all the wealth and honours that do or can ariſe, their heavy load of guilt becomes the weightier, when we know that a ſingle day of firm and virtuous reſolution, would have put to flight—and did—all of Nero's vanities and cruelties, and even his diſpoſition to commit them!

And, that this may be ſeen the more clearly, witneſs the cloſing ſcene of Nero!

NERO'S LAST HOURS.

Soon after the Emperor's return from Greece, he was again found at Neapolis, but at his wonted folly of acting plays!—Vindex was then in Gaul, contriving a revolt; and Galba, the governor of a province in Spain, was reaping more than golden honours in the people's affections, ſo fairly his due; for he, as well as Vindex are men of high birth, rank, and military experience. No marvel, then, if ſuch congenial ſouls ſhould come together and fabricate a holy treaſon, to rid the world of a monſter, who poiſoned the happineſs of millions, and jeoparded the ſafety of a whole empire!

Vindex, who was not ambitious of imperial dignity, and who wielded a force of more than ten legions, applied ſecretly to Galba to aid him in caſting off that ſhameful yoke—to revenge the miſeries of the empire, to aſſume the imperial title and powers himſelf, and to reſtore liberty and happineſs to an oppreſſed people. Galba, however, was now ſomewhat aged and infirm: and though patriotic and brave, poſſeſſed not the ambition and zeal that once would have actuated him. There were others, moreover, who, more ſiniſter in their motives than Vindex, deſired to ſuſtain Galba only from the hope of early ſucceeding him! Among thoſe ſelfiſh aſpirants were *Otho*, long a participator in Nero's luſtful exceſſes—and *Nymphidius:* the former then being governor, or imperial

legate, in Luſitania and the latter at Rome, where he was diſtinguiſhed, in the command of the Imperial Guards in conjunction with Tigellinus.

Nero, when laſt at Neapolis, as alſo on his return to Rome, ſeemed little concerned at the rumour of Vindex's rebellion: but, upon hearing of Galba's participation, he was in great diſmay. It ſo chanced that at the very moment the official news arrived concerning Vindex, Nero was engaged in amuſing ſome of the Senators with a curious water-organ; and had jocoſely ſaid, "If our good *Vindex* will permit, this organ ſhall be uſed by me upon the ſtage." But ſcarce had theſe contemptous words as to Vindex been uttered, when the news was heralded of GALBA's actual revolt! This ſo excited the emperor, that he inſtantly caſt down with violence two ſplendid cryſtal vaſes then near him, and ſhivered them into pieces! Poor Nero!—he at once fainted with exceſſive rage and fear combined: and, upon his revival, ſeemed without hope, and abſorbed in morbid and moody thought. Shortly after, he again became furious, and ſet a price upon the head of Vindex, alſo proclaimed Galba a public enemy; and even had courage ſufficient to ſummon his legions to go ſeek the rebels—but Nero went not himſelf!

All things now, however, went againſt him; the army and the people were rouſed in favour of the conſpirators; and even the faithful Pretorians forſook him, ſo ſoon as the Imperial cowardice became fully revealed. Nero then ſaw that his ſtar was blotted out!—he abandoned haſtily his palace, and retired to the Servilian Gardens—taking with him a golden box of precious deadly poiſon!—but this he feared to take, ſince Hope was ſcarce to be found in that box, but *might* yet be lurking elſewhere, even in his then deſperate condition! He next deſired to fly into Egypt; but the few attendants now with him refuſed to accompany him thither; and one of them ſneeringly interrogated him, in the words of Virgil, "*Uſque adeone mori miſerum eſt?*" "Is it then ſuch a miſery to die?" Another tauntingly ſaid to the Emperor, "The Arenarii will not deny thee a ſubterranean refuge; the Sand-pits, ſo frequented by the Nazarenes and Jews, will be a place of perfect ſecurity!" Nero mournfully turned to Phaon and ſaid, "Never ſhall I be found under ground, while living.*"

* The *Arenarii* were, no doubt, the ſand-diggers alluded to by Suetonius, Cicero, and others, as being engaged in the gradual formation of thoſe extenſive ſubterranean excavations, now known as the *Catacombs*, which lie beneath the City—penetrate the ſoil many miles in various directions, and which had become, even thus early, places of refuge and of burial for Chriſtians, Jews, and refugees, and, indeed, for all who were oppreſſed in thoſe dreadful times. In them were buried many thouſand martyrs during the early centuries. Theſe catacombs, in after times, became nearly forgotten, and perhaps unknown, from the fourth

Nero's Laſt Hours.

The emperor then thought of his good friend Tiridates, to whom he had given Armenia's crown; but *how* to reach that land was now the teſting hope. His further expedient was an appeal to the magnanimity of Galba, and to caſt himſelf into his arms!—but Nero was forced to ſee that this could not be effected, as his own numerous foes were then between himſelf and Galba. And laſtly, in the agony of his perilous condition, he prepared an *harangue;* and deſired ſpeedily to mount the Roſtrum, and there humbly to implore the People's pardon of all the paſt!—but this, even to Nero, ſoon appeared ridiculous, as he well knew the mob would rend him to pieces, long before he could gain the roſtrum.

At length, at midnight, upon hearing that Galba had been actually proclaimed emperor, he ruſhed from his bed; and finding that not a ſingle guard remained, he prayed a domeſtic to deſtroy him, by giving that mortal blow, he had not ſufficient nerve himſelf to inflict!—but even that poor ſervice was denied him. Hope's laſt dregs were now exhauſted. But ſhortly after, his freedman, named Phaon appeared, and offered to ſecrete the Emperor of the Univerſe, in his own humble tenement, four miles from Rome,—where the once mighty Nero—he whoſe ſtatue was then towering to the ſkies, and whoſe Golden Houſe, at one time would have pleaſed him better, had emerald and adamant been its ſole materials, now promptly accepted Phaon's offer; and, with naked feet, and little covering, this "Maſter of the World" haſtened on horſe, with Phaon and three other wretched attendants, to ſeek that humble ſhelter.

In performing ſo ſhort a journey, however, it was not without

down to the fifteenth century: but they have been ſince very carefully explored and deſcribed, as far as the policy of the Roman Church has ſeen fit to permit. The labours in this reſpect of *Boſio, Severano, Boldetti, Botari,* of *Rochette,* and others, have revealed much of the intereſting wonders of thoſe dark and ſacred abodes of the early martyrs; and will relieve the Editor of theſe Chronicles from making Cartaphilus a further witneſs of the marvels that may be revealed to the anxious curioſity of the preſent age. Suffice it to ſay, that the remains of 170,000 martyrs and of fourteen Popes are ſaid to lie there; and that the excavation extends as far as Oſtia, or about ſixteen miles in that direction! St. Jerom, and all who allude to that *City of the Dead,* are entirely confirmed by Cartaphilus, and now eſpecially by the numerous copies made of the inſcriptions and pictorial deſigns; and by the many removed portions of each, that are to be found in the Vatican and elſewhere, which of themſelves abundantly prove all tradition; and now form a moſt intereſting chronicle of the endurance, ſufferings, and deaths of the primitive Chriſtians. The principal entrance now into the Catacombs of Rome, is at the Baſilica of S. Sebaſtian; and that portion near the *Via Latina,* called the cemetery of Priſcilla, contains ſeveral avenues, and ſtreets, and ſome *forums,* uſed in the early centuries for religious meetings. When Chriſtianity became the eſtabliſhed religion, many bodies of eminent martyrs were removed to the churches, and the catacombs were no longer uſed as cemeteries.

many trials and perils; for ſo cloſe was the Pretorian camp to his only road, that he was compelled to diſtinctly hear the imprecations of the ſoldiers againſt Nero, and their fervent acclamations in favour of Galba. At that inſtant, alſo, ſome plebeians accoſted the diſquieted Emperor, and ſaid, "What news of Nero in the city—doſt thou hear thoſe diſtant ſounds of the ſcouts in ſearch of him?—they ſay Nero hath fled from Rome!" At that moment were heard in the diſtance the *Viatores*, ſolemnly proclaiming on the roads, as they paſſed the villas of the country Senators, that an *extraordinary* meeting of the Senate would take place in the morning. Theſe petty officers diſcharge that duty, only when the ſenate is convened at other times than on the Kalends and the Ides of each month: and now, as their ſolemn voices broke upon night's ſilence, they ſeemed as Pluto's warnings to Nero's deſolated ſoul!

In the emperor's then condition, together with the darkneſs of the night, the vivid lightnings, and craſhing thunder which then diſturbed the heavens, ſo alarmed him that all utterance was gone; which want of ſpeech, however, was his reſcue—for, as the ruſtics were ſtill queſtioning him, but with no ſuſpicion, a reply to them was happily rendered unneceſſary, by the ſudden ſtarting of Nero's horſe at the ſmell of a dead body almoſt beneath his feet! Thus the imperial fugitive's tenacious ſilence had paſſed unobſerved; and his voice, moreover, might have been known to ſome even of thoſe ſimple people. In the inſtant after, Nero's horſe having ſuddenly brought him in advance of the inquiſitive ruſtics, the ſpring of the animal deprived the rider of his maſk, and at once revealed to the keen eye of an aged Pretorian ſoldier, his now fallen Sovereign! The Pretorian, however, was ſelf-poſſeſſed, and ſilent: he kindly ſaluted Nero in a whiſper—all was well again; and the new friend proved ſerviceable, and entirely faithful!

When within a furlong of Phaon's houſe, Nero deſcended from his horſe, and was obliged to take a path that leads through a field of bullruſhes, intermixed with briers and thiſtles,—preferring even that great annoyance, to the actual or ſuppoſed danger of a more open entry into his deſigned ſhelter, ſmall and little known as it really was!

Nero had abandoned his palace for the Servilian Gardens in extreme haſte and terror, at midnight, too, and when ſuddenly arouſed from his bed; and hence the then proffered kindneſs of his freedman had ſo abſorbed him, that he was ſeated upon his horſe by Phaon, nearly without clothing! The night however was quite warm; but, in croſſing the moraſs adjoining Phaon's home, the now humbled monarch ſuffered greatly in his almoſt naked feet; and often ſcreened them by caſting his mantle down before himſelf—thus making but ſlow progreſs through the ruſhes and briers,

towards the dwelling of one ſo late his ſlave! In this arduous work over the pathleſs field, the venerable Pretorian ſoldier willingly gave his own feeble aid; and the little party at length found themſelves within a few rods of the tenement ſo anxiouſly ſought—but ſtill ſo in the rear, that no entrance could be had without dealing with the little wall, as Nero ſo lately had done with the proud and maſſive ones of Neapolis.

Whilſt Phaon and the reſt, therefore, were actively employed in making a hole in the wall, through which Nero might paſs, that exhauſted "Ruler of the Nations"—that "Victor" at all the Games of Greece, lay concealed and horror-ſtricken amidſt the reeds, and periſhing with thirſt! In that ſad ſtate, nature had triumphed over pride; for the Emperor reſorted to the ſlimy puddles of the moraſs for water—taking it up with his hands, and ſaying mournfully, "*This now is Nero's only drink!*"

The aperture being finiſhed, behold the "Maſter of the Univerſe" creeping through it on hands and knees! Oh, the ficklenes of Fortune's wheels!—no lofty gates of Neapolis were now to be ſpurned, no lofty walls were to be levelled, that Nero in his gorgeous car, attended by myriads, might enter: and yet, had the fallen Emperor continued in his palace—been ſelf-poſſeſſed, and met his inevitable fate, as a manly and valorous Roman, many at that time, and all poſterity, might have yielded more willingly a ſigh of ſympathy, even for that moſt wicked among rulers, than can now be done: but even Cartaphilus muſt withhold it from him, after thinking of that which ſoon followed at Phaon's houſe!

In that humble dwelling, all that the fallen monarch could obtain was a ſmall room, a rugged couch, ſome poor viands, and a loaf of brown bread—ſuch as Imperial eyes had never ſeen. But even ſuch may prove great bleſſings, when heart and ſoul are not diſeaſed: this was not Nero's condition; his conſcience was as the burning lava; and his fear of death as morbidly terrific, as if Gehenna's horrors were all then broadly before him!

Day was now nearly dawning; and in the early morn, the roads were crowded with anxious people. In a few hours after, the ſhouts from the City were remotely heard by Nero and his little Court; and all this imported the people's joy at Galba's elevation to the throne. The few around the wretched Nero urged him vehemently to terminate at once his mental agony by poiſon, or by the dagger; for that *eſcape* was now hopeleſs; and that a far more painful death certainly awaited him. But the irreſolute and guilty monarch feared the myſterious things beyond the tomb, far more than the calamities around him, or than the rage of earthly foes, compared with that of the offended gods,—ſo that Nero could

now do no more than mingle his loud and fitful ſobs, with feeble promiſes, that *preſently* he would end his life!

Phaon then placed in Nero's hands a copy of the Senate's decree: and when he reached the clauſe, "*and ſhall be puniſhed to the utmoſt rigour of the ancient laws*," the diſconſolate monarch piteouſly inquired what theſe words *truly* imported,—and on being informed by his Freedman that the ſentenced perſon was to be *ſtripped naked, with his head faſtened between a fork, and thus whipped to death*, he inſtantly ſeized on two daggers, felt their points, but gently laid them aſide, and implored that ſome one might teach him how to die, by uſing the dagger himſelf! This ſtrange requeſt, (the reſult either of his maddened mind, or of the long habit expecting ſtrict obedience to his commands) was of courſe firmly declined by all,—when the Senate's meſſenger was ſeen approaching directly towards Phaon's houſe! Nero thereupon fitfully gazed upon the daggers—then anon, upon the jewelled poiſon-box, and with agony upon the haſtening meſſenger: in the moment after, he feebly ſnatched a dagger, and as feebly ſtruck it in his throat: but the work was not done—the dagger was kindly plunged thoroughly deep, by Epaphroditus, his ſecretary, who had juſt arrived! The Senate's Centurion then ruſhed in—Nero was ſtill alive, and after whiſpering that his enemies ſhould not have his body, but that it might be burnt, he quickly expired *——the re-

* Nero terminated his life, as ſome ſay, June 9th, A. D. 67, in the conſulſhip of Silius Italicus and Trachalus Turpilianus: but others, with Cartaphilus, aſſign that conſulſhip to U. C. 821—A. D. 68, and Nero's death to June 11th of that year,—this being about ten days before the date of this Section of his Chronicles.

Under the head of "Neroniana," it will be ſeen that Cartaphilus ends his remarks on the Roman faſhion of life in thoſe days—and with the laſt hours of Nero's extraordinary career. The Editor hopes that the truthful view the Chronicler has given of the wonderful phyſical power of the Empire—its overgrown luxury—its deep moral degradation and ſuperlative wickedneſs—its untold wealth, and great political influences throughout the world during the entire Apoſtolic Age,—together with the ſeeming feebleneſs, on the other hand, of that infant and deſpiſed Aſſociation of Nazarenes that ſo contemned the world's grandeur and all of its power—but which eventually gained an immortal victory over every obſtacle, will not fail to impreſs on the reader (when thus placed in ſtriking contraſt) a deep conviction that thoſe great reſults were not accompliſhed by mere human means.

If the gods of the Romans—the influences of their Prieſthood—the ſeductive gratification of every ſenſual paſſion—the hatred of Gentiles againſt Jews—the power of the ancient religion—the abhorrence of Heathens againſt the Chriſtians—the cruel perſecutions they experienced as the only aſſerters of a Reſurrection, and of a Tri-une God, and of an unknown ſyſtem of religion and of morals,—if all theſe circumſtances proved inſufficient to extinguiſh, or even to arreſt the progreſs of Chriſtianity, and that, too, even in its very *dawn*, how

queſt was granted; and Nero repoſes in the tomb of the Domitii. [III Idus Juniæ—U. C. 821.]

much more wonderful appears the glorious reſult, when we behold the boundleſs Roman empire's tremendous hoſtility exerted altogether in vain—and the gentle Nazarenes riſing in dignity and power; and finally, all ancient things fading away before a few obſcure Galileans,—and they waving no other banner than that of a Crucified Bethlehemite! And all this we find ſufficiently manifeſted, during a ſingle reign, as given in the Neroniana.

CHRONICLES OF CARTAPHILUS,

THE

Wandering Jew.

BOOK THE FIFTH

CHRONICLES OF

Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew.

BOOK V.

An quiſquam eſt alius liber, niſi ducere vitam
Cui licet, ut voluit.—PERSIUS.

Paleſtine.

SECTION XXIII.—JERUSALEM, *Seleucidæ*, 380; *Tiſri*, 13.
[September 29, A.D. 68.]

NOW that I once more breathe my native air, I feel the words of Perſius with a force unknown of me during all the years of my abſence from Paleſtine—for who can regard himſelf a freeman, but he who hath the power to ſpend his life as he deſires and wills? After Galba's acceſſion, I found my continuance in Rome perilous,—and ſhould have earlier departed, but that my accumulations in money, and in numerous articles of Roman luxury during my reſidence of two and twenty years, were too numerous for a more haſty exit, and now too eſſential to my habits to be abandoned as an hereditas jacens to others.

Condition of Paleſtine.

MY long and intimate acquaintance with the late emperor, and eſpecially my attendance on him to Greece, had made me ſo notorious to the multitude, and ſo odious to many, that my life was daily in ſome jeopardy—I had long ſighed for many of my youthful ſcenes; and retroſpection had often ſo abſorbed me as to render my connexion with Nero more arduous than my friends around ſuppoſed, or than I was willing myſelf fully to admit: for habit often rules us with a tyrant's rod.

Well hath Petronius (the "*Arbiter Elegantiarum*" of my Nero) ſaid,

Animus quod perdidit optat,
Atque in præterita ſe totus imagine verſat.

We were never intimate, but always harmonized ſufficiently—I deplored his melancholy fate; for Petronius, who never flattered the emperor, nor Tigellinus, could ſcarce hope to eſcape death from either or both—and I had been more fortunate than Petronius only becauſe more politic, and more licentious; and, moreover, as his death had brought me into ſtill higher favour, I have recorded but little of Petronius; whom my judgment, rather than my liking, greatly valued; for his habits, though elegant, were extremely peculiar, and I now would make him ſome, though too feeble amends, by ſtating my conviction that he had a noble ſoul, a noble genius, and a more noble conſciouſneſs of rectitude, than almoſt any other who frequented that corrupt Court. Theſe my Chronicles may not ſoon ſee the light, if ever; but I would have none ſuppoſe that Cartaphilus envied Petronius the honourable title of *Arbiter*, ſo juſtly conferred by Nero—for in all courteous ſociety, and in all matters of refined taſte, Petronius ſeldom has met his equal in Rome.

But here am I, once more, in the Holy City—in the beloved land of our pious forefathers; but oh, how changed are both! Of myſelf, I need not ſpeak; my heart tells me my Roman Life hath been fit for no Jew, nor even Samaritan: and as for Jeruſalem, it is now filled with robbers! John, the *Giſchalite*, their reckleſs leader, now reigns here ſupreme! Veſpaſian and his ſon Titus, both ever victorious, have yet failed to ſubdue that fierce and deceitful man! Iſrael's defence is indeed in fearful hands—theſe robbers make and unmake all things, profane and holy—yea, even the High Prieſt cometh from them; and by *lot*, too, is he ſelected,—but only from the meaneſt and the moſt diſſolute claſs of their choice! The Holy Temple is vilely deſecrated, and in a way unknown there, in *my time:* part thereof is now their *citadel*—many of thoſe ſeditious and miſguided people, called *Zealots*, are united with thoſe robbers from the hills; and are waging impious war, not only againſt ſome of their countrymen, and the Romans, but againſt God's own anointed—the lawful high-prieſt *Ananus:* and the infamous Giſchalite, deceiving the venerable Ananus, has held ſecret correſpondence with thoſe Zealots,—and thus brought into the once Holy Jeruſalem the odious Idumeans!—not as a defence againſt the Romans only, but mainly to ſtrengthen his own hideouſly wicked faction. And oh, is not Edom now in the ſeat of *Jacob?* Doth not Eſau ſtrive to be *revenged* upon Iſrael for the loſs of his

birthright? *Can* this be ſo?—fain would I ſtrive againſt the thought. But if ſo, will it endure? Is not Eſau to periſh *utterly?** Theſe Idumeans now have poſſeſſion of the Temple; and, uniting with the Zealots, have ſlaughtered many of our people—impriſoned many, and at length have foully murdered our Ananus! The wealthy Zecharias alſo, whom they idly accuſed of favouring Veſpaſian, they ſlew, even in the Altar's preſence; and that, too, at the moment his judges had acquitted him! We are deſtroying each other, inſtead of driving out the Romans, our only foes:—often are we forced to ſeek refuge among the Romans, rather than meet the far greater cruelties of Iſrael's ſons! Thouſands of thoſe who ſhould have haſtened in union againſt Roman oppreſſion, now lie dead and unburied in Jeruſalem's ſtreets—the miſerable victims of faction, and of civil broils! Until of late, our beſt hope was in Flavius Josephus: but alas, he is now Veſpaſian's priſoner! Aſcalon and Gadarà and Jotapāta and Giſchalà—yea, even the lofty and once inacceſſible Gamalà have all fallen with terrific ſlaughter; and now are in the undiſturbed poſſeſſion of our implacable foes: and laſtly, all Galilee and Peréa, and even Idumea are entirely ſubdued,—whilſt Veſpaſian, at Cæſaréa is now pondering deeply upon the means of forthwith reſcuing Jeruſalem from all the factions within her walls—not, indeed, for Iſrael's behoof, but for Roman plunder and deſecration!

Oh Cartaphilus! why didſt thou ſo long tarry at Rome—why waſte ſuch precious hours in Greece, with that madman Nero, when thy diſhonoured and bleeding country ſo greatly needed every ſon of Iſrael. Happily, age hath not ſo blighted thee, but that thou mayeſt yet ſerve Iſrael in this her foreſt peril. Well known unto Veſpaſian is thy long and favoured reſidence with the emperors Claudius and Nero—haſten then to ſeek Veſpaſian's camp: he ſurely will receive thee kindly, not ſuſpecting thy *preſent* mind; and when there, commune freely with Joſephus: and unite with him upon ſome *ſure* plan for his inſtant eſcape: that effected, fail not to rally thy countrymen; and, under the youthful, but experienced and zealous guidance of Flavius Joſephus, teach theſe proud Romans that Iſrael can yet be free!

* This feeble conjecture of Cartaphilus is ſomewhat explained in Section 24, Note †, and in Section 61; where, in after times, he ſaw this matter reſpecting Eſau and Idumea in a clearer and more correct point of view.

SECTION XXIV.—*Tiſri*, 14th day. [September 20, A.D. 68.]

DURING the paſt night, my ſoul has been heavily oppreſſed with the ſcheme of yeſterday—and thus I *muſed* thereon. "Joſephus *muſt* be reſcued! If-"rael's higheſt hopes now lie in him. Flavius ſurely "will remember gratefully our meeting at Rome, in "the matter of the petition he bore to Nero reſpecting the Jewiſh "prieſts, whom the Procurator Felix had put in bonds, "and ſent to Rome for trial. Thoſe prieſts the "zealous young Jew followed to Rome, with anxious "hope to reſcue them from their great peril with Nero."

Cartaphilus reſolves to reſcue Joſephus.

"Joſephus will further recall pleaſingly to his mind, the aid "received of me, upon his arrival at Puteoli, where I then chanced "to be with Nero: for, on his way towards Italy, Flavius had "been miſerably wrecked on the Adriatic coaſt; and he, with ſix "hundred men, were compelled to ſwim for their lives,—ſo that my "eyes beheld, and my hands welcomed and relieved Joſephus, in "that poor condition! He haſtened on from Puteoli to Rome, "bearing kind letters from me to the Empreſs Poppœa, craving to "intereſt her in the object of the Jew's miſſion from Jeruſalem. "Nero detained me with him for a time at Puteoli, almoſt daily "viſiting Neapolis, in regard to the Emperor's then theatrical "campaign in that city!

"How uſeful, moreover, were my letters in his behalf to Pop-"pœa, in obtaining the wiſh of his purſuit, and alſo my perſonal "exertions with Nero, after our return to Rome, will all be kindly "recollected by Flavius, and will fully aſſure him, if need were, of "my perfect fidelity to Jewiſh intereſts, and of my abhorrence of "Rome's oppreſſion of our country.

"And though the Giſchalite now is maſter of Jeruſalem, and "a deadly foe to Joſephus, yet the great priſoner of Veſpaſian will "not couple me with that roaming robber John of Giſchalà, "nor ſuſpect me of practiſing perfidious ſchemes in Veſpaſian's "camp, ſuch as John himſelf did to ſecure the perſon of Joſephus! "Oh no, Flavius, when I reach him there, will harbour no ſuch "thoughts of Cartaphilus: but ſhould he thus rid himſelf of Veſ-"paſian's bonds, and being now in the palmieſt ſtate of life, and in "great military repute, Joſephus will obtain the ſupreme command "of our forces. All Judea will then rally to his ſtandard—Galilee "and Samaria will revive, and then infuſe into our diſtracted "counſels freſh hopes, unanimity, and reſiſtleſs vigour! My deſire "then, is at once to execute this fond hope of mine; and with

His fear of Galba—The Idumeans.

" Joſephus, though but half of my age, to dedicate my remaining " ſtrength and ſoul to deeds of arms, that we may expel from our " ſoil thoſe odious and omnipreſent Romans!"* Such were my meditations as to my hopes with Flavius.

Should another Nero be found in this Galba, Judea would then indeed need every arm for her defence: for Galba, as once I knew him, was truly a veteran; and if, like Nero, he ſhould become cruel, the preſent revolt in Paleſtine might end, not in conqueſt only, but in our extinction for ever, unleſs Iſrael's ſons, from every land, ſhall make bare their arms for unceaſing combat, and once more rely with confidence upon the God of Abraham, and know no other foe *but Rome!*

Be it, then, my fixed purpoſe to reſcue and to co-operate with that brilliant ſtar of Galilee; and when the cloud that now obſcures his proweſs ſhall be withdrawn, then to win back to myſelf, under his bright auſpices, my country's confidence, now ſo juſtly departed from me by reaſon of my long abſence, and yet more from my known intimacy with Nero, the moſt hated of all her oppreſſors. Be it alſo my zealous endeavour to unite *all parties:* for our factions are the foreſt of all our evils; and greatly more to be feared are they, than all the arms of Rome; but this done, let there be no reſt for Iſrael, until Roman ſway within her limits ſhall no more be ſeen—that *not* done, Iſrael is blotted out from among the Nations!

To-morrow, then, will I ſurely repair unto Veſpaſian's camp at Cæſarēa. Be firm, O Cartaphilus! Iſrael's cauſe is that of Abraham: Galba and Veſpaſian cannot deſtroy the Promiſe of ages! †

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* Joſephus was at that time about 33 years of age, he being in his 26th year when at Rome petitioning Nero in behalf of his countrymen. Cartaphilus was his ſenior by about 32 years.

† The alternations of mental light and darkneſs, at this time manifeſted by Cartaphilus, are very ſtriking; and were perhaps the natural reſult of an extremely active mind, contending with his very anomalous condition. He ſeems wholly inſenſible, at times, to all prophecy, ancient, as well as of his own day—and eſpecially as to the ſure *deſtruction* of the once Holy City, and of his Nation: and yet he fearfully realiſes the impending danger, (not, indeed, as prophetically declared, but as of mere human power,) unleſs he can quiet the factions, ſecure Joſephus, and unite all hearts and hands againſt their oppreſſors. But he ſaw not that thoſe very *factions* were, in part, a fulfilment of the neglected prophecies: he loathed the preſence of the *Idumeans*, or Edomites, in Jeruſalem, and makes a feeble alluſion to the prophecy reſpecting them, and of Eſau, the elder brother of Jacob—before whoſe power Jacob would eventually bow: that viſion was but darkly ſeen by Cartaphilus: nor did he, in the Herodian-Idumean family, ſo fatal to Iſrael, perceive any ſubmiſſion of Jacob unto Eſau! It, nevertheleſs, is obvious that the heart and feelings of Cartaphilus were under-

SECTION XXV.—JERUSALEM, *Tiſri*, 22nd day. [September 28th, A.D. 68.]

I HAVE juſt returned from Cæſaréa. Veſpaſian received me moſt kindly,—had much to inquire concerning Nero's death, and his rumoured diſgraceful conduct at Phaon's houſe—alſo, of Galba's military renown, of his ſuppoſed decline in bodily and mental energies—and likewiſe of our curious expedition into Greece. Veſpaſian hated Nero; who, as he knew, had ſent him to Judea, not from any kindneſs, but from cowardice in himſelf, and an unwillingneſs to abandon, even for a time, his own darling pleaſures in Greece, that he might, by his preſence and counſel at leaſt, aid in ſuppreſſing the revolt in Paleſtine. He further ſtated to me that he had juſt deſpatched his ſon TITUS, and alſo King Agrippa, for freſh inſtructions from Galba; and then paſſed on freely to ſpeak to me concerning Flavius Joſephus—who, to my great ſurpriſe, and deep mortification, I found was not in *bonds*—but high in *favour*, though ſtill a nominal priſoner, and reſpected as ſomewhat of a prophet!

His reception by Joſephus.

I failed not, when occaſion offered, to open to the ear of Flavius, the ſecret object of my coming—who liſtened with keen attention, and a much diſturbed mind. But, at length ſpeaking of my wiſh for him, he pleaded much concerning the reſiſtleſs power of Rome—the conqueſt already made of nearly all Paleſtine, ſave Jeruſalem—the deſtruction of many of our faireſt cities—the ſlaughter of more than two hundred and forty ſeven thouſand of our people within the laſt fourteen years!—and moreover, his firm belief that Veſpaſian

going, at that time, a gradual change for the better: and that, although he greatly valued worldly pleaſures, he now more clearly ſaw and deplored his unnatural and wicked connexion with Nero's career, and his mad indulgences in all the Roman ways of life. His hiſtorical faith, during the paſt twenty years, had certainly increaſed; but there is no indication of any *vital* change; ſo that he as yet muſt be regarded as an unbeliever in the New Faith. All perſecution for opinion's ſake was hateful to him, and he warmly ſympathiſed with the Nazarenes when oppreſſed by Romans, or by Jews: but all *that* was philoſophy, more than religion—feeling, more than faith of any kind—tenderneſs towards the Jew, equally with the Chriſtian. He loved the Roman way of life, and hated that of the Jew: and yet he was now ſincere in his anxiety to return to his native land; and was filled with the patriotic reſolution to contribute his utmoſt endeavours to rid his nation of their odious yoke.

Theſe remarks, at this time, are deemed proper, as many portions of his Chronicles of that period are now omitted. Theſe, moreover, together with the letter from Flavius Joſephus, that ſoon follows, will explain the then ſtate of Paleſtine, and alſo the ſtrong reaſons that overruled his anxious deſire to take an active part in the then Jewiſh rebellion againſt Roman power.

would ſoon be Rome's emperor—in fine, I found Joſephus no Jew, ſave that he hinted alſo, as ſome others now do in Jeruſalem, that the *prophets* have foretold theſe very times, and that Iſrael's *deſtiny* is to periſh! Joſephus, however, was moſt true to me: and we parted in ſomewhat pained friendſhip—he promiſing with fervour, to explain fully to me by letter, why he ſo firmly declined to accompany me to Jeruſalem, and thus make one more effort to ſave our people.

LETTER XXI.

ALCÆUS [*late of Athens*] TO CARTAPHILUS [*now in Jeruſalem*].

PELLA, Mæmactêrîon, 2 dec. 2; *Seleucidæ*, 380.
[September 26th, A.D. 68.]

I RECEIVED in Athens the letter haſtily written by thee upon the Emperor's death, requeſting me not to come to Rome, but forthwith to proceed to Pella, where thou wouldeſt meet me; and, in caſe of thy delayed arrival, to preſent to Rabbi Eben-Ezra thy letter; which I joyouſly did, as it ſo kindly explained the cauſe of my otherwiſe ſtrange appearance before him.

I cannot tell thee, much honoured Cartaphilus, how warmly I was greeted by all the family, and of their great happineſs at thy promiſed return; of which they had no intimation, until that letter reſpecting me was preſented.

I have been here only a month: and at the requeſt of the Rabbi, allow of no delay in writing to thee, which I do in Greek—as I yet muſt. I alſo feared that my prompt letter from hence to Rome could not have reached thee; and I ſuppoſe it did not, as thy arrival at Jeruſalem is known to us only a few hours ſince. Jeruſalem, as we hear, is now full of terror,—elſe would I ſpeedily be with thee; but this thy friends here forbid me. Haſten, then, O Cartaphilus, to Pella; for ſuch tender and generous hearts have I never witneſſed, ſave in Dionyſius and Damaris: and it really ſeemeth to me as if no other religion known to mortals, infuſes into the ſoul a tithe of the benevolence imparted by heaven to the Chriſtians.

I was charmed to find REBECCA (of whom I only heard thee ſay, ſhe was the glory of Hebrew women) as alſo her delightful mother, ſpeak *my* language perfectly—which, to me, is now a great comfort, as the Rabbi can ſpeak but little; and as my acquaintance with Syriac, or other tongue ſpoken here, is as nothing. They bid me ſay to thee that Artemas and his wife Druſilla, as alſo their children, Thaddeus and Cornelia, will ſhortly leave Edeſſa for

Pella; designing to continue with them some months; and to persuade the whole family here to remove to Edessa, in Mesopotamia,—as no place is now safe in all the land of Palestine. Come quickly, my ever venerated Cartaphilus—come quickly: and until then, FAREWELL.

LETTER XXII.

FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS TO CARTAPHILUS.

CÆSAREA, *Tisri* 23; *Seleucidæ*, 380.
[September 29, A.D. 68.]

I ADDRESS thee this letter, O learned and excellent Cartaphilus! that I may more satisfactorily explain to thee the cause of my declining to go with thee in thy zeal for Israel; and of my despair as to all that concerns the rescue of our afflicted country from the Roman yoke. And I despatch the same to thee, with all haste to Pella—learning from thee that thy intention is to be there on a short visit, to our most revered Eben Ezra; who is much beloved, even by those who usually bear no kind feelings towards the Nazarenes—as also are his pious Priscilla, and wonderful maiden daughter, Rebecca. And why I call her wonderful is doubtless, by this time, known of thee, and probably was, even before thy visit there, though thou art so lately from Rome, and she returned from Armenia not many weeks.

Josephus vindicates himself to Cartaphilus.

And now to the purpose of my letter—which I pray thee to read in all kindness. Possibly, thou hast not heard, being so long at Rome, of my proceedings for some years past—and likewise the doings of the various Procurators since the time of Ventidius Cumānus, now nearly fourteen years ago.* These I must briefly trouble thee with, wouldst thou justly understand the condition of my present mind—so different from what it once was: for I remarked thy agitated spirit, and thy sore disappointment at my resolution no more to unsheath my sword in Israel's defence!

I was but in my eighteenth year, when the emperor Claudius sent Felix hither as our Procurator. My father Matthias, then a nobleman of high standing and of great piety, perceiving my fondness for learning, and my surprising proficiency therein, entrusted me to the special care of

Early life of Josephus.

* Immediately after the banishment of Cumānus, *Claudius Felix* (a brother of the freedman Pallas, and a great favourite with the emperor Claudius) was sent to Judea, as procurator, in October, A.D. 54.

my brother Matthias; who beſtowed on me ſuch aſſiduous care that, for more than a year previous to the coming of Felix, my talents and attainments were ſo remarkable that even the high-prieſts and chief men of our city conſulted me often upon matters of the Temple, and as to the ſolution of difficulties in our Law! I mention this, I truſt with due humility, only becauſe it is intimately connected with my life—with my hoſtility to the Roman power—my great zeal in the Jewiſh cauſe—my thorough acquaintance with the connexion between Jewiſh and Roman affairs,—and hence to ſhow the almoſt impoſſibility of my forſaking Iſrael's cauſe, unleſs under the full conviction that her days are *numbered*, and now nearly *ended!*

My reputed talents and ſtudies, however, brought me and my country into great difficulties; for the high-prieſt Jonathan, after conſulting me as to the infamous conduct of the new Procurator, who had leagued in ſome confederacy with the very robbers whoſe deſtruction was then the firſt of his duties! I counſelled Jonathan to be firm and plain in his admonitions of Felix, though ſo high in power: and this, as we both ſuppoſed, could be the more ſafely done, as it was notorious that Jonathan had been the chief means in procuring for Felix his appointment.

But theſe ſalutary remonſtrances of the High-Prieſt only ſtimulated Felix to further outrages, and occaſioned in him great hoſtility againſt that venerable man,—and alſo much of the like feeling againſt myſelf. Doras, the intimate friend of Jonathan, was bribed by the wicked Procurator to unite himſelf with the *Sicarii*, in effecting the murder of his friend!—and this was accompliſhed with the ſuperadded crime of daring ſacrilege,—for thoſe aſſaſſins entered into the Temple ſeemingly to worſhip, but with concealed daggers,—and, mingling with the crowd, they barbarouſly ſlew the holy man. *The Sicarii.*

This foul murder of Jonathan went wholly unrevenged: the Sicarii, from that time, became daily more powerful, cruel, and reckleſs; my heart became ſoured more than ever againſt the Romans, who had not only thus participated in the odious murder, but generally winked at it, and other fearful doings; and, from that day, matters continually became worſe—our downward courſe increaſed, and now ſeems about to end in unmitigated ruin.

But, my worthy Cartaphilus, at *that time*, I did not ſo clearly perceive God's abandonment of our Jeruſalem—of our once holy, but now defecrated Temple—yea, of our long favoured Nation. Hence was it that hope ſtill lingered within me, and bade me truſt largely in Iſrael's remaining ſtrength, and in my own good ſword—little doubting but that, if every Jew performed his duty in that reſpect, we might yet be freed of Roman arms.

The Egyptian Impostor.

Soon after the murder of our High-Priest, came that famous Jew, now known as the Egyptian Impostor; who, assuming to be a prophet, drew after him an immense multitude, to the number of quite thirty thousand,—and established himself in the Wilds near Jericho. After a short time, the Impostor becoming more bold, came to the Mount of Olives, and bade his deluded followers behold the goodly City—assuring them that Jerusalem's walls should presently fall down, and that he and his disciples should have triumphal entrance!

Felix had cherished an implacable hatred of all such pretenders, and especially of all who would impugn his power, that of Rome, or of the gods, whom he feared but loved not: he therefore was prompt to march against the Egyptian with a strong force; he slew many, captured some, and dispersed all—but the Impostor escaped.

THE NAZARENES.

Felix was also greatly troubled by the Nazarenes, not only from their growing number, but chiefly from the mysterious rumours concerning them: this likewise was so with the priests, and with all in power. One Saul of Tarsus, possibly known or heard of by thee, even before thy departure for Rome, (and who, as 'tis said perished there under Nero's decree) was brought at this time before Felix's tribunal at Cæsaréa. Jerusalem thereupon became much agitated; for Saul had given great offence to the then High-Priest, Ananias, son of Nebedrus, by reason of a reply made to him, that questioned the power of Ananias to prevent his speaking his faith to the multitude. And when Saul went down to Cæsaréa at the summons of this Felix, such was the eloquence of that remarkable man, that Felix is said to have trembled, and well nigh become a Christian!—but Felix hoped for *money* of Saul, more than for *faith* in the new religion: but he obtained neither; whereupon the priests and others anxiously sought the Christian's life, and would have destroyed him: for the Sicarii and others, to the number of forty, combined for that purpose, and made a vow for its execution: but Saul having the privilege of Rome, appealed to Cæsar, and after a time was sent thither for trial.*

The Factions of Cæsarea.

Much about this time another circumstance occurred, that fearfully excited the people, and hastened the maturity of those angry feelings which, two years ago, broke out in an open revolt against the Romans. Cæsaréa, as thou

* Saul, however, remained at Cæsaréa two years in prison; and was then sent to Rome by Festus, the successor of Felix, in A. D. 60,—or in the eighth year of Nero's reign; and after a time being released, he departed from Rome, but returned in A. D. 65, and was beheaded there in the summer of the following year.

knoweſt, is inhabited by Greeks and Jews; who differ no leſs in matters of ſtate, than in thoſe of religion. The Jews claimed the doubtful pre-eminence in Cæſaréa, becauſe, as they ſaid, their late king Herod had built that great city, and on the ancient foundation of the Jewiſh village known by the name of Straton's Tower; that the Syrian Greeks, and all others, were there rather as welcomed ſettlers, than as perſons entitled to claim a pre-eminence over the Jews who had received them. The Greeks, on the other hand, inſiſted that Herod himſelf was not a Hebrew—that his power, moreover, had been derived from Rome—and that, in founding Cæſaréa, he deſigned it to be a Gentile rather than a Jewiſh city—all his temples, theatres, amphitheatres, porticoes, ſtatues, &c. being a clear proof thereof.

The two parties ſoon became furious; civil war enſued; the Jews were too powerful for Felix; many on both ſides periſhed,—and Felix was ſent to Rome for trial. Upon that trial, the ſeveral charges were fully ſuſtained by the Jews; and though ſcreened from puniſhment, by the influences of his brother Pallas, his office was withdrawn, and *Portius Feſtus* was appointed in his ſtead. The Greeks, nevertheleſs, gained the ultimate victory; for, my Cartaphilus, thy old Roman friend *Burrhus*, whom I ſaw with thee in the Imperial City, obtained from Nero a decree that gave to the Greeks ſuperiority in citizenſhip—which being exerciſed by them with even more than their accuſtomed ſeverity, much widened the angry breach between our countrymen and the Romans.

But the miſeries that afflicted us aroſe, not merely from Roman oppreſſion—from the wickedneſs of our Procurators—from the outrages of the Sicarii—from the hatred towards thoſe now called Chriſtians—from the contentions between the Syrian Greeks and the Jews—from the traditional enmity between Hebrews and Samaritans—from the reciprocal jealouſy of Phariſees and Sadducees—from the diſturbances occaſioned by impoſtors pretending to miraculous powers, and even to the Meſſiahſhip, (all of which were quite ſufficient to cruſh any people) but we have had many other ſore difficulties ruinous of all political union among ourſelves, poiſoning the very fountains of our ancient and once holy Temple, and of all the temporal energies of our people—as will fully appear in all that will now follow.

Conduct of Agrippa II.

King Agrippa of Chalſis, who, for ſome years paſt, hath been clothed by Rome with the vaſt and delicate power of appointing the High Prieſts, conferred that office upon Iſmael, the ſon of Fabi.* A rancorous enmity ſoon

* Probably at the cloſe of Felix's procuratorſhip, A.D. 60; or about eight years prior to the date of the preſent letter.

ſprung up between this Iſmael and many diſtinguiſhed perſons of our city; and the lower prieſthood favouring the latter, the faction grew to ſuch a height, that Iſmael ſeized upon the tithes,—and thereby ſo oppreſſed his poorer brethren, that many of them periſhed through need of food!

Porcius Feſtus had no ſooner come into power than Agrippa, pampered by his own good fortunes, greatly abuſed the large powers conferred upon him, and became ſo regardleſs of the feelings of all who miniſtered in the Temple, as to erect a large Dining Hall adjoining the Antonia Palace—his uſual reſidence when in Jeruſalem—and ſo arranged that Hall as to overlook the Temple whilſt he and his gueſts were feaſting, and thus became witneſſes of the ſacred proceedings in the Temple! The prieſts and others complained loudly of this; and inſiſted on its prompt removal. The contention thereon ran ſo high, that Iſmael and ſome others of great note were ſent to Rome for trial: and, as I well and gratefully remember, O Cartaphilus, it was by thy judicious counſels, aided by the Empreſs Poppœa, by thy procurement alſo, that Nero was induced to permit the great Wall to ſtand, that the prieſts had raiſed to ſhut out Agrippa's view into the Temple.*

Soon after this, Agrippa appointed as high prieſt Joſeph, ſurnamed Cabi, and afterwards Ananus, the grandſon of Nobedeus, and ſon of Ananus: and about this time died Porcius Feſtus—the moſt unworthy of all our procurators; and *Albinus* was appointed his ſucceſſor. [In the early part of A.D. 64.]

Ananus the then high prieſt was of the Sadducean ſect—an intrepid man, and of haughty demeanour, and a bitter foe of the new ſect called Nazarenes or Chriſtians, which had never ceaſed to excite the Jews ſince the crucifixion of that wonderful man called Jeſus-Chriſtus.

Death of James the Juſt.

During the ſhort time that intervened between the death of Feſtus, and of his ſucceſſor Albinus, Ananus the high prieſt united with the Sadducees in bringing before the Sanhedrin a certain Nazarene called James, brother of that Jesus, who is the founder of their ſect, and alſo ſome others

* It may here be noted that, ſome few years after this, the works of Joſephus being given to the world—the one in A.D. 75, the other in A.D. 93; Cartaphilus, upon reading them, was not a little ſurpriſed to find that Joſephus ſhould have imputed to Poppœa any favourable diſpoſition ſhown by her in that matter, as flowing from *religious* motives of any kind: and eſpecially that he could have believed that ſhe was taken with the religion of the Hebrews. Poppœa's beauty and cleverneſs were as extreme as her deſtitution of principle; and all her taſtes were as oppoſed to thoſe of the Jews as can be conceived; but as the reputation for religion of any kind might have ſerved her a purpoſe—or her poſthumous name, Joſephus was ſufficiently a man of the world and of policy, to thus have flattered her.

of the ſame faith. This ended in the cruel murder of James—by firſt caſting him over the wall at the battlements,—and then, (whilſt he was praying for his enemies) by ſtoning him; and laſtly, to extinguiſh the laſt remains of life, by the uſe on his body of a fuller's club! Some others periſhed with him.

As matters were thus going on, a few of the friends of order went out to meet the new procurator Albinus, as he was approaching Jeruſalem; that they might at once inform him of theſe proceedings under the illegal aſſembling of the Sanhedrin (during the vacancy of the procuratorſhip): whereupon Albinus prevailed upon Agrippa to diſmiſs Ananus, and to appoint as high prieſt the ſon of Damneus.

The rule of Albinus was wicked and oppreſſive in the extreme; and the diſmiſſed Ananus, who was very rich, united with the new high prieſt and procurator in the moſt cruel extortions from the inferior prieſthood. The robbers again openly appeared; and endeavoured to reſcue from Ananus ſome of his immenſe ill-gotten riches,—ſo that, at length, matters becoming daily more deſperate, even Agrippa was compelled to retire from Jeruſalem; whereupon he greatly enlarged Cæſaréa Philippi—gave to it the name of *Neronias*, and reſorted to it as a place of refuge, and for his pleaſures.

But rapacious as Albinus had proved, he was yet a miniſter of ſafety, compared with his ſucceſſor Gessius Florus, who, uniting with the almoſt equally deſpotic and wicked Cestius Gallus, the prefect of Syria, practiſed on our afflicted country a ſeries of afflictions truly demoniacal; and which ended, as thou Cartaphilus well knoweſt, in the open rebellion, (about two years ago,) that brought upon us the powerful Veſpaſian, and his ſon Titus—ſeemingly deſtined to be equally illuſtrious.* *Geſſius Florus ſucceeds Albinus.*

The miſeries we have endured, in the laſt three years eſpecially, (one half of which were under the joint tyranny of Florus and Gallus, and the other half ſince the arrival of Veſpaſian) would require of me a volume, rather than a letter, to recount. I ſhall content myſelf, therefore, with a rapid ſketch of that period to the preſent wretched hour. What may come upon us hereafter, ah, even on the Holy Salem, and ſhortly, too, my Cartaphilus, is no longer concealed by any veil of time, or of doubt. To me, at leaſt,

* Geſſius Florus was appointed procurator in A. D. 63—ſome ſay in A. D. 65, V. Æ. This great rebellion of the Jews was early in the ſecond year of his rule; and during the high prieſthood of Matthias, who was the laſt but one of all that long line from Aaron to Phænas—there being in all juſt eighty-three high prieſts, from B. C. 1534 to A. D. 70—a period of about 1604 years, giving an average rule of about 19 years.

all is too tranſparent to ſhut out her inevitable doom: for naught now remains to us of much worth, ſave Jeruſalem, and eſpecially its venerable Temple: but even *that* is now in moſt unholy hands —the Giſchalite with his robbers, and the other mad factioniſts, are ſtriving as to who ſhall have ſupreme rule, and ſuſpect not that Veſpaſian may ſoon diſperſe, or deſtroy them all!

Thou doſt perceive, then, O Cartaphilus, that if the diſaſtrous events under the rule of Claudius Felix, of Porcius Feſtus, and of Albinus, had *prepared* us for a general revolt againſt Roman ſway, —the evils that enſued in quick ſucceſſion under Geſſius Florus and the Syrian Ceſtius Gallus, brought us at once into the bloody and exterminating conflict: and theſe I will firſt briefly explain,— and then ſpeak more fully of Veſpaſian and of Titus—adding ſuch things of my poor ſelf, as may enable me to ſtand before thee acquit, as I hope, of all blame for the grievous and deep deſpair that hath overtaken me as to my country's fate; and which hath given me the fixed reſolution never to oppoſe by arms or counſel, what ſo manifeſtly is ordained, as *puniſhment*, by Him who hath full right and perfect power to withdraw all that he hath given to a once pure, but now ungrateful, and deſperately wicked people.

Ceſtius Gallus, Prefect of Syria.

Of all the ſcourges deeply afflictive to a people, there ſurely is none ſo great as a cruel, and avaricious government— itſelf ſubordinate to another equally baſe and tyrannical, —and both dependent upon a remote and overgrown and wicked Empire of immenſe power,—and this, preciſely, was our melancholy condition under the procurator Florus—the prefect Gallus—and the tyrants Claudius and Nero! The two ſubordinates were aſſociated for our ruin; and both united with the robbers and factioniſts, to plunder us of our riches; and, by every indirection, to torture and to exact from us, what could not be obtained as eaſily by open robbery.

It ſo chanced, moreover, that Cleopatra, wife of Florus, was juſt as rapacious as her huſband; and, unfortunately for us, ſhe poſſeſſed no ſmall intereſt at the court of Nero,—ſo that all Jewiſh complaints fell more dully upon the Emperor's ear, than poſſibly they otherwiſe might have done. The decree, already alluded to, obtained by Burrhus in favour of the Syrian Greeks over the Jews of Cæſaréa, occaſioned the firſt open rebellion, as previouſly ſtated: for the Greeks, who owned a piece of ground adjoining the Jew's ſynagogue, vexatiouſly refuſed to ſell the ſame to the Jews at any price whatever—and were eſtabliſhing thereon ſome mean and annoying habitations, againſt the progreſs of which our countrymen tumultuouſly reſiſted the workmen. But this ſtopped it not; and no leſs than viii. talents of ſilver were collected as a bribe for Florus, that he ſhould prohibit the further erection of the buildings. This,

the apparently compliant Procurator received; but he ſuddenly departed from Cæſaréa, without interfering in the matter, and with the hope that ſome greater violence would ſoon be committed by our maddened people, which, not only would mitigate his perfidy, but greatly enlarge his means of future plunder!

The Rebellion of Cæſaréa and Jeruſalem.

When an occaſion, however trivial, is needed for any baſeneſs however great, it may be ſpeedily brought about—and this incontinently was proved as regards the unhappy Jews: for, early on the following Sabbath, the Greeks offered to the Jews the higheſt of all indignities, in the form of a dubious and apparently very ſmall offence—for they ſacrificed before our ſynagogue a few *birds*,—implying thereby that our progenitors had been expelled from Egypt, in the time of our Maſter Moſes, as a race of vile lepers—they well knowing that *birds* are regarded as the appropriate offering in the caſe of leproſy! The conſequences, however, of this really ſmall matter, were at once ſufficiently dreadful at Cæſaréa; but the excitement inſtantly ſpread itſelf to Jeruſalem, and other places; and in them all the parties were arranged in fearful oppoſition. Florus then came upon us as a fierce hyæna, with a devaſtating power—hundreds were ſlaughtered in the market-place—houſes were pillaged—many were cruſhed to death, and ridden over in the narrow ſtreets—others were ſcourged or crucified; and there fell in Jeruſalem, on that mournful day, nearly four thouſand, of all ages, ſexes, and conditions.*

These were things of high exultation with the execrable Florus: and, that he might ſtimulate the Jews to further hoſtilities, he inſultingly demanded of them to ſalute with obeiſance ſome Roman cohorts, then advancing from Cæſaréa towards Jeruſalem! A proceſſion of Jews was formed for that ignominious purpoſe; they performed the act,—but Florus had inſtructed the cohorts to treat their ſalutations, though forced, with ſilent contempt:—nature could endure no more—a ſhocking ſcene then enſued—the enraged Jews hurled their heavieſt imprecations upon the Procurator—both parties ruſhed for the city gates—the Jews were trampled down by the horſemen—many were ſlain by the ſword, or cruſhed to death by the infuriated crowd—the cohorts entered Jeruſalem, and preſſed forward to gain the fortreſs of Antonia, as alſo the Temple! Florus joined them from his palace, under hope of ſecuring that part of the caſtle which adjoins the Temple: but the people, in countleſs numbers, oppoſed their paſſage, and caſt upon their aſſailants the moſt deſtructive miſſiles from the roofs of

* This occurred probably in May, A.D. 66—about one year before Veſpaſian's arrival.

houſes,—the porticoes connecting the Antonia with the Temple were nearly deſtroyed by them; and Florus, to his great diſmay, was obliged to capitulate, and retreated inſtantly to Cæſaréa.

King Agrippa was then appealed to by the Jewiſh multitude, who deſired him to unite in an embaſſy of complaint to Nero: but Agrippa, after remonſtrating with our people againſt that meaſure, and aſſuring them that the Emperor would regard their proceedings but as rebellion, eſpecially when connected with their arrears of tribute—their deſtruction of the porticoes, and their own attack upon the cohorts, adviſed them to forthwith rebuild what they had pulled down—to pay at once the tribute, and to baniſh from their minds all hope of independence! Agrippa finally urged them to render to Florus their cuſtomary allegiance, at leaſt until a new procurator could be appointed—and thus, by ſpecious words, did Agrippa ſtrive to make the ſeverely oppreſſed ſeem willing to acknowledge themſelves repentant wrongdoers! But the name of Florus had become too odious for the adoption of ſuch counſel; and our countrymen, after declaring that they now warred againſt him alone, broke out into a new fury: they heaped upon the unfeeling Agrippa the moſt opprobrious terms—then hurled ſtones at him, and bade him, on peril of life, to leave the city inſtantly:—this he did, and retired to Chalcis.

Maſada joins in the rebellion.

Nigh to the ſea of Sodom, upon a lofty rock encompaſſed by deep chaſms, which, in turn, begirt the lovely gardens of Engeddi, is ſituate the goodly city of Maſada. The Romans had early perceived that this was to them an important poſt. The caſtle, built by a Maccabean, and from its ſituation nearly impregnable, had been ſtrongly fortified by the firſt Herod. It was immediately garriſoned by the Romans; who, from its localities, and artificial ſtrength, thought not for a moment that the rebels, as they call us, would preſume to make an attack. The city itſelf, moreover, has a broad and lofty wall, with thirty and ſeven towers, and is acceſſible only by narrow paths from the eaſt and weſt; and thoſe are of extreme difficulty, as they border upon the moſt fearful precipices. Judge, then, of the aſtoniſhment and vexation of our Roman foes, when they ſuddenly found themſelves in the poſſeſſion of theſe rebels, and that, too, effected by very few of our men! The garriſon was inſtantly put to death, and the, ſo called rebels took full poſſeſſion of the city. This was the moſt daring and open act of revolt againſt Roman ſupremacy that had yet occurred; and took place juſt at the time that Florus and Agrippa were compelled to retire from Jeruſalem.

New hopes were inſpired by theſe ſucceſſes; and the Jews began to contemplate a reſiſtance unto death. At this time, alſo, the prieſts at Jeruſalem, contrary to all former practice, and even to

the law of our Maſter Moſes, refuſed to receive any Gentile ſacrifices whatever; and rejected thoſe even of the Emperor, which, ever ſince the time of the firſt Cæſar, have been offered in the name of the Roman people, to the God of Abraham and of our Nation. Still, there was a ſmall Jewiſh party that diſapproved of that proceeding, and accepted aid from Florus, and took poſſeſſion of the Upper City, whilſt the Temple and the reſt of Jeruſalem, ſave the Antonia, were in the undiſturbed poſſeſſion of the revolters. [July 4th—A. D. 66.]

Thoſe of the Temple refuſed to permit the other party to worſhip there; and having aſſociated themſelves with the Sicarii, they proceeded to the Upper City in purſuit of their brethren, who had favoured the Roman ſacrifices, and who had accepted aid from Florus therein; and there they deſtroyed Agrippa's palace by fire, as alſo ſeveral of thoſe public buildings in which are regiſtered the bonds of debtors—hoping to thereby deſtroy the evidences of debt, and thus ſecure to themſelves the favour of a numerous claſs of people, who, in theſe times of peril, found their debts a ſore calamity.

On the following day, the Temple-party attacked the Caſtle of Antonia; which being gained, they put to the ſword the whole of the Roman garriſon. Then was it that *Manahem*, ſon of the once famous Judas of Galilee, proclaimed himſelf king?—and conducted the ſiege of *Caſtle-Herod*, ſome of the towers of which they took, granting to the Jews permiſſion to retire—but invariably putting the Romans to death. In a little while, however, the Moderate-party obtained the aſcendancy under Eleazar—ſlew in the Temple the pretending king Manahem, with many of the robbers: but ſome effecting their eſcape reached Maſada in ſafety; and were joyouſly welcomed by the now Jewiſh garriſon there.

The Eleazar faction (as fiercely oppoſed to the Romans, as if not as fiercely contending with their own countrymen) proceeded with the ſiege of Caſtle Herod, which ended in a capitulation with the Roman commander *Metelius*, on condition that all lives ſhould be ſpared: but the moment after the ſurrender of arms, the faithleſs Eleazar fell upon his captives, and murderouſly ſlew them all, except Metelius, who, unlike a Roman, ſaved his life by conſenting to our rite of circumciſion! This ſhocking breach of faith, and cold-blooded ſlaughter, was perpetrated on the ſabbath; and extinguiſhed the laſt hope, if any ever exiſted, of ſetting any bounds to Roman vengeance.

Wonderful indeed are the ways of Providence! for, at Cæſaréa, on that very ſabbath—yea, and hour, the Greeks, urged by the ſanguinary Florus, attacked the Jews: and in that ſhort time deſtroyed, in every way, the amazing number of twenty thouſand,—ſo that ſcarce a Jew is left in all Cæſaréa!

Vindication—Josephus in rebellion, and in high command.

A war of extermination quickly ensued: the revolters had now become desperate; and wherever Romans, or disaffected Jews were to be found, the revolters attacked, plundered and destroyed them; so that, in a few months, not less than twenty of the cities and villages had been overrun by our forces, and wholly freed from their Roman oppressors, and from our own factionists.

Arrival of Gallus in aid of Florus.

At length, to arrest the progress of this bloody and devastating intestine and foreign war, Cestius Gallus took the field with an army of ten thousand Romans, and thirteen thousand allies, hoping that the war might be ended by some rapid and decisive measure. He marched to Ptolemais, and burnt it to the earth. Joppa and Zebulon were next laid in ashes; the proud Sepphoris of Galilee at once opened her gates—the robbers fled to the mountains, and all things seemed once more to favour the Romans.

On the last day of *Tisri*, however, the Syrian Prefect penetrated into Jerusalem, not without some loss, and drove the revolters into the Inner City and the Temple,—burnt the timber market, and then advanced to the Upper City, where he encamped opposite the royal palace. Jerusalem, as heretofore, was much divided into factions; and, after some conflicts, the Prefect obtained full possession of the city. But the Syrian who had gained it, more by Jewish perfidy than by his own prowess and skill, fearing lest the same want of faith might be turned against himself, suddenly abandoned his position; and the robbers again entered Jerusalem, to the great surprise of themselves, and of all others!

Rebellion organized, and Josephus appointed to a high command.

On the following day the Jews, with renewed courage, pressed upon Gallus so severely, that he hastened from near the walls of Jerusalem, to Gaboa, his former quarters, distant about a parasang and a half: but this he gained with extreme peril; and finding that he probably could not retain it, precipitately retreated, and stopped not until he reached Antipatris. The revolters being thus triumphant, insisted upon having no more neutrals. For the first time, they now seemed disposed to organize themselves into something like a one party against a common foe. The *City government* was then entrusted to certain rulers, and the *military command* of the whole country was portioned out,—in which division there were entrusted to my care Gamalà, and all of Galilee.

The massacre at Damascus.

In the mean while, the city of Damascus, greatly vexed at our success against the Romans, secretly planned the destruction of all our wretched countrymen who then were within her walls! This diabolic scheme was effected by perfidiously convening them unarmed into the Gymnasium,—where, shocking to declare, no less than ten thousand

were murdered in cold blood! Oh, my Cartaphilus! tell me whether all theſe complicated miſeries do not look as if the God of our fathers had ſo forſaken us, that he who now armeth in Iſrael's defence is doomed to defeat?—it truly ſo ſeemeth to me; but, at that time, my eyes were not opened, as now they are.

Having received the important military and other command I have mentioned, no time was loſt by me in appointing a ſupreme council of ſeventy, for the tranſaction of all civil concerns; and, in each city, a ſubordinate one of ſeven. I fortified all the caſtles and cities within my juriſdiction; and ſoon collected an army of fully 100,000 men,—who abounded in zeal and good ſpirits, much more than in good arms: for, in truth, our equipments were but indifferent.

John of Giſchalà, the noted robber.

But, my Cartaphilus, our auſpicious beginning was early much weakened by the machinations of John of Giſchalà, ſince then ſo notorious for his crafty and deſperate policy. How much he and his barbarous faction marred our beſt deviſed plans, and how ſubtlely he ſought my life, would exhauſt thee to read in detail: little more, then, will I now do than briefly mention ſome of his devices,—for, if thou art not unkindly affected towards me, (ſeeing that I am, and ſhall be ſtill with Veſpaſian)—as no confined priſoner—and yet wholly done with even the deſire of arms—thou wilt need no laboured ſtatement as to the Giſchalite, or other matters, but regard with favour ſuch brief words as to them and myſelf, as may tend to my perfect exculpation, in not heeding thy earneſt counſel.

After eſtabliſhing my civil and military arrangements, and after winning over to us moſt of the factions, my earlieſt next care was to conciliate Agrippa—ſo far at leaſt as to hope for his neutrality. All the remains of his demoliſhed palace were, by my orders, collected and returned to the cuſtody of the Agrippa party in Jeruſalem,—to whom we expreſſed our regret and indignation at what had been done.

Conſpiracy againſt the Joſephus party.

I then viſited Giſchalà—or rather the ruins of that which, early in the inſurrection had been deſtroyed by the Jews, after they found John inclined towards the Roman ſide—or if not, towards his own ſelfiſh and factious plans.

Arriving there, I was pleaſed to ſee that John appeared now ſo well affected towards me: but this proved to be ſheer deception; and we were therefore ſoon in open hoſtility; whereupon he was compelled to retire to his citadel, his party having been defeated in all the cities of Galilee.

As the Giſchalite had little hope of deſtroying me by arms, he craftily warred againſt me by artful perfidies—ſtriving to undermine

me in the confidence of my friends and ſoldiers: and with that view, he deſpatched meſſengers to Jeruſalem, to perſuade our people there, that my views in Galilee were thoſe of ambition only, and that I would ſoon prove myſelf their, as well as my country's enemy.

Simon of Jeruſalem, alſo, loved me not; and the high prieſt Ananus was bribed by John to take ſides againſt me! Some of the moſt powerful men of Jeruſalem were therefore ſent into Galilee to alienate the army from me; and to either put me to death, or bring me to Jeruſalem—a hard lot this, for one who fought to defend his country againſt all foes!

Sepphoris—Tiberias—Gamalà—and Giſchalà yielded to the authority of that wicked deputation from the once Holy City. But the meſſengers finding me well prepared to reſiſt, at once reſorted to ſtratagem, and found in me their equal: for, when wits muſt encounter, we ſeldom know our own power, until urged by circumſtances of fierce neceſſity—and ſo it was with me. They ſent to me a moſt friendly epiſtle, ſtating that, in truth, their only object was to puniſh John; and thereupon urged me to forthwith viſit them! This letter being read by me, was again carefully ſealed as before; and having received it at night, and during a great banquet of my friends, I invited the bearer thereof to remain, at the ſame time preſenting to him twenty drachmæ, as for his expenſes back. The meſſenger being by this means put off his guard, was then well plied with wine; whereby I obtained from his then truthful lips, a full revelation of the plot by which I was doomed to certain death!

A moſt friendly letter by that meſſenger was handed to him, when ſobered, addreſſed to thoſe crafty and cruel Deputies—and, to reciprocate their civility, they were invited courteouſly to viſit me, ſeeing as they muſt how urgent and many were my engagements at that time! The Deputies, as I well knew, were then much, though ſecretly occupied in effecting my ruin among the people: but the apparently well-meaning letter effectually deceived them; and produced the meeting aſked for, without the leaſt ſuſpicion on their part as to how well I knew them!

At our meeting before a numerous multitude of my people, their own Epiſtle to me, and ſome other intercepted letters, were then ſlowly read by me to them as if but that moment received. Great was the confuſion and wonder of John and his now overreached Deputies—and eſpecially at my revelations, and burning comments upon all—whilſt the attentive and ſoon much enraged people were difficult to reſtrain from at once ſacrificing them in their juſt fury. But the Giſchalite made good his ſudden retreat, and reſted not till he reached his citadel; and the Deputies, not being detained, quickly eſcaped to Tiberias—which thus ending, fully aſſured them and the authorities at Jeruſalem, that their true

intereſts prompted the immediate and hearty confirmation of me in all my former powers, and that no longer ſhould they plot againſt one, who knew how to be as true to himſelf, as he had been ever to his country.

Soon after this, Tiberias again revolted from me, and ſtrived to ſurrender the city to Agrippa's troops: but I brought another ſtratagem to my aid, and ſpeedily defeated their endeavour. I procured two hundred and forty veſſels, each being manned by only four men: theſe were ſtationed by me within ſight of Tiberias—the inhabitants of which believing them to be filled with troops, at once ſurrendered to our demand! Two thouſand and ſix hundred of their eminent men were ſeized by my order, as hoſtages for ſtrict fidelity; but JUSTUS, ſon of Piſtus, a great foe of mine, had previouſly gone over to the Romans.*

I next ſurpriſed the fortreſs of Giſchalà, and ſurrendered it to pillage: John then fell into my hands—he was pardoned by me—how worthily, now needs no comment: his many foul deeds towards me will not be much dwelt on, as the infamy of his character is proclaimed by a world!

Four times did Tiberias ſurrender to me; and Sepphoris was twice ſubdued by me: I ſtrived to ſave them both *againſt themſelves*—and now cannot but wonder at my leniency! In other parts of Paleſtine, not under my command, there was great raſhneſs, and equal faction. Aſcalon was unſucceſsfully attacked by the Jews; the force was large, but ſo wholly without diſcipline, that our loſs was not leſs than ten thouſand!

It was at length announced to us that VESPASIAN had arrived at Antioch on his way to Judea; but our countrymen were then in no degree diſmayed thereby, great as his renown juſtly was—for the error was that they ſomewhat applied againſt Veſpaſian the confidence derived to them from their ſignal ſucceſſes againſt Ceſtius Gallus! *Arrival in Judea of Veſpaſian.*

Veſpaſian, however, is not only a general of great experience and proweſs, but he came with a well-appointed, powerful, and highly diſciplined army,—to war, indeed, againſt a deſperate and brave people, but with a divided, wicked, and inconſtant one,—

* This JUSTUS, of Tiberias, was not only an enemy and a military rival of Joſephus: but, about twenty years thereafter, he became alſo the great literary opponent—eſpecially in the matter of the faithful narrative of the Jewiſh wars. He attacked Joſephus with extreme acrimony,—to which the enlightened Jewiſh hiſtorian made a ſpirited reply. The work of Juſtus is wholly loſt: but, from Photius, an able critic, who had read his production, as alſo from Joſephus himſelf, we have good reaſon to believe that Juſtus was in no degree to be relied on. Veſpaſian, Titus, and Agrippa, moreover, concur in ſuſtaining the faithfulneſs of Joſephus.

with a nation, moreover, upon whom Heaven's curſe ſeems to have alighted: for, with us, *ſucceſs*, by any daring and almoſt unexampled bravery, was ſure to be met with ſevere *loſſes*—or, if not, we had to mourn them in ſome other direction, as more than countervailing our gains!

Agrippa was prompt to greet Veſpaſian; for theſe *Herodians* ever adore the riſing ſun—never fail to baſk in its genial rays when riſen, and are keen to perceive the diſtant clouds that may obſcure its luſtre! At nearly the ſame time, Veſpaſian received a deputation from the ever inconſtant SEPPHORIS—the central city of my military command,—for it likewiſe loved the favours of Nero's Vicegerent, better than the toils and miſeries of a doubtful war! In vain were all my remonſtrances and threats and ſhamings againſt the perfidious acts of my capital: but my vexation became extreme, when I beheld Placidus, near the walls of Sepphoris, with a thouſand horſe, and ſix times that number of infantry, ravaging all the ſurrounding beautiful country, and with the fulleſt meaſure of Roman ſeverity—but no reſiſtance from Sepphoris! This conduct of that city, and the inſulting indifference of the Romans, urged me to great and continued exertions to regain my ungrateful capital—but all to no purpoſe: *fire—ſword*—and *ſlavery* now ſeemed to be the inevitable doom of that portion of my military diviſion.

THE SIEGE OF JOTAPATA, AND ITS DESTRUCTION.

Titus, ſoon after, arrived from Alexandria, and united his forces with thoſe of his father. I paſs, at once, over all preliminary matters; and ſhall detail, with ſome care, the ever memorable ſiege and deſtruction of JOTAPATA—which, as I truly believe, hath not its like in the annals of all paſt time, for bravery on both ſides—for ingenious devices of attack and defence—for variety of ſtratagems of war—for ſeverity of ſufferings—for the cruelty and extent of ſlaughter in proportion to thoſe engaged—for the barbarous ſlavery of the remnant,—and finally, for the utter deſtruction of every veſtige of a once proſperous and happy city!

Jotapata, it is probable, thou didſt never viſit. After Veſpaſian had deſtroyed Gadarà, and every being it contained, Jotapata became the refuge of our braveſt Galilean warriors—our ſtronghold—our laſt and greateſt hope! It ſtood proudly upon a lofty eminence, in the midſt of a mountainous and rugged country; but ſtill ſo encompaſſed by more towering eminences, that it could ſcarce be ſeen until you had nearly gained its walls, or aſcended thoſe heights. The three ſides of the hill which ſuſtained the City, aroſe abruptly from the deep ravines around it; and the only

approaches to it on the north, were nearly impracticable for infantry, and quite ſo for cavalry: and the other was ſo fortified by me, as to inſpire the ſtrongeſt hope that the city was abſolutely impregnable through this great combination of nature and art.

A war council was promptly ſummoned by the experienced Roman; who was the more eager to reduce Jotapata, as he had juſt been informed by a deſerter, that I, as chief of all the Galilean forces, had ſuddenly left Tiberias, (whither I had retired after the deſtruction of Gadarà,) and had ſucceeded in getting within the walls of Jotapata, intending to make there the moſt deſperate defence. The Council of our foes, when aſſembled, determined that an *inclined agger* ſhould be raiſed againſt the wall, ſo lately erected by me for their excluſion from this *only paſs*,—but, how to build their agger was the great queſtion with Veſpaſion. His army could, indeed, ſoon collect ample materials from the ſurrounding country; and even bring them in ſafety through a portion of that narrow paſs, and to within a ſhort diſtance of the wall that guarded the inner paſs—but ſtill, the doubt with the Romans was as to how they were to be firmly depoſited there, and ſo near alſo to the city walls, and under the very arrows and javelins of their enemies? Ah, my learned Cartaphilus, during theſe twenty years paſt, thou haſt ſeen too much of theſe Romans, to ever be ſurpriſed at their ingenious and deſperate contrivances in war.

Veſpaſian divided his entire forces into five diviſions—one was ſtrictly military, and alſo for guard—another to provide and prepare the food and other ſuſtenance—another was deſtined to bring nothing but earth—ſtill another nothing but ſtone and wood: and, to the laſt (by far the moſt numerous) diviſion was aſſigned the making of the agger,—which was commenced at a conſiderable diſtance from our wall of the paſs, and was gradually gaining height, as it approached nearer to it.

When, in the progreſs of their work, they came within the range of our arrows and javelins, and other miſſiles, we were not a little ſurpriſed and diſmayed to find that they had prepared firm and ingeniouſly wrought pent-houſes of wicker-work, which were an effectual protection againſt the arrow, and nearly ſo againſt the javelin! They were often, indeed, greatly annoyed by us from both,—but ſtill their work proceeded. As they approached yet nearer the wall, our javelins became more powerful; and ſtill more effectual were the maſſive ſtones we hurled upon them—many, indeed, without effect, as we had not the power to direct their courſe truly; but others were occaſionally wielded with great and diſmaying ſlaughter.

The Roman embankment being at length nearly completed, our city walls were made alive with men, to offer our foes a deſpe-

rate and toilſome reſiſtance : but the vexatious *catapultæ* diſcharged againſt us ſhowers of javelins ; and their reſiſtleſs *baliſtæ* ſent forth huge ſtones in the midſt of ſolid maſſes of our maddened people ! To theſe the Romans now added arrows tipped with burning ſubſtances, and likewiſe balls of inextinguiſhable fire ! Their ſlingers, and alſo their Arabian archers, carried fierce deſtruction all around —for their aim was ſo deadly true, that the ſlaughter became immenſe.

Finding that moſt of the ſtations upon our walls were but our certain graves, we commenced a ſeries of ſudden attacks from below—ſending out upon the Roman workmen ſmall parties, who deſtroyed their wicker-work, and ſlayed many of their men,—they being then wholly without armour, and often naked, the weather being oppreſſive, and alſo that they might labour with greater eaſe in the completion, or repair, of their agger. We were ſometimes ſucceſsful in ſetting fire to their *pent-houſes :* in which caſe we alſo demoliſhed portions of their embankment, now rendered far more difficult to repair. But ſmall were theſe ſucceſſes, and ſpeedily were they guarded againſt for the future, by Veſpaſian's directing that all of his wicker-houſes ſhould be united, ſo as to form a ſingle and firm line around the whole agger !

The great work being at length entirely finiſhed, the Romans ſtood proudly thereon, and nearly on a level with our battlement. Jotapata was then in full view before them ; and the foes ſurveyed each other, as do two deſperate and equally matched lions —neither fearing, but each moſt wary and contemplative, as to the *who* and *how* of the firſt onſet !

Great, however, was the diſappointment and ſurpriſe of Veſpaſian, when he beheld the city walls growing higher, as if by magic ! —for I had ſummoned an immenſe force to this work of raiſing the walls entirely above the view from the agger. This was truly a dangerous exploit, againſt which our men, fearleſs as they were, involuntarily complained ; for their expoſure to the deſtructive miſſiles of our enemy was great and conſtant.

As the Romans had ſo ſuddenly ſurpriſed us by their wicker-houſes, ſo, in turn, was Veſpaſian amazed, when, early in the morning after a dark night, he ſaw before him numerous hides of oxen, newly ſlain for the purpoſe, ſuſpended upon lofty ſtakes, firmly eſtabliſhed in the walls immediately in front of his agger ! The various miſſiles of our foes fell upon theſe hides, as dead and harmleſs things—or glided off ſwiftly, with no miſchief to any ! Their blazing arrows, alſo, and fire-balls of various combuſtibles, could make but ſmall impreſſion upon theſe moiſt and pliant ſkins ; and, under the protection of this happy ſhelter, our men toiled during night and day, until we found our city walls full twenty cubits higher ! at leaſt to the extent of the *breadth* of their agger.

Upon this addition we likewiſe raiſed numerous ſmall towers, and a battlement; ſo that, when finiſhed, our men had both time and inclination to renew the like ſudden and daring ſallies from below, which had proved ſo deſtructive and annoying to the Romans whilſt building their agger.

All hope of taking Jotapata by *ſiege* being now ended; Veſpaſian quietly repoſed on his *blockade*—not doubting but that famine muſt, in no great time, reduce us. We had ample proviſion, for a time at leaſt; but water and ſalt, unhappily, were very ſcarce. The warm ſeaſon was alſo increaſing; and our uſual reliance upon the heavens for water was daily leſſening. All this was ſuſpected by the conſiderate Roman; but he was again aſtoniſhed, when he perceived a number of our men uſing water in ſeeming abundance; and, with apparent indifference, waſhing their clothes and hanging them to dry on the city walls! The ſtratagem was effectual: for Veſpaſian then ſuppoſed we had deep wells, or other copious ſources of that precious element—and forthwith abandoned his blockade, and again reſorted to aſſaults!

Though this waſte of water occaſioned no little miſery, the change in the tactics of our foes much pleaſed us: as death by their arms was preferable to the ſlow, but equally ſure one, by preſent thirſt, and eventual famine.

The Romans, moreover, were further ſurpriſed by our obviouſly having frequent communication with our countrymen far beyond the walls; and yet in a way they could in no wiſe conjecture: the truth was, that a certain ſecret and very narrow paſſage, had wholly eſcaped the vigilance of Veſpaſian! It led into the ſouthern valley, through the now dry bed of what was once a torrent. Our meſſengers paſſed through this with letters, and things of ſmall bulk, wholly unperceived; and thus it often was uſed, to our great convenience, and for a long time!

Our famine and thirſt, however, were growing apace—the ſecret paſs was, at length diſcovered; and all things portended a rapid and ruinous termination. My hopes of eventual ſucceſs were at no time without apprehenſion; but the dreadful future was now clearly revealed to me.

I confeſs to thee, O Cartaphilus, that when my mind was once made up that Jotapata *muſt* fall, my own perſonal ſafety was not indifferent to me. To ſave my fellow ſoldiers, by any human exertion, and ſtill more the unoffending women and children, I would have poured out my life moſt freely: but both ſeemed now alike impoſſible,—each man's life therefore was *then* his own. I conſulted freely with ſome of the chiefs, as to the means of eſcape; this conſultation became known; and the wretched people ſurrounded us, imploring that we would not forſake them, though our

preſence could in no way ſerve them. What was to be done! I had exhauſted every ſuggeſtion my mind ſeemed capable of—I had been moſt willing to try any expedient, however daring, and ſpared myſelf in no way, either as to toil, or peril. Abandoned at length by my own hope, and unſuſtained by thoſe around me, I was ſtill eager to catch at any thought—adopt any device that might ariſe—but alas! none ſuch were, or could be made; and yet the people, as was natural, ſtill clang to me as their only refuge!

My agonized mind then drove me to ſome action; and neceſſarily to little elſe than reckleſs and daring *repetitions* of the means already detailed. I found myſelf again at my poſt, but without a ſolitary ſuggeſtion that promiſed the leaſt relief to my people, either from thirſt, famine, or ſword—all that remained, then, was to haſten the ſad cataſtrophe, and die, juſt as our enemies choſe.

My reſolution was incontinently made—We were now to become the aſſailants, with no other hope or view than to obtain a more ſpeedy death! We ruſhed forth upon the Roman guards—penetrated into the midſt of their camps—tore down, with frantic rage and reſiſtleſs deſperation, their works—ſet fire to their lines—witneſſed our own ſure immolation in each ſally,—and yet we repeated theſe incurſions ſome days and nights, with nothing but the poor ſatisfaction of knowing that we had ſlaughtered many of our foes, and ended the miſeries of many more of our devoted countrymen!

But the ſagacious Veſpaſian was too wiſe long to receive from us this voluntary proffer of our ſacrifices—at the expenſe thus ſeverely impoſed upon him. He conſequently directed his *regular* troops (who previouſly had ſuffered ſo largely by thoſe ſallies) to decline all ſuch attacks, and to leave for us only their ſkilful *archers*, and equally adroit *ſlingers!* Theſe, as we thought, could neither deſtroy us ſufficiently faſt, nor offer to us the excitement we previouſly had, in ſlaughtering our foes. The catapults and baliſtas iſſued their death-diffuſing miſſiles; and, as thouſands periſhed on our walls, their places were ſupplied without intermiſſion!

At length came, for the firſt time, their BATTERING-RAMS! The walls of Jotapata ſhook under their tremendous ſtrokes; theſe, by conſtant repetition, aſſured us that breaches would ſoon be made,—and that the now greatly enraged lions, attended by their intrepid eagles, would quickly be let in upon us. We had craved death, and yet now ſhrank from the trying moment, ſo cloſe to all—that awful moment which was to ſeparate us, for ever, from wives, children, friends, countrymen—and from all the ſcenes of this life! Canſt thou, O wiſe Cartaphilus, accuſe me of infirmity of purpoſe—of inconſiſtency, when I tell thee that, the craſhing againſt our walls of this formidable inſtrument rouſed me, ſud-

denly, to further reſiſtance—to devices for ſafety and revenge, that our minds had utterly refuſed to yield till then? Oh no; man's true nature is too well known of thee.

I directed numerous ſacks to be filled with ſtraw, and ſuſpended from the walls by ropes, ſo as to exactly meet the battering-rams, wherever they might ſtrike: and, how great was our joy when we ſaw their oft-repeated blows fall inoperative and dead—for the mighty weapon ſeemed to be at once almoſt annihilated!

But who can hope long to elude Roman ſagacity—experience? In the midſt of my exultation, I found that Veſpaſian had cauſed a *ſcythe* to be attached to a long pole—one for each rope and ſack ſuſpended by me! Theſe ſcythes did their work effectually, ſo that the reſiſtleſs battering-rams were again in fearful motion. But my ardour, now awakened, could not be extinguiſhed by this great misfortune, and a large force was inſtantly ſummoned, equipped with new devices. We ruſhed from out our walls, in diſtinct parties, bearing in our hands numerous torches of red and blue fires. At once, we were in the midſt of our foes; their engines, camps, and pent-houſes were ſoon blazing around us; black and ſuffocating ſmoke and flames encompaſſed our enemies—the fires ſpread with terrific rapidity through the timbers that braced the embankment: bitumen, pitch, and ſulphur had been much uſed for their cement; and we were now raviſhed with the ſight of the almoſt ſure deſtruction of the whole agger, that had coſt the Romans ſo much of toil and life to raiſe!

At this ſeemingly propitious moment, the daring Eleazar (with his famed lion-ſtrength, as of Samſon in ancient days) was ſeen to ſtand upon the wall, and ſeize a mighty ſtone: holding it in his brawny arms, with keen eye, and faithful aim, he levelled it with giant force againſt the head of the battering-ram, and ſmote it quite aſunder! He then leaped from the wall, amidſt a ſhower of darts; and, ſecuring the trophy, ruſhed with miraculous ſtrength and quickneſs to the gate, which ſuddenly opened to receive him, and as inſtantly cloſed again! Five arrows had pierced the valorous Eleazar; and when he regained the wall, he gazed on the foe below, raiſed the iron head aloft; and with convulſive exultation inſtantly expired!

But our ſhouts of victory were for a brief ſeaſon. Veſpaſian had been ſlightly wounded by a javelin. This cauſed the enraged Romans to haſten in maſſes towards the walls,—the battering-rams were renewed—night came on, and yet the ſlaughter of our men ceaſed not. The Jews would not for a moment leave the walls, but were content to be cloven down in denſe crowds, could they but have the ſatisfaction of hurling their balls of fire and huge ſtones upon the equally reckleſs Romans!

The horrors of *that* night can never be told, nor ever be leſs

vivid on my mind—they are deep within my ſoul,—for they excel in terrors all that ever a diſeaſed imagination could portray. I need ſay no more than that, before the firſt dawn, a breach had been made through the city wall—at its baſe, torrents of blood were flowing—the women, children, and the aged of all Jotapata were frantic with deſpair, and blended their heart-piercing ſhrieks with all the other furious noiſes of the ſcene.

This was the moment for Veſpaſian—his wound could not then be thought of—he appeared before the breach ; and whilſt, on the outſide, the illuſtrious Roman was planning with matchleſs ſkill the entry into our devoted city, I, on the other, was concentrating the moſt frightful means of reſiſting his paſſage ;—but how, with the ſore impediments now around them, theſe Romans ſtill entered in maſſes through the narrow breach, no mind can conceive, and ſurely no pen unfold—for this laſt device of mine wondered and pained even thy Joſephus! Many, however, were now freely *within the walls*—and in the midſt of ravening wolves, until ſtrengthened by myriads more : but they ſtill poured through the narrow paſſage, in almoſt ſolid phalanx—and at that moment my deadly device was executed ! I hurled upon them maſſes of *boiling oil*, contained in very brittle veſſels—which, burſting at their fall, covered the inſenſate crowd with that ſcalding liquid, and carried into their ſouls more of horror and death, than all they had yet experienced at our hands ! The breach, moreover, was not only narrow, but was ſomewhat above the level of the earth, and needed a ſmall wooden bridge to reach it. Upon that bridge therefore we now poured alſo large quantities of boiling *fenugreek ;* which, from its oily and glutinous conſiſtency, rendered the aſcent extremely difficult, and thus afforded our veſſels of ſcalding oil, our javelins, and other miſſiles, full opportunity for the deadly work, by the larger time, and mortal aim !

Veſpaſian finding now that even the breach, which, at firſt, had promiſed ſo ſpeedy a termination to his toils, had only proved the cauſe of great loſs of life, reſorted to another, and a fatal meaſure. With unwearied labour, he elevated the agger, and built thereon fifty towers, armed with the experteſt miſſile-men ; who, from their lofty ſtation, poured down upon us their weapons of ſure deſtruction,—whilſt ours now could but ſeldom reach them.

At this time alſo our hearts ſank within us, when intelligence came of the fall of *Jopha*, with a loſs of fifteen thouſand killed, and the women and children ſent into galling ſlavery, remote from Iſrael's land—and further, of the deſtruction on mount Gerizim of twelve thouſand Samaritans—yea, upon their own holy mountain ! And to all this was added, that Veſpaſian had heard from one of our deſerters, (we had but few,) that Jotapata could hold out not many hours longer.

Vindication—The Fall of Jotapata.

Early in the morning of the twelfth of *Tamuz*—a misty day, Titus and the tribune Sabinus, with a few others, gained the top of the Wall; also, many troops under Placidus and Cerealis instantly followed,—when the sentinels nearest to them were at once put to death, and all our foes quietly descended into the city—took the citadel by surprise—and *Jotapata was theirs!* [July 1st, A. D. 67.] *The fall of Jotapata.*

All this was effected with marvellous rapidity and silence; for the darkness of the morning, our excessive fatigue during the past night, and the utter abandonment of hope, had rendered us all an easy prey.

The horrors of the scenes that ensued cannot be told—no ray of pity, nor of mercy, entered the breast of a single Roman—no resistance was offered by any of us—*that* feeling being then all past, and nature wholly exhausted,—so that, the once victorious and lion-hearted-soldier, the aged and infirm, the women and youths and children, were now alike subdued, and submissive to the stroke of death, and to the fiercest butcheries of their relentless foes!—— JOTAPATA was brought down to the earth—fire, famine, the sword, and the club, swept life and property clean from existence?

Of the once crowded and happy population, that a few years before had rejoiced in the streets and temples of Jotapata, only twelve hundred could now be found as appropriate captives—the rest, to the number of *forty thousand*, were slain during the *forty and seven* days of our calamitous siege!

Let me now, O Cartaphilus! again ask thee, canst *thou* condemn *Josephus*, if he hath *enough* of this? Shall his love towards Israel be doubted, because he now refuseth to draw his sword, even in defence of the once holy, but now desecrated Salem! Wilt thou have me war against the Most High! No, excellent Cartaphilus, no! Josephus hath done his part—and to do more, would be to arm himself against revealed, palpable destiny; for, as *our* wickedness hath exceeded the wickedness of all the nations—so hath our misery gone far beyond what the world hath ever known! And here, my Cartaphilus, I would reverse the Greek proverb, and remind thee that, *if God be against us, everything that was possible becomes impossible.*

And here, fain would I conclude my painful narrative: but something remains to be said, yet more *personal* to myself, than what already hath been given; and this thy curiosity, if not love towards me, may demand. Thou wilt naturally ask, "and what became of *thee*, O Flavius Josephus! amidst this universal carnage?" I will reply to thee with truth—shrinking in nothing from the loathing events that early followed. *Perils of Josephus.*

Among the myriad of bodies that filled the streets, houses, and

fortreſſes of Jotapata, that of *Joſephus* was no where to be found! Eſcape were impoſſible, as the Romans well knew; for eyes and ears had witneſſed his preſence only a few hours before—and yet all ſearch proved vain, though Veſpaſian had ſhown extreme anxiety for his capture!

But all this, good Cartaphilus, was no wizard-work; for under the city are many deep caverns—in one of which I had ſought refuge,—and oh, how great was my aſtoniſhment and delight, when I found there no leſs than forty of our moſt eminent people, and having with them an ample ſupply of proviſions for many days! But, in only two days thereafter, a certain woman betrayed to Veſpaſian the place of our concealment. A meſſenger was inſtantly charged to ſeek me, and with promiſe of life; great indeed were my ſurpriſe and fear, when the tribune Paulinus cried out to me, at the mouth of the cave, to come forth, and that all ſhould be well with me! Roman faith and mercy, however, were then but little valued by me; and I refuſed to be ſeen. Shortly after came Nicanor at the cave's entrance, and called loudly, but kindly, on me. Him I had well known; and he aſſured me from Veſpaſian, my perſon was in no danger: and, remembering at that time the dream that came to me ſhortly before the ſiege, in which were revealed to me the calamities we were to endure, as alſo the ſure exaltation of Veſpaſian to the Imperial power, I conſented to accompany Nicanor.

My forty companions, however, were prompt to ſurround me, and ſhowed themſelves ſo hoſtile to my reſolution, that my life ſeemed now in greater peril from them, than it ever had been from Veſpaſian! How ſeverely I was rated by them, and ſtoutly threatened with ſure death—and how they appealed vehemently to every motive that might lead me to prefer *ſelf-ſlaughter!*—likewiſe, how I *philoſophized* with them reſpecting the right of ſelf-immolation, and the folly of preferring death to a life, *not aſked* for by me, but voluntarily tendered by Veſpaſian, would now occupy me too long in the detail:—ſuffice it to ſay, that my philoſophy was ridiculed, and that all were ready to ſacrifice me as the chiefeſt of cowards! I ſuddenly reminded them all of my devoted zeal, and ceaſeleſs labours as their commander—that all our ſtratagems, all our deſperation, all our dreadful ſacrifices, and our obſtinate refuſal to ſurrender the city, had been occaſioned, in great part, by our own regard for *life*. They liſtened to me with unexpected attention—their ſwords became all ſheathed,—and conviction, reſpect and pity, ſeemed to have robbed them of their fury! But ſtill, their *eye* aſſured me it would not endure—"If death muſt come," exclaimed I, "let it not be by our own hand, but by each other's—and by lot!" This was agreed to; and, wonderful are the ways of Pro-

vidence,—all of them periſhed in turn, ſave Joſephus, and *one* other! and I that Joſephus, was not long in perſuading him to accept of life.

We both haſtened to abandon this cave of death; and were welcomed by Nicanor. I reached the camp of Veſpaſian (then at Cæſaréa) through immenſe crowds; who eagerly preſſed to ſee the Commander, who had eſcaped ſuch complicated dangers—my life, indeed, was to be ſpared; but the deſign ſeemed to be, to ſend me to Nero!

I ſtrongly urged a private interview with Veſpaſian; which was granted, ſave that Titus and two others remained. I announced to Veſpaſian my remarkable dream; and, from its *partial* fulfilment, my perfect conviction that the *reſidue* would be found equally true, in that Veſpaſian was deſtined, and ſoon, to be Rome's Emperor! "Send me not, O Veſpaſian, to Nero," continued I, "but keep me thy priſoner, until thou ſhalt become Lord of the Earth and Sea—and Ruler of the Human Race!" *Joſephus' prediction as to Veſpaſian.*

Veſpaſian looked at me with evident ſurpriſe; but ſeemed to regard my ſpeech as ſubtile flattery: yet, upon appealing to my twelve hundred companions in captivity, then in chains, whether I had not declared the like matter to the people of Jotapata,—and they fully ſuſtaining me therein, Veſpaſian bowed—and ſoon thereafter, Joſephus was a welcomed gueſt among them all!

And now, O diſcreet and learned Cartaphilus! Nero, as thou knoweſt, is ſince dead; Galba doth at preſent rule; but *mark* what I now repeat—Veſpaſian *will* be Emperor!*

During the fourteen months paſſed by me in the Roman camps, after Jotapata's fall, devaſtation and ruin have marked our daily tranſaction. In leſs than a week after I came to Cæſaréa, the ſea at *Joppa* was red with the blood of our countrymen: the ſhores were ſtrewed with dead and mangled bodies; this moſt ancient of our cities was laid low—and more than four thouſand lives were the ſanguinary ſacrifice! Next came *Tiberias*, whoſe fate muſt have been the ſame, had not her full ſubmiſſion, aided by the requeſt of Agrippa, ſaved her from plunder, fire, and carnage. Cloſe by, on the beautiful lake, ſtood the fair city of *Tarichea*, that had been fortified by me with ſpecial care. Roman bravery, united to Jewiſh avarice, perfidy, and faction, ſoon placed her in the melancholy liſt of cities *Events in Paleſtine after the capture of Joſephus.*

* The fact of this prediction by Joſephus has been little, if at all, queſtioned; and we know that Veſpaſian was proclaimed Emperor, in about two years after the fall of Jotapata! Still, we regard this as nothing more than a ſtriking inſtance of ſhrewd political ſagacity.

for ever dead! The limpid waters of Genneſareth were purpled, and her lovely ſhores made hideous, by the foul carcaſſes of the ſlain, by the wrecks of boats, and the mixed fragments of coſtly property, and precious things of every kind: and here the loſs of life exceeded ſix thouſand, and full ſix thouſand captives were ſent by Veſpaſian to Nero, then in Greece, to aid him, as was ſaid, in making a great channel through the Iſthmus of Corinth! Some of thoſe wretched men, as I have heard, met thine eye, and friendly ſympathy, O Cartaphilus, when thou wert with Nero ſurveying the mighty work.

After this came *Gamalà*—the towering, inacceſſible Gamalà! —but it, too, ſhared the fate of its fellows. Herod-Agrippa, though poſſeſſed of vaſt civil power in our afflicted country, was not a whit of a Jew, and in feeling never elſe than a ſorry Roman. He had been beſieging this fair city during many months: but the people of Gamalà, in their pride and ſuppoſed ſafety, only laughed vehemently at Agrippa. The Romans then came in ſtrong force to his aid; and this ſecond Jotapata, after an angry and ſturdy reſiſtance, (in which Veſpaſian had nigh periſhed) was alſo blotted out of exiſtence, and her entire population, young and old, of both ſexes, were murderouſly ſlain!*

Nearly at the ſame time *Itabyrium* fell: next to her, the Citadel and new town of *Giſchalà*, the cunning robber John having eſcaped, as thou knoweſt, to Jeruſalem,—where, I would counſel thee to watch him cloſely: for, my Cartaphilus, if thou takeſt an active part againſt the Romans, ſee to it that John doth not betray thee and thine, and ſave himſelf. The Giſchalite's God is *money*—not his *country:* but I would further counſel thee, nay entreat thee, to come out of Jeruſalem with all ſpeed; and to mix thyſelf in no way with this now deſperate cauſe.

When John had reached Jeruſalem, and Veſpaſian (after taking *Jamnica* and *Arzotus*) came to Cæſaréa, all Galilee was early ſubdued: and ſince that time, Veſpaſian hath alſo conquered Gadarà and all Pirèa. Idumea muſt alſo follow; and then little will remain, ſave Jeruſalem, to hope for—and what hope, ſeeing that it is now in ſuch unholy hands?—for John and the Zealots have it all to themſelves!

I would alſo have thee remember, Cartaphilus, that thou haſt come among us, when the grain is already reaped, and ſtored in the garner of our enemies. Thy abſence at Rome hath been long: and, if *thou* doſt yet ſee cauſe of hope, *Joſephus* can ſee none. Thus do matters ſtand at the preſent hour.† We yet have *Idumea*

* About the end of October, A.D. 67. † September 26th, A.D. 68.

—the cities of *Maſada*, and *Machærus*—and our afflicted *Jeruſalem!* Judge thou, then, how long they can remain *ours*—and ſtill further, what muſt come, when all ſhall be *theirs!* Will they not, in like manner, periſh from off the face of the earth? It muſt be ſo.

I ſend this letter by a truſty friend; with charge to deliver it to thee at Pella: and, if thou art gone from thence, then to thee at Jeruſalem. Should it there, however, fall into the hands of the Giſchalite, it can peril thee nothing; as it contains ſufficient proof of *thy* devotion to the Jewiſh cauſe: and, as to *myſelf*, I, in no way am in his power—though it hath been lately ſaid that the *Roman* Jews have ungratefully ſent petitions to Veſpaſian, to have me ſlain! —and, my Cartaphilus, as to my *fame*, I truſt that this letter hath alſo ſufficiently vindicated it,—not for thee only, but even for the Giſchalite, and his bloody followers. FAREWELL. JOSEPHUS.

SECTION XXVI.—JERUSALEM, 8th *Marcheſvan*. [October 13th, A. D. 69.]

His viſit to Pella.

I HAVE juſt returned from Pella; and oh, whilſt there, how joy and grief were ſtruggling within me! What galling reminiſcences agitated my ſoul!—and the *preſent* would have weighed me down with the remembrance of thoſe blighted joys and hopes, but that my hoſt of griefs were now ſo gently miniſtered unto by Rebecca—ſurely the divineſt of women! Brightly adorned indeed is ſhe with all the virtues—ſtill beautiful in form and motion—ſtill gentle as the doves that yet play around her, and perch upon her ſhoulder—conſcious how greatly they are loved! More than twenty and five years have paſſed ſince laſt we met,—but the large black eye is ſerene and liquid, as, when in youth we ſtrayed on the heights of Ramoth-Gilead—and the cheerfulneſs of a heavenly innocence ſeems a portion of her inner nature. Yes, deareſt Rebecca, time hath not ſhorn thee of even thy outward ſupreme lovelineſs; and largely hath it added to the riches of thy incomparable mind—to the excellence of thy unerring heart.

And thou, Priſcilla! bright model of Hebrew matrons—beſt of mothers, my earlieſt and faſteſt friend; I now find thee, as thou wert in former days: years have, indeed, thinned and blanched thy once raven locks, but have added largely to the abundance of thine elevated ſoul, to the wealth of thine admirable heart: and, my venerable Rabboni—my firſt patron, and enlightened friend, EBEN EZRA! thou, too, art ſtill living, the glory of thy family—the ornament of thy now ruined country; which, in thee, (could ſhe but know it,) would find that Iſrael yet hath *one* with whom ſhe ſhould delight to counſel: for, if moral ruin hath ſpread as peſtilence over

this once fair land, it touches thee not, my friend! and fain would I believe it hath likewiſe ſpared all among us, (though few indeed) who, like thee, have embraced that Miraculous Faith, which ſeemeth to transform the *inner* ſoul of man, and enlarging all that is good within us, and with many ſuperadded virtues, unthought of before! And laſtly, dear youth of Athens, my excellent *Alcæus!* thy heart and mind (ſo much beyond thy years) give bright promiſe of much lovely fruit hereafter. If all this be not from heaven, it is worthy of ſo being.

But the marvellous adventure, in Armenia, of our deareſt Rebecca, (only brief words as to which would her mother then reveal to me) ſtill prove that ſuch virtues as all the Pella family then diſplayed, can find their ſource in Him alone that ruleth the ſkies.

When firſt my eyes reſted upon Rebecca, after ſo long a ſeparation, and when I remembered that fifty of Niſan's moons had paſſed, ſince the day was bleſſed that gave her to the light, my ſoul repoſed in mixed delight and wonder, at nature thus permitting ſo much loveline ſs as hers to remain ſo little blighted! But the truthful lips of Priſcilla did not wholly conceal the cauſes that took them all from Pella's peaceful ſhades; firſt to Epheſus, thence to Artaxata, in Armenia—alſo ſomewhat as to the perils her daughter and the reſt had there encountered, with brief alluſion to Rebecca's triumph in the terrific conteſt,—but with no word as to how they eſcaped! Every veſtige of my former love was then buried in ſupremeſt admiration—and to me ſhe then ſeemed no longer the betrothed Idol of Cartaphilus, but a being whoſe diſembodied virtues could alone be thought of—a being, no longer allied to humanity! Priſcilla departed for a time; but my eye could no longer reſt upon Rebecca; my tongue was awed into ſilence,—and mute, in mind as well as ſpeech, I ſtood, in her almoſt holy preſence, as a ſtatue! But not ſo with the fair daughter: ſhe approached me with ſo much of nature and truth, that the ideal extinction of her earthly exiſtence paſſed inſtantly from me—and I was delighted to behold in her again the pure and lovely mortal!

Rebecca's ſtory had been told me only in brief words: for, as to all that regards her daughter, the matron is uſually either ſilent, or too painfully diffident thereon to be urged. To her ſhort narrative of the trying ſcenes in Armenia, Priſcilla, however, added with animation ſome details of events, during their four years' abſence in various lands; but ſpecially delighted to dwell on the progreſs of the *Nazarenes*, and of the growth of their infant churches, —as to all of which I liſtened with intereſt, but with ſtill a hope ſhe might return to Rebecca's dangers, and as to her ſignal triumph in Armenia; but on *that*, Priſcilla gave me then but ſmall ſatisfaction. I ſhould much have regretted to be compelled to chronicle

a mutilated tale, of but imperfect recollections, and with large admixtures of my own poor and unworthy language; and therefore I earneſtly importuned Priſcilla to ſend me, at her leiſure, her own faithful Narrative:—to this ſhe reluctantly conſented—and here ſhall it be recorded.

SECTION XXVII.—JERUSALEM, *Bul*, 18th. [November 6th, A.D. 69.]

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I HAVE juſt received, of the kindneſs of Priſcilla, her promiſed Narrative. Matchleſs woman! great are thy endowments, rich is thy mind, truthful and gracious thy heart. Like thine own fair daughter, thou art ſtill majeſtic in perſon, cheerful as the matron bird that ſalutes the morning, and thoughtful as the angel of benevolence. Now, though years have ſomewhat told their tale, in the now paleneſs of thy once blooming cheek, happineſs is in thine eye, and buoyancy in thy mind—for piety and zeal, with no taint of ſuperſtition, dwell therein!

And that delightful youth Alcæus! him ſhe will now cheriſh, as Rebecca did her ſnow-white lamb, in our youthful days. O, how tender was her entreatment of that lamb—and yet with ſuch continued diſcipline, that the pet, imitating her fair miſtreſs, ſhowed wiſdom as well as affection!—for Rebecca would have naught around her, that had not head as well as heart; and ſo now will Alcæus be unto the admirable Priſcilla.

Alcæus tells me Artemas will ſoon be at Pella; and that all there will anxiouſly await my preſence. O Cartaphilus! how different thy years have been from thoſe of thy early and devoted friend Artemas! Canſt thou dare to embrace *him*, who is ſo pure; and will he not now ſhrink involuntarily from thy arms? Withered muſt alſo be *his* leaf—but not from a Neronian life; oh no, his years have been labours of love to man! thine worſe than thoſe of Nero; for he was born a *Gentile*, and in all the darkneſs of nature—thou a *Jew* in the full light of revelation! But ſuch thoughts muſt not now be cheriſhed—they ſicken my inner ſoul, and ſhould now give way to others. Priſcilla's ſtory will yield me comfort: for her words are ever as the balm of Gilead—ſoft and healing to the wounded heart.

PRISCILLA'S NARRATIVE.

PELLA.—Month of *Bul*, 15th *Seleucidæ*, 381.
[November 3rd, A.D. 69.]

I CAN refuſe *thee* nothing, my Cartaphilus, that may poſſibly aid in bringing from darkneſs and miſery, into light and happineſs, one ſo long cheriſhed in our deepeſt heart, and tendereſt affections, as thou haſt ever been.

With this hope, and from no deſire to ſpeak of myſelf or daughter, I now comply with thy urgent requeſt,—truſting, moreover, that He, whom thou haſt ſo much offended, will cauſe thee to perceive that the toils through which we paſſed were in His great cauſe.

In the month of *Elul*, more than ſeven years ago,* we yielded to the ſtrong ſolicitations of Aquila and his pious wife, to join them at Epheſus,—that we might there give our feeble teſtimony and aid to the cauſe of our Maſter, and towards the downfal of *Diana's* power—ſo great among the Epheſians!

The hiſtory of the numerous deities of the Gentile world, though not ſo full, to overflowing, with wickedneſs and abſurdity, as, at firſt it would appear, is yet a black and moſt foul page in the chronicles of all the ages, and in all countries. To underſtand more fully the value of our holy religion, revealed to us through ſo many ages, and perfected in this our day, by the coming of the long expected Shiloh, I ſtudied, with ſome care, the marvellous and diſguſting details regarding all thoſe whom the heathens worſhip; ſo that, on my arrival at Epheſus, (the firſt idolatrous land I had ever ſeen) the famed temple of Diana, and its gorgeous ceremonials, were not ſo entirely ſtrange to me, as is ſo uſual with my country-women.

Artemiſion of Diana.

With what joy we were received by Aquila and Priſca, as alſo by the whole church of Epheſus, I need not ſay. We, being to the Epheſians wholly unknown, either as Jews or Chriſtians, it was deemed expedient by our friends, that we ſhould at once viſit the temple, and become familiar with all that relates to its tutelary goddeſs!

The preſent Artemiſion is the eighth erected on the ſame ſpot to Diana: what the firſt ſix were is, probably, little if at all known; but the exiſting one is highly magnificent; and is ſaid to be even more ſo than the much famed one burnt by Heroſtrătus, four hundred and twenty years ago. When thus deſtroyed, it had juſt

* Auguſt, A.D. 62.

been finiſhed—being commenced by the architect Cteſiphon, 220 years before; and to its erection, during that long period, all Aſia Minor is ſaid to have contributed! Its ſplendour in ſtatues and paintings, (to which Gentile nations attach ſo much value, but which the Jews ſo generally hold in abhorrence) is ſaid to have been ſo wonderful, as to have excited in this Heroſtrătus the ſingular deſire of perpetuating his name, by its wanton deſtruction, as being the greateſt building known to the heathen world! Its dimenſions, though ample, were far exceeded by its boundleſs riches, and ſurpriſing magnificence. In length, it was 284 cubits; its breadth was 134 cubits; and it was adorned with 127 ſuperb columns, each 40 cubits high, and 36 of which were elaborately carved! Theſe magnificent pillars were preſented, as it is ſaid, by the like number of kings! To you, my Cartaphilus, who have ſo long reſided in a Gentile city, (and the greateſt the world hath perhaps ever known) the exiſting temple of Diana at Epheſus, and the ſtatue of that goddeſs, would probably excite but feeble ſurpriſe: but I aſſure thee that, when my inexperienced eye firſt reſted upon them, I know not which was the greater, my aſtoniſhment, or diſguſt—for the ſtatue, eſpecially, is moſt hideous, though wonderfully carved, and adorned with ſtrange devices.

Statue of Diana.

This ſtatue hath alſo the name of the Epheſian ARTEMIS; but differs wholly from the other ſtatue of that goddeſs, the ſiſter of Apollo, with her bow and quiver—her gracefully girt-up robe—and with her hound ſo repoſefully by her ſide. This Artemis, on the contrary, is devoid of grace, and would remind one rather of a much adorned Egyptian mummy. Upon her head repoſes the turreted crown as of Cybele, ſurrounded by the lunar orb; beneath which repoſes upon the boſom the zodiacal ſymbols of Taurus, Gemini, and Cancer; at the feet of which are two garlands; the one of flowers, the other of acorns: then comes an odious diſplay, between the out-ſtretched arms, and upon the breaſt, of twenty or more *mammæ*, as if greatly oppreſſed by their lactiferous currents,—and then in front, reaching down to the feet, and alſo on the ſhoulders, the images of cows, ſtags, lions, and other animals; and upon the ſides, are numerous repreſentations of bees and of flowers. The whole is indeed, my Cartaphilus, a ſtrange thing unto which to pay our adorations—but, in principle, it is doubtleſs the ſame, as what once in Paleſtine was worſhipped under the name of *Aſhtoreth;* and alſo as *Meni*, or the goddeſs of the months, or of the moon. I have looked ſomewhat into all theſe curious varieties of man, ſince I am here in Epheſus; for, as all our little party mix much with the people, of a faith ſo different from our own, I would not be wholly ignorant of their ſtrange beliefs.

Diana, her origin, &c.

This goddeſs, the twin ſiſter of Apollo, is ſaid (in their myſtical genealogies,) to be the daughter of Jupiter and Latona; and that her mother's ſufferings in giving them birth were ſo great, as to have cauſed in Diana a perpetual averſion to marriage; and hence it is alſo fabled (with ſome inconſiſtency), that ſhe preſides over all births—is ever attended by a train of young virgins, or ſea-nymphs—and cultivates *hunting*, merely that ſhe may avoid the ſociety of men! She is repreſented as drawn by four ſtags, in a ſplendid car; and directs the chariots of the ſun and moon! It is further ſaid of her that, whilſt ſhe preſides over man at his *birth* or firſt entrance into life—ſhe is alſo the goddeſs of his exit, or *death!* Her power, in all theſe, is ſuppoſed to be nearly ſupreme,—as ſhe deſtroys by peſtilence and by every ſpecies of diſeaſe that afflicts man, or that terminates exiſtence! Is it, then, ſurpriſing that one eſteemed ſo powerful, ſo chaſte, ſo beautiful: one, moreover, who, though not herſelf the matrix of any progeny, is yet the ample ſource of the bounties of prolific nature (as is ſymbolized by her numerous *mammæ*) ſhould be ardently worſhipped by theſe deluded and over-ſuperſtitious people?

Epheſian artiſts alarmed at Chriſtianity.

Viewing all theſe things, I did not marvel to hear that, a few years before I reached Epheſus, the preaching of Paul and others there had much rouſed *Demetrius*, the noted ſilverſmith, and others of his craft, who manufacture ſmall ſhrines of gold and ſilver, for the images of Diana; and likewiſe that the many worſhippers in that gorgeous Temple ſhould have ſided with them (at leaſt for a time) in a violent tumult againſt all of the new faith. Theſe artiſans, and others, in the leaſt connected with the public worſhip, could not but obſerve that many of the Epheſians had forſaken Diana; and that her proud and beautiful temple, and the little ſhrines, and ſmall images, ſo univerſal formerly, were now likely to be held gradually in far leſs repute! Their religion and worldly craft were alike in peril; and hence, no wonder was it that Demetrius and his fellows ſhould have run violently through the city, exclaiming, as they paſſed near the Temple, "GREAT IS DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS!"

Thou well knoweſt, my Cartaphilus, how theſe heathens are wont to carry the images of their gods and goddeſſes in a conſecrated chariot, from one city to another; and how the chariot, in ſuch proceſſions, contains, alſo, for each of their divinities, a little chapel or ſhrine—by the Romans called *ferculum*, and by the Greeks *naos*. Theſe images, with their ſhrines, being very numerous, thou wilt readily perceive how the intereſts and feelings of the Prieſts, of the Augurs, and of the Artiſts were, more or leſs, affected by the diffuſion of Paul's opinions, and alſo by the continued preachings of Aquila, Timothy, and others. The public worſhip, as well as their own mercenary gains, experienced a great change—

victims were in leſs demand—lurking, though timid doubts, had been excited as to Diana's real greatneſs; and the people had alſo heard that in ſome places, among other people, the temples had been nearly deſerted; and that men and women of high diſtinction had forſaken the idolatrous rites altogether, and avowed the ſpiritual and ſimple religion of the obſcure Galilean! Such ſtrange things could not fail to rouſe the multitude of Epheſus, and to beget toils, hatreds, perſecutions—yea, even cruel deaths, for the zealous followers of the crucified, but now triumphant Meſſiah,—as thou, Cartaphilus, knoweſt in part, and wilt preſently further ſee.

Our little family had left the peaceful and beautiful retirement of Pella, with the fixed reſolution that, come what might—a miſerable life, or a lingering death—we would openly *confeſs* before the heathen world our abhorrence of all their idolatries; and alſo proclaim the *reaſons* of the faith within us.

During Paul's reſidence at Epheſus, of fully two years,* his labours were inceſſant,—preaching in the ſynagogues, and in other places: alſo by his private teachings (with great power) in the places called "*Houſes of Learning*"—of which, that belonging to *Tyrannus* was the moſt frequented; and in divers other ways, that occupied all his hours!

But the matter which awakened all proconſular Aſia to yield a curious and reſpectful, if not a pious, attention to the inſtructions of Paul and his aſſociates, was found in the wonderful miracles openly wrought by them! The Epheſians ſaw that *their* gods were dull and lifeleſs—they found that their *goddeſs* gave no tokens, either of love or anger; and that, even Jupiter, (with Minerva at his ſide, or, though aſſociated with his three famed ſiſters, Veſta, Ceres, and Juno, and alſo by his well known brothers, Neptune and Pluto) ſtill could give them no *viſible*, or *audible* proof of divinity, or of any commiſſion from that "Unknown God," whoſe altar is at Athens!—whereas Paul was almoſt daily preſenting to them marvellous diſplays of power through the only One-God! It was in vain that theſe idolaters vaunted the high ſounding names of their Supreme God,—for the "*cloud compelling*," "*loud thundering*," "*lightning-loving*," "*far-ſeeing*," "*high-ſeated*" Jupiter, could call from heaven no Promethean fire, or other celeſtial token, that might aſſure his worſhippers of the *untruth* of Paul's declaration that, if Jupiter *ever lived*, he was now to them *for ever dead*—whereas, that Jesus had lived, none could deny; and that, having died on the tree—he aroſe, and reſumed his heavenly abode, few *dared* to controvert, and none, in the preſence of Paul's miraculous works, in the name of that Shiloh, or Meſſiah, who was the "Deſire of all nations!"

* Embraced by parts of A. D. 59, 60, 61.

The ſeven ſons of Sceva.

At laſt, upon one occaſion, many Epheſians, as well as Jews, were deeply awed and convinced, by what happened to the ſeven ſons of a certain Jew, named *Sceva;* who, profeſſing to be *exorciſts* poſſeſſed of great magical powers, had invoked to their aid the name of Jeſus,—that, in imitation of Paul, they might cure a certain noted maniac! But, to their great diſmay, the foul ſpirit cried out, in the language of a *ſane* mind, "*Jeſus I know, and Paul I know; but ye are come without any authority from Jeſus, whom Paul doth truly repreſent:*" and thereupon, the man again becoming furious, ruſhed violently upon them, tore off their garments, and ſo wounded theſe ſons of Sceva, that they were happy to eſcape!

Paul at Epheſus. His Travels.

Soon after this remarkable event, the confuſion cauſed by Demetrius, the ſilverſmith, was quieted, by the frank conduct of the Regiſter of the Public Games: who, on being appealed to by theſe makers of ſhrines and images, replied to them that, "if they had ſuffered damage, the courts of law were open to them; but that Paul and the other Nazarenes, had robbed none of the temples; and that as to their preaching, all the world knows that Epheſus, of all the Greek cities, hath the honour to be the *chiefeſt* in the worſhip of Diana, whoſe Temple encloſes the very image of Her, which fell from Jupiter!"

Poſſibly, the exact import of the Regiſter's ſpeech, and the preciſe ſtate of his mind towards the Chriſtians, may never be known: but certain it is, that Demetrius was in no way ſuſtained by him,—or by the other public authorities,—and, as to the idle tale concerning the *deſcent* of the Image from Jupiter, it was for Paul to preach in ſuch wiſe, as might aſſure them of its folly, without openly offending by ſeverity the force of their long-enduring prejudices—and this great work is ſilently, but ſurely advancing. Paul departed from Epheſus ſoon after,—leaving Timothy as the biſhop or elder of that church; and not without previouſly addreſſing an Epiſtle to the people of Corinth; at which place, five years before, he had reſided a long time.*

In Macedonia, many churches had been planted, which Paul much deſired to viſit. Arrived, firſt at Troas, and then at Philippi, he addreſſed from that place another Epiſtle to the Corinthians; and whilſt there, he was cruelly entreated by the Philippians—being ſcourged and put into the ſtocks! From Macedonia he went towards Corinth; which hath, of late, ſuffered greatly, as I learn, from the Roman power: this may compel them to *think;* for thy reſidence there, though ſhort, muſt have convinced thee that, of all

* This was his Firſt Epiſtle to the Corinthians, written at the cloſe of A. D. 60, more than twenty years after his miraculous converſion.

the Grecian cities, none hath greater need than Corinth of the chaſtening light of the goſpel. Paul, during his previous reſidence there, of eighteen months, had made ſome impreſſion ;—but, whilſt he was at Epheſus and elſewhere, a corrupt doctrine was introduced into the infant church of Corinth, by a certain Jew of great learning, of high birth, and who is a Sadducee of wonderful artifice. This man, deſirous of ſtanding well with Greeks and Jews, and alſo, if poſſible, with the Chriſtians, contrived a religion ſtrangely compounded of ſome matters to be found in the faith of each! Being eloquent, and aware of the delicate taſte the Greeks ever have in oratory, he ſo faſhioned his ſpeeches, as, not only to charm the ear, but to ſuit the prejudices equally of Greeks and Jews. The former, exceſſively ridiculed the doctrine of the *body's* reſurrection, in an ethereal form, conjoined with the ſoul: and hence they ſaid that the expectation of *ſuch* a reſurrection of the fleſh is but "*the hope of worms!*" This factious teacher, however, was not content with wholly denying Paul's doctrine of a *ſpiritual* body ſurviving the ravages of the grave; but he treated with equal contempt his precepts reſpecting purity, temperance, and chaſtity,—well knowing how averſe the Corinthians are to all reſtraints on the ſenſual paſſions: and that he might win the Jews alſo, he urged obedience to the law of Moſes, as eſſential to ſalvation! With all theſe baſe views, he placed himſelf at the head of a church in Corinth; and hated Paul the more, becauſe the authority and doctrines of that great Apoſtle conflicted with the influence and wealth, he hoped to derive from that artfully compounded religion of his own contrivance. That he might bring the pious and learned apoſtle of the Gentiles into contempt, he alſo greatly ridiculed him as being a man of mean and contemptible ſpeech;—devoid likewiſe of the mental and bodily accompliſhments required by an apoſtle—alſo, as poor of birth and of education, and as being, in truth, no apoſtle, he never having attended Chriſt during his miniſtry upon earth!

In all of theſe matters, his ſpleen and falſehoods were manifeſt enough to all who had ſeen and heard Paul,—whoſe appearance (ſave the infirmity of his eyes) was ſufficiently attractive: and ſurely his eloquence, wiſdom, learning, and miracles were alſo ſufficient to ſhow the factious ſpirit that actuated this wicked and heretical Jew. And yet, in ſo large and corrupt a city as Corinth, it is not ſtrange that this new teacher became very popular, and that he greatly diſturbed the church. This afflicting ſtate of the infant eſtabliſhment at Corinth, often reached Paul's ears whilſt at Epheſus; and occaſioned him to addreſs the two Epiſtles to the Corinthians, I have mentioned—the one from Epheſus—the other from Philippi: which letters, O Cartaphilus! I pray thee to read. Pro-

bably, thou haſt not yet ſeen them; they are much to *my* mind; and moſt ſatisfactory on all the points, whereof the artful Jew of Corinth deſired to diſparage Paul's religion, in the eyes of the Greek philoſophers, and of the Corinthian voluptuaries.

But it was Paul's lot never to be able again to reach Corinth. Having ſtaid three months in Achaia, anxiouſly waiting to hear from Titus as to the manner of reception given to his two Epiſtles by the Corinthians, and of the further proceedings of the temporiſing Jew, and his miſguided party, Paul was again induced to paſs through Macedonia; and finally reached Troas once more. Here were aſſembled a large company of the more eminent labourers in the Church; ſome of whom had accompanied him from Philippi, and others had preceded him on to Aſia, expecting his arrival at Troas. On the night previous to the morning of his intended departure from Troas, Paul was diſcourſing until midnight, in a ſpacious upper room, the windows of which were all open. In one of theſe, a youth, named Eutychus, was ſeated; and, from the great heat of the weather, and the lateneſs of the hour, he had fallen into a profound ſleep. In this condition, he fell from the third ſtory, and was taken up, as one that was dead. This ended the aſſembly, for a time; and Paul deſcended forthwith, took the youth into his arms, bid the people make no diſturbance, for that life was ſtill in him, and that God would *ſpeedily* reſtore him to *perfect health!* The aſſembly then returned to the chamber; where they partook of the Lord's Supper,—ſhortly after which the youth, to the joy of all, was brought into their midſt, perfectly well!

Early in the morning, Paul, and ſome of his company, ſailed for the port of Mitylene, in the Iſland of Leſbos,—thence over to Chios; and finally, paſſing by Epheſus, they arrived at Miletus. Being anxious to reach Jeruſalem by the day of Pentecoſt, Paul would not ſtop at Epheſus; but ſent a meſſage, deſiring the Elders of that Church to viſit him; that he might impart to them a ſolemn charge,—he then having on his mind a deep impreſſion that he never ſhould ſee them again—at leaſt at Epheſus! Paul's farewell addreſs to that Church, through the Elders thus aſſembled at Miletus, is highly eloquent, touching, and ſurely was prophetic of his approaching fate. Having ended his diſcourſe, and kiſſed them all with fervent affection, they were greatly moved by his ſaying, "*they would ſee his face no more!*" With tears, they attended Paul to the ſhip: and with longing eyes watched him, until hidden from their ſight by the diſtant blue waters of the Icarian ſea.

In the voyage from Miletus towards Jeruſalem, Paul ſailed to Rhodes, thence to Patarà, and to Tyre; where he found ſome of the diſciples; who ſtrongly urged him not to viſit Jeruſalem, as he there had many enemies—ſome even among the converts,—who

much blamed him for his devotion to the Gentiles, and for his neglect of the inſtitutions of Moſes. From Tyre he paſſed on to Cæſaréa; where he remained a ſhort time with the Evangeliſt Philip.

While Paul and his company were at Philip's houſe, the venerable prophet Agabus viſited them; and taking Paul's girdle, began to bind his own feet and hands with it—ſaying, "Thus, O Paul, will the Jews bind thee at Jeruſalem, and deliver thee into the hands of the Gentiles!"

But Paul, nothing diſmayed by this prophecy, replied, "Why do ye thus afflict me with your tears and entreaties, and that I ſhall *not* go down to Jeruſalem; I am willing to endure bonds, yea, death, for the Goſpel, and our Maſter's ſake.

Arrived at Jeruſalem, a great tumult was ſoon raiſed againſt him in the Temple; and ſo ſtrongly was he preſſed upon by the enraged multitude, that the Tribune of the Cohort, *Claudius Lyſias*, to protect his life, hurried him into the tower of the Antonia.

On the next day, the accuſations againſt him had become ſo violent, that Lyſias ſent him to the Sanhedrim for examination. The very commencement of Paul's defence there was ſo firm, as greatly to anger *Ananias*, the high-prieſt; who preſided on the trial; whereupon he commanded an officer to ſtrike the ſpeaker on his mouth! At this, Paul's indignation being deeply and juſtly aroused, he exclaimed, "*Art thou ſitting here to judge me* AFTER *the law, and ſmiteſt me thou,* CONTRARY *to the law!—for ſo doing, God will ſurely ſmite* THEE, *thou whited wall!*"

Some, ſtanding near, reminded Paul that ſuch language to the High-Prieſt was alſo *againſt law:* to whom the Apoſtle (in juſtification, though in acknowledgment of the law) ſaid, "It is written, *Thou ſhalt not ſpeak evil of the* RULER *of thy people*—but I do not hold *him* to be the High-Prieſt."

By this, as I underſtand, Paul regarded Ananias as no *true* high-prieſt, but as an uſurper,—either becauſe of the impure ſource of his appointment, or, that the Prieſthood belonged of right, to *Gamaliel*, or to *Iſmael*—or, finally, becauſe the *office* itſelf had wholly ceaſed to have lawful exiſtence, ever ſince the great ſacrifice upon Calvary. And this laſt ſeems to have been the Apoſtle's meaning, judging from his Epiſtle, lately addreſſed to the Hebrews.*

* Vide Heb. ix. This Epiſtle was addreſſed to the Hebrews, A.D. 65—nearly four years before the date of Priſcilla's Narrative.—In confirmation of the opinion here expreſſed by Priſcilla, in regard to Paul's anſwer to thoſe who blamed him for his ſevere language to Ananias, it may be remarked, that the uſual verſion of Acts xxii. 5, has created extreme difficulty in the minds of ſome,—as Paul's *denial* (according to that tranſlation) that he *knew* him to be the high-

As to the further proceedings againſt this holy man, from that time forth until thou, O Cartaphilus, didſt witneſs his cruel death at Rome, about three years thereafter, I need ſay no more.

We had now been at Epheſus, and in various parts of the ſea-coaſt, nearly two years; when the melancholy news of Paul's death, and that Nero's perſecution of the chriſtians was not confined to the City, reached our ears. Our grief and alarm, though great, ſtopped us not: we were now further called on, to viſit and ſuſtain the churches; and, by our example, as well as precept, to ſhow the heathen world, and our fellows, how idle it was to ſuppoſe that perſecutions and death could deſtroy that Faith, which flows from the living fountain of the Great Eternal! The wickedneſs and folly of man are indeed great; but the beauty and power of the only true religion are far greater. The force and tenacity of prejudice and habit are ſtrong,—but the diſſolving influences of the Holy Spirit are yet greatly more ſo. The faſcinations of a ſenſual world are captivating,—but the peace of God, that paſſeth all underſtanding, is yet far more enchanting:—and with *theſe* ſenti-

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prieſt, ſeems *uncandid*, if not *untrue!* The uſual verſion is, "*I wiſt not, brethren, that he was the high-prieſt.*"

Now, as the original word ſignifies to *acknowledge*, as well as to *wot*, or know, ſurely *that* is a more rational tranſlation which makes the Apoſtle ſay, "I do not hold, or acknowledge him as high prieſt," rather than the uſual one—"*I wiſt not*, &c.;" which would imply in Paul, either a want of candour, or a degree of ignorance, wholly at variance with all probability: for, that Ananias was, *in fact*, the high-prieſt, muſt have been notorious, and too much ſo to be unknown of Paul—though he had been long abſent from Jeruſalem.

Some have deſired to get rid of the difficulty impoſed by the cuſtomary tranſlation, by ſuppoſing Paul's failure to diſcern the high-prieſt, was occaſioned by Ananias coming to the Sanhedrim without his prieſtly garments, owing to the ſudden call of that body by Lyſias! But this, though highly improbable, would remove none of the difficulty: for Paul ſpoke to Ananias, not merely as one of the Sanhedrim, but as the Prince or Naſi of the aſſembled council,—whom the Apoſtle (educated as he had been at the feet of Gamaliel) *muſt* have known could ſcarce have been any one elſe than the high-prieſt. We are alſo to bear in mind that Paul, in the ſame addreſs, ſhowed his actual knowledge of the elements that compoſed the Council then before him; for he at once diſtinguiſhed between Sadducees and Phariſees; and went on to frame his remarks in reference to that knowledge,—which he could ſcarce have poſſeſſed in regard to *them*, and yet been ignorant, not merely as to who was *de facto* high-prieſt, but that the *Naſi*, then before him, muſt almoſt neceſſarily be that high dignitary. It is, therefore, far more probable that the view of the matter taken by Priſcilla, is the true one; and that Paul knew Ananias well,—regarded him as a uſurper in every reſpect, and intentionally uttered the language of diſclaimer, and alſo of threatening prophecy. In further aid of this verſion, it may be obſerved that theſe were no haſty words in Paul, raſhly thrown out againſt one whom he did not *know*—becauſe the prophecy was ſtrictly fulfilled, about eight years after,—Ananias being ignominiouſly ſlain in a foul aqueduct, in which he had concealed himſelf during the afflicting days of Jeruſalem's deſtruction!

ments and feelings, our little band of Chriſtians at Epheſus, would often commune with each other: and, whilſt wondering at Nero's folly, they took much delight in looking through the viſta of a comparatively ſhort period, when even the ruins of the proud temple of Diana would no longer be viſible; and the place that now contains ſo much beauty, ſhall ſcarce be known!

And thus would we converſe together, and muſe, when alone, over the ſure downfall of idolatry, and of all the gentile temples—which, if not levelled to their parent earth, might poſſibly ſerve, in ſome other form, as *chriſtian* temples! Theſe, my Cartaphilus, were to us delightful anticipations; and ſuch as will be cheriſhed by chriſtians of every land, and of all ages, until Moloch and Beelzebul ſhall be quite forſaken,—ſo that, not even a clay, or a wooden hut ſhall be found here in Epheſus, or elſewhere, to ſerve them as a temple for idolatry!*

How their time was paſſed at Epheſus.

Our reſidence in that great pagan city was not without much intereſt, from various other ſources than the ſupreme object that brought us there.

In order effectually to combat with an enemy, we muſt *know* that enemy, and in more points of view than the ſtrong and ſingle one in which we thoroughly differ. Hence, as far as prudence, and exemption from every danger of contamination would permit, we cloſely inſpected their habits, manners, inſtitutions, and eſpecially their religion,—never at ſecond hand, but with our own eyes and ears. There is, alſo, much in their ſo-called *philoſophy*, that demanded our attention; and conſequently, we were far from being idle in that reſpect, having much to learn, as well as to teach. And ſuch inquiries ſeemed to us the more neceſſary, as Eben Ezra and Rebecca had often deplored how many there were, even among thoſe having the name of chriſtian, who were diſpoſed, by way of compromiſe and worldly policy, to ingraft, in ſome form or other, the ſcions of an unmeaning and wordy philoſophy, upon the pure and vigorous ſtock of chriſtianity,—or, thus to uſe ſome of

* The preſent, and paſt condition of Epheſus during many ages, have fully realized the ſagacious anticipations of Priſcilla. Travellers agree that, although there are ſtill to be ſeen near the ſlope of the mountain, and upon the plain that adjoins the ancient port of Epheſus, many ſcattered fragments of a bold and magnificent maſonry, and many detached ruins, ſtill that the ſite of the great Temple is only conjectural; and that this once famous city is now reduced to only a few wretched hovels! Epheſus, once famous for her idolatry, afterwards for many Chriſtian temples of great ſplendour, than for having "*left its firſt love*," again for further infidelity; and finally, as the creſcent was ſeen to glitter in their once Chriſtian churches,—has now neither temple, croſs, nor creſcent; but has become an utter deſolation—a peſtiferous moraſs; and, where ſhips were uſed to float with cargoes from all the then known world, are now only ſhallow waters filled with ruſhes!

the inſtitutions and pageant ceremonials of the numerous temples around us—or, finally, ſome of the uſages of our own time-honoured and holy land, conſecrated in our affections, under the diſpenſation of Moſes—once our maſter :—but theſe are now ſuperſeded, as to all of the ceremonials,—ſome of the precepts, and as to many of the doctrines, by a far brighter and more conſoling revelation.

Hence, my Cartaphilus, you will readily perceive the many, and diſtinct ſources of our *difficulty* in perſuading Jew and Gentile to be wiſe unto this *new*, and now *only* ſalvation : for, even if they liſten, and are diſpoſed to go with us, they are often retarded in their progreſs ; and ſometimes forſake us wholly, becauſe we *do* not, and *dare* not compromiſe, or blend with the pure goſpel fountain, the foul and muddy waters, for which they ſtill thirſt !

One clings to *this* ſimple and fanciful ſuperſtition,—another cannot yield *that* tenet of their darling philoſophy, or more ſubtle ſcience—this one loves the pageantry of certain forms, and urges that men can neither be won nor retained by an *abſtract* purity : another hath either a direct, or ſome remote connexion with the prieſtly office and intereſts ; and hence ſees in *his* adoption of the new religion the ſure downfal, as well of his own, as of his family's influence !—Others, again, who manufacture the idols and ſhrines, and the ſplendid garments, and the incenſe, and the golden and ſilver veſſels, and altars, would ſtill fain accept the offer of eternal life, and abandon the worſhip of idols, could they but retain in the *chriſtian* temples, theſe, or things ſomewhat ſimilar ; and thereby ſave, in a meaſure, their worldly intereſts ! Some, again, among our own countrymen, are jealous of the whole Gentile world ; and object to little elſe in the chriſtian doctrine, than its *expanſive principle*, which throws wide open the doors of ſalvation, alike to Heathen and Jew ! But this, O Cartaphilus, is its moſt lovely feature : and laſtly, there be others, who object to nothing in the new religion ; but deſire ſtill to retain ſome of the obſervances of our fathers,—as if they would add to a beautiful and perfect garment, ſome folds of their own time-worn veſtments, though of a wholly different colour, and far coarſer texture !

If, then, to the foregoing *difficulties*, we add the *two* very great and pervading ones—firſt, that the Jews ſtill look for a *temporal* Meſſiah ; and ſecondly, that the various religions of the whole earth will, in a meaſure, be arrayed againſt us,—we *muſt* look for troubles and perſecutions and death. but theſe will be but *trials ;* for it is impoſſible that the God of Abraham (who hath gone thus far with his people, and concerning which, it is equally impoſſible we have been deceived) ſhould yield the ultimate victory to the Heathen and their idols.

God's providence, in the *Firſt Diſpenſation*, was one of prepa-

ration; and ſtrived with man during very many ages: the *Second* is now an infant plant in our hands; but with far more ſupport from the fountains of living waters, than attended the firſt; it may ſubject us to greater trials, and ſacrifices in proof of our faith. We are therefore neither diſmayed nor ſurpriſed at our preſent afflictions, though much grieved that the pious and youthful *Stephen*, and the excellent *Nicanor*, with near two thouſand more, were cut off at the outſet,—that ten years after, *James*, the ſon of Zebedee, was beheaded by Herod Agrippa —and that *Timon* and *Parmenes* ſuffered at the ſame time—the one at Philippi, the other in Macedonia; that in Hierapolis, of Phrygia, we loſt *Philip* by crucifixion—that in Nadabàh of Ethiopia, *Matthew* the Evangeliſt was ſlain, about ſeven and twenty years after the Crucifixion—we alſo greatly deplore that the other *James*, ſon of Cleophas, about three years later, was caſt off the battlements at Jeruſalem; only becauſe he refuſed to proclaim from the Temple, that his belief in Jeſus, as the Meſſiah, had been without any juſt cauſe! and, when found alive on the other ſide of the wall (though in the 94th year of his age) neither his white flowing locks, nor his beautiful piety, could reſcue him from the murderous ſtaffs of his inſenſate foes! I ſay, my Cartaphilus, deep is our grief, but nothing is our diſmay, at theſe things—and though we have the Powers of Darkneſs arrayed againſt us, for a time, it doth but ſtrengthen our faith!

The earlieſt Martyrs.

Since thoſe I have mentioned, we have alſo mourned over *Matthias;* who was ſtoned, and then beheaded at Jeruſalem—alſo over *Andrew*, crucified on a tranſverſe croſs, the two ends being fixed in the ground—over *Mark*, the Evangeliſt, who was dragged to pieces at Alexandria, during a feſtival in honour of their idol Serapis! How much have we wept over our beloved Paul, and over our faithful Peter,—who, of his humility, entreated that he might not be crucified in the manner of his Lord, but with his head *downward!* And now, we have further to lament *Eraſtus*, late the treaſurer at Corinth; who, forſaking that office, attended Paul to Epheſus—became biſhop in Macedonia, and lately ſuffered at Philippi. And ſtill more recently, my friend *Trophinus*, the Epheſian, and *Ananias*, biſhop of Damaſcus,—the ſame who received Saul, upon his miraculous converſion. Theſe are only ſome of the many bright names of martyrs, who have cheerfully placed the ſignet of their blood, in teſtimony of their perfect belief in this New Diſpenſation—and yet, Cartaphilus, *thou*, after all this, art but a poor believer!

But theſe are not our only cauſes of grief: we have to deplore that a religion, ſo eſſentially ſpiritual and ſimple—without the burden of ſacrifices—without any loathed images—with no ceremo-

nials, and gorgeous temples, (for as yet we worſhip in private houſes, and ſometimes in caves,)—a religion, ſo manifeſtly deſigned to be exalted above, and diſtinguiſhed from all others, by its *oneneſs*, its *purity*, and its ſtrict *ſimplicity*, ſhould yet, and in its very dawn, be moleſted by crude opinions, by odious hereſies, and by a longing after things merely of the eye, and in which the Heathens have ſo long vainly ſuppoſed their gods to take delight!

Twelve ſources of hope for the growth of Chriſtianity.

But, my Cartaphilus, if the heralds of the new diſpenſation have commenced this conflict, under the *difficulties* I have now named, there are alſo very many cauſes of *hope*, that promiſe a comparatively ſpeedy and large ſucceſs; and aſſure me that, eventually, this religion will reach the uttermoſt limits of the earth, and will fill all ſpace, as the waters cover the great abyſs! Theſe *cauſes of hope* I will now enumerate,—truſting they may add ſtrength to thy own perverſe and ſtrangely feeble faith; for, I have obſerved in thee what doth alarm me much—a willingneſs to believe that Jeſus was truly a Prophet, and even the greateſt that hath yet been ſent—that his precepts are moſt holy—even that he died and roſe again—and yet, thy mind and heart ſeem to receive him only as a wonderful man eminently endowed, but not as the SHILOH, nor with any of that love and reliance and deep repentance, which, in other caſes, ſuch a belief even as thine, hath not failed, ſoon thereafter, to produce! Whence this difference in *thee* from ſo many others cometh, eludes my underſtanding, and confounds me much:—think of this matter—ponder it well, and tell me, O Cartaphilus, if I have judged thee aright.——But now, to the matter I have promiſed; which is, to ſet forth the main cauſes of our *great hope*, in contraſt with thoſe *difficulties* I have dwelt on.

FIRST. The vaſtneſs of the Roman empire in its ſupremacy over nations of every language, religion, and degrees of civilization, muſt be favourable to the univerſal ſpread of the goſpel,—as it opens to its heralds a knowledge of the remoteſt countries, and facilitates acceſs to them. Some of theſe were hitherto wholly unknown, and many are either in the gloomieſt ſtate of ignorance, or of miſery: and, as this will bring the Barbarian in contact with a civilization, which either *awes* them with the immenſity of its power, or *charms* them with its comforts, gives to the meſſengers of our faith many ſignal advantages. And though the Romans themſelves ſhould be ſlow in its adoption, their actual power over, and conſtant intercourſe with thoſe diſtant and crude people, are means for our gradually opening the paſſage, and advancing the progreſs of thoſe engaged in the earth's evangelation, even though they ſhould be much oppoſed by Imperial interference. The mighty work may be delayed for a time; but, moreover, we ſhould never loſe ſight of

the ſure fact, that, when this great "Miſtreſs of the World" doth adopt the CROSS, inſtead of the EAGLE—as it ſurely will—the rays of the Sun of Righteouſneſs diffuſed from Calvary, will ſpread with marvellous rapidity—penetrate the furtheſt and darkeſt receſſes, and will unite by a common tie very many nations, now barbarous, but which, in time, muſt become enlightened, no leſs by the ſoul-expanding influences of letters, ſcience and of true philoſophy, than by the ſoul-preſerving operations of the only true religion ever vouchſafed to man!

SECONDLY. Heatheniſm and Idolatry, in any form, may ſuit the groſs multitude; but, in no form has it ever ſuited the enlightened few. Such a national religion may, indeed, be upheld by public policy,—becauſe ſome religion is eſſential:—but, when the virtuous and enlightened few find it deſtitute of morals; when they are obliged to reſort to *myſteries* inculcating a more exalted virtue; when they begin to teach that their polytheiſm is merely *allegorical*, or that the gold or ſilver, or wood or ſtone is but the mere *recipient* of ſome divinity,—the tranſition then to a purer religion, and to one that ſhall impute all power and goodneſs to a *ſingle* fountain of immenſe power and goodneſs, is not ſo difficult—nay, it will be quite eaſy. Hence, as to me it ſeemeth, we have ſtronger hope for Chriſtianity, wherever the *philoſophers*, in thoſe heathen lands, have gained ſome influence: for though their philoſophy is often vicious, and ever vain and unſatisfactory, compared with the holy truths *we* teach, it is generally a far better *foundation* on which we may repoſe for a time, than on that unmixed idolatry that worſhips the ſtatue, and ſeeks after none of thoſe thoughtful virtues that amend the mind, as well as heart. Rome and Greece, therefore, (whoſe philoſophy is thoughtful, and whoſe idolatry is not groſs,) ſeem deſtined to be the two great *avenues*, through which the Goſpel light will penetrate, and ultimately evangelize the whole earth!

THIRDLY. Heatheniſm and Idolatry, whether in the actual and *groſs* mode in which they are exhibited under Moloch, Baal, Amun, and others—or, in the *allegorical* and more fanciful way of the *mythology*, as now viewed by the more refined nations, (or rather by their philoſophers,) are ſtill ſo little in conſonance with even the crudeſt reaſon (when encompaſſed by civilization) that, if the attack on prejudices and on ancient habits be not too abrupt and violent, the inculcation of a more ſimple and ſpiritual religion, among ſuch people, is by no means hopeleſs. Hence thoſe heathen Schools which teach a purer morality, which inculcate the oneneſs of the ultimate, or rather *initiative*, Divine nature, and which preſent the virtues as ſomething lovely in themſelves, and as worthy to be practiſed, without the impulſe of fear, are not unacceptable to the people,—as is proved by Plato's and Ariſtotle's wide and endur-

ing fame; for the teachings and writings of both manifeſt but little reſpect for the exiſting mythology, whether allegorical, or groſs,—the former philoſopher being willing to exclude it wholly from his imaginary Republic,—and the latter regarding many of its rites as ſo groſs, as to be entirely unfit for youthful eyes and ears—and yet all this was the people's and their oſtenſible religion! Nations, then, in which ſuch doctrines of ſevere reproof, in reſpect to their public religion, can be fearleſſly maintained before the people, in their ſchools, and elſewhere, are not ſo ſunk in wickedneſs, folly, and ſuperſtition, as to have no ears for the diviner truths of our holy faith—enforced as theſe are by the moſt winning promiſes, by the moſt dreadful threatenings, and by the moſt awakening and concluſive miracles!

FOURTHLY. The new religion differs from all others, in one very remarkable feature; which cannot fail, as I think, greatly to aid its progreſs: I allude to the fact, that it is founded mainly on *love;* the others chiefly, if not entirely, on *fear!* No other religion inculcates a boundleſs love of their gods towards man; nor do the Heathens demand from man a heart-felt manifeſtation of devoted love towards their gods. Polytheiſm, in truth, is the ſevereſt and moſt abject *ſlavery*,—the monotheiſm we teach is *perfect freedom!* Their gods, and demi-gods are, indeed, powerful in their eſtimation; but, as they have endued them with many of the paſſions and frailties of mere humanity, ſuch gods cannot be objects of ſupreme admiration and of abiding love: and, therefore, are they to be propitiated, not by a pure worſhip, but by the moſt onerous offerings to appeaſe their *anger*, rather than to win their love! As therefore, men love freedom more than bondage, ſo will they eventually abandon their hoſt of exacting gods, and cleave to that only ONE true God, who requireth little beyond the mental offerings of a ſpiritual and pure worſhip.

FIFTHLY. Another principle, at the very foundation of our holy faith, is the perfect *co-equality* (ſo to ſpeak) of every human being! His *actual* condition may, indeed, be varied by his own vices—by his voluntary ignorance—by his neglect of himſelf—his idleneſs; or, in a few individual inſtances, by the ſmall meaſure of *genius*, with which God may have endowed him: but ſtill, if man be *faithful* to himſelf, he hath none who may rightfully deprive him of nature's bounties—none that is not bound by the religion of Calvary to miniſter to his wants, if not the cheriſhed offspring of his own perverſeneſs: and, if *unfaithful* to himſelf, he perſiſts in ſin, he muſt ſuffer, ſince *pain*, of ſome kind, muſt flow from moral evil. Under this religion, then, every human being is entitled to preciſely that ſtation in life, and to thoſe enjoyments, which he can faithfully maintain by his moral, intellectual, and phyſical worth—

and to no more. The fruits of honeſt induſtry are the property of thoſe alone who thus acquire them,—the idle, the ignorant, and the vicious have no claim beyond that of a judicious charity.

Hence is it, that the ſpirit of Chriſtianity, at once, raiſes WOMAN far above the degraded ſtate, in which ſhe is uſually found in heathen nations—and likewiſe greatly meliorates the condition of the SLAVE, and prepares the way for the utter abolition of that relation: and yet, the duty of the *wife* muſt ever be that of a reaſonable obedience to her huſband—the duty of the *ſlave*, that of a reaſonable ſervice to his maſter, ſo long as that condition of maſter and ſlave endures. The chriſtian ſpirit, doubtleſs, ſeeks to *meliorate* the ſlave's obligations, and to enlarge his privileges; it alſo would rejoice in univerſal emancipation—becauſe it would rejoice to ſee every human being wiſe, virtuous, and happy: but this muſt flow mainly from the ſlaves' own honeſt exertions, from their own intellectual, moral, and bodily worth; and by no means through any violence on their part, or claim as of chriſtian right—or, from any over-zealous teachings by Chriſtians, either to maſters or to ſlaves, *ſuddenly* and *recklеſſly* to ſever thoſe bonds,—which, though evils, are not to be *thus diſſolved:* for, as it truly ſeems to me, the New Faith wars not againſt exiſting political and civil inſtitutions, however unwiſe and evil they often are: and this private dominion of man over man, as one of them, muſt be left to the individual judgment and conſcience of the parties—to the gradual and ſalutary amendment of the Powers that be; and mainly to the ſlow, but ſure operation, of the *chriſtian ſpirit and principles themſelves*,—nothing doubting but that *they*, in their own good time, will raiſe up in the heart that mental *ſtatus*, which ſhall voluntarily caſt off all unholy bondage. This ſubject often occupied my thought whilſt at Epheſus; it is *full of difficulty;* and finally, it preſented itſelf to my mind as ſimilar to one of thoſe diſeaſes of the human body which finds its cure, not in any medicament avowedly adminiſtered to the particular diſeaſe, but to thoſe that gradually reform the entire ſyſtem; and thus, (as to the moral diſeaſe of ſlavery) we may hope to get rid of the evil, without jeopardy of great miſchief, or poſſibly of death, either to the maſter or ſlave—or to both.

Slavery, doubtleſs, in particular caſes, *may* be rightfully *founded;* it may be virtuouſly *exerciſed;* and finally, it may be *better to endure it* for a time, than haſtily and raſhly to end it. But, on the other hand, it is almoſt ever of *vile* origin—is often cruelly maintained, and poſſibly may, in very ſpecial caſes, be *ſpeedily* and *ſafely* terminated,—but never by the *ſlaves* themſelves—never by Chriſtians operating againſt *the laws*—and never, even by the laws themſelves, merely becauſe there may be *power* in the nation to *favour* the ſlave, and to *forget* the maſter. That ſlavery *will* end of its own accord,

whenever the genuine ſpirit of the Goſpel is more extenſively ſpread, can ſcarce be doubted,—as the ſtate of ſlavery itſelf has ſo generally proceeded from man's love of power and eaſe, on the one hand,—and from his inactivity, vices, ignorance, and inability of domeſtic ſelf-government, on the other; all of which would be removed by the prevalence of Chriſtianity—not in *name*, indeed, but of a Chriſtianity in *very truth*.

Like all other dominions, ſlavery, in many inſtances, may be *individually* either cruel, kind, or indifferent; and ſometimes, even tender and *Paternal*—as I have frequently known it to be: and, in the *aggregate*, it may ariſe from, and be ſuſtained by the ſpecial, and hereditary condition of a claſs, or people. So alſo, it may be wholly of venal origin, and at variance with the general good. In all caſes, or in any, were the heralds of the new religion to travel over Egypt, Greece, Rome, and Proconſular Aſia, proclaiming Chriſtian hoſtility between ſlave and maſter, the terrific evils that would ſuddenly ruſh in upon the entire communities, would be inexpreſſibly great, and far exceed thoſe that now flow directly from ſlavery itſelf,—would injure maſters, ruin ſlaves, and even jeopard the cauſe of Chriſtianity! But, when Chriſtianity ſhall be really pervading and dominant, ſlavery would ſoon ceaſe to exiſt, without any immediate aid of thoſe heralds, or from human laws—becauſe the people's condition being then at variance with the idea of bondage, would have, within itſelf, the prolific ſeeds of its own ſure regeneration, and of the natural termination of ſuch a power of man over his fellows.

Whilſt at Epheſus, therefore, I found no diſpoſition in our heralds to meddle with this truly delicate ſubject,—they truſting that, if the ſpirit of Chriſtianity were faithfully preached, no ſudden ſhock would be inflicted, either on *prejudices*, or on *property*; and further, that ſlavery will thus more ſurely expire, and almoſt imperceptibly, than if rudely aſſailed under an authority nowhere expreſſly given; and which would be the more readily rebelled againſt, if coming through the merely implied powers of the miniſters of a new, and yet infant religion.

I know not whether you have ever ſeen, (and probably have not, owing to the nature of your life at Rome,) a letter of great intereſt and beauty, written by Paul, at Rome, to one PHILEMON, of Coloſſæ, in Phrygia. When the ſlave *Oneſimus* eloped from his maſter Philemon, and came to Rome, the ſlave fell into great want, and applied to Paul for relief, which he promptly received. Paul was then dwelling in his own hired houſe, where Oneſimus often heard his diſcourſes, and became a convert. The Apoſtle had previouſly known the maſter, and his numerous family, all of whom were people of great note, and were probably among the early converts. The epiſtle is addreſſed by Paul to Philemon, on behalf of the ſlave

Oneſimus, whom Paul ſent back to his maſter, with the letter. In this caſe we find *firſt*, that Oneſimus himſelf, after his converſion, ſet up no claim whatever to his emancipation; and this, too, although he certainly knew of his maſter's converſion; but, on the contrary, Oneſimus deſired to repair the elopement as an *injury*, by returning to his former condition—*ſecondly*, that Philemon had previouſly retained this Oneſimus as his *ſlave* (and probably very many others), the elopement having taken place after Philemon's open adoption of the new religion—*thirdly*, that Paul, who knew Philemon's worth, Chriſtian piety, and wealth, alſo laid no claim to the ſlave's freedom: but only aſked it of Philemon as a *ſpecial favour:* and *laſtly*, that he tendered to Philemon amends for what Oneſimus might have deſpoiled him; and urged no *apoſtolic right*, or even intimation, that he could *diſſolve* the tie of bondage; nor any correſponding duty in Philemon to releaſe the ſlave,—but Paul relies on obtaining his object, from that change of ſpirit in Philemon, which would readily yield to Paul's wiſhes—eſpecially as Oneſimus might be the more uſeful to the church, and alſo to Paul, whoſe labours were then ſo heavy.*

And now, my Cartaphilus, I would thus plead unto THEE, reſpecting thoſe two beautiful little youths, now with us at Pella, preſented unto thee, as I learn, by Nero, after one of his magnificent entertainments. I would not have thee diſcharge them at once from thy ſervice, and caſt them on a rude and pitileſs world; but they ſhould now be rather thy ſons, than thy ſlaves—thy own means being ſo ample: for, how will *they* differ, if well educated, from thy juſtly beloved Alcæus,—who is ſhortly to be made thine by arrogation? He is now thy friend, thy equal, and becomes thy ſon and heir: the others, indeed, are ſtill thy ſlaves—thy property; their liberty, actions, earnings, yea, their lives, are, by human laws, all at thy diſpoſal! Thou haſt alſo informed me that, when in Rome, all of thy houſehold were ſlaves; that ſome were men of learning, admirable artiſts, and of pleaſing manners: if ſo, they had raiſed themſelves above their accidental condition; and it ought to have pained thee much to retain them in the degrading ſtate of bondage: and yet, at thy departure from Rome, they were handed over to other maſters; and in exchange for them thou didſt receive *money*, which thou didſt not need! But *that* cannot now be recalled; yet theſe two youths are ſtill thine, and have as much claim on thy bounty, as had our good Alcæus. Thou mayeſt reply that Alcæus was born free, the others ſlaves—becauſe they came into

* It is ſaid that this Oneſimus became a biſhop, and ſuffered martyrdom; and it is certain that Philemon ſent him back to Paul, who employed him to carry ſuch epiſtles to the churches, as the Apoſtle had occaſion to ſend.

the world burdened with a debt, which their own enſlaved *parents* could not cancel; and which theſe children inherit, in part, and have ſince contracted, in part, as they were ſuſtained by their maſter, before and after their birth! This is true, in theory; and, if ſo in fact alſo, it is but a ſmall debt, my Cartaphilus, for a whole life of bondage! Suppoſe their parents had been *captives* in war, or been condemned to ſlavery for *crime*, or that as *prodigals*, they had become ſlaves in ſatisfaction for *their own debts*—or, that the parents had become *voluntary* ſlaves, under the late decree of the Emperor Claudius: all this might have been pregnant with the direct conſequences as to them perſonally; but how have their innocent *progeny* ſinned againſt the *ſtate*, againſt their *parents*, againſt *thee*, their maſter? And, if even ſo, it ſurely may be cancelled by a few years of toil—by ſomething, indeed, far ſhort of a *life* of ſlavery!

The Slave-mart at Epheſus—PHILOTERA.

And here, my Cartaphilus, I will haſtily recount a ſcene we lately witneſſed—as being quite pertinent to the matter now in hand. At Epheſus, we attended their great ſlave-market, on the ſtreet leading to the gates of the Megatidæ, and there we found many Egyptian men and women on ſale. We then became curious to know the feelings of the multitude around; and we converſed freely with ſome Alexandrians, and other Egyptians, as alſo with many Greeks, Romans, and Syrians, reſpecting the ſcene then before us: and, as we ſtood at a ſhort diſtance from the ſlaves, under the ſpacious portico, there were many around us greatly amuſed at Rebecca's and my deep ſympathy for ſome of the poor youths of both ſexes; and eſpecially in behalf of a beautiful and fragile girl of fifteen, named PHILOTERA; who had been twice ſold in the market at Cyprus; and now was here ſeeking a third maſter—becauſe ſhe was too delicate, too lovely, and too miſerable to toil—and yet, quite too honeſt to be the victim of brutal paſſions!

Rebecca promptly tendered her purſe, and requeſted a civil Alexandrian to pay the required price and bring her home to us. She is ſomewhat younger than the eldeſt of thy youths; and, as I lately ſaw them caſting loving eyes towards each other, Rebecca is charmed with the thought of wedding thy Julianus to her Philotera. Four years have now elapſed ſince ſhe became free; and knowledge of all kind hath ſhe lapped up, as doth the parched deſert drink in the waters of an evening rain.

But, proceed we now with the converſation at the ſlave-market. Eben Ezra mildly and ſocially contended with ſome half-chriſtian Greeks and Egyptians, and with ſome that had no knowledge of the Nazarenes (as we often were called) that *ſlavery* derived no ſupport whatever from the *univerſality* of its prevalence—it not being the fact we ſeek, but the right. The Alexandrian

urged its validity with ſome animation—*becauſe* it had *in fact* exiſted in all lands, and in nearly all the ages ſince the deluge! Rebecca then joined in, and briefly ſaid, "So have *Idolatry* and *Sin* exiſted in nearly all ages, and all countries—and there is no difference between theſe and *ſlavery*, except that the former are always ſinful, the latter uſually is, and hath ever a great tendency ſo to be." This ſpeech being quite too zealous for the occaſion, Eben Ezra mildly added, (addreſſing himſelf to one of the more thoughtful and argumentative Greeks, who probably had often witneſſed the logical diſcuſſions on the Peripathon at Athens) "it is ſcarcely fair to reaſon from mere *matter of fact*, to mere *matter of right*,—ſince, if we thus argue, I know not *what* may not be thus juſtified:" the Greek was attentive, and Eben Ezra continued, "it would end in about the ſame reſult, as if we were to *reverſe* the matter, and argue from mere right, to mere fact!—or, in other words, that *becauſe* certain things *ought* of right to be practiſed, they *are* ſo practiſed in fact—which, ſurely would be too abſurd for any one to predicate,—and yet, I can perceive no eſſential difference between the two modes of reaſoning." The Greek ſoftly whiſpered to Eben Ezra, "Thou art right, O Stranger!—ſlavery exiſts—it is a miſerable diſeaſe—and it were folly to contend for its *rightful* exiſtence, becauſe *long practiſed;* or becauſe no one can ſay *how* the leproſy ſhall be cured." "Thy candour pleaſes me much," rejoined Eben Ezra, "the diſeaſe is deeply rooted, and almoſt univerſal; no *philoſophy* can cure it: there is but one remedy, and that is a ſlow, but ſure one." "Thou doſt echo my ſentiments, in part, but I know not the remedy thou ſpeakeſt of," ſaid the Greek. "That ſlavery, voluntary as well as involuntary," added Eben Ezra, "is almoſt coeval with man, muſt be admitted—the firſt being practiſed as early as the days of the firſt Pharaohs,—and the ſecond ſtill earlier, being conſequent, as ſome believe, upon the curſe of Canaan, ſhortly after the deluge; and was general in the times of our father Abraham, and of all the Prophets. Throughout the whole land of Egypt, alſo at Tyre and Sidon, and in all Phœnicia and Syria, in Cyprus, and in moſt of the iſlands of the Ægean ſea—in Sparta, Lacedemon, and in other parts of Greece, and in Rome—and in all the provinces. Slavery and the ſlave-marts are familiarly known. The *fact*, then, if worth *any thing*, is largely againſt us." "Thou haſt ſpoken of ſome matters," rejoined the Greek, "of which I have little or no knowledge—of the curſe of Canaan—of thy father Abraham, and of the Prophets; and likewiſe of a ſlow, and only *remedy* for ſlavery! I pray thee to explain theſe matters to me." We all readily and joyouſly met the wiſhes of the intelligent Greek, and invited him to our home: delighted am I to remember how he drank in the truths of our divine religion,—and that he is now *one of us!*

On the whole, then, my Cartaphilus, as the world is now full of ſlavery; and as chriſtianity, from its inherent nature, ſheds ſuch a maſs of light, it muſt gradually diſpel this darkneſs of bondage,—and without any ruinous violence done to the *feelings*, *prejudices*, and *property* of maſters. This feature, therefore, I alſo hail as a powerful ſource of hope for the eventual triumph of our chriſtianity.

SIXTHLY. Among the Greeks and Romans, and, indeed among all nations in any degree civilized, the teachers of pure and ſublime morals have charmed the wiſe and virtuous few, as alſo the more reflecting portion of the multitude, by thoſe pithy and laconic *Sayings*, that have the names of maxims, or of apophthegms, and ſtill more appropriately that of *proverbs*—poſſibly, a contraction of the expreſſion *pro multa verba*, becauſe theſe ſhort ſpeeches are *inſtead* of many words.

The "SAYINGS" of Socrates, Plato, Ariſtotle, of Publius Syrus, and of others,—as alſo of thoſe called the "Wiſe Men of Greece," likewiſe of Zoroaſter, and of that wonderful man *Koung-fu-tſei*, have never failed to win their way into the hearts of all who hear them. Hence is it, that the ſupreme excellence, abſolute purity, charming ſimplicity, and wonderful beauty of the Chriſtian Morals, as we find them in the many parables, rules, and Sayings of the Chriſtus, have always ſo greatly won the multitude, that even his enemies, and thoſe who regard him as a falſe Meſſias, ſtill admit their ſurpriſing excellence, and likewiſe the great ſublimity of his teachings in general. The feelings of the intelligent among the Gentiles towards Chriſt and his Apoſtles, and eſpecially in regard to their "SAYINGS," are generally thoſe of an exalted admiration: and, though the Jews are greatly diſappointed in him as a *temporal* Meſſiah, his ſpiritual character has never been vilified even by them! And, could Jews and Gentiles incorporate all his moral teachings into their religion, exempt from the peculiar doctrines that make Him the veritable Shiloh, and the Supreme Incarnate God, the pregnant maxims of Jeſus would then find but few oppoſers. Felix, as you have heard, trembled at the awful and ſublime truths preached of Paul—Agrippa became *almoſt* a chriſtian—Tiberius would have had our humble Nazarene enrolled among the Gods of Rome!—and the Statues erected at Cæſaréa Philippi, to commemorate Chriſt's miracle in curing the woman of that city of an iſſue of blood, may even now be ſeen ſtanding before the gates of her houſe, moleſted by none: there we may ſee the brazen one of the Nazarene, in his *diplois*, who ſtretches forth his hands towards the other ſtatue of the woman—the object of his mercy: and theſe ſtatues may long continue to be greatly venerated, though in the midſt of a gentile city! All of theſe matters ſeem to indicate that our Chriſtianity hath as yet no ſuch ugly features in the Heathen eſtimation, as to cauſe the Idolaters to be at once our enemies.

SEVENTH. The expectation, even among the Gentile nations, of the appearance, about this time, of ſome remarkable perſonage, as a great Deliverer, excites at this day ſome anxiety and jealouſy among a few of the more diſtinguiſhed rulers of nations—the rumour ſtill being vague, and not underſtood: but, doubtleſs, the *executed fact*, which Chriſtians maintain, muſt eventually prove very favourable to the ſpread of the Goſpel, eſpecially as the remarkable Being who *has* appeared in Judea, claimed to fulfil that very Expectation, and yet aſſumed to himſelf no *earthly* kingdom for the future; and rejected all ſuch rule when preſent! The expectation, paſt and preſent, will be no further gratified—but now, and for ever, He, through his Church and Miniſters, claims only a ſpiritual dominion over the hearts and moral actions of his followers, and verifies the divinity of his miſſion, by the miraculous powers conferred on his apoſtles. *The Heathen Expectation of the Meſſias.*

We all know how univerſal the expectation, to which I allude, has ever been among our own countrymen. And, as the other meſſiahs who have appeared have all proved to be falſe ones (and ſo will they all hereafter that may appear) it not only ſtrengthens the title of JESUS as being the true one, but muſt ſoon compel the unbelieving Jews, either to abandon all prophecy reſpecting their Meſſiah, or to admit that He, whom they ſlew, is the only one ever intended by the God of Abraham, or by any of his prophets. But this long enduring expectation among the *ſons of Iſrael*, flowing, as all admit, from the word of prophecy, is alſo ſuſtained, as I have ſaid, by an extenſive and remarkable *tradition* among the *Gentiles;* which, from its myſterious character, claims to be ſomething more than a vague popular tradition,—and therefore ſecures to the Jewiſh and Chriſtian claim, an attention from the Gentiles, which the now aſſerted fact could not have received, had there never have been ſuch a heathen tradition.

The ſubject of the Gentile tradition was a matter almoſt wholly unknown to me, until of late: but Aquila hath excited my intereſt and curioſity much in regard to it. He informs me that one Cicero, a famous orator of Rome, and alſo a writer on morals, who lived a ſhort time before the Saviour, hath ſome paſſages in his works that intimate the coming of this wonderful perſonage.

Aquila alſo ſtates that when he reſided at Rome, he was ſhown an intereſting poetical deſcription of the happier inſtitutions, that are to come forth about theſe times, from a remarkable perſon *to be born;* and that this poet, one Virgilius, lived a half century before the coming of the great Emanuel.

But my ſurpriſe and delight were yet more heightened by all that he narrated and read to me, reſpecting certain perſons called *Sibyls;* who ſeem to have this tradition of a coming Saviour in a yet clearer

form! Theſe Sibyls are virgin propheteſſes among various gentile nations! Wonderful indeed are the ſtatements concerning theſe ſibyls: but there ſeems to be great diverſity of opinion as to their *number*, *origin*, *antiquity*, and *credibility!* Some ſay there were only two; others enumerate no leſs than ten; and Aquila ſeems to think, from all that he has read and heard of them, that, long before the coming of our Meſſias, there hath been vouchſafed by Deity to the Gentile nations, through theſe Sibyls, certain *ſhadowy* or feeble prophecies, ſimilar to thoſe ſo *clearly* revealed to Iſrael,—ſo that the coming of the great Shiloh, and of the happier deſtiny of man under his reign, might be at leaſt ſo dimly looked for even by the heathen, that, when the high evidence of his actual appearance in Judea ſhould be preſented to them, the light might come, as well from Gentile, as from Jewiſh ſources! This idea, ſo novel to the Hebrew mind and heart, pleaſed me ſo greatly, that I engaged Aquila to unite with me in forthwith examining the hiſtory of theſe Sibyls, at leaſt to the limited extent of the means we now have.

The moſt famous of theſe heathen propheteſſes is ſhe, who is named the Cumæan, or Erythræan ſibyl, from her having removed from the Ionian city of *Erythra*, to that of *Cumæ* in Italy; where ſhe is ſaid to have iſſued her oracles. And here I was much intereſted by Aquila's deſcription of her cave, viſited by him during his abode in Italy; but which, during thy ſhort and otherwiſe occupied viſits to Neapolis with the late Emperor, may poſſibly not have then been of ſufficient intereſt to claim *thy* attention. Cumæ is a very ancient city in Campania, a few miles from Neapolis, and cloſe by Baiæ. This ſibyl is ſaid to have been the daughter of Beroſus, a prieſt of the temple of Belus at Babylon; who lived, as thou knoweſt, about 320 years ago. Nigh unto Cumæ is a wonderful cavern, executed with ſingular art out of the ſolid rock—and alſo a ſmall temple, hewn out of the ſame rock, through which living ſtreams of the pureſt water ſtill flow; and where, as the tradition is, the Sibyl always bathed before ſhe aſſumed her prophetic garments, and then from a lofty ſeat proclaimed her oracles!* In our examination of this ſubject, however, we have reaſon to believe that this ſibyl (if originally of Babylon, and then of Erythra) never came into Italy: and that the propheteſs of Cumæ is much more ancient, being the one who lived fully one thouſand years ago, during the famous Trojan war! To this more ancient Cumæan Sibyl, alſo, are aſcribed the large collection of prophecies in Greek verſe, known as the *Sibylline Books;* and which many ages ago, are ſaid to have

* The cave of the Cumæan Sibyl is yet to be ſeen; and remains an object of intereſt to all curious travellers, who viſit the ruins of Cumæ, and the other Campanian cities.

been offered for ſale in *nine* books to Tarquinius, an early king of Rome, by a myſterious woman, who came from ſome foreign land! The king refuſed to purchaſe at her price, whereupon ſhe deſtroyed *three*, and again appeared, demanding the ſame price for the ſix: being again diſmiſſed, as one beſide herſelf, ſhe burnt three more, and ſtill importuned the king as to the remaining, at the ſame price! The Augurs being conſulted, adviſed the purchaſe, which was done; and the books were preſerved with ſpecial care in the Temple of the Capitoline Jupiter,—where they were to be ſeen until lately; they being deſtroyed by the fire that conſumed the capitol, about one hundred and fifty years ago.

The people are ſaid to have ſo deeply lamented the loſs of the Sibylline Books, as eventually to cauſe Government to ſend to the Cumæ of Aſia, hoping to recover copies of at leaſt ſome; which failing, they ſent to Erythra, and other cities, and to the Grecian Iſlands, and ſucceeded in obtaining near a thouſand verſes. Theſe were depoſited in the new Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; and thoſe found in the hands of ſome individuals were deſtroyed. Auguſtus afterwards depoſited thoſe deemed quite genuine in golden cheſts, under the pedeſtal of the Palatine Apollo. Shortly after this, Tiberius again cauſed the whole to be carefully examined; and this ſelection was highly valued, until again deſtroyed in that dreadful conflagration, witneſſed by thee in the time of Nero. Theſe were the books that Aquila ſought to examine in the time of Claudius; and which, doubtleſs, thou haſt often ſeen. They are probably the ſource, whence the Roman poet Virgilius derived his account of an approaching happineſs, but which the Hebrew prophets call the "*Deſire of all Nations*"—and which ſibyls and prophets cauſed ſome Roman writers to think that "*Nature* was then in *labour*, to bring forth a king that ſhould rule the nations!"

From this general Expectation of the Heathen world, whether cauſed, or not, by the Sibylline prophecy, the *wonderful fact* that has ariſen in Judea, muſt receive from the people an additional reſpect.*

EIGHTHLY. From the birth of the Chriſtus to the preſent hour,

* Notwithſtanding the deſtruction of theſe famous Sibylline Books, in the reign of Nero, ſuch was their authority among the Romans, that we again hear of them in the time of Aurelian; and afterwards in the reign of Julian; who ordered them to be burnt, A.D. 363—and ſtill of a further collection, alſo deſtroyed by Honorius, A.D. 398. It is ſaid that this final deſtruction of what were ſtill called the *genuine* verſes, aroſe from a rumour then extant among the *heathen* Romans, that the Sibylline writings propheſied that Chriſtianity was to endure only 365 years; which period expired thirty-three years before—viz. in A.D. 398, it being juſt 365 years ſince Chriſt's *aſcenſion*, according to the *then* computation: whereupon Honorius demoliſhed the temple of Apollo, and

though the world hath not been exempt from wars; yet may it be regarded as being a peculiarly *pacific* period, not only when he did *firſt appear*, but comparatively ſo, even to the preſent time! They have in Rome, as thou muſt have often ſeen, a Temple erected to one of their gods named *Janus;* which is ever open in time of war, and cloſed only during profound peace.

Aquila ſtates that this Temple, during fully 750 years, was never cloſed but five times,—the third and fourth times being immediately *before*, and the laſt being ordered by Auguſtus, in the month of Tebeth, and in the *very year* of the birth of Him, who, ages before, hath been prophetically ſtyled the "PRINCE OF PEACE:" and, when he came, profound tranquillity reigned over the world, and continued twelve years! This fact, in ſuch beautiful harmony with his character and religion, is not without its utility among the cauſes of hope we have that this religion will cover the face of the earth—for ages are not with God, as they are with man.

NINTH. The Apoſtles and Evangeliſts, and thoſe called in aid of them, muſt penetrate into the remoteſt nations, where Jews and ſynagogues are wholly unknown,—for they are to declare the "Glad Tidings" unto all the people. Some of theſe rude and diſtant nations have no temples, or very few—but generally perform their worſhip in the open air; as is the caſe among ſome of the Britons, ſo remote from us, and among the Gauls and Germans, as likewiſe among ſome of the Perſians,—who are better known to us, and far more advanced in general civilization, and whoſe temples are often extremely magnificent. But, from the fewneſs, and often total abſence of temples among the Barbarians, we derive ſeveral advantages; *firſt*, as we have no temples among them, and their worſhip ſometimes requires none, our devotion can ſuſtain no loſs of holy dignity from being performed in groves, or open fields, and in connexion with no ſtated times, or conſecrated places: *ſecondly*, if one ſpecies of *idolatry* may have originated from the beauties diſcloſed at *night*, by the richly jewelled canopy reſplendent with the heavenly hoſt,—and, in the *day*, by the glorious Sun, performing his circuit through the empyrean—a canopy oftimes far more rich than any Tyrian dye—ſo we may now hope to turn all thoſe beauties to our own advantage, by a much purer worſhip than that of the heathen—a worſhip that awakens their

committed to the flames the remaining Sibylline verſes, as manifeſt impoſtures, whatever the previous ones may have been.

But, even now, there is a ſmall collection of theſe verſes that ſeem to have ſurvived! Whence they come is not certainly known: probably they were fabricated in an early century, through ſome pious Chriſtian fraud. They were collected and annotated by *Servatius Gallæus*, of Rotterdam, in his work entitled "*Sibillina Oracula, ex Veteribus Codicibus.*" Amſterdam, 1689—4to.

attention, not to the ſublime works of nature as the mere idols of their ignorant adoration, but to the omnipotent *Creator* of all thoſe objects of ſuch wonderful beauty, no leſs during night than day! Then, my Cartaphilus, our worſhip in the open air, at all times and ſeaſons, ſurrounded by the varied charms of creation, ſo profuſely diſplayed in the boundleſs heavens when ſhining with their myriads of twinkling ſtars—in the mild-faced moon—or in the ineffably brilliant ſun; or, when looking on the earth beneath, we behold the like diffuſion of beauties in the guſhing fountains—in the flowing rivers—in the majeſtic mountains, the verdant hills, flowery vales, and in the deep ſhady groves; then, I ſay, *our* worſhip becomes an exalted adoration of an eternal, omniſcient and omnipreſent One-God, filling the mind with boundleſs love and awe, and yet with no ſlaviſh fear! And *laſtly*, this worſhip *without temples*, agrees with our preſent humble means and forced condition; and, at the ſame time enables our apoſtles, our evangeliſts, and other miniſters, to be ſeen and heard by a far greater number, than in more civilized nations could poſſibly enter their temples, even if freely caſt open to our ſervice. Now all of this, dear Cartaphilus, muſt again tend to the ſpread of our Goſpel: for the multitude, even in their worſhip, enjoy the freedom of nature, and the magnificence of God's works.

Tenth. Although the religions in the world are almoſt as numerous as are the nations, each is permitted by the others freely to enjoy its own: for nations *war* not with each other becauſe of their faith—or, that *their* gods are different from thoſe of others,—the prevalent opinion being (moſt happily for the repoſe of the human race) that the gods themſelves have harmoniouſly eſtabliſhed for each nation its peculiar religion! Hence, though no nation be permitted, in any way, to *interfere* with the worſhip of another nation, the gods of all are generally reſpected in each; and the individuals of each are hoſpitably received: and, whilſt ſojourning among them, are allowed to worſhip their own gods privately—alſo to commune with the people reſpecting their ſeveral faiths, and even to declare openly their own peculiar views, if done with a due regard for the opinions and prejudices of thoſe around them. Hence Paul reſided at Rome during ſeveral years—communed freely with his own people—and declared his faith to others—none moleſting him: and this he might have continued to do, but for the wonderful circumſtance that marked the Nazarene faith in particular, and the extraordinary wickedneſs of Nero; who ſought to caſt from himſelf the odium of Rome's conflagration upon the harmleſs Chriſtians; and who alſo had taken great offence at the converſion of ſome of his own houſehold to the apoſtle's faith.

None, my Cartaphilus, better knows than thou, that our Roman

rulers, ſince the time of the firſt Herod, have ſeldom moleſted us in our worſhip; unleſs when *we* actually, or by report, had irritated their people; and alſo that they generally reſpected the Hebrew doctrine as to the only God; and even ſo far as to pay annual honours to Jehovah as the god of our nation; and the rather, poſſibly, as they likewiſe conceived *that* to be but another name for Jupiter, their own ſupreme god. It ſhould alſo be remembered that when the great Macedonian conqueror, Alexander, came to Jeruſalem, he offered ſacrifices in our Temple, under the guidance of our High-Prieſt; and that Seleucus, who is called *Soter*, alſo ſacrificed to our God, at his own charge, as did likewiſe Vitellius lately. Nor will you forget, my Cartaphilus, that the Epheſians, and other people, were often more angered by the loſs of their gains in the trade of decorating temples, and in the making of idols, than by all the *doctrines* and *morals*, and *teachings*, however variant from theirs, provided we taught them with no revilings of their own gods.

All theſe are proofs that uſually our faith is not, in itſelf, offenſive to the Gentiles; and that if perſecutions muſt come, they will flow from many other cauſes, than the Heathens' *love* towards their own many gods, and *hatred* towards our One: and what thoſe other cauſes are, the paſt has ſomewhat diſcloſed, and the future will, doubtleſs, more largely ſhow us.

We have churches in Antioch, in Damaſcus, Smyrna, Jeruſalem, and in divers other places: the Goſpel has been openly preached in very many lands, and amidſt faiths utterly unlike our own, and where no church hath yet been eſtabliſhed,—and yet with a hearing of attention, and often of kindneſs. In Epheſus we were ſeldom ſeriouſly moleſted; and oftener through the machinations of hoſtile Jews, than otherwiſe. But, if the late powerful decree of Nero be not revoked by his ſucceſſors; if the ſtronger powers come upon us as roaring lions, then indeed will there be bad paſſions enough in man's nature, to cauſe the people to ſpread that perſecution with contagious fury, and to preſs it ſo hotly againſt us, that even the moſt private worſhip will be forbidden, and our very name of Chriſtian ſubject us to great miſeries, or even to certain death! Still, until this comes, the privileges we enjoy from the cauſes I have detailed, will continue, as they already have done, to diffuſe extenſively the Goſpel light: and, if others follow not the example of Nero, the New Faith will daily gain bright laurels, and be found planted firmly in the higheſt places!

ELEVENTH. The great fame of the writings of our PHILO, and my own acquaintance with him for a ſhort time, have cauſed me to look into his works; which, though I do not feel aſſured are within the ſcope of a woman's limited philoſophy, yet ſufficiently

aſſure me that the vanity of human learning is infinitely ſmall, when compared with the illumination of Paul, and the divine inſight of John into ſuch myſteries, during his viſions at Patmos. How ſtrangely hath Philo blended many of the great truths revealed by Moſes and the Prophets, with the curious, and perhaps deep philoſophy of Plato!—which is again ſaid to be, in many things, but a corruption of our own early religion; for ſo Ariſtobulus of Alexandria conſiders it, in his Commentary on the Books of Moſes, written more than a century before the works of Philo.

Born at Alexandria, Philo's education was of the higheſt order; and he became renowned no leſs for his thorough knowledge of our Scriptures, than for his acquaintance with the Greek Philoſophy, eſpecially that of Plato; and alſo for his ſublime eloquence, that noiſed his fame in his native city, and yet more, in the latter part of his life, at Jeruſalem, in our Sanhedrim.

The Judaic Platoniſm of *Philo*, and the diſguiſed Judaiſm of *Plato*, though ſo variant from the Moſaic religion, on the one hand, and greatly ſo from the Polytheiſm of the Gentiles, on the other, are both more congenial to the ſpirit of Chriſtianity, than are any of the ſyſtems of *Philoſophy* known to the Greeks and Romans; or of the *Science* cultivated by the Orientals,—ſo that, wherever the one or the other is well received, the tranſition to the much purer dogmata and morals of Chriſtianity is not ſo abrupt as to occaſion any real difficulty. Plato teaches (as my learned Cartaphilus well knows) that all things are governed by One Being—the fountain of all perfections, whom he calls the Ἀγαθὸς—a *reunion* with which, as he ſays, is the ſtrongeſt aſpiration of the human ſoul,—one which ſurvives the body's diſſolution, and enters, through the grave, into an eternal world—there to cauſe the ſoul to be happy, or miſerable, according to the degree of reunion it has eſtabliſhed in this world with the Source of all good. He further teaches, that the love of, and ſearch after Truth, are the only means of uniting kindred ſpirits; and that man's ſoul, though aſſociated with *matter*, (which he regards as the ſource of all malignity) ſtill retains within itſelf the germs of a complete reſtoration to the kingdom of truth! In this ſyſtem, then, my Cartaphilus, we have the Unity of God—the Immortality of the Soul—the Corruption of Man—and the doctrine of future Rewards and Puniſhments: but it is greatly diſfigured by the dogma that *matter* is eſſentially corrupt, and nearly invincibly the ſource of evil—that Deity, in this reſpect, is not omnipotent—and that man has within himſelf the means of his own regeneration, but only as far as it is poſſible for him to baffle the influences of matter!—all of which are doctrines at variance in a large degree with the Hebrew, and wholly ſo with the ſound Chriſtian faith.

In addition to theſe approximations of Platoniſm to the celeſtial truths proclaimed by Chriſtians, Plato ſpeaks (though myſteriouſly) of the *Logos*, as an *energy* proceeding from God; whilſt Philo, going yet further, *perſonifies* this Logos, and calls it ſimply, "God:" but the Supreme Being he calls, by way of eminence, "The God." Philo alſo makes a difference (as to origin) between the *creation* of matter, and its *formation:* the firſt he aſcribes to the *Agathos*—the latter to the *Logos*.

These are matters ſo nearly accordant with the Chriſtian dogmata, that whenever, in the Weſt or Eaſt, the views of Plato and of Philo are approved, Chriſtianity may expect no ſturdy oppoſition: for, while in Epheſus, I remarked that many from Alexandria, who were rather friendly to the Chriſtian cauſe, were generally Platoniſts; and often ſaid that the Athenian philoſopher of the Ceramicus was little elſe than Moſes ſpeaking *Greek:* and that Philo of Alexandria, is but Plato *Hebraized!* And, though this may be too ſtrongly worded, there is in it ſufficient truth to yield us no ſmall hope from this cauſe likewiſe.

I muſt here mention that the Essenes, alſo, who are ſomewhat numerous in Egypt, occaſion many to think well of the Chriſtians: for, though the Chriſtians do not dwell in rural ſolitudes, are not given to waſting abſtinences, to penitential mortifications, and to rigid celibacy, as are the Eſſenes of Syria, of Judea, and of Egypt,—yet, as the Chriſtians worſhip God in ſpirit and in truth, through much contemplation, and with no reliance now upon any *ſacrifices*, and offerings, to appeaſe the Deity, they reſemble thoſe Eſſenes of Egypt, by Plato, denominated *Therapeútæ*. Theſe Contemplative Eſſenes, ſo well known at Alexandria, Philo ſeems to admire, in contradiſtinction to thoſe of Syria and Judea,—whom he calls Practical Eſſenes: for Philo was by no means of the way of *living* of either ſort—though, when he *philoſophizes*, it is after the faſhion of the Therapeútæ.

This combination, then, of the views of Plato, of Philo, and of the Therapeútæ (ſo well received by the Heleniſtic Jews, and by others who cultivate the *philoſophy* I have mentioned) ſeems well ſuited to win towards the Miniſters of our Faith, at leaſt a reſpectful ear.

Twelfth, and laſtly. I ſhall advert to only one more cauſe, though there be many others, of the ſtrong hope we all have, that the religion from Calvary is deſtined, eventually at leaſt, to Chriſtianize the whole world!

Thou wilt readily agree with me, O Cartaphilus, that the *Samaritans* (whoſe religion, from its very origin, hath been corrupt, and far more tainted with Gentile errors than that of the Hebrews) have nevertheleſs entertained, at all times, much juſter views as to the long-expected Meſſiah, than thoſe of our purer-blooded Jewiſh

countrymen. The Samaritans worſhip the God of Abraham—they believe in the ſoul's immortality—they venerate the prophets; but ſtill they have for ages differed from us in ſome doctrines and practices; and alſo a long hatred between them and our people hath been the cauſe of great miſery to both: and yet, to me, it is quite evident that the Samaritan opinions and practices are often *now* the purer; and that their idea of the views of Jehovah in ſending his Shiloh, are far more correct than thoſe of the Jews,—whoſe diſlike of other nations, and whoſe ſtiff-necked pride, cauſed them to look for a temporal Meſſiah, who would not fail to ſpeedily place Iſrael highly exalted above all other people!—and this, my Cartaphilus, was thine own great miſtake, and the fatal cauſe of thy dealings with Judas and Pilate. This erroneous notion is ſeldom entertained by Samaritans; and may therefore prove a means of exciting a more favourable impreſſion on them, generally, as to the claims of Jeſus, than on the Jews.

The foregoing twelve reaſons of hope for the ſpread of Chriſtianity weighed ſtrongly upon my mind; and indeed ſuſtained us all whilſt ſojourning at Epheſus, and during our travels into ſuch remote lands, during our abſence of ſome years. Amidſt the *difficulties* I firſt mentioned, and the *hopes* I have juſt enumerated, the little Band at Epheſus proclaimed the Goſpel truths wherever they went,—ſometimes with fruit, and lively gratitude from the Gentiles, and at other times, the ſeed falling upon ſtony ground, produced only ridicule, revilings, and threats.

But, my Cartaphilus, no longer will I detain thee with theſe deep matters; but proceed to the narrative of our *journeyings* from Epheſus into various lands—and our great *perils* therein; theſe being, as I well know, the only object of thy impoſing on me the taſk of a narrative. But, Cartaphilus, thy friend Priſcilla had ſome other views, than to gratify thy *curioſity;* for theſe views are aimed at thy ſinful heart and perverted underſtanding—which ſhe prays may not fall lifeleſs to the earth.

SECTION XXVIII.

OUR little family, with Aquila and his excellent Priſca (who conſented ſo kindly to accompany us as far as Smyrna) took leave of Epheſus, at the early dawn of one of the loveliеſt of Sivan's mornings. *The Pella Family leave Epheſus.*

Epheſus had detained us nearly three years: how fluſhed, then, were we with the bright hope that now beamed on us, of gradually reaching our ſtill beloved Judea; and of ſettling ourſelves once

more in that dear place of refuge, on the borders of Pella, aſſigned to the faithful by the Moſt High! "Hail Judea! thou once moſt favoured of lands—thou brighteſt ſpot of our earlieſt affections," muſingly ſaid I, as we journeyed towards Smyrna, "I *will* love thee, and until the great day of thy ſure curſe ſhall be accompliſhed! —till then, doubtleſs we may love thy ſoil, though we muſt ever hate the many foul deeds of thy people,—but, after thoſe fatal days, even thy accurſed ſoil muſt be avoided!—for thou, O Judea, wilt fade away—thy limpid living ſtreams will be dried up—thy rich and verdant paſtures become as the rocky and ſandy deſert—thy people will be ſcattered, finding no ſafe abiding place:—for ſo the Lord of Hoſts hath proclaimed!—and ſhall he not execute it?" Such were my then thoughts. And now, Cartaphilus, I would have thee, as one doubting, to remember well, and underſtand, what our holy prophet AMOS ſaith:

"Behold! the eyes of the Lord
Are upon the ſinful kingdom:
And I will deſtroy it from off the face of the earth;
Saving, that I will not utterly deſtroy
The Houſe of Jacob, ſaith the Lord.
For lo! I will command,
And I will *ſift* the Houſe of Iſrael,
Among all nations,—
Like as corn is ſifted in a ſieve:
Yet ſhall not the leaſt grain
Fall upon the earth!"

And JEREMIAH ſaith,—

"I will make *Jeruſalem* heaps—a den of dragons;
And I will make the *cities* of Judah deſolate."

The dreadful times ſeen by thoſe prophets are now faſt approaching—already moſt of our proud cities are levelled to the earth, —which is moiſtened with the bloods of her children, and whitened by their bones! JERUSALEM, the once holy and favoured, is nearly all that now remains to us—and this muſt ſoon periſh! But with heſe afflictive realities and forebodings, I muſt no longer grieve thee, and myſelf; but tell thee of my travels through lands ſo ſtrange to me,—ſome of which, thanks to Calvary's great Prince, are not without a few bright ſpots, made ſo only by the King of kings!

Various lands and cities viſited by them.

Though we had made ſome excurſions from Epheſus, to ſeveral cities of Ionia and Caria, they generally were to the ſouth and weſt, and never in the direction of that "*Ornament of Aſia*"—that "*Crown of all Ionia*," as Smyrna is cuſtomarily called.

As we croſſed the beautiful and rapid *Cayſtrus*, we were greatly

charmed with the ſhaded and verdant banks, with the clearneſs of its mountain waters, and ſtill more, with the numerous flocks of ſwans, which habitually grace with their white plumage its reflective boſom, and gambol in its ſecure and umbrageous receſſes, with a moſt enviable innocence.

Arriving at the foot of *Maſtuſia*, we aſcended its lofty heights, that we might enjoy its enchanting proſpect. The ſun was juſt croſſing its ſummit with his ruddy and genial rays; and the early morning miſts that lay beneath us, were diſſolving before his beams in a thouſand fantaſtic ſhapes—taking directions through the clefts of the mountains, and occaſionally diſplaying the trees, as ſo many iſlets in the midſt of a foaming ocean! At our feet lay the rich valley that ſtretches even unto the ſea; its variegated meadows and fields and gardens being refreſhed by the waters of the *Colophon*, and of the *Halæſus*, with their ſeveral tributary ſtreams,—and, in the diſtance, this valley is graced by the ancient cities of Colophon, where Xenophanes firſt drew breath; and where it, with divers other cities, claims the luſtrous fame of Homer's birth!

Epheſus ſouthwardly, and Smyrna on the north and weſt, were diſtinctly viſible to us from thoſe Maſtuſian heights; whilſt cloſe to the ſea lay the venerable, though unfortunate Lebĕdos, whoſe inhabitants were moſt happy to find an exile at Epheſus, after the deſtruction of their town by Lyſimachus: alſo the city of *Teios*, lately repaired by Auguſtus, and renowned as the birth-place of Anacreon; who is ſaid to have been a poet of exalted genius, but of very licentious morals. It is further related of this intemperate and laſcivious poet, that he lived to a great old age; but met his death, at laſt, by a grape-ſtone; which, taking a wrong direction in the act of ſwallowing, inſtantly ſuffocated him!

Further to the ſouth, we alſo beheld *Myonneſus* and *Claros;* at which latter place Apollo hath an oracle. Theſe oracles, as we hear, are of late in much leſs repute—the celeſtial one, firſt witneſſed in Judea, will ere long ſilence them all!

Early on the ſucceeding day we reached that Teios, which we had ſeen from the ſummit of Maſtuſia; and proceeding thence direct for Smyrna, following the banks of the Meles, we reached that city before the ſun had dipped his rays into the Iſcarian ſea, in the rear of Chios.*

Smyrna and its vicinity.

The Epheſians claim Smyrna as their daughter,—ſtating that it was founded at a very early period by a ſmall colony, from that quarter of their own great city, called Smyrna. Others ſay that it is but a part of the more ancient city called Tantalus, founded near 1200 years ago by a king of Lydia of

* Smyrna is diſtant from Epheſus only about forty-eight miles.

that name; who is ſaid to be the ſon of Jupiter, and the father of that moſt unfortunate of mothers—the weeping Niobe! Be all this as it may, it is certain that Smyrna may boaſt of great antiquity—hath encountered many remarkable viciſſitudes, being ſometimes almoſt wholly obliterated; and that Alexander, the famous Macedonian, greatly revived it; and further, that Lyſimachus raiſed it to ſo lofty a height, that it hath become the moſt flouriſhing and beautiful of all the cities in this portion of the world.

This proud ornament of the Leſſer Aſia lies on a beautiful plain; and covers alſo the brow of a hill, on the north of the river, and near its junction with the Meles.

On the north and eaſt of the city, we ſee the towering heights of the Sipylus mountains—on the weſt, the magnificent gulf, cloſe to which the city is ſituate; and, as you enter its ſouthern gate, cloſe to where the rivers blend, in ſweet communion, their bright waters, the eye is greeted with the lovely gardens of the Gymnaſium, and with the ſtately Temple, dedicated to the mother of all their gods!

My attention was next arreſted by an extenſive quadrangular Portico, leading to a graceful little temple conſecrated to the memory of Homer; who, as the Smyrnians inſiſt, was born there; and to ſtrengthen their claim, they have among them a bronze coin, of ſome antiquity, called the Homericum.

The Greek language, as thou, my Cartaphilus, well knoweſt, hath greatly occupied me of late; and hence I do not heſitate to read Homer's wonderful poems,—though Anacreon I ſhall never venture to caſt my eye into; for our Jewiſh education has never ſet any value upon the ſtrange and wicked fancies of theſe heathen poets, and eſpecially ſuch as Anacreon. Homer, however, ſurely the greateſt of them all, I muſt not reject; as I deem it a duty to become as fully acquainted with all heathen inſtitutions and manners as poſſible, if without riſk of contamination. I could not, therefore, behold the ſtatue of Homer, in the little temple I have juſt mentioned, but with conſiderable intereſt,—derived as well from my fondneſs for the language of that memorable genius, as from my juſt admiration of the ſurpriſing variety of knowledge he diſplays as to men and things. Had *we* a Homer now, how would he delight to ſing of the wonders and infinite graces of Him, who filled Judea with his fame, and whoſe luſtre, as ſhed from Calvary, ſhall hereafter fill the worlds! Such a poem would be read by me with a rapture, equal to the inſpiration that ſhould breathe it.

There is likewiſe in Smyrna an extenſive library—many ranges of porticoes, and of ſpacious buildings, all of great beauty; and the city, generally, is remarkably regular. I forgot, however, to mention that, ſoon after leaving Teios, we were ſhown near the ſource of the Meles, a cave, in which it is ſaid Homer compoſed his won-

derful poems: and hence, as thou knoweſt, he is called a *Meleſigĕnes;* and his poem *Meletere Carmen.*

Is it not wonderful, my learned Cartaphilus, that ſo great a poet, whoſe renown fills the earth, ſhould have no birth-place?—for he truly hath none, who hath at leaſt nine! Surely, in the lapſe of even the remoteſt ages, the day never can come, when nine cities ſhall diſpute the claims of the humble BETHLEHEM to its preſent high and well-known honour.

We were greatly pleaſed to find the Church at Smyrna proſperous: it is, indeed, ſcarce more yet than in its planted ſeed,—but, will it not grow into a goodly tree, whoſe branches ſhall caſt a delicious ſhade over all this region, yea, beyond the Euxinus, and until it reaches the very ſources of the Euphrates and of the Indus? —doubt it not, O Cartaphilus—yea, even beyond Abyla and Calpe!

We tarried in the "lovely Smyrna" only a few weeks; and, on our departure, reſolved to viſit *Phocæa*, on our way towards *Thyatira*. We travelled near the ſhores of the Smyrnian Gulf, in the delightful valley between them and the foot of the Sipylus mountain: and having croſſed the *Hermus*, we remained a day at the little town of *Lemnos;* and early next morning reached the fine city of Phocæa—ſo called from the *phocæ*, or ſea calves, that abound in the noble inlet on which it is ſituate.

They arrive at Phocæa.

When the Perſian conqueror Cyrus, ſix hundred years ago, would have reduced them into his power, many of the Phocæi forſook their city; and being great mariners, they ſtopped not until they reached Gaul—and there they founded the now famed city of *Maſſilia.** Phocæa is now only nominally under Roman authority, Pompey having made it independent; and ſo it ſeems to continue; and is at this time among the moſt flouriſhing of all the numerous cities of Peninſular Aſia.

We haſtened on to *Thyatira*, paſſing through Ægæ and Cumæ, places of no note, except that it may here be remarked that

* Its modern name is *Marſeilles*. Early it became a commercial rival of Carthage; and, from the period of the deſtruction of that great African city, B.C. 146, to the conteſts between Cæſar and Pompey, an interval of about one hundred years, Maſſilia became extremely proſperous and populous, as likewiſe the ſeat of the ſciences and arts—contending even with Athens for the favour of all the Muſes! During ſeveral centuries after the firſt Punic war, ſhe continued Rome's firmeſt ally; ſo that the friendſhip of the two cities became even remarkable: but her devotion to the intereſts of Pompey much injured her; and though her political importance never ſurvived the ſhock, ſhe ſtill maintained her literary ſtanding for ſome centuries; and for ſome time even after the Barbarians had made deep inroads into various parts of the Empire. Marſeilles is ſtill a commercial city of conſiderable note; and next to Paris, is perhaps even now entitled to literary precedence over the other Gallic cities.

Cumæ of Italy, where the famed Sibyl hath her oracle, was founded by a colony from this Aſiatic town of the ſame name. The journey from Phocæa to Thyatira is very fatiguing, as we ſeldom forſook the mountains: but from thoſe heights, the proſpect was delightful indeed—embracing the luxuriant plain in which the latter city lies emboſomed, amidſt the moſt extenſive groves of cypreſs, willow, poplar, and other beautiful trees.

Thyatira and its Church.

We reached this city at midnight; and on the following day were received by the Church, with many affectionate greetings.

During our ſhort ſojourn at the lovely Thyatira, Rebecca was much charmed with the Chriſtian ſimplicity, high intelligence, and amiable hoſpitality of LYDIA, an eminent trader in all the purples,—and who, about twelve years ago, was an inhabitant of Philippi, of Macedonia, though born at Thyatira.

On Paul's arrival at Philippi, Lydia kindly invited the holy man to her houſe—and, under his diſcourſes, ſhe received the faith, and was baptized, with all her houſehold.

Some few years after this, Lydia returned to her native city; and, on hearing of our arrival at Thyatira, ſhe urged us, with the like hoſpitality ſhown by her to Paul, that we ſhould make her houſe our home.

Rebecca's mind was ſo greatly and juſtly taken with Lydia, that we promptly conſented to dwell with her for a time; and never have I found in woman more heavenly-mindedneſs, than in Lydia.

But, my Cartaphilus, I lament to ſay that the infant Church of Thyatira was greatly troubled at that time by a certain Jezebel woman (as unlike the admirable Lydia, as is Heaven from Hades) who ſeduced our people to believe her a propheteſs, and to go after her idolatries! Strange is it indeed, that amidſt the brightneſs of the New Faith, the follies of ſo wicked a woman ſhould be heeded by any, in preference to the teachings and lovely example of ſo pure a being as Lydia!—and yet, when I departed from Thyatira, the Church ſtill continued in no ſmall miſery from this artful woman.*

* It ſeems pretty evident that the name *Jezebel* was applied indifferently to any ſuch characters, as the one alluded to by Priſcilla; and that neither the individual ſo named in Revelation, ii. 20, nor the one ſtated by Priſcilla, was a woman of that *name*; but was ſo called from that Jezebel, wife of king Ahab, who (a thouſand years before the prophet of Patmos) was ſo mad with idolatry, as to inſtigate her huſband to ſeek the life of Elijah, and murder the prophets. She met her death, however, in the way foretold by Elijah—her body being caſt out of a window, trodden to death by war-horſes, and devoured by the numerous dogs that infeſted the city. Hence her name paſſed into a proverb. Vide 1 Kings xix. 2—xxi. 9. 2 Kings ix. 30—35.

From Thyatira we paſſed on to *Sardis*, a diſtance of ſcarce thirty Roman miles,—and therefore nearer Epheſus, the place of our departure; for we had now performed in our travels more than a ſemicircle, being deſirous to viſit all of the Churches of the Leſſer Aſia. Sardis is beautifully ſituate on the *Pactolus*, near its confluence with that bright and living ſtream that flows into lake *Gygæus*, about five miles below. Mount Imolus overlooks the city; from the ſummit of which the view is ſurpriſingly grand. On the north you ſee the Hermus flowing at the baſe of a long mountain chain; it then paſſes through the northern valley of the Siphus—your eye ſoon reſts upon *Lariſſa;* and the diſtant Smyrnian gulf mixes its blue tints with thoſe of the far more expanſive empyrean. On the eaſt, the tranquil ſilver waters of the Gygæan lake, and the wide expanſe of the city of Crœſus, ſeem almoſt under your feet; and on the ſouth, you ſee the Pactolean ſtream iſſuing from Tmolus and deſcending through the very narrow, but lovely valley; whilſt again, more to the eaſt, the white buildings of our much beloved *Philadelphia* blend their ſpotleſs colour (ſo expreſſive of their faith) with the rich verdure that encompaſſes them.

Sardis of Lydia.

Sardis is not at this time more than the memento of what it was, when the proud metropolis of Crœſus, king of Lydia—the richeſt of mankind, if we except our Solomon. The Greeks of all Aſia to Crœſus paid their tributes: his court was the abode of all the known learning of his days! There Solon, of Athens, converſed with Crœſus on the higheſt ſources of human happineſs. In Sardis, the truly wiſe Æſop alſo, found an aſylum of general ſafety and of merited honour; and the Delphian oracle was likewiſe enriched by preſents of immenſe value, given by this Crœſus!

But all this wealth and power vaniſhed before the reſiſtleſs army of the "*appointed*" Cyrus of Perſia! Xerxes, in after times, ſet ſo large a value upon Sardis, that he commanded thoſe around him daily to exclaim to him when at dinner, "*The Greeks have taken Sardis!*—ſo that he might never ceaſe to be ſtimulated to ſecure it at any coſt!"

Sardis, however, fell not to the earth; ſhe continued rich and powerful amidſt all her adverſities: her conflicts with the Medes, Ionians, Macedonians, Athenians, Romans, and others, ſhow the vaſtneſs of her ſtrength. But, what man was ſlow in effecting, the God of nature greatly haſtened,—for ſhe ſuffered much by an earthquake, only about forty years ago, in the time of the Emperor Tiberius. Sardis roſe again to conſiderable ſplendour, when rebuilt by order of that monarch: and ſince then, ſhe hath been growing rich;—but alas! no leſs proud and wicked.

One of our earlieſt Churches was eſtabliſhed in Sardis,—but her

love of luxury promiſes us but little fruit. Unhappy people! that thou canſt not, even in this thy brighteſt hope for true happineſs and glory, embrace the offer ſo freely given. *That*, which Solon, O people of Sardis! told thy Crœſus, was indeed Wiſdom, as from the ſkies, though it came from heathen lips,—but thy Crœſus had no faith, until Cyrus was his maſter:—what the Chriſtus, through his meſſengers, hath proclaimed to Sardis, and unto all Lydia, is a far higher wiſdom; and, if neglected, will bring on thee, O Sardis, a more ſure and laſting ruin, than that which befell thy long famed and wealthy ruler!

They arrive at Philadelphia.

We remained at Sardis not many days; and were truly happy to find ourſelves on the road to Philadelphia. This brought us, for a time, upon the border of the Gygæan lake; where we tarried ſome hours, to ſurvey the many gorgeous tombs of the once wealthy and powerful, who had flouriſhed at Sardis; but who chiefly have now a *marble* immortality only, on the ſhore of this beautiful lake. And ſo is the fame of this life, moſtly like that of Sardis—marble and gold and ivory cannot preſerve it long.*

Arrived at Philadelphia, we were much refreſhed by the proſperous condition of our Church. This is not an ancient city, being founded only about two hundred years ago, by Attalus III., king of Pergamus; who was alſo called *Philadelphus*, from his fraternal love.

Attalus was a great patron of learning, and a wiſe ruler of his people; over whom he preſided twenty years; but was cruelly murdered by his nephew, in the 82nd year of his age! You perceive, my Cartaphilus, that this little city had for its founder, one ſo noted for his brotherly love and eminent wiſdom, that her now gracious and zealous acceptance of the Goſpel ſeems to be a merciful recognition by God of his reſpect even for heathen piety!—and I cannot help feeling a conviction that the humility of this ſmall city, graced

* The Emperor Julian "The Apoſtate," nearly 300 years after Priſcilla's viſit, made a ſtrenuous effort to reſcue the pagan worſhip in Sardis from its expected decline, by erecting there various altars, and reſtoring ſome of their ruined temples. In a century after this, the Goths ſeverely plundered it; and for quite 600 years more, we hear little of Sardis, until it fell into the hands of the Turks, who retained it but a ſhort time, and yet regained it in the fourteenth century. At length came the renowned Timur, who ſeems to have utterly deſtroyed it,—as nothing now remains of that famed Lydian capital, but a wretched village, intereſting, indeed, from ſome magnificent ruins—painful mementos of its ancient grandeur! Her Pactolean current, that flowed through the city, has long ſince ceaſed to yield its golden treaſures; and nothing in Sardis now reminds the traveller of her former glories, but an occaſional inſcription on ſome fragment, or diſinterred medal, certifying that, "*Sardis is the firſt metropolis of Aſia, Greece, and Lydia.*"

with the jewels of Chriſtianity, will cauſe her to live, when many arrogant and lordly cities ſhall be reſolved into their firſt elements, and be loſt in the grave of their mother earth!

After ſpending nearly a month among thoſe intereſting people, we took our departure for *Laodicea*. As this journey was rough, and too tedious for one day, we occupied a portion of the firſt in aſcending the Acropolis of Philadelphia; and were again charmed with a rich and varied proſpect. I know not how it is, my friend Cartaphilus, but I can never permit an occaſion to eſcape me of viewing the works of God, and of man's induſtry, from the greateſt attainable heights! My feelings are there ſublimated—my heart warmed by all ſuch contemplations. I then experience my own ſuperlative littleneſs, and God's unutterable greatneſs; I feel, for the time, as if nearer Heaven—I find my heart ſwelling, and my lips involuntarily ejaculating his praiſes, and condemning my own poor gratitude.

After leaving the Acropolis, we rode for a few hours upon the green and beautiful banks of the *Cogamus*, it being in our direct road for Laodicea: and whilſt on the borders of that lovely river, we amuſed ourſelves greatly with the varied and graceful motions, and ſportive ſwimming of the numerous ſwans that ſeek their food and habitations in this river. And we were eſpecially ſtruck with their ſurpriſing faculty of reſpiring ſo very long a time, with bill and neck under water, and often plunging amidſt the tangled graſs and mud of the ſhoals near the river margin! In deeper waters, we obſerved they would ſometimes dive with extreme rapidity, and remain until our own patience was quite exhauſted, in waiting for their riſe: and when they reappeared, it was at a ſurpriſing diſtance from where they had ſubmerged; and then, gracefully ſhaking their long necks, and pure white plumage, they ſeemed to revel in their occupation, as one of far leſs neceſſity than of great delight!

Leaving the Cogamus, we ſoon croſſed the *Mœander*, not far from Tripolis; and reached Laodicea at a convenient hour, on the ſecond day of our departure from Philadelphia. It is ſituate on the eaſtern bank of the *Lycus*, near its confluence with the *Aſopus:* and lies only a few miles north of Coloſſæ. Its preſent is not its ancient name,—once Dioſpolis, then Rhöas, and now Laodicea, in memory of Laodice, wife of Antiochus, the Syro-Grecian King, who rebuilt it.

Laodicea in Phrygia.

The Church here did not entirely pleaſe me; the people are much given to luxury and riot; and the Chriſtians are leſs devout than at any of the other cities through which we have paſſed—having Churches. Paul never viſited this city; but, feeling much for the Church there, (more flouriſhing then, than now) he requeſts the Chriſtians of Coloſſæ, to whom he addreſſed an epiſtle about

four years ago, to have the ſame read alſo in the Church of the Laodiceans.*

Coloſſæ in Phrygia.

Our ſtay at Laodicea was ſhort; and thence we proceeded to Coloſſæ on the Lycus, a few miles ſouth of Laodicea, and about the ſame diſtance from Hierapolis. Hard by Coloſſæ, we were aſtoniſhed to find that the river Lycus abruptly diſappears; and after running its courſe, deep and

* About twenty-five years after the date of Priſcilla's narrative, the Apoſtle John, when at a very advanced age, addreſſed the Seven Churches of Aſia-Minor, in a very remarkable and prophetic manner; which will be found in the Second and Third Chapters of Revelation. Theſe Churches were at *Smyrna*, *Epheſus*, *Pergamus*, *Thyatira*, *Sardis*, *Philadelphia*, and *Laodicea*: and how wonderfully the prophecy has been fulfilled, may be ſeen in the whole hiſtory of theſe ſeven cities, and of their Churches, even up to the preſent hour!

It is intereſting to find that the Apoſtle, in ſpeaking of the Church at SMYRNA, utters no word of reproof—ſome of caution—but others of praiſe, inſtruction, and promiſe. The words addreſſed to each Church, are, indeed, but few, yet extremely ſignificant; and quite ſufficient to enable us to ſee in each caſe, the perfect fulfilment of the prophetic words!

Smyrna is even yet a flouriſhing city, more than four miles in circuit, poſſeſſed of an extenſive commerce with almoſt every part of the world; and though in the hands of the Turks, ſhe has retained Chriſtianity ever ſince its firſt plantation there; and it now contains a larger number of Chriſtians of various nations, languages, and ſects, than any other Aſiatic city—all living in perfect ſecurity and general harmony with each other, and with thoſe of ſo entirely different a faith!

EPHESUS was blamed for her *then* ſtate; and was alſo warned that her "candleſtick" would be removed, if ſhe repented not. She did not fulfil her firſt promiſe; and, with her waning Chriſtianity, which at length utterly vaniſhed in the preſence of Mohammed, ſhe has wholly ceaſed to exiſt; and can now be recogniſed only in a few ſplendid ruins, and ſome mud cottages, where once had ſtood the magnificent city; and even among thoſe wretched hovels, not a ſolitary Chriſtian is to be ſeen! The very name of Epheſus is loſt, for that of *Aiaſoluc*; and the church of Saint John, converted into a moſque, is viſited only occaſionally by a few Turks—her *candleſtick*, therefore, was entirely removed, as ſhe heeded not the prophetic warning!

PERGAMOS is commended for her ſteadfaſtneſs during the early perſecutions; but is ſtill blamed for ſome things: the threat againſt her is more ſubdued than that againſt Epheſus; and we find that Pergamos is yet among the cities of Aſia, having both Greek and Armenian churches! Its preſent population does not exceed three or four thouſand—the ruins of its once great magnificence are all around them; but the leaven of the ſound faith is ſtill there; and the prophecy (which ſo emphatically alludes to the doctrines of Balaam, and of the Nicolaitans, ſo prevalent at Pergamos in the apoſtolic age) may have anticipated the fate of the then exiſting heretics, but that they might be overcome only by a hereſy more grievous than what Pergamos then had—and doubtleſs, that was Mohamedaniſm!

THYATIRA, alſo, is praiſed and blamed: ſhe is now fallen from her high eſtate—but is not deſtroyed utterly; ſhe yet has ſome of the faithful; and, like Pergamos, contains both Armenian and Greek churches.

SARDIS was more culpable than either; it was a lordly city, and juſtly claimed to be the metropolis of Aſia. When the Prophet addreſſed their Church, it

hidden underground, full half a Roman mile, it again emerges, and ſoon after empties itſelf into the river Mæander!

The Venerable Philemon.

At Coloſſæ we were moſt hoſpitably entreated by PHILEMON, the former maſter of Oneſimus, mentioned by me as being freed from ſervitude at Paul's ſolicitation. Philemon's wealth is great; but his mode of living is unoſtentatious: he enjoys the goods of this life without ſtint, but

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had greatly ſoiled its faith: there were but "*few*" who had not "*defiled their garments*," and they were admoniſhed to be "*watchful, and ſtrengthen the things which remain*," leſt vengeance ſhould come upon them "*as a thief*," they not knowing the hour it ſhould come! Thoſe feeble and half-dead remains of piety ſoon faded away; and Sardis, like Epheſus, has been blotted out of exiſtence,—there being now, in that once gorgeous city, but a few huts occupied by Turkiſh herdſmen—and not a ſingle Chriſtian reſident there! This now miſerable village, called *Sart*, has nevertheleſs many ſad mementoes of its former grandeur, in the deſolate ruins of maſſive buildings, and in the broken ſolitary pillars that ſtill linger there: and among thoſe melancholy remnants are ſome of a great church—poſſibly the very one on which the eye of the holy Prophet had reſted: but there it is, in dead ſolitude, with no one who could dare to collect its fragments, to raiſe the humbleſt temple to the long forſaken God of Calvary!

LAODICEA, if poſſible, had yet more deeply offended; and the prophetic eye ſaw that it would go ſtill much further. The Chriſtians of that metropolis were charged with lukewarmneſs—of being neither hot nor cold—and of exceſſive pride of wealth. All the other Churches were commended for ſomething; and were partially, for a time, bleſſed:—but that of Laodicea was loathed; and the threat was, "*I will ſpue thee out of my mouth*;" for, after having been the *mother* Church of that region, it early forſook its faith, and gave itſelf up to exceſſive luxury. Its fate is a ſignal execution of the prophecy—it has been annihilated—"*it is thoroughly deſolated, without any inhabitant, but wolves and jackals and foxes*"—rambling freely amidſt its ſplendid fragments, its gorgeouſly ſculptured, but now moſs-grown and half-buried ruins!

PHILADELPHIA.—But, if the *threatenings* of the holy Prophet have been remarkably verified, ſo have his *promiſes* been equally accompliſhed,—and in the exact proportion that theſe ſeveral Churches have been true to their high truſt—in each caſe, feeble, indeed, but ſtill viſible.

In the caſe of Smyrna, Pergamos, and Thyatira, we have ſeen how far they have been bleſſed, according to the very feeble meaſure of their enduring faith, reſpectively: but in that of Philadelphia, it has been yet more clearly manifeſted. As a city, Philadelphia was at no time of much conſideration; nor is it now; but ſhe had received the faith with joy, and retained it with exemplary tenacity, amidſt long-enduring trials. The Prophet utters no words of blame—all are of praiſe, and of ſpiritual bleſſing, ſo far forth as the condition of the ſurrounding world would admit. "*Becauſe thou haſt kept the word of my patience, I will alſo keep thee from the hour of temptation, which ſhall come upon all the world.*" This is the prophetic *promiſe*; and its *fulfilment* is to be ſeen in the whole hiſtory of this little city, up to the preſent hour! Smyrna, indeed, had no judgment pronounced againſt her,—ſhe is merely warned that Beelzebub will try ſome of her people; and that tribulation will come upon her Church for "*ten days*," (alluding to the ten years of perſecution that followed, in the reign of the Emperor Diocleſian) and then he promiſes her a crown of life, if ſhe ſhall remain faithful unto death! The Smyrnians paſſed through that perſecu-

with no waſteful ſuperfluity—and all with a grateful heart of remembrance, and an entire dependance upon the Source whence all bounties flow. The poor are under his protection; but the idle and vicious are not ſuffered to live on him. He hath ſtill many ſlaves; but they are all moſt happy under his paternal care; and no one is retained who ſighs for liberty, if he be capable of ſelf-ſupport and ſelf-government.

Philemon is now far advanced in years;—his long white locks, bright as the wool of a petted lamb, hang over his ſhoulders; his eyes beam with intelligence, and charm you with their Chriſtian repoſe. He ſeems to enjoy his exiſtence, as in the days of his moſt youthful innocence; and yet with a dignity that commands high reſpect. This I perceived, on his queſtioning Rebecca concerning Philotera; who, no more a ſlave and heathen, is now as lovely as the opening roſe on a dewy ſpring morning. The venerable old man having heard from the lips of Rebecca, the brief though eventful hiſtory of Philotera, aroſe, tenderly embraced my daughter, and playfully ſaid, "it is indeed, dear Rebecca, well for thee that ſo many winters have froſted my head, and that ſo few now remain for me,—elſe ſurely would I claim thee inſtantly of thy mother—but, how comes it that thou, who haſt ſo many charms, haſt never

tion unſcathed; and have ſurvived, in a degree, the much ſeverer trial that followed in the ſeventh century, under Mohammed: but the Philadelphians have been yet more bleſſed; for, when the followers of the falſe prophet of Arabia came, and with fire and ſword had proſtrated half a world, Philadelphia, alone, though ſo ſmall in worldly power, was enabled from on high, ſo long to withſtand the Turks, that, at length, ſhe ſo capitulated with the proudeſt of the Ottomans, as to remain through all the ages in a great degree Chriſtian!

Even the infidel hiſtorian, Gibbon, was ſtruck ſo forcibly with the remarkable diſcrepance between the phyſical power, and the moral ſucceſs of this favoured little city, amidſt the general ruin of the Greek colonies and churches of Aſia, that he ſays, "*Philadelphia is ſtill erect—a column in a ſcene of ruins!*" And all travellers, up to the preſent hour, agree that nowhere in the Turkiſh dominions, has Chriſtianity been ſo uniformly ſuſtained during the lapſe of the twelve centuries ſince Mohammed's time, as in that ſmall city at the foot of Mount Imolus! Divine ſervice is now performed there in five churches; and, notwithſtanding the erroneous and even hoſtile views of the Greek and Latin Churches as to the diffuſion of the Bible, the Biſhop of Philadelphia regards it as the only ſolid foundation of hope for the extenſive ſpread of Chriſtianity; and that the preſent age will be found too enlightened to tolerate the abuſes in this reſpect, that were ſanctioned by thoſe Churches in earlier times, of withholding the ſacred Volume from the people.

In concluſion of this long note, the Editor of theſe Chronicles cannot refrain from ſaying that, were there no other evidence of the divine ſource of the "Book of Revelation" than the ſure fulfilment of the words contained in thoſe two chapters reſpecting the "Seven Churches" of the Leſſer Aſia, nothing more would be needed—the entire Book would ſtand redeemed from all doubt as to its prophetic character, its *authenticity* and *genuineneſs*.

wedded, ſeeing that even I, who have my fires ſmothered by old age, am ſo warmed to life and love by thee? Rebecca's diffidence could make no fit reply with her wonted promptneſs; but from which the good and ſprightly Philemon at once generouſly relieved her, by his equally jocoſe and ardent addreſs to Philotera, who had juſt entered and unveiled herſelf,—and who, as thou knoweſt, ſcarce numbers a third of Rebecca's years. Philotera, indeed, had bluſhes enough; but they all vaniſhed before the amiable cheerfulneſs of the pious old man.

And thus, my Cartaphilus, do Chriſtian influences, when blended with the naturally eſtimable and vivacious temper of the intellectual Philemon, make him an exemplar of ſurpriſing excellence in all aſſemblages; for, be they public or private, Philemon is ever ſought after.

The age, the great perſonal beauty, and highly cultivated mind of Philemon—his uncommon mildneſs, gracefully blended with joyouſneſs; and above all, that innocence, alone to be found in the Chriſtian heart and mind, have rendered him a very dear companion, for youths as well as ſages!

Philemon and his family had known Paul elſewhere,—but never at their own home; for Paul, in his travels, had never reached either Coloſſæ, or Laodicea. Many inquiries were made of us by Philemon reſpecting Paul,—of whoſe probable death by Nero he had cauſe to fear; and he wept bitterly over the recital, as given in an Epiſtle from Oneſimus, who greatly apprehended that Nero would execute his threat againſt that great Apoſtle. Philemon then ſaid to Rebecca, "thou ſhouldſt give to the gentle Philotera the name of *Paulina*, on her baptiſm:" which, if done, Priſcilla would now adviſe thee, my Cartaphilus, that thy Julianus ſhould receive from thee the name of *Parmenas*, in honour of him who ſo lately was martyred at Philippi: but, of theſe matters we will converſe hereafter—as Philotera and Julianus will ſoon receive baptiſm.

We departed from Coloſſæ with no little emotion; for we had received there much kindneſs. And now, O Cartaphilus! with what dread do I ſtate my alarm, and, as I fear, my too well grounded belief, that this excellent Philemon and his family, have been ſwallowed up by that terrific earthquake which, ſhortly after we left Coloſſæ, deſtroyed nearly the entire city, and ſeveral others of Phrygia! During my ſubſequent travels, and in the miſeries we encountered at Artaxata, preſently to be detailed, I had heard only vague rumours of the ſad calamity at Coloſſæ,—and, ſince my late return to Pella, no intelligence have I of Philemon, and no certain news reſpecting that great viſitation, that deſtroyed many thouſands, and nearly blotted out of exiſtence that and other cities. Philemon may have periſhed; and to this miſery was ſoon added the confirma-

tion of the rumoured apprehenſion as to Paul, whoſe death comes now by a letter, that at length reached us from Oneſimus.*

Antioch of Piſidia.

But, now to proceed with our travels. The journey before us, after leaving Coloſſæ, was long and perilous; and of far leſs intereſt, than in the lands we had paſſed over ſince our departure from Epheſus. I ſhall, therefore, omit all that occurred in our creeping over a very mountainous country, until we reached *Antiochia*, the chief town of Piſidia, in a fertile and wonderfully beautiful country; which, though hilly, is far leſs lofty and rigid than what we had juſt left behind. Antiochia is ſituate on the border of a lovely lake; and is one of the fourteen cities of that name, which *Nicator* built in memory of his father Antiochus. It was here that Paul and Barnabas, being permitted by the ruler of the ſynagogue there, preached the goſpel with ſuch ſucceſs, as alarmed the Jews, and induced them to expel thoſe devout men from the city.

Iconium in Lycaonia.

We came next to *Iconium*, the metropolis of Lycaonia. It is ſituate hard-by Lake Trogĭlus, in a valley of inconceivable luxuriance and beauty, and alſo of a very remarkable form,—it being quite circular, and begirt with lofty mountains. Paul and Barnabas made many converts there; but, at length, as in Antiochia, they were not allowed to continue long at Iconium.

Twenty and three years have paſſed ſince the wondering people of Iconium firſt received from the lips of Paul and Barnabas the celeſtial truths of a religion, which, even Plato was forced to acknowledge that man's fallen condition ſo much needed, as to demand that "*Some one ſhould come from his native ſkies to teach—as man could not.*" The Church there is yet proſperous, although the malicious Jews cauſed Paul and Barnabas to leave it."†

Church of Lyſtra.

A few days more, and we were at *Lyſtra*, the birth-place of Timothy, and where Paul, after healing the cripple at the city gate, had been hailed by the people as Mercury, and Barnabas as Jupiter! Some years after this, the

* Coloſſæ never recovered from the effects of this earthquake, which occurred in the tenth year of Nero's reign, A. D. 64, according to Euſebius—and probably two years after St. Paul's Epiſtle to the Coloſſians. It was then a very flouriſhing city, and famed for its extenſive commerce in wool. The ruin being ſo great, *Chonæ* was built in its vicinity, many centuries after. Some few remains of both cities are yet viſible, in a place now called by the Turks, *Kenaſſi*. Whether Philemon periſhed in that earthquake is not known, and the minute particulars reſpecting him given by Priſcilla are not elſewhere recorded.

† A Chriſtian church was maintained in Iconium during nearly eight centuries: but, ſince the ninth century, ſcarce a Jew or Chriſtian has been ſeen there.

Lyſtrans were again viſited by Paul; who then *confirmed* their converts; and the Church there is quite proſperous.

We then paſſed quickly over to *Derbè*—a ſhort but rugged ride; and here we reſted, and communed with the Church ſeveral months. *Arrival at Derbè.*

The ſituation of Derbè, at the baſe of a mountain, which is itſelf in the very heart of a valley, is as curious as it is truly delightful; and the whole valley on the ſouth ſide of Derbè, bounded by the lofty chain of Taurus, is extremely luxuriant, and ever vocal with many birds, that, of preference, build their neſts in the cypreſs and poplar groves of the plain, rather than in any of the larger trees of the ſurrounding mountains.

On departing from Derbè, we croſſed Taurus' lofty heights, and then paſſed down the narrow valley, following the banks of the limpid *Calycadnus*, until we reached *Seleucia*, one of the thirty-five cities built by Sileucus Nicator;—and then purſuing our travel near the ſhores of the Cilician ſea, ever in our view, we reached *Tarſus*, the birth-place of Saul—now ſo familiar to us as Paul.

This city lies chiefly on the weſtern bank of the *Cydnus*, which flows through it a few miles from the ſea; and is now, as generally it has been, remarkable for men of celebrity,—it being at one time the rival, alike of Athens and of Alexandria, in philoſophy and the arts. Some think Tarſus derives its name from Tarſhiſh, the ſon of Javan—the ſon of Japheth, who was the ſon of Noe! But Strabo, the great geographer, who died about ſixty years ago, and whoſe valuable books, in theſe travels, were my conſtant companion, holds that Tarſus was built by the Aſſyrian king Sardanapalus,—but for what ſpecial reaſons I wot not, and he reveals not. *Tarſus of Cilicia.*

It ſeems, that Julius Cæſar having extended to this city ſome privileges, the people, to indicate their gratitude, changed its name to *Juliopolis;* but habit being too ſtrong even for the ſpirit of adulation, ſoon triumphed, and the new was quickly loſt in its ancient name. Auguſtus exempted Tarſus from tribute, and conferred ſome other privileges, not amounting to the *jus civitatis*, or to the *jus coloniarum;* ſo that, the claim of our Paul, as a Roman citizen, to have an appeal from the Procurator of Judea, to Cæſar at Rome, was more probably an inherited one, than perſonal to himſelf from being born at Tarſus.

When at Tarſus, we began to earneſtly ſigh for our quiet home at Pella; for a few days more, by ſea and land, would have brought us to Pieria, in Syria, and thence to Jeruſalem and Pella, in as many more days: but two powerful conſiderations forbade this:—my own mind called me irreſiſtibly into the benighted land of Armenia; and we alſo had promiſed Artemas and Druſilla to

viſit them in Edeſſa, on our return from Artaxata, the great city of the Armenians. We therefore left Tarſus for *Militene*, within the borders of the Leſſer Armenia—looking for a ſublime, but extremely fatiguing journey over many lofty mountains, before we ſhould reach the Greater Armenia.

Our road carried us over the river *Sarus;* and purſuing its eaſtern bank, we paſſed through the gap of Mount Taurus, and reached *Pylæ*, or the City of the Gates—ſo called from its being, as it were, a gate of communication between Cilicia and Cappadocia: and then following the left bank of the Sarus, and paſſing through *Podandus*, we arrived at *Tyana*, the chief city of Cappadocia, on the third day after our departure from Tarſus.

Apollonius Tyanæus.

Here we were detained more than a week, by that extraordinary man Apollonius, of whom we had all heard ſuch wonders! and whom, now to ſee and converſe with, was truly a matter of no ordinary intereſt.

That Apollonius is a man of attractive genius, of a creative but wild imagination, and of deep learning in the Egyptian, Pythagorean, and Platonic philoſophy, as alſo in that of the remote India, and in all the magic of the latter country, as well as of the Thebaid, no one I ſuppoſe will queſtion: and further, that his morality, ſuch as it is, is exemplary, rigid, and often true, may not be denied. And again, that Apollonius, in many things, reſembles the practical Eſſenes of Judea, and the Therapeutæ, or contemplative ones of Egypt, I likewiſe admit: but, that he is ſtill an arch-impoſtor, and a wicked pretender to miracles—and that his followers have been groſſly deluded by him, and that they, as uſual, have gone far beyond their maſter in highly colouring the facts reſpecting his ſuppoſed miracles, and with the knowledge of Apollonius, I am firmly and cautiouſly perſuaded.

When we arrived at Tyana, Apollonius had juſt returned from Egypt—the land of magic—and alſo from Ethiopia, which is yet more ſo. But, my Cartaphilus, in order that you may ſee this much-famed man in his true colours, and judge of his pretended works correctly, I will now detail what I have heard and ſeen of him during our ſojourn at Tyana.

His perſonal appearance.

Apollonius was born at Tyana; and is now in the 66th year of his age. He is remarkably tall—his hair long, once deep black, and in flowing curls, but now purely white, ſave that, as it hangs upon his ſhoulders, it occaſionally reveals a dark lock, the reſt being thus blanched, not by his years, but probably by his oft-repeated abſtinences, and his many toils endured by him in his extenſive travels. His beard repoſes in copious folds on his breaſt, nearly down to his linen *abnet*, or girdle, —and his long purple robe, a ſpecies of *chetoneth*, is of the ſofteſt

wool. His head is covered with a plain, but curiouſly plaited *migbangnoth*, of very many folds, in a manner derived by him from Egypt: and, what ſpecially attracted our obſervation as to his attire, was a ſmall ſack or pouch, ſaid to contain ſome potent drugs—the claws of various rare animals—the teeth of others, all as magical charms againſt evil ſpirits, and as enduing the wearer with power over them, and nature, ſo long as the ſac is ſuſpended on his perſon!—and this idle ſuperſtition is alſo of Egyptian importation, and well ſuits the eaſily deluded multitude.

Early life of Apollonius.

When a youth of only fourteen years of age, Apollonius was ſent to Tarſus for inſtruction, under the renowned Euthydemus, the rhetorician: but the luxury and habits of the people of that city being diſguſting to him, he went with his preceptor to Ægæ, a ſmall town near the gulf of Iſſicus, where there is a temple of Æſculapius of much celebrity. Here he ſtudied the philoſophy of the Greeks, the ſcience of the Orientals, and the peculiar doctrines of the numerous ſects. His deportment when a ſtudent at Ægæ, was very remarkable for a youth. Exenus next became his preceptor; who permitted him to yield himſelf to the moſt rigid requirements of the Pythagorean diſcipline,—he ate no animal food, lived on herbs and fruits, went barefooted, ſuffered his long and curling hair to flow luxuriantly over his ſhoulders, and he communed at all times with the Æſculapian prieſts, by whom he was inſtructed in many curious myſteries. Apollonius was endowed with powers too remarkable, and he cultivated the prieſts, and was cultivated by them, too induſtriouſly, not to gain over them, as well as over the entire community of Ægæ, a potent influence, that gave to his after life, and ſo muſt continue, a wonderful colouring, injurious to the Nazarene faith, unleſs the much ſtronger and more ſoul-ſubduing powers of the Apoſtles from Calvary, ſhall clearly reveal to the inconſiderate multitude the eſſential diſtinction between the artful devices of magic, and the truthful wonders of celeſtial miracles. Who, O Cartaphilus! ſhall fail to perceive, at once, that blind Bartimeus could not have been reſtored to ſight, nor the ten lepers been cleanſed—nor Lazarus raiſed from the dead—nor the demoniac cured—the ſtorm appeaſed—the raging ſea walked upon—nor the water changed into wine—a hungry multitude of five thouſand fed on a few loaves and fiſhes, unleſs by a divine power, wholly beyond the arts of magic? And who doth not ſee at once, that all ſuch miracles differ utterly from all thoſe ſpecious devices of an Apollonius? A youth, for example, comes into the temple of Æſculapius, and would know of this Apollonius ſome cure for his dropſy, occaſioned by exceſſive intemperance. The philoſopher ponders not, but gravely commands a rigid abſtinence—and the youth re-

covers! So again, a wealthy debauchee of Ægæ, whoſe oblations to the temple were oft and liberal, repairs thither to have an eye reſtored, that had been put out in ſome wicked broil,—but Apollonius had no cure for him; and yet gained fame for high *morality*, ſince none could be had by a *miracle*,—for he diſmiſſed the wealthy patient, as one ſo low in vice, as to be unworthy of the Temple's notice!

Summoned home to Tyana by the death of his father, Apollonius paid the laſt ſad office of funereal honours to the memory of his parent; and then gave to his brother the larger part of his patrimony—admoniſhing him to reform his vicious life: and theſe things done, the philoſopher returned to his prieſtly life at Ægæ; where he erected a ſplendid temple, and eſtabliſhed a ſchool of inſtruction in philoſophy,—all of which doings greatly enlarged his fame. Oh, how miſcellaneous are the human mind and heart!

That he might become an adept in the Pythagorean ſyſtem, Apollonius conformed to the ſevere novitiate of a five years' rigid ſilence!—and during that period he taught by ſigns, geſtures, and looks only. After the expiration of that quinquennial novitiate, (the greateſt of all his trials, he being naturally very loquacious) he departed from Ægæ, and came to Antioch on the Orontes, and there viſited the far-famed Daphnè—ſo little ſuited to any of his habits; from whence he paſſed on to Epheſus: in all of which places he added largely to his renown.

His manner of teaching, though with the trueſt Attic eloquence, was ever the moſt ſtrictly *dogmatic:* and, being once queſtioned concerning the preference he gave to the dogmatic mode of inſtruction, he replied, "*I fought deſperately for truth, when I was a youth; but now it is my duty to teach what I have found to be truth:—a wiſe man muſt ſpeak as a* LAW-GIVER, *and the people be taught by* INJUNCTIONS."

Being on a certain occaſion at *Aſpenda*, Apollonius found the people greatly excited by a then raging famine, by reaſon of thoſe traders who monopoliſe the grain; whereupon he wrote upon a large tablet the following words, in ſevere reproof of thoſe pitileſs engroſſers who, in times of great ſcarcity, grow rich on the miſeries of others. "*The Earth, which is the mother of us all, is truly juſt; but* YE, *being unjuſt, would make her a bountiful mother to none but yourſelves. Deſiſt, then, from your iniquity in this—for, if ye do not, no longer ſhall ye be permitted to live!*" The alarmed traders quickly opened their well ſtored granaries—the people were relieved, the tumult was appeaſed, and Apollonius hailed as almoſt a god!

Departing from Epheſus, Apollonius travelled into very diſtant

lands. Arrived at Ninus in Aſſyria, he engaged the youthful *Damis* as his aſſociate; whom he perſuaded that he was not only familiar with all languages, but equally well knew thoſe of birds and of beaſts! This belief occaſioned Damis to regard Apollonius as little elſe than a god! The Babylonian Magi, with whom he converſed, alſo reſpectfully acquieſced in his lofty pretenſions,—and even the king, who then lay ſeverely ill, ſent for the illuſtrious ſtranger; and, after ſeveral converſations, acknowledged that Apollonius had taught him many things regarding the ſoul, that rendered the kingdoms of this world of little value. The Tyanian magician then viſited the yet more remote Indians, and their king *Phraotis*, who received him with high honours; and, on his departure, loaded him with coſtly preſents. *Extenſive travels of Apollonius.*

Near the river Ganges, Apollonius became acquainted with the great Indian philoſopher *Jarchas;* who initiated him into all the myſteries of the Gymnoſophiſts. Paſſing from thoſe countries, in which he had reſided ſome time, he reached the plains of Troy —the ſiege of which is ſo ſweetly ſung by Homer, ſo little known to the Hebrews, and for the reading of which our good friend Artemas is chiefly thanked by me:—living at Cæſarea, more a Greek than Paleſtine city, Artemas there learned to greatly value Homer.

On the plains of Troy, Apollonius found the tomb of Achilles, near to which he paſſed the whole night: and on the following morning, he informed the credulous Damis, and his other followers, that he had raiſed the ſpirit of Achilles from his tomb, had converſed familiarly with him during moſt of the night, and that he had achieved this by the magic arts he had acquired in India!

Apollonius then croſſed over to Athens,—but was refuſed entrance into the city of Minerva, the fame of his enchantments having preceded him, and the Athenians being then engaged in their own ſacred myſteries, poſſibly no better than thoſe of the Tyanian philoſopher, but which the Athenians regarded in a very different light from the hidden things of Oriental magic.

Our travelling Wonder next appeared at the gates of Rome; but Nero, as it ſo happened, had ſhortly before decreed that all the magicians ſhould be ejected from the city. Of the thirty-four aſſociates of Apollonius in his travels, nearly all forſook him through much fear, and alſo from their eagerneſs to furtively enter Rome. The great Tyanian, however, was no way to be daunted, even by Nero; and, if I remember aright, thou, my Cartaphilus, didſt ſecretly prevail upon the conſul Teleſinus to admit the magician into Rome, under a ſacred habit,—with permiſſion, likewiſe, to viſit all the temples. During his ſhort abode at Rome, (of which

thou didſt give me ſome account, with confeſſion of total ignorance of his previous eventful hiſtory) thou hadſt cauſe afterwards to know the deep impreſſions made by him on the Roman prieſts. Leaving the Imperial city, Apollonius viſited Hiſpania—thence he paſſed through ſouthern Italy over to Greece, and thence to Egypt, where Veſpaſian at that time was. This probably, was ſoon after Nero and thou were at the Iſthmus of Corinth. Veſpaſian was greatly taken with Apollonius and his doings—for the future Emperor loved flattery, and the Tyanian was never ſparing of it to thoſe in power, and eſpecially if likely to add largely thereto. From Egypt, the philoſopher went into Ethiopia; and had juſt arrived from thence, about the time of our coming to Tyana. I have now, my Cartaphilus, to end my, I fear, too long account of this remarkable man, ſcarce worthy ſo extended a notice, but that his learning, wonders, ſpecious morals, and zealous teachings, have induced ſome *daring* and hoſtile ſpirits to compare this Apollonius with the Mighty Nazarene!*

Comanà. Temple of Bellona.

But, now to proceed with our travels. We left Tyana, and continued on the north bank of the *Sarus*, till we reached Comanà, at the foot of the Anti-Taurus. Here we paſſed a few days, as there is a great temple there, dedicated to Bellona, the hideous goddeſs of war. She is repreſented by a ſtatue as a tall figure, with diſhevelled hair,—holding in one hand a torch, and in the other a whip—the one to illuminate the path of the combatants, the other to ſtimulate them to battle and victory! No where is Bellona ſo much venerated as in this city of Cappadocia—her temple having more than five thouſand prieſts, which are of both ſexes! The High-Prieſt of this terrific temple is ſecond only to the king; and is uſually ſelected from the royal family. We departed hence with no regretful feelings.

Melitene. Tiridates king of Armenia.

Having before us, all the way to *Melitene*, a rich and lovely valley, our journey from Comenà was truly one of delight. We croſſed the *Melas* river, nigh the northern baſe of Mount Taurus; and thence following the cheerful banks of the Euphrates, at length arrived at Melitene, in Lower Armenia—a point ſo long deſired by us, as there we ſhould terminate the difficulties of our journey—the remainder to ARTAXATA, in Upper Armenia, the ſeat of royalty, being, as we ſuppoſed, not only eaſy of attainment, but repoſeful when we ſhould reach it.

* Some further account of Apollonius Tyanæus is given in Letter xxvii, xxviii, and xxxv—bringing his hiſtory from A.D. 64 to the time of his death, about A.D. 97,—he having lived to the advanced age of 93 years; and became more notorious in his after life, than at the time Priſcilla met him at Tyana.

Priſcilla's Narrative—Their Journeyings.

At Melitene we tarried a few days,—chiefly with the view of knowing ſomething of the Armenians, before we ſhould paſs on to the chief object of our viſiting the metropolis of king Tiridates.

Whilſt at Melitene, we ſoon learned that Tiridates was then actively occupied in rebuilding Artaxata in great magnificence, under Nero's recent permiſſion,—having lately returned from Rome, when the Emperor had received him with ſignal honours, and with many ſplendid feſtivities. And then came the ſad intelligence that king Tiridates was moſt hoſtile to the Nazarenes, eſpecially ſo ſince his viſit to Nero; and that, moreover, ſome ſtrict orders had lately arrived from Nero reſpecting ſuch Chriſtians as might be found in Armenia! We were therefore compelled, for the preſent, to obſerve great prudence: for, on our firſt arrival at Melitene, not knowing of Nero's decree, or of any ſpecial hoſtility of Tiridates againſt the Chriſtians, we had ſpoken with great freedom reſpecting the temple of Bellona at Comanà; had alſo ſpoken of the Apoſtolic miſſion, and made anxious inquiries after the few Chriſtians in the two Arminies. At this, ſome of the people mocked us, others bade us be on our guard at Artaxata; and ſome again ſaid, they ſuppoſed our Chriſtus could not excel the wonderful Apollonius of Tyana! This laſt remark neceſſarily drew us into untimely vindications: for, though by no means diſpoſed to ſhrink from perſecution, or even death, in ſupport of our cauſe, yet reaſon and duty impoſed on us the obſervance of ſuch prudence, as ſhould not hurl deſtruction upon us, before we had made the leaſt impreſſion to beget a redeeming ſympathy, either for the cauſe we ſerved, or for ourſelves. Silence therefore, ſometimes ſo great a virtue, was greatly ſo then. Rebecca, however, was ever too fearleſs; the things ſhe thought, whether of morals or of religion, were moſt apt to be upon her tongue, and dauntleſſly uttered. She had ſaid "the temple of Bellona ought to be levelled to the earth, and its five thouſand prieſts and prieſteſſes be made to labour for themſelves and others, inſtead of waſting their lives in the idle and gorgeous ſervices of ſo wicked a goddeſs as ſhe of the whip and the torch!" All this was, indeed, moſt true: but the people ſcowled at her with aſtoniſhment and anger; and we feared it would bring trouble upon us before we could be quit of Melitene, where we found little hope for our miſſion, though the people ſaw we were well educated, and perſons of no ſmall conſideration. In a few days, therefore, we were moſt happy to leave Melitene; and we arrived in ſafety at Artaxata.

In now adverting to the miſeries we endured in this city, and to the great jeopardy of the lives of us all, eſpecially of Rebecca, I ſhall be as brief as poſſible, having complied with thy requeſt, my Cartaphilus, with great timidity, when to ſpeak of my daughter:

and I engaged in the preſent Narrative, more with the view of anſwering thy firſt queſtion, "How did you ſpend your ſeven years?" than thy ſecond, and more urgent one, "How did Rebecca get into ſuch great peril—and how did ſhe eſcape therefrom?"

Events at Artaxata.

Artaxata is ſituate on an extenſive plain, where the river *Araxes* takes a ſudden bend, ſo as nearly to ſurround the city. At the point where the iſthmus is narroweſt, the city is rendered ſecure by a broad and deep ditch, and by a ſubſtantial rampart. Artaxata can boaſt of no great antiquity, as this plain was pointed out by the Carthaginian Hannibal to king Artaxes, as the beſt ſite for his capital. It became, however, a place of ſome note; and finally was regarded as ſo impregnable that Lucullus, after having defeated Tigranes, and made himſelf maſter of all Armenia, ſave its capital, would not venture on beſieging it! But Corbulo, whom thou didſt know, and whom Nero ſhortly after murdered ſo treacherouſly, as being too powerful a Roman general to live, cauſed Artaxata to ſurrender her arms; and he laid it in aſhes. Tiridates, then, did well to pay his court unto Nero, having obtained thereby not only a renewal of Armenia's crown, but permiſſion incontinently to rebuild Artaxata: and, in compliment to Nero, it is now called *Neronia* by ſome:—but the king's decree ſo to call it is moſt likely to end in total forgetfulneſs, as was the caſe with Tarſus, which few would call Juliopolis.

Chriſtians at Artaxata.

We were early in making ourſelves known to the few Chriſtians at Artaxata; who, in conſequence of the late decree, had retired; ſome into the moſt unfrequented receſſes of the mountains—ſome among the ruins of the outſkirts of the city, near the river—and others into caves and grottoes, a few miles beyond the ditch and rampart. They conſidered their lives in imminent peril; and entreated us to ſecure ourſelves, without delay, in their receſſes! This we promptly refuſed to do,—ſtating that, though we were under no obligation by our holy religion to proclaim its truths in the preſent condition of things; yet that, if we were aſſailed by our foes, and put to the teſt of confeſſion, or of denial, there would be but one courſe for us. We ſtated, moreover, that we had voluntarily come to Artaxata, with the view of declaring the glories of that kingdom which is not of this earth; but that times and ſeaſons and circumſtances were to be duly conſulted — the clouds might ſomewhat paſs off—that we would now violate no law of man—but that man ſhould never compel us to violate any law of God.

Our friends, who had buried themſelves in the caverns, thereupon refuſed to remain, but inſiſted on coming into the city; and, like ourſelves, to continue there entirely inactive, hoping the ſtorm might ſubſide,—or, if not, that they would be guided by our counſels, and ſhare our fate.

The Armenians worſhip the ſame deities as the Medes and Perſians; but the great one is *Venus Anaitis*, to whom they pay the moſt diſguſting adorations. The temples raiſed to that goddeſs are unuſually magnificent,—ſhe being repreſented in a ſtatue of ſolid gold, of the moſt cunning and ineſtimable workmanſhip.

Armenian worſhip. Meiſalcus. Vologeſes.

MEISALCUS, a venerable Chriſtian of extreme old age, and of great wealth, had been made known to us by one of the fugitive Chriſtians. The pious old man had refuſed to liſten to the entreaties of his more humble friends of the faith, to remove from his well-known reſidence near the royal palace, either to one of the caves, or to the ruins upon the river border; for Meiſalcus had been at one time high in kingly favour; but the prieſts hated him, now that he was no longer in the preſence of their altars; and Tiridates ſeldom thought of him in his old age, and disfavour in the temples.

Meiſalcus was prompt in bidding us to ſojourn with him in his ample and beautiful manſion. By birth an Armenian of Sebaſtia, on the Euphrates, Meiſalcus had heard the preaching of Paul at Iconium-Lyſtra, and at other places in Aſia; and was well known of Philemon of Coloſſæ. His wealth, learning, and great age, had given him ſtrong influences in Artaxata,—and eſpecially with *Vologeſes*, brother to king Tiridates: but the recent open avowal by Meiſalcus of his Chriſtianity, had not only baniſhed him from the Court, but placed his life in imminent peril, eſpecially from the people—yet was *he* far ſafer than the others.

"What thinkeſt thou of Anaitis?" ſaid Meiſalcus to Rebecca. "Is ſhe not odious, even among the Heathen deities—is not her ſtatue of gold, and the beautiful work thereof, much too good for one like her, who aſketh of the Armenians to ſacrifice their faireſt daughters to the prieſts of her ſhrine? I tell thee, Rebecca, that the cuſtom here is for lovely young women thus to conſecrate themſelves,—and I admoniſh thee to look, alſo, to thy young and lovely Philotera; who is far too beautiful to eſcape their ſearching eyes: and, if otherwiſe, not thoſe of Tiridates! And thou, Rebecca, though in years much her elder, art ſtill moſt lovely,—and hence in great peril; for to this teſt do they ſometimes put even us Chriſtians!"

Venus Anaitis. Early life of Meiſalcus.

"Oh, fear me not—fear me not, venerable Meiſalcus," replied Rebecca. "Anaitis and I ſhall never be better acquainted—theſe Heathens muſt fear the Chriſtian's eye—and if not, they can never reach the ſoul—*that* undefiled, the *body may* periſh." "Well and truly ſpoken, fair daughter," rejoined Meiſalcus;" but I muſt tell thee that, in my earlieſt youth, even I worſhipped at this odious ſhrine,—thinking *Tanais* (for that is her other name) truly and

juſtly an honoured goddeſs! When, therefore, Mark Antony's ſoldiers had laid their ſacrilegious hands, as then I thought, upon the ſacred utenſils of one of thoſe temples, the report for a long time was, that the firſt perſon who thus had ſeized the utenſils, was inſtantly ſtruck blind by the goddeſs, and met his death ſoon after!"

"It ſo happened," continued Meiſalcus, "that I, then but twelve years old, was kindly entreated by this Antony, for my father's ſake, who then was ſerving in the Roman army under Mark Antony. But, boy as I was, I liked not this proceeding againſt the ſacred veſſels of the temple: and, many years after, when at Bononio, Auguſtus, then at a ſplendid entertainment, inquired of me the probable truth of the report, ſtill in the mouths of the people, that ſome perſon in the temple of Anaitis had been ſtricken blind for his plunder of that goddeſs—and that the rumour further was that he had alſo died ſoon after?"

"My after intercourſe with theſe Romans, my military life, and my more ripened years, had by that time made me leſs fearful of the potent goddeſs,—ſo that I frankly confeſſed to the inquiring Auguſtus, the whole truth thereof—which was, *that I, Meiſalcus, was the very perſon, ſaid to have been ſtruck blind, and to have died!—the fact being that I had been largely bribed thus to jeopard my life, and, for the prieſts' ſake to play this part, to ſave the temple from further moleſtation!* I am, O daughters of Iſrael! grown very old; and am truly aſhamed of the worſe than heathen life through which I paſſed, eſpecially during my connexion with the Roman ways.

"Chriſtianity, as I fear," continued the venerable Meiſalcus, "is little probable to make great progreſs now, or at any time, in Armenia. Nero's late decree, and the heavy obligations to him which our king Tiridates hath ſo recently incurred, peril not only the property, but the lives of all who avow this heavenly faith. A few are now in chains—ſome have fled—others are concealed—and many, as thou knoweſt, have juſt come from their hiding places, to periſh, if need be, for this great cauſe. But ye all, as *ſtrangers*, (to whom hoſpitality may prove a mantle, and as inmates of my dwelling) may poſſibly eſcape—the reſt cannot." Here the good old man breathed a deep ſigh, and bright tears ſoon followed.

It being then a late hour of the night, for one ſo aged, we retired to our couches, after a hymn, in which all fearleſſly joined—and a prayer from Meiſalcus.

Appearance of Meiſalcus —his devout prayer.

Never can I forget the appearance of that holy ſage in the act of prayer! More than one hundred and eight of Niſan's moons had viſited him; his once thick and flowing hair was now blanched and waſted into ſparſe and fleecy-white locks, ſhining as flakes of new fallen ſnow, when luſtrous under a balmy ſun! His eyes, ſmall, black, and deep in

their chambers, flaſhed with the fire of one militant, not in any worldly combat, but under the banner of the Croſs, contending againſt the Powers of everlaſting darkness! His beard, as he kneeled, nearly reached the floor—and, with eyes fixed on Heaven, —both hands far above his head—and tears ſilently ſtealing down his cheeks, from both their fountains, Meiſalcus ſeemed unto me ſome one more than human!—and thus he cloſed his prayer.

"*And, oh, thou long unknown God!—if our enemies are to come upon us, we know they are thine alſo; and that thou wilt be with us, and to us, the only Captain of ſalvation we now need. Let them then come! We know they can but kill the body—and, even that, only for a time. And, in that laſt great day, when Tiridates and Vologeſes, with us, ſhall riſe from their graves, what will be their diſmay, if they, having put us to death, ſhall find themſelves without a robe,—and we reſplendent in thoſe of pureſt white! Oh, may the God of the Chriſtians now ſoften their cruel hearts—and give them robes in that day, as bright as ours!*"

Rebecca and I aſſiſted in raiſing the venerable man from his knees: he embraced and kiſſed us both, and then diſappeared.

STORY OF MEISALCUS AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS.

On the following morning early, we obſerved the aged Meiſalcus enter a ſmall apartment, and unlock it with a golden key—all of which ſeemed to be ſo ſtealthily done, as if unwilling that we in particular ſhould in the leaſt obſerve him! He remained there full half an hour,—and then, in the like furtive manner, entered the portico in which we were ſeated—ſpoke not, repoſed himſelf upon a couch, covered his head with his mantle, and placed both hands over his face. Continuing in this poſition more than an hour, we occaſionally heard his whiſpering prayers—his deep ſighs, and ſometimes a groan that pierced our inmoſt heart! At length, ſuddenly riſing, he took Eben-Ezra by the hand, and ſaid, "this hath been my cuſtom, O my Rabbi, for ſome years paſt—yea, ever ſince Paul and I communed. I would have withheld from thee and thine the ſad hiſtory that, even yet gives to my life its only poiſon: but, whilſt in my cloſet, and whilſt here upon my couch, it hath ſeemed to me like foul deception, to ſhrink from diſcloſing to theſe my Chriſtian friends, the heavy ſin that ſtill reſts upon my ſoul—a deed not yet truly repented of: and were it, yet would it be, I fear, unforgiven *as to this world!*—for, my Eben-Ezra, doth not the Law of our God declare that "*he who ſheddeth man's blood, by man ſhall his blood be ſhed*"—and, if divine vengeance came late upon Cain, yet ſurely it came at laſt,—and will it not be ſo with Meiſalcus?"

"What, O dear Meiſalcus! doſt thou mean?" ſaid Eben-Ezra with aſtoniſhment, "If voluntarily thou haſt ſlain thy brother, it was ſurely done in heathen darkneſs, and not ſince thy ſoul hath been lighted up by the celeſtial truths of Calvary's Victim."

"Thou doſt truly ſay," replied Meiſalcus, "and for the ſin then done, my puniſhment, I truſt, will be *here* only—but it will come—it *muſt* infallibly come,—though truly, never had man a ſtronger call for the unholy deed. Know, then, oh ſon and daughters of Iſrael! the brief ſtory of my double grief." Here the aged man, bidding us all be ſeated, thus detailed, with trembling voice, the cauſe of his ſorely troubled ſoul.

"Araxes, who was our king, being at war with the Perſians, was aſſured by one of their lying oracles, that he ſhould prove the victor, and return home laden with ſpoils, provided he forthwith ſhould ſacrifice his two daughters! The king, with the wonderful folly that marks all idolatry, believed the oracle; and yet ſuppoſed he could deceive it by a moſt cruel fraud,—for he ſpared his *own* lovely daughters, but ſacrificed *my* thrice more lovely ones—my own beautiful Araxena, ſo named after that very king! She was then only in her fifteenth year:—and likewiſe my Vologesia, ſo named after the preſent king's brother—ſhe being then in the glory of womanhood, freſh as the dewy flowers at the morning dawn—mild as the young and petted gazelle—affectionate as the loving hind, or pleaſant roe! Oh, how ſhe would hang upon my neck, and kiſs me to ſleep!—truly, my Vologeſia was as a ſeal upon my heart—as a ſignet upon my arm! How fair and how pleaſant wert thou, oh my daughter? Thou, Vologeſia, my *firſt* born, wert in ſtature as the palm—thy lips as poliſhed rubies—thy teeth as pearls; and thy affectionate heart towards me, after thy mother had departed, was as the ramparts of Artaxata,—yea, as oil ſpread upon the waters of my life!"

"And thou, my *ſecond* born—my tender one—my little Araxena,—though fewer of years, thou wert not behind thy ſiſter in deep love, or in lovelineſs! How oft do the words of the great Hebrew Songſter ruſh upon my mind in thinking of thee, and of thy youthful innocence! He ſaith, "*And we have a little ſiſter—and ſhe hath no breaſts: what ſhall we do for our ſiſter, in the day when ſhe ſhall be ſpoken for?*" Ah! what *could* Meiſalcus do for his young daughter, when Araxes, the King, *ſpoke* for her? Meiſalcus could be no wall of defence for her, nor for Vologeſia, when the king demanded them—neither, indeed, as his *bride*, but both as *victims* for the odious Tanais!—they were ſlain—both ſacrificed to that voluptuous and cruel goddeſs!"

Here the weeping ſage was ſilent for a moment,—hid his face in the ample folds of his robe. At length he fiercely exclaimed—

"but I *had* revenge, oh, Heaven forgive me—I had revenge!—I ſlew the king's two daughters, and purſued the wretched father, even until I forced him into the rapid Helmus;—where exhauſted with his efforts againſt the ruſhing waters, he ſank for ever from my view! Since then, the Helmus hath been called the Araxes,—and that river, meſeems, doth flow more ſluggiſhly and darkly on, than it uſed before! Sixty and eight years have paſſed ſince that ſad event; and, until I heard of Paul at Iconium, I never knew peace of mind: but ſince I abandoned the Heathen gods, and have loathed the adoration paid by me to Tanais, my ſoul hath known no cauſe of miſery, ſave in thoſe three foul murders committed—deeds that yet leave a ſting, though all my other ſins be loſt in JESU'S love! Marvel not, then, good friends, that I ſhould daily ſince have viſited that ſmall apartment, locked with this golden key—once my dear Araxena's:—for therein I have two ſmall ivory images, as like to each of my daughters, as could be faſhioned by the beſt ſkill of all Armenia!—daily do I bathe them with my tears; and then pray, moſt fervently to Him who ſuffered on Calvary, to waſh out the blood I have ſhed."

Here Meiſalcus ended his piteous ſtory; and hid his face for a time from our view. We all united to ſuſtain the venerable man in his deep affliction; and with much prayer, and cheerful ſinging, we greatly reſtored him to repoſe.

Several days paſſed on in ſweet communion with our Chriſtian friends,—until they heard, with diſmay, of my daughter's incautious words at Melitene, reſpecting the goddeſs Bellona: and ſoon after, her like imprudence in Armenia's great capital; (in both caſes ſo well intended by Rebecca) and theſe brought upon us all a ſudden miſery.

Vologeſes viſits his brother Tiridates.

We were now informed that the aged Vologeſes, king of Parthia, had juſt arrived in Artaxata—that Nero had been greatly offended by a certain letter of Vologeſes, refuſing the Emperor's requeſt that this Parthian king ſhould repair to Rome, and do him homage, in like manner as Tiridates had ſo lately done. That refuſal of Vologeſes to the demand of the proud and cruel Roman, ſtated that "much eaſier was it for Nero to croſs the ſeas in ſearch of the homage, than for Parthia's king to pay it unto him at Rome!" Tiridates trembled at his brother's boldneſs—he greatly feared Nero, but feared Vologeſes alſo; for that brother had, in truth, placed Tiridates on the throne, the crown of which he had received at the hands of Nero, with ſo much expenſive pomp, as aſtoniſhed all Armenia, and ſomewhat vexed the more fearleſs Vologeſes.*

* It is ſaid that the ſplendid reception by Nero on that occaſion of Tiridates, was at the daily coſt of not leſs than what now would be equivalent to £6000 ſter.

The five doomed Chriſtians.

Artaxata, in a few hours thereafter, was ſwelled with immenſe crowds, to welcome and honour the arrival of Vologeſes. The houſes and ramparts were now filled with the living maſſes—banners waved in every ſtreet—muſic met the ear in all directions—the image of the goddeſs, Venus Tanais, ſparkled with jewels, and was borne beneath a rich canopy of blue, ſpangled with golden ſtars! Then came the Magian Prieſts in gorgeous proceſſion—and laſtly, were ſeen *five Chriſtians*, clothed in black robes, their heads quite bald, and their beards ſhaven cloſe, in diſhonour of them, they being all deſtined for ſacrifice, by being caſt from a lofty rock into a deep den—there to be devoured by many hungry and ſavage beaſts!

Rebecca's Chriſtian zeal.

As the proceſſion (at the head of which were Tiridates and Vologeſes, in a magnificent chariot drawn by ſix white horſes) paſſed towards the royal reſidence, the whole were ordered to ſtand; and, at the very moment, too, that the five doomed Chriſtians had arrived oppoſite the gate of Meiſalcus! Our windows had all been intentionally cloſed, and the veils let down, as alſo the portal locked,—which gave to all the appearance of a deſerted manſion—but Rebecca, whoſe keen eye had, through a crevice, reſted upon the unhappy Chriſtians, and whoſe ear ſoon caught the offenſive language offered them, ſuddenly caſt open the window and veil, and exclaimed, "Chriſtians! be comforted—this is thy triumphal proceſſion—the crown reſerved for thee is of more value than all earthly crowns! Waiver not, O Chriſtians! the ſoul periſheth not!" She inſtantly cloſed the veil, and fell as one lifeleſs in our arms! Directions were at once given by the King *not* to moleſt the houſe,—but for the proceſſion to move on.

Meiſalcus united with us in the kindeſt exertions for Rebecca's reſtoration: and when ſhe firſt ſpoke, his joy was indeed great. "And wilt thou not, O excellent Rebecca! ſuffer the aged Meiſalcus to unite with thoſe honoured Chriſtians, and win a crown?" ſaid our venerated friend; "Surely thou wilt—and *thine* will be the brighteſt of them all." "For myſelf, O Meiſalcus," ſaid Rebecca, "I ſhould rejoice in my imprudence; but my horror is great for thee, and for my ever beloved parents, and for my dear Philotera! When the thought ruſhed into my mind, that thus I had perilled all thy dear lives, I fainted." "Fear not," rejoined Meiſalcus, "if we all periſh, 'tis but the pang of an hour, followed by an eternity of bliſs."

The fugitive Chriſtian.

The reſt of the day was paſſed in ſadneſs, and gloomy anticipation,—for nature would often reſume her power, and cauſe us to fear the expected calamity. At the third hour of the night, a gentle rap was heard at the portal.

"Who claims entrance," demanded the Janitor. "A friend and *Chriſtian*," feebly reſponded the ſtranger—and the door was inſtantly opened. He entered with a haſty ſtep, ſhrouded in a black robe, and hooded—which, when removed, at once revealed to us one of the five Chriſtians doomed to die! "Haſten to conceal thyſelves," ſaid he, "go with *me*—a place of ſure ſafety have I for thee all: for, in a few hours hence, a cohort will be ſent hither, to caſt thee into priſon—and what ſhall early follow, judge ye! The indignity offered to the King, and his illuſtrious brother, now his gueſt, hath much enraged Tiridates—all of the Nazarene faith muſt periſh: how I eſcaped cannot now be told—delay not—MELCHIOR will ſurely ſave thee." "Save thyſelf, O Melchior!" we all exclaimed, "fly with thee we cannot—eſcape thus would be impoſſible; if not found in Artaxata, or elſewhere, how could we hope to paſs Armenia's bounds?" Melchior then haſtily departed, and with more tears for us than for himſelf. The miſery of that night was great; the doomed Chriſtian, however, had ſoon returned to us, and with renewed perſuaſions. Eben-Ezra and myſelf deeply mourned for our beloved daughter's grief—the agony of Rebecca for the danger brought on us was heightened by the great age and tenderneſs of Meiſalcus; and by the perſeverance of Melchior; who departed not till towards the ſixth hour of the night.

The Summons of them by the King.

The cohort, however, came not that night; but a ſummons from the King to Meiſalcus, came early in the morning, bidding him attend at the ſixth hour of that day at the Audience Chamber of the Palace,—and to bring with him all of his gueſts!

All of us, except Meiſalcus, regarded this ſummons as more favourable for our lives, and as far leſs alarming than the dreaded cohort, that was inſtantly to haſten us into ſome gloomy and damp cell, as Melchior had ſuppoſed. But Meiſalcus, knowing the character and manner of his King, had no hope, unleſs from Vologeſes; who ſtill retained for him ſome lingering regard, growing out of long acquaintance, and the naming of his daughter Vologeſia in honour of him, and when Vologeſes himſelf was a mere youth.

At the hour appointed, we all entered the Audience-room of the Palace. Tiridates was ſeated in regal ſplendour on a throne of gold and ivory, with a rich canopy of purple, embroidered with golden ſtars! At his ſide was the aged Vologeſes, with Parthia's crown on his head, attired in robes of ſcarlet, gorgeouſly filled with needle-work of gold and ſilver cunningly wrought. On either ſide were the Chamberlains, and other officers of the Court. Meiſalcus was firſt ſeated; next to him on his right was Eben-Ezra; on his left was I ſeated; on the right of her father was Rebecca—and, in

the rear of all, as if intentionally ſeparated, was placed the gentle Philotera, clad in light blue, and in more than her natural lovelineſs, excited by the ſcene of thrilling intereſt that ſoon might follow.

Proceedings in the Palace.

What all this ſhould mean entirely eluded our utmoſt conjectures: that we were upon *trial* ſeemed moſt evident; but yet in a faſhion ſo courtly, as never was known before! Silence being proclaimed, Tiridates thus ſpoke.

"Meiſalcus! We know all concerning thee; as likewiſe of thy "foreign gueſts, ſince their firſt coming into our dominions. Thou "and they are *hot Chriſtians;* and before theſe ſtrangers reached "our Artaxata—yea, even at Comanà of Cappadocia, they could "not retain their hatred to our Gods, nor reſtrain their idle and "ſuperſtitious zeal,—but would have conſigned even BELLONA and "her Temple to the flames, and all her numerous holy miniſters "to the degrading offices and toils of common life! Here, even "in our great Capital, have thy intemperate gueſts brought back "from their hiding places (where, poſſibly, they might have reſted "in ſecurity) their ſilly and impious followers—thus openly, and "daringly contemning our royal power! Not content with this, "they next proceed, moſt raſhly, to inſult even royalty, and the "regal hoſpitality we extended to our equally royal, and much "beloved brother!—and this done, moreover, by openly ſtimulat-"ing thoſe peſtiferous Chriſtians, whom we had ſentenced under "the late decree of the Mighty Nero, as deſpiſers of the Gods, and "worſhippers of a crucified malefactor!"

"And laſtly, O Meiſalcus! thy gueſts have combined, as we "have cauſe to ſuſpect, to effect the eſcape of one of thoſe doomed "Nazarenes; and, even ſince then, have communed with him, "and in thine own houſe, too, O Meiſalcus! Theſe are matters "no way to be queſtioned: and as the Law varies not in reſpect "to perſons—and is equally clear againſt ye all, We do ſentence "*thee* and *them* to inſtant death—death, by being caſt from the "Tigranean Rock, into the deep den of the Royal Lions! We "have ſummoned thee here, Meiſalcus, to our Palace, and likewiſe "theſe thy gueſts; and have thus dealt graciouſly with thee and "them, and in ſo courtly a manner, in reſpect not only of thy "great age, but of thy many ſervices to the ſtate in former days—"of thy great learning—thy long attendance in theſe halls—and of "thy former love towards Vologeſes. And thy gueſts have at-"tended thee, from our known reſpect for *hoſpitality*, ſo kindly "extended by thee to them; but which they have ſo much abuſed. "And thus courteouſly ſhall we deal with ye all, till death ſhall "come to all."

"But, before we now part, O Meiſalcus! I would aſk thee,

" who is the maiden with the blue robe ? Suffer her to ſtand forth " *unveiled.*"

Eben-Ezra, uninvited, then aroſe, and firmly claimed to ſpeak in her regard; and briefly detailed the hiſtory of the young Philotera.

" And who is the other maiden—ſhe who ſpoke ſo raſhly from the window ?" ſaid Tiridates, " let her ſtand forth, alſo unveiled."

Rebecca then aroſe, ſlowly removed her veil, and thus ſhe ſpoke. " I need no father, nor mother, nor friend, O " King ! to declare unto thee who, and what I am— " by birth a Jeweſs—by ſecond birth, a Chriſtian—and, " by my approaching death, an honoured, happy " martyr. Canſt thou *create* a ſoul, O King ?—thou canſt not— " and neither canſt thou *kill* one : but the great Being, whoſe law " thou doſt now violate, can kill *thy* ſoul and body ! I tremble " not at thy power, nor at that of the lions—they diſturb me not; " —but much more am I diſturbed and grieved for thee, O King!" *Rebecca's reply to King Tiridates.*

Tiridates ſuddenly aroſe ; fire flaſhed from his eyes, and yet he trembled as the aſpen. " Myſterious woman !" ſaid he, " thy dar- " ing, thy eloquence, and thy beauty fill me with wonder. I will " not have thee killed *to-day*—and thy lovely ſlave, *never*. Cham- " berlain ! do thou convey hence the maiden Philotera—*thou know-* " *eſt!*—and the other priſoners, let them be taken to the beſt rooms " of the South Tower : and ſee further, that all the papers and " books of theſe ſtrangers be examined without delay, and burnt."

On the morning of the third day after our condemnation, a vaſt proceſſion was formed in the great ſquare that fronts upon the Southern Tower. We there recognized from the windows looking upon the Aria, the officers of juſtice—the high officials of the palace—the magicians—the prieſts and prieſteſſes of Bellona—many of thoſe likewiſe of the Temple of Venus Anaites; and a numerous military—all of theſe claſſes in their rich and diſtinctive habiliments ! Then came the chariots of the two Kings, and of their numerous high retainers ; after theſe, the more exalted officials of Venus Anaites, and the magnificent Image of that goddeſs—next followed only *four* of the doomed Chriſtians—at which, we involuntarily exclaimed, " *Melchior, then, hath ſurely eſcaped!*" *Proceſſion to the Tigranean Rock.*

The proceſſion being formed, a cohort entered the hall leading to our rooms, and bade us prepare to join them. We were ſoon in readineſs, and were placed in the proceſſion, in the rear of the four other Chriſtians,—except that Meiſalcus' chariot received him alone—we being compelled to walk to the place deſtined for our deſtruction—But Philotera was nowhere to be ſeen !

The proceſſion arrived at the Rock, after a ſlow march of

about an hour. The aſſembled multitude ſeemed boundleſs; and the proviſion made at the rock, and around the den, was ſo arranged that, when ſeated, the more favoured ſpectators might ſee, or diſtinctly hear the deſtruction of the ſufferers in the abyſs below!

Immediately in the rear of the den's opening, which laid expoſed to the heavens, was erected a ſmall platform, covered with a rich canopy, and under it were ſeated on cuſhions Tiridates and Vologeſes, with their chief attendants; and behind both was ſtanding the Miniſter of Vengeance, clad in a black robe, with a ſpecies of ephod, of bright ſcarlet, and holding in his right hand a long wand, richly decorated. Numerous ſpectators, according to their dignity, were ſeated in elevated poſitions; and around the whole were ſtanding myriads, either to catch a glance at the royal perſonages, or at thoſe deſtined for the lions!

A ſignal being given, the Miniſter of Vengeance aroſe, and ordered one of the four Chriſtians to ſtand forth. He was placed by an executioner on a narrow platform, ſuſpended over the opening of the den! The ravenous beaſts were roaring beneath him, and eagerly watching for their expected prey. Around the Chriſtian's waiſt was girt a leathern rope, firmly held by the executioners at ſome diſtance,—ſo that, if required, they might ſuddenly draw him back in ſafety—but, if otherwiſe, they would as ſuddenly drop the tie, the platform inſtantly fall, and the victim plunge into the deep abyſs! Matters being thus arranged, the King and the ſeated audience were to give their final deciſion: if they raiſed their arms, the Chriſtian was ſaved—if not, he periſhed!

The Miniſter of Vengeance then ſolemnly aroſe; and proclaiming ſilence, ſaid, "Doſt thou confeſs thyſelf a Chriſtian—and, if ſo, wilt thou abjure thy religion, and worſhip the Gods of the Armenians?"

The doomed one quickly replied, and with a firm voice, "I am "a Chriſtian—will never worſhip any of Armenia's gods, and "hereby cling to death and my religion, rather than to life with "thine." The King and audience were ſilent, and motionleſs—the platform ſank—the tie of ſafety was inſtantly abandoned; and the victim was heard coming, as lightning to the bottom of the den; whilſt the beaſts ruſhing upon him, were alſo heard cracking his bones, and tearing him into many living pieces! The air was rent, and the earth trembled at that moment, with the loud and joyous acclamations of thouſands, who witneſſed the ſcene as a gracious oblation to their offended deities! The other three periſhed in the like manner.

Meiſalcus next was ſummoned—the ſame queſtion was aſked of him, and the Avenger received the ſame firm denial of their gods!

The King inſtantly aroſe with uplifted arms, and the whole audience did the ſame—but all was too late!—the old man's *ſtrength* ſerved him not as faithfully as did his *mind:* the platform was ſteady under him, but he fell at the moment the King aroſe; and thoſe having the thong were ſo violently pulled thereby, as to wrench it from them—and Meiſalcus came to the jaws of the lions, before the arms of the King had reached their fulleſt elevation! Thus, O Cartaphilus, was verified the foreboding, in regard to himſelf, of this venerable Chriſtian!

After a ſolemn pauſe, Rebecca was ſternly called forth! She took her poſition fearleſſly at the very end of the platform; and, for a time, calmly looked down, and heard and ſaw the ravenous beaſts mangling the yet quivering limbs of our beloved Meiſalcus!—then, turning round to the Avenger, ſhe firmly ſaid, "*I am ready.*" The cuſtomary queſtion was put; to which ſhe promptly anſwered, "*A Chriſtian I am—and a Heathen I never will be.*" The King and audience aroſe, as if by a ſingle impulſe,—the Avenger again proclaimed ſilence, and Tiridates thus ſpoke. "Rebecca! thou, "and thy parents, and the young ſlave, though abſent in ſafety, "have ſecured the good will of our beloved brother Vologeſes, and "likewiſe of Armenia's king! By what *means effected*, will here-"after be fully explained unto thee. Our brother of Parthia hath "been the inſtrument of this great good to thee—elſe would Tiri-"dates *have never known who thou art*, and have had *no cauſe* to ſave "thee. We lament the calamity—or rather *deſtiny*—that hath "deprived us of our deſigned clemency towards Meisalcus; as "we deſired to ſend him, and all his wealth, with thee and thine, "into the land of thy nativity—and to which ye all muſt now "depart, and without delay. Seeing that thy *friend's* hoſpitality "can no longer avail thee, We, in the mean while, will receive ye "at the royal palace; where, in ſecluſion, ye will be. Meiſalcus, "moreover, hath died childleſs and heirleſs; his wealth, therefore, "cometh of right into our treaſury: and ſuch part thereof, as will "be an ample dowry for the young Philotera—once thy ſlave—"I do hereby confer upon her: the reſidue is thine, O Rebecca!—"not for thy *religion's* ſake—nor yet for thy ungracious acts, eſpe-"cially when my people, uniting with me, were honouring the "beloved and illuſtrious brother of their king—but Rebecca, for "thy ſex's ſake, which, in thee, hath found the brighteſt exemplar "Tiridates hath ever known, not only of devotion to her imaginary "God, but likewiſe of her more than virile firmneſs, in ſteady con-"tempt of death, arrayed in its moſt terrific form: for this, O "Hebrew Maiden! thou, and thoſe thou loveſt, have been freed—"and for *other cauſes*, that will be revealed."

The multitude ſoon diſperſed, and the chariot of the lamented

Meiſalcus received us, for the South Tower of the Palace; where we ſoon were in ſweet communion with the only God, and with ourſelves alone.

And now, my Cartaphilus, I muſt end this narrative: a few days more found us beyond Armenia's confines; and, at Edeſſa, we were once more in the arms of our beloved Artemas and his Druſilla! What occurred there is foreign to my now purpoſe: and, of our ſafe arrival at Pella, and how ſituate there, thou haſt lately ſeen and heard. But I have yet to add that Artemas and his lovely family have juſt arrived here; and all Pella doth rejoice with us. Come thou quickly to us; and, doubt not, that neither years, nor toils, nor perils have leſſened the dimenſions of thy friend's ample heart, nor in the leaſt clouded the brightneſs of a mind, which, like his ſoul, is faſhioned in the perfecteſt of nature's moulds.

PRISCILLA.

SECTION XXIX.—*Bul*, 29. [November 7th.]

STRANGE! that Priſcilla, after a detail ſo reſponſive to my wiſhes and curioſity in all other reſpects, ſhould have thus ſuddenly brought her narrative to a cloſe, without a word of explanation, or any clue whereby to gueſs the cauſe of their marvellous eſcape, and of the great bounty extended to them, at the moment of their ſeeming greateſt peril! How it was that Vologeſes, when the priſoners were in the Tower, and after ſentence of death, could find any cauſe of intereſt in thoſe ſtrangers, and why the marble-hearted and luxurious Tiridates came thus ſuddenly to change his fierce purpoſe, do greatly wonder me. His myſterious words were—"*elſe would the King never have known who ye are!*" and he promiſed (doubtleſs he performed it) that the cauſe ſhould be revealed; and yet is Priſcilla ſilent, and doth carefully avoid the matter! I will urge her again; my appeal ſhall be ſtrong—ſurely ſhe will not refuſe me. * * * * * * * * * * Thanks to the excellent Priſcilla! To my urgent letter ſhe hath vouchſafed a reply—ſo much in harmony with her generouſneſs, her exalted mind, and with the celeſtial purity of her unequalled daughter!

An Explanation needed.

LETTER XXIII.

Priscilla to Cartaphilus.

Pella, *Chiſleu*, 5th day. [November 12th.]

THOU haſt too ſtrongly urged me to diſcloſe, what fain would I have withheld from thee, but for thy entreaty. My daughter's feelings, even more than mine own, were averſe to any alluſion that would recall the leaſt remembrance of the mutual love, in former days, of Rebecca and Cartaphilus, as ſo largely ſet forth between them, in the letters of thoſe times; and chiefly, alſo, as we both feared it would greatly pain thee to know that others became accidentally informed of all,—and likewiſe with the *myſtery* that hath hung over thee from thy natal hour, and the agency thou hadſt with Judas, in the crucifixion of Him whoſe name we bear. Know, then, that on our departure from Pella, the whole of thy mutual correſpondence —ſeveral letters of mine to thee—the two letters of thine from Rome that concerned the viſit of Tiridates to Nero—with other papers touching thy early life, were brought from the houſe of Meiſalcus: and being curſorily peruſed by one of the officers, as commanded by King Tiridates, were then ordered to be burnt, in conformity to the ſame order, as we were then deſtined to periſh on the following day. It ſo happened, however, under Providence, that curioſity prompted *Vologeſes* himſelf to inſpect them,—and, ſtrange to ſay! the firſt letter that met his eye, was the one in which thou, my Cartaphilus, haſt ſo glowingly deſcribed the pomp attendant upon the reception of Tiridates by Nero,—and alſo thy exultation at the reply of Vologeſes to Nero, when he demanded homage of that Parthian king! This ſtill further awakened the curioſity of the much-pleaſed Vologeſes—and he read them all—became intenſely intereſted in thy loves—in Rebecca's character—and in all that revealed thy cloſe intimacy with Nero. Theſe matters being detailed by Vologeſes to Armenia's king, he became no little troubled thereat, as he well remembered thee at Rome; and, for ſcarce half of Artaxata, Tiridates would not have ſlain the father, mother, and daughter, whom Cartaphilus, Nero's favourite, ſo much loved, as thy letters ſhowed. We ſhould all have been at once releaſed by Tiridates,—but that Vologeſes (in no fear of Nero, though then living and in vaſt power, but no *warrior*) judged that our preſence and dread of death would better pleaſe the multitude, than if at once ſet free; and alſo that we ſhould more richly prize

Cauſe of eſcape from the lions.

the boon, if reſcued from the peril when in very ſight of thoſe hungry lions!—and hence was it that the great proceſſion was formed, and the other impreſſive ceremonials faſhioned, that we were made to witneſs. Meiſalcus periſhed, as fruit even more than ripe. He, and others called it *deſtiny!* What deſtiny is, as diſtinguiſhed from foreknowledge, we know not. Thou, my Cartaphilus, art already too much in that way of thinking: but omniſcience is not fate; and I believe not that Meiſalcus periſhed, as being *deſtined* in any further manner than are all who die. But, 'tis not philoſophy, now, that thou ſeekeſt—but the whole matter of our freedom from the lions! Rebecca much grieved to remember, that ſhe was the cauſe of the marvels of thy life being thus revealed to others—knowing how deeply ſenſitive thou haſt ever been as to thy connexion with the traitor Judas—the myſterious words alſo uttered at the Valley gate—thy long abode in Hinnom's odious valley—and, above all, the myſteries attendant on thy birth! Hence was it that her virgin heart ſhrank from letting thee know, at this late period, that ſo ſupreme was her love that ſhe muſt needs have with her all thy letters, and copies of all her's to thee,—when, by ſuch ſolemn agreement, thy loves were for ever to be buried. But, dear Cartaphilus, we will now end this matter.

It may be intereſting for thee to know, alſo, that Tiridates, at the moment of our departure, fully redeemed his generous promiſe; and delivered to Rebecca a valuation of Meiſalcus' entire eſtate,—placed in charge of Eben-Ezra two talents of gold, as the dowry for our Philotera; and nearly thrice that ſum for Rebecca! All the papers were likewiſe ſafely returned; and with them a Letter of Safe-conduct unto the confines of his dominions.

Alcæus waits with earneſtneſs thy arrival at Pella: Artemas and Druſilla count the hours of anxious expectation before thy coming; and we all pray thee to leave Jeruſalem without delay—and for ever—for its days are numbered—there *is deſtiny* in this!

If thou haſt money or property there, ſuffer it to continue within its walls, rather than peril anything by a longer tarry—*thou* canſt do nothing for Jeruſalem now!

Thy preſence at Pella is further needed, as Julianus only lives in the preſence of Philotera—their love is ſtrongly mutual; and we doubt not of thy conſent to Rebecca's wiſhes that their nuptials ſhall ſoon take place. Julianus is a youth of great worth, of wonderful talents, and large acquirements for his age—his love of knowledge being only equalled by his love for our dear Philotera.—FARE-THEE-WELL.

CHRONICLES OF CARTAPHILUS,

THE

Wandering Jew.

BOOK THE SIXTH

CHRONICLES OF

Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew.

BOOK VI.

SECTION XXX.—Pella, *Shebet*, 3rd. [January 12th, A.D. 70.]

Cartaphilus viſits Pella—Arrival of Artemas there.

His viſit to Pella. Artemas and his family there.

JERUSALEM could not ſhake me off as ſpeedily as the admirable Priſcilla deſired: but here am I at Pella, in the midſt of a happy *Chriſtian* family—ſo different from that of Nero's! The noble Artemas, whom I had not ſeen during more than twenty years, was inſtantly in my arms—he wept with joy; his ſtill lovely Druſilla mixed her tears with his: but oh, who, even with imagination's creative power, hath language wherein to clothe the radiant beauty of their daughter Cornelia, now in her ſeventeenth year—and the graces of perſon and mind that diſtinguiſh her brother Thaddeus—her ſenior by two years—a youth more winning than any my eyes have ever ſeen before! In Cornelia are found, all that Greeks and Romans have ever conceived of peerleſs beauty—ſuch, in truth, as in their Hebe and Venus, are imaged forth in ſculptured marble, or in cunningly chiſelled gold!—and, in the graces of her mind and heart, far more than they could have imagined; for Cornelia hath been nurtured in no Heathen faſhions, but in all Chriſtian care,—which alone can aſſimilate mortals to thoſe happy beings, who dwell encompaſſed by purities beyond the ſkies! The brother, too!—hath he not the ſtature and manly grace of their Adonis and Apollo combined—and, in ſoul and generous feelings, is he not more than even Plato knew how to ſhadow forth, or Cicero to deſcribe, as a youthful citizen in the republic of their own imaginings, when juſt emerging into the ripeneſs of active public uſefulneſs?—or, in theſe their ideal republics, could either have ſelected one ſo worthy as Thaddeus, to grace the higheſt claſs of their political and moral

fabric, and to gaze upon him as their ſure exemplar, in the earlieſt future of their commonwealth? for ſuch is the preſent, and the ſure promiſe as to Thaddeus! If, then, ſuch be the early fruits of *Chriſtian* culture, engrafted upon an exalted intelligence, what may we not hope from the ultimate refinement of a Chriſtian World? Should that faith become thus general, how poor even the fancied republics of their wiſeſt philoſophers!

Influences of Chriſtianity on perſonal beauty.

The miracles and wonders performed by the Great Nazarene were not much ſeen of me; but were the hourly matter of diſcourſe among the prieſts and people: and yet there is *one*, which we may all ſee, and freely look upon daily—one, that is a living and perpetual miracle, that doth flow from the ſame pure and exhauſtleſs fountain!—and this it is,—that this Chriſtianity doth hourly change men from *loathſome beaſts* into *lovely angels*—doth ſoften hearts fiercer than the hyæna's—doth arreſt the long-ſought purpoſes of revenge—doth diſſolve our idolatrous love of mammon—quench the fires of unholy appetites—humble the fouleſt and moſt vaulting ambition,—and, finally, doth effect in the ſoul, and way of human life, more ſudden cures than ever were effected in the diſeaſes of his body by the medicaments of man!—yea, indeed, this miraculous cure of *moral* diſeaſes doth wonder me even more, than that the blind ſhould receive their ſight—the lame walk—the lepers be cleanſed! Communion with theſe Chriſtians, and comparing their ways with thoſe of the Heathen, doth aſſure me of the wondrous *fact*, that they of this new faith are *outwardly* of better mien, and lovelier to behold, than Heathens can be; and are ever proportionately ſo, as they are *inwardly* different from them! Even the innocent and beauteous Philotera, ſuch as ſhe was when in the ſlave market of Epheſus, doth now manifeſt, through her intellectual and heaven-enlightened eyes, and all the lineaments of her face, far milder and lovelier expreſſions, graces more abundant, features more celeſtial, and actions more winning, than ever ſhe could have poſſeſſed, even in the courts of Heathen princes! So that, of neceſſity, a beautiful *Chriſtian* woman becomes yet more ſeraphic in all exterior lovelineſs, than can poſſibly ariſe, if remaining under the influences and inſtructions of the Gentile world, however refined and elaborate they may be! And this, truly, is no vain imagination of Cartaphilus; daily doth he behold and feel it! Artemas, alſo, was ever attractive to look on. Rebecca excelled moſt of Judea's daughters in all lovelineſs of form and features; but now are they both far more elaſtic, youthful, brilliant, and inſpiring than they poſſibly could have been, at this time, had they been left to the control of the various paſſions, that Chriſtianity alone knoweth how to ſubdue, or at leaſt to mitigate!

SECTION XXXI.—JERUSALEM, 17th of *Shebet*. [January 26th, A.D. 70.]

HERE am I once more in the once Holy City—poſſibly for the laſt time!—for I am now ſurrounded by human *demons*—a name which, whether it imports a power to *terrify*, or to *diſtribute*, unfolds equally the nature of ſuch wicked beings, as diſmay us by their hideous actions, or aſſign to many their ſure deſtinies! John, the Giſchalite—Simon of Georas, with their ſeveral friends and factions, are all alike terrific. Here can I remain no longer; I muſt utterly abandon Jeruſalem—for ever leave the now deſecrated Temple, and all the ſcenes of my youth and eventful manhood—truſting to find in the ſolitudes of Pella ſome covering from my ever torturing thoughts. Oh, what a mere *thing of worthleſſneſs* have I become, when compared with Artemas! I believe—wonder—tremble—repent—relapſe, and ſin as ever! The beauty of a Chriſtian life doth charm my judgment,—and yet never can I imitate it! He who on Calvary periſhed I believe to be a great and moſt holy Prophet—and yet my inner eyes cannot behold him as the Shiloh that was to come. His reſurrection I have no power to deny,—and yet I know not how to worſhip him as a crucified God! With my outward eyes I beheld him as a Man—with my inner eyes I have no ability to hail him as the only God. Vain are all my *beliefs*, and ruinous my *unbeliefs*, if what Artemas, in his parting words at Pella, ſaid unto me be aright. The words of Artemas were, "Believe me, O Cartaphilus! the New Faith is *one:* and it admits of no mixture with thy *philoſophy*—nor with anything foreign to its celeſtial origin. Remember, alſo, that the words ſpoken to thee near the Valley-gate, more than thirty and ſix years ago, do import in thee a life of more endurance than man hath ever known! 'TARRY TILL I COME' cannot be thy only curſe: but, in thy *mixed faith*, thou wilt find one far greater unto thyſelf and others,—yea, poſſibly to nations yet unknown! Ponder this well; and give no reign to thy idle fancy that the *Paraclete* muſt yet come; and that thou art no *free agent!* The Paraclete, indeed, was to come—but hath He not come—and will He not abide for ever? Now, whether life in thee be long or ſhort, Cartaphilus will ever be as much a free agent, as Artemas at this time ſurely is." We then embraced, and unto Jeruſalem I came.

Cartaphilus returns to Jeruſalem.

SECTION XXXII.

MY ſtay in the City of ages was only long enough to collect my moveables of value, and ſend them with all haſte and ſecreſy to Pella. My other large property had all been converted into talents of gold and ſilver, previous to my departure from Rome,—ſave alone the *burial-place* of my venerated family in the valley of Jehoſhaphat, between the tomb of Zachariah, and the three Pillars that Helena, queen of *Adiabene*, erected to the memory of her ſon *Izates;* and in which lie his remains, thoſe alſo of his brother *Monobazus*, and of herſelf. And this burial-ground of my forefathers, though it may not receive the remains of Cartaphilus, ſhall never be loſt in his memory, even though the tombs of Zachariah and of Izates ſhould periſh. They are likely to remain in favour, when others in that valley may lie even with their parent earth: but, ſhould all alike diſſolve, and Cartaphilus ſurvive, never can he forget the tomb's *place*, where now are ſheltered his parents—though no ſon ever born hath been more wretched than he.*

He abandons Jeruſalem.

* * * * That I might prevent the ſeizure of my perſon or property, by the many factions within thoſe walls, or by the Roman army, great was my caution in the city, and I further obtained a letter of ſafe-conduct, procured for me by Joſephus from Veſpaſian; and ſpeedily thereafter, I found myſelf far beyond the

* Only one of the three tombs mentioned by Cartaphilus now remains; and, at the preſent day, is uſually called *Abſalom's Pillar*—under the miſtaken opinion that this is actually the monument of King David's third ſon! This notion is probably derived from the words in 2 Sam. xviii. 18. "*Now Abſalom in his life-time had raiſed up for himſelf a pillar, which is in the King's Dale; for he ſaid, I have no ſon to keep my name in remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name. And it is called unto this day, Abſalom's Place.*"

Now, if Cartaphilus, and his Editor, be not miſtaken, this never was "Abſalom's Place;" but is that of Izates: who, with Helena his mother, embraced the Hebrew faith only a ſhort time before the Crucifixion. Euſebius, in the fourth century, ſpeaks of ſome ſplendid monuments by a queen of that name, and as being ſtill ſeen near Jeruſalem—which, at that time was ſtill ſometimes called *Ælia*, being ſo named by Hadrian, early in the ſecond century. And Pauſanias, alſo, mentions theſe monuments as exiſting in his day, but alluding to them as monuments of far greater antiquity,—yet not in ſuch a way as to deſignate the ſtructure now called Abſalom's Pillar. It is far more probable that this remaining tomb was raiſed by Helena, than that it is the one alluded to in the book of Samuel; which, had it been erected near a thouſand years before Helena's day, and been truly "Abſalom's Place," muſt have been a monument of ſuch remarkable antiquity and intereſt, as to have left no doubts as to whether it were his, or that raiſed by Helena to her ſon Izates.

Roman Ceremonials of Adoption and of Arrogation.

doomed City, but with a heart full of ſadneſs, and wended my ſolitary way towards Pella, ſtill in perils from thoſe who were leagued with the factions.

Arrived at Pella, my earlieſt care was to conſult the happineſs and wiſhes of the excellent friends around me, compoſed now of the families of Eben-Ezra, and of Artemas.

I was now to ally myſelf by *Adoption* to Thaddeus; and by *Arrogation* to Alcæus—conferring thereby upon each the rights and privileges, and impoſing upon them reſpectively, the duties of ſons—as firſt, and ſecond born. The ceremonials on theſe occaſions were performed moſtly after the Roman, and, in part, after the Hebrew manner.

Ceremonials of Adoption and of Arrogation.

The firſt proceeding was to obtain permiſſion from the public authority, in reſpect to Alcæus only; who being without parent, or guardian, could not be received in adoption (or rather in Arrogation) after the cuſtomary way of mere private freedom. Both ceremonials, however, are conducted in the preſence of a magiſtrate. That permiſſion being obtained, all the Chriſtians at Pella, and in its vicinity, were invited to the public Hall: and thoſe in attendance were arranged in a circle; in the centre of which was ſeated, at a table, the Roman Magiſtrate, arrayed in robes of office, and having by his ſide a portable metallic pillar, from which was ſuſpended a ſmall ſilver balance, with weights. One half of the circle was occupied by the bidden gueſts, and the other half by the Adopter, thoſe to be adopted, and by their relations and ſpecial friends.

In front, on a ſmall elevation, were ſeated Artemas and Cartaphilus—on the right of the former, ſtood Thaddeus—on the left was Alcæus; and, on the right and left of each, were ſeated Cornelia; her mother Druſilla, and Rebecca, then Julianus and Philotera—and finally, the youth Plautius, and the domeſtics of the two families.

To our much regret, Eben-Ezra and Priſcilla were not preſent, as well from their age as from ſome indiſpoſition, which gave to us no uneaſineſs at the time.

Each of the young men to be adopted wore a ſplendid girdle, richly and curiouſly wrought with golden and ſilver threads, and with others of various dyes—the one by Cornelia, for Alcæus—the other by Philotera, for Thaddeus.

Silence being proclaimed, the Magiſtrate aroſe, and received as from Cartaphilus, (handed to him by a youth fancifully attired,) *a golden piece of money*,—and from Thaddeus (through his father's hands) a ſmall *ſcroll of parchment*, attached to a *piece of braſs*;

which together were of equal weight with the money: and upon the parchment was then written the name of Thaddeus, his parentage, and age.

In the one ſcale was placed the golden piece, in the like connexion with the name and age of Cartaphilus; and in the other ſcale was depoſited the ſcroll of parchment, and its braſs appendant, as repreſenting the Adoptee; and, by ſuppoſition, thereby placing *him* in the ſcale, as ſomething valued, and then to be ſold! The two ſides of the balance being found equal, the ſcales were emptied; and this formality was *thrice* performed,—whereupon Thaddeus was proclaimed by the Magiſtrate, to be the *adopted* ſon of Cartaphilus.

The like ceremony then took place in reſpect to Alcæus, with no other variations than that *permiſſion* had been given, and alſo that the name, age, and parentage were written by Alcæus himſelf, and then witneſſed by the magiſtrate; who proclaimed him to be the ſecond ſon of Cartaphilus, and by *arrogation*.

The Hebrew ceremonial of Adoption.

The ceremonials, under the Roman law, being ended, thoſe more peculiarly of Hebrew requirement immediately followed. Rich perfumes were then burnt—and delicious odours were diffuſed around; after which fruits and other refreſhments were handed to all, and many rare and blooming flowers were preſented to all preſent: and this was but *initial* of the proceeding.

Silence being once more proclaimed, all reſumed their former poſitions. The Adopter then deſcended from his couch, received the hand of the Adoptee, and aſked his father, if he were willing that his ſon Thaddeus ſhould be taken by Cartaphilus in adoption? An affirmative anſwer being given by Artemas, the girdles of Thaddeus and of Cartaphilus were *exchanged* by them; and the upper robe of Cartaphilus being taken off, Thaddeus *paſſed through* it, and he was then declared to be the *firſt* born ſon of Cartaphilus, by adoption!

The like formality was obſerved in reſpect to Alcæus, with no other difference than that the Magiſtrate, inſtead of the parent, gave the aſſent; and he was proclaimed as the *ſecond* ſon of Cartaphilus, and by *arrogation*.

The Banquet of primitive Chriſtians.

The whole ceremonies being now ended, we proceeded from the Public Hall to our own dwelling; where, after prayers and hymns, at which Eben-Ezra and Priſcilla were preſent, a banquet of ſimplicity, but great beauty, accompanied with the muſic of many inſtruments, received us. Theſe were without oſtentation,—in grace and plenty, without profuſion, or any vanity: they were all in natural elegance, with no formal and ſtudied particularity: in fine, the whole was but the juſt repreſentative of Rebecca's truthful mind,—in which the

bounties of Providence were gratefully uſed, and adorned by human art, and only ſo far as to manifeſt man's exalted reſpect for God's varied bleſſings. And thus did Artemas expreſs himſelf to Rebecca. "Thy work hath been nobly done, my excellent Rebecca;—and, if this banquet may not be compared, as was that of more ancient times in Eccleſiaſticus, to *a ſignet of carbuncle ſet in gold*, yet is it better ſuited to that Chriſtian ſimplicity, which, whilſt it diſcards not the rich gifts of Providence, abuſes none, and is, moreover, moſt gracefully arranged by the ſubdued wit of a thoughtful woman,—and ſo that, the great excellence of the former hath not been obſcured, by a too high value ſet upon the latter."*

Having thus made our ſons of adoption, and ourſelves happy, we appointed an early day for the nuptials of Julianus and Philotera.†

Removal to Edeſſa.

As all things were hourly growing worſe in Jeruſalem, and in all Judea, and no duty now bound us to continue at Pella—there being no hope that Iſrael could ever check the Roman ſway, we yielded to the entreaty of our friends of Edeſſa, to accompany them to that Meſopotamian city; and this was the more readily done, as the venerable Agbarus, Prince of Edeſſa, urged his ſon-in-law's early return, and to bring with him permanently, thoſe friends of his youth, on whom his happineſs ſo largely depended. The journey was in every way delightful, as the land of Heber, Tirah, Abraham, Phaleg, of Sarah, Rebekah, Rachel, Leah, and of Balaam everywhere abounds with intereſting and wonderful reminiſcences,—Edeſſa itſelf being anciently that *Rouha*, which is "*Ur* of the Chaldees."

SECTION XXXIII.—Edessa, *Adar*, 13th. [February 26th, A.D. 70.]

The three happy families.

WE were not long in eſtabliſhing ourſelves in great comfort at Edeſſa. Our three families were ſo ſtrikingly miſcellaneous, as to ſurpriſe me, that never before had I noted it: but, happily, there were no repelling differences, but only variety, which often is a ſource of delightful harmony,—and yet, with perverſe minds, and eſpecially in the Heathen world, is frequently the very fountain of abiding diſcord. Firſt, there is *Artemas*,

* The alluſion made by Artemas to the "carbuncle-ſignet ſet in gold," refers to Eccles. xxxii. 6, 7. "Sigillum carbunculi in ornamento aureo, eſt concentus muſicorum in convivio vini"—"Sigillum ſmaragdi in opere ex auro conſtructo, eſt carmen muſicum ad vinum ſuave."

† The Editor omits the deſcription of the nuptial ceremonials on that occaſion, as a ſimilar and more intereſting one occurs ſo ſoon after.

late of Cæſarea—pious, learned, experienced—*Druſilla*, his lovely wife, a princeſs of Edeſſa—*Cornelia*, their daughter, as beautiful as the morning ſtar, as ſprightly as the young Zabi, and yet as docile as the much-cheriſhed fawn,—and her brother *Thaddeus*, graced with every virtue of mind and perſon: and theſe reſide as one family, in the palace of their father *Agbarus*, the only prince on whom a miracle hath ever been wrought! The ſecond family conſiſts of the Rabbi *Eben-Ezra*, once a man of high conſideration at Jeruſalem; and ever too virtuous for the times, and for his aſſociates—*Priſcilla* his wife, of Samaria, a bright exemplar of Hebrew matrons, as her Narrative doth ſhow her—their daughter REBECCA, who muſt have proved Iſrael's greateſt glory, had ſhe lived in Iſrael's happieſt days—*Julianus* of Rome, once a ſlave of Nero, but well educated, manly, and now much refined by all Chriſtian graces—the ſoft-eyed, gentle *Philotera*, likewiſe once a ſlave, purchaſed by Rebecca at the mart of Epheſus, and now the wife of Julianus—and this family dwells near the palace of Agbarus: and laſtly, there is *Cartaphilus* of Jeruſalem,—whoſe life hath been and continues a riddle, aſtoniſhing unto himſelf, even more than unto myriads—*Alcæus*, an orphan of Athens, born of Chriſtian parents, educated by Dionyſius, the famed Areopagite, whom Paul converted when firſt at Athens—and finally, *Plautius*, who, with Julianus, had been preſented to me by Nero, ſhortly after his return from Greece,—emancipated at Pella, and now in courſe of education: and theſe form the third family!

We are all in daily aſſociation; and never were three more entirely one, in all feelings and affections,—which (ſo largely to mould even Cartaphilus, and ſo entirely the reſt) could never have been, but for the heaven-inſpired influences of the New Religion, ſo viſible at the foundation, and in all the parts of that lovely domeſtic ſtructure that now encompaſſed me in Edeſſa.

Joyful arrival of a friend.

We had been eſtabliſhed at Edeſſa leſs than a month, enjoying the delights of this ſweet communion, when, one evening being ſeated around the brazier in the palace Hall, the weather being leſs bland than uſual, the venerable Agbarus entered; and kiſſing his daughter, ſaid, "Cornelia! thy grandfather is growing older, and oftener ſeeks the couch than formerly; do tell him, as he there repoſes his head upon thy lap, what Solomon meaneth in his Song of Songs,—doth it truly import the *ſeven* days of his firſt week's marriage?" Cornelia, who was then approaching the couch, caught the eye of Alcæus next her, and they both bluſhed deeply,—for they well knew the old man's ſportive manner, and that he would now rally them both concerning their mutual love, and the ſeven days of feſtivity that would follow upon their coming nuptials:—but, at that inſtant,

The Reception of Melchior, the Fugitive Chriſtian.

Joanna (the damſel who keeps the inner gate of the palace) hurriedly entered and ſaid, "There is a curious looking man who demands admittance; but I denied him paſſage, unleſs to report his name, and calling, and whom he deſired to ſee. He gave me the name of *Melchior*—would ſee Rebecca, daughter of Eben-Ezra, and that his calling is as one of the Nazarenes!" All were inſtantly on their feet; and Rebecca ruſhed to the portal, claſped Melchior in her arms, and exclaimed, "Come in, my pious and ſuffering Melchior—God hath reſcued thee from Tiridates, and guided thee by his ſtar from Armenia, to this our abode of ſafety!" Melchior was indeed in a deplorable ſtate; but his feet were ſoon waſhed by them—new garments ſupplied him—a ring placed upon his left hand: and when he returned to the Hall, thus renovated, and with ruddy cheeks, (for he is but middle aged, and of portly mien) he ſeemed a new creation! "Come, my Melchior, we'll have for thee the fatted calf, with muſic and dancing," ſaid Rebecca cheerfully, "though truly thou art no prodigal returning to thy long forſaken home—ſtill we will rejoice over thee, as one that's found; yea, as did the father for his loſt ſon: how didſt thou eſcape? ſit down, and tell us all thy adventures." Melchior willingly complied; and it was late of night before the tale was ended. Melchior now reſides with Eben-Ezra,—and adds another to the varied perſons of our *three-one* family.*

* The narrative of Melchior is omitted. The Chronicles of our extraordinary perſonage, who, of all mortals, has lived the longeſt, are neceſſarily ſo extenſive and varied, as to render ſelection difficult. The Editor, however, in all the nineteen centuries, will endeavour to preſerve ſome continuity in the perſonal narrative, as well as in the hiſtorical details; but ſtill, with little regard to proportion between his ſelections, and the *centuries* reſpectively. Some periods are barren in our pages, though redundant enough in thoſe of the original Chronicles: but, as theſe neglected portions conſiſt often of matters, no leſs dark in philoſophy, morals, religion, and hiſtory, than they are in intereſt, refinements, and in real utility, we have ſelected from the entire Polychronicon, only what may eſſentially portray the ſpirit and impreſs of the ages reſpectively, and alſo intereſt and inſtruct at the preſent time.

We here alſo perceive the continuance of that early fondneſs of the Orientals for ſtory-telling—an occupation ſo cuſtomary before their ſleeping-hour, whether ſuch tales were fictitious or real. Their books and ſources of amuſement being few and meagre, compared with ours, naturally led them to theſe verbal narratives, either for inſtruction, or paſtime. The Arabian, Perſian, and Indian tales are often very delightful; and, like memoirs, letters, and biography, give us a better inſight into the adyta of the heart, and of the manners and cuſtoms of domeſtic life, than any other ſources we poſſeſs.

Muſings of Cartaphilus upon Immortality.

SECTION XXXIV.—EDESSA, *Niſan* 1, A.M. 3830.
[Friday, 12th March, A.D. 70; A.M. 4070.]

NOW is the anniverſary of that foul day, when firſt I breathed! Threeſcore and ten of Niſan's earlieſt moons have been ſeen, ſince Mariamne and Seraiah ſo deeply mourned the uſhering into life of him, as to whom nature then ſorely diſturbed, and alſo portentous dreams, had ſymbolized a deſtiny ſo marvellous as mine; and which Calvary's mighty Victim left not unnoted!

His Muſings upon Immortality.

Is it ſo indeed, that the night viſion, ſeen of my mother before I ſaw the light, and the Nazarene's dread words uttered to me, on the fifteenth of Niſan, near thirty and two years thereafter, do but ſhadow forth the birth, and ſin, and ſore deſtiny of Cartaphilus—the ignominious death, but immortal ſovereignty, of that marvellous man? If each be indeed a revelation, why ſo myſterious and dark, that, after a pilgrimage of nearly ſeventy years, the deſtiny of that ſon of Mariamne remains as it was—both dream and curſe (if ſuch it be) ſtill wholly unreſolved—and the Immortal ſovereignty of that Nazarene yet doubted, denied, and even ſcorned by myriads, among Jews as well as Gentiles? Its lovelineſs, and wonders, it were folly and wickedneſs to queſtion: and yet, more *in embryo* is that ſovereignty now, than when Judas believed, and the multitude ſhouted "*Hoſannas to the Son of David!*" If "life and immortality be brought to light"—how, and when?—ſeeing that yet Cimmerian darkneſs covereth the earth! Oh, it is indeed moſt true, that Time is not meaſured by Abraham's God, as 'tis with man; moſt true it alſo is, that Nature was ſorely ſhaken when Jeſus expired, and that all was ſweet repoſe and ineffable brightneſs ſoon thereafter! Doth this import life and immortality to the believer—eternal death to ſuch as believe not, and even to ſuch as Cartaphilus? If ſo, oh that Death would quickly come unto him: for, of terrene life, Cartaphilus is now more weary than the dungeoned captive,—and would welcome eternal death, even as King David unto his boſom drew the ſon of Saul! Eternal Death! what doth *that* mean? *death* means extinction; and yet, theſe pious Nazarenes ſpeak not of *ſuch* a death for the one claſs, and an eternal life of bliſs for the other. If the one ſurvives the grave, for happineſs—may not the other, for miſery?—eternal *death*, then, for the unbeliever, is not death, but *life*, and with it countleſs woes!—oh, 'tis a dogma hard to be received, impoſſible to be reſolved! But *can* it be, at all, that the ſoul of either ſhall ſurvive the grave's corruption, and be *a living entity for ever?* Shall any weal, or woe come unto man when

death hath here done its filthy work? Is Immortality aught but a wild and profitleſs figment? Who hath *ſeen* the ſoul at any time, but as with the body and life connected?—none, as I ween; and ſo my Sadducean teaching hath ever been. The ways of the Phariſees, moreover, do ill ſuſtain their long preachments—and yet, who can deny or withhold his wonder and great admiration at the earneſtneſs, and innocence, and marvellous unſelfiſhneſs of theſe Nazarenes?—they look not to earth for any joy, they cheriſh here naught but of a pure conſcience, and, as mere ſojourners in a haſty tent, they covet no abiding place here, but ſet all their hopes on ſome eternal city in the ſkies! If not, like them, a believer, ſtill I like them much—and no wit of man can ever rob them of their belief—and none but that of Beelzebul would deſire ſo to do:—but *eternal woe* ſeemeth unto me an *eternal barrier* to that full belief the Nazarenes demand: *eternal bliſs* (if an after-life there be) doth harmonize with all we can conceive of Abraham's God—the miſery of ſin *here* being ever as ſure to follow, as the ſhadow doth its ſubſtance—but *that* is not *eternal* woe for *finite* ſins!—ah, there is the deep, deep myſtery that ſo confounds me!

The words uttered unto me in the Temple, when my eyes firſt reſted upon that wonderful Being—and ſtill more, thoſe words that ſo aſtounded me at the Valley Gate, do yet ring loudly in my ears, and grievouſly bewilder me: as the ſling before the ſtone is caſt, ſo is my mind often thrown forward and backward, ſtriving to caſt aright its judgment,—and yet knowing not (as little as doth the ſtone itſelf) whether it ſhall ever reach the ſought-for mark!

To *live*, at all, is inſtinct with many wonders—to live for ages in this nether world is more ſo, and full enough of miſery,—but to live eternally, when diſembodied, and the ſpirit is diſenthralled, and when its artfully compacted tenement lies utterly reſolved into duſt, are indeed hard and dark ſayings, baffling all human wit, and needing much of faith!

Theſe thoughts do ſometimes mantle my reſtleſs ſoul with a bluſh, when yielding to them a fitful credence; for the unwavering faith with which my beloved and honoured friends around me drink in all as celeſtial truths, ſeldom failed greatly to ſhake me; but anon, philoſophy would awaken me—my feeble faith vaniſhed, and the bluſh of ſhame for myſelf would mingle with the pride of human reaſon. But again, belief comes back—the ſoul, *in imo pectore*, is ſeverely tortured; and, after fierce ſtruggles with the inviſible Satanas, the bluſh of ſhame returns—pronounces Jeſus a great and holy prophet, but not the Meſſias—and *eternal woe* but a fancy, to ſcare men into virtue!

What *is faith*, and whence cometh it? Are not belief and unbelief alike reſiſtleſs?—and if ſo, where the merit, or demerit of

either? Whence cometh the glow of ſatisfaction in Artemas—the inſidious bluſh of contempt in Cartaphilus? Is the one deceived by zeal, the other by the pride of diſtempered reaſon? Is the ardour of Artemas the offspring of divine truth, and is the agitating dubiety of Cartaphilus (though occaſionally ſuſtained by a ſeeming faith, and then anon by the glow of contempt) the offspring of ſatanic artifices? In both ways have I often argued and reſolved theſe vexed queſtions,—until, at length, thus have I interrogated myſelf. "Doth not Life upriſe everywhere from Death, and is not all nature inſtinct with the mutations we call diſſolution;—and yet, is there anything, in all her wide domains, and in all ſuch numerous diſſolutions, that expires *eternally?* Doth not even the crawling and loathſome caterpillar retire within its tomb,—and then upriſing, with golden and purple wings, revel in a new exiſtence, joyouſly ſcorning the very earth from whence it came, and gambolling in the boundleſs empyrean, ſeem to ſay, *aha!* unto the creeping things below? Are there not, moreover, numerous miſſhapen animals, that take unto themſelves new forms, and ſeemingly as oblivious of their former exiſtence, as if now a new creation? 'tis even ſo: and though the ambroſial flowers ſhed their petals, they periſh not—and ſo likewiſe, the golden fruits may fall to the earth, and there decay—the varied foliage drop from their parent ſtems—the ſeeds innumerable be ſcattered all around, yet do the whole ſerve but as elements for new exiſtences, teeming with varied life! Why, then, ſhould Man, the perfecteſt of all, die for ever? Oh, no! Cartaphilus—no!—thy ſure deſtiny, and that of man, is IMMORTALITY!"

He mourns the loſs of friends.

The month I ſpent at Pella, and much of the time ſince my arrival at Edeſſa, have ſurely been by far the happieſt ſince firſt I breathed. Parentleſs, childleſs, and with none by blood allied to me, or by affinity, in all Paleſtine, (though ſtill with remote, but unknown relatives in benighted Arabia,) the *adoption* by me of Alcæus and of Thaddeus, and likewiſe the nuptials of Julianus and Philotera, ſeemed to ally me, for the firſt time, to humanity—and gave me ſome hope that miſery might not be my only portion. But alas! new wounds have ſuddenly come upon me here in Edeſſa—for I mourn the death of the matchleſs Priſcilla, and of my greatly honoured Eben-Ezra: theſe deaths have laid me very low—*death*, do I call their departure? oh no, but a triumphal entry into *life*, freſh and eternal in the illimitable heavens! * * * * * And yet, Priſcilla's parting words unto me are as rivers of gall to my agonized ſoul! She took my hands, and bathed them in her tears mingled with mine own, then ſaid—"Weep not for me, my Cartaphilus, but weep for thyſelf—weep for Jeruſalem—weep for the wickedneſs of Iſrael's flock—

He mourns the loſs of Friends—Apoſtrophe to Conſcience.

weep for the idolatries of the Heathen—weep for the miſeries the Nazarenes muſt endure—weep for the troubles the world will ſuffer from Chriſtianity—but only becauſe of man's perverſeneſs: for the New Faith is indeed a priceleſs pearl; which, if for a time rejected, or abuſed, fail not to remember, that the Prince of Darkneſs, the foul ARAZAEL, will make the times thou ſhalt witneſs tenfold more terrific than now; yea, like as the darkneſs grows deeper towards the morn, though ſo ſoon to be followed by the effulgence of the riſing ſun! But, my Cartaphilus, let not the blackneſs that ſhall firſt come, and which may ſo long endure, extinguiſh in thee thy ſmall faith—and oh! let no part of theſe evils be the work of *thy* too fertile brain."—And then gazing for a moment upon me, and with a fixed ſtare, Priſcilla preſſed my hand, and inſtantly expired!

That fearful and intenſe look—her ſudden dropping of my hand in death—and yet more, her laſt myſterious words, filled my ſoul with dread and ſupreme horror. In all this, I ſaw ſomething more prophetic as to my ſtrange deſtiny, than ever before had occurred to my greatly belaboured mind: and motionleſs as a ſtatue, I ſtood in the preſence of her now lifeleſs body:—weep I now could not: oh, then would I have given many radiant pearls, yea, any gem that with inherent light twinkles, as do the ſtars in the blue heaven—yea, any poſſeſſion within my imagination, for one tear! oh, *that* came not, but a ſickening deſpair drowned all my will; and diſmay ſo poſſeſſed my ſoul, that the very fountains which bedew ſorrows were not only dried up, but inflamed as if with fires—for that revelation, given at the moment of her ſoul's flight, ſeemed far more clear and impreſſive than prophecy made in the fulneſs of life is apt to be; and to me it alſo ſeemed, as if her then purer ſpirit had rebounded with horror from longer communion with one whoſe ſoul was ſo hateful and corrupt as mine!—and moreover, is not all prophecy brighter, as life is ebbing faſt—and are not dreams more veracious at the dawn of day?—ſo would it ſeem, and ſo it is ſaid of old.

Apoſtrophe to Conſcience.

O CONSCIENCE, what a ſtern tormentor art thou! Enthroned in the heart, thou ſitteſt the untiring witneſs and judge. There, in ſevere majeſty, is thy never-forſaken abode, —and all the cunning arts of reaſon fail, at laſt, to hide man's ſins from thee, or even to obſcure abidingly any of them! No vacation haſt thou, O Conſcience, when once arouſed! but, with unwearied toil, ſentence doſt thou paſs upon every action; yea, upon every thought, be it of good, or of evil,—the firſt a balmy cordial, the other adder's poiſon to the ſoul! O fearful power! that, by day, amidſt the glare of life, doth weigh us down, we know not how, ſave that our thoughts are then confuſed and leaden,

—but which, in night's ſilence, or in our ſlumbers, come upon us in terrific clearneſs, and oft with thundering peals, exhauſting all our energies,—and then anon, as ſome ugly hag, they ſit brooding over us, hiſſing remorſeful venom at us—or, with the lightning's quickneſs, they carry us into the endleſs regions of troublous fancies, and of viſions, ſo inſtinct with horrors, that the morning dawns upon the exhauſted mind, as on ſome diſeaſed and fevered maniac, when reaſon and a ſlower pulſe are juſt returning to him!

O Conſcience, how creative are all thy energies!—thy ſofteſt whiſper is often a fearful ſhadow upon the ſoul's ſunſhine—but thy ſterner admonitions are as concentrated fires; and thy pictures, though ideal, are as hideous and varied as are ſcenes in Tophet's dread abodes! Thy innate tortures ſhame the artfuleſt devices of cruel man: for *then* the body, indeed, may *writhe*, and thereby mitigate the fierce contrivances of our fellows; but in the Soul's *ſhrinking*, Conſcience takes no wing—is but augmented, and no chamber of retirement can it find, even for a paſſing inſtant, that it may eſcape its ſcorpion preſence! Tremendous power!—faithful ſervant unto Him who ſends thee!—thy vigils never ceaſe; and ſombre night, or gariſh day, is to thee alike! * * * * * But, hold Cartaphilus!—no further muſt thou go in this matter of Conſcience—to madneſs doth it lead, and no cure hath it but one —PRAYER—the ſoul's genial food and only medicament!

Mourning of the primitive Chriſtians. Funeral ceremonies.

When Priſcilla breathed no longer, Eben-Ezra wept not—ſpoke not—ſighed not; but, as a lamp without oil, he gradually breathed ſlower and feebler, until the laſt expiration was loſt in the deep ſilence around him. Fare-thee-well, my earlieſt friend!—ſorely did I peril thy long and patient love; but even the great offence of Cartaphilus extinguiſhed it not—nay, largely were his miſeries tempered by thee, thou beſt of men! * * * * * * I had aſſociated much with theſe Chriſtian families; but little with others of the ſame faith. No marvel, then, that naught did I know of their dealings towards the *dead;* nor that greatly was I ſurpriſed and pained at what ſoon followed. Wonderful indeed are the changes effected by Chriſtianity, even in the ſolemneſt and ancienteſt of all our Hebrew cuſtoms!—theſe will I now briefly detail.

The preparation for the funerals in due time came on; and all with a ſilence and regularity, never before witneſſed by me. I found that Rebecca, and Artemas, and Druſilla mourned not, as the Hebrews are wont to do; but in ſo cold and unearthly a way, as if their ſouls had been congealed, or had departed with the dead!

—they rent not their garments, they beat not their breaſts, put not their hands upon their heads; and upon them they caſt no duſt, nor aſhes,—yea, ſtranger ſtill, Artemas ſhaved not his beard! This abandonment of Iſrael's long venerated cuſtoms, for a mourning through the heart alone, and for a ſilent and nearly unſeen weeping, ſeemed to me as if all regard for the dead had been loſt in a one undefined thought, oblivious of the paſt and preſent, and only hopeful of that future which ſhall be beyond the grave!

Immediately thereafter, I perceived that they all had waſhed and anointed, as if death was nowhere within our borders: no ſackcloth was to be ſeen, and only their cuſtomary garments,—ſave that their brighter ornaments were abſent: but, during the whole cuſtomary period of ſeven days' mourning, they all converſed with mildneſs, and ſometimes cheerfully, and even exultingly, concerning the two deceaſed! Sorely was I oppreſſed by theſe departures from our Hebrew ways. But Artemas, when he found the Chriſtian ſpirit and mine own ſo much at variance, ſaid, "Oh, Cartaphilus! more ſhould we mourn at thy perverſeneſs, than for the doings of thoſe who are now *born anew*, and are ſtriving that, when they alſo die, they may live eternally. Thy mind ſtill cleaves to the outward forms, in aid of thy inward griefs: we Chriſtians believe death is but the portal of life, opening to glories ineffable, and more ſuited for joy, to thoſe who continue longer here, than for ſorrow. In our mere humanity, indeed, we feel our loſs; but the ſoftening influences of our faith bid us ſuppreſs all ſelfiſhneſs, and drown our own misfortune in the firm aſſurance that *our* temporary loſs is *their* everlaſting gain. Why then torture the body—why rend our clothes, beat our breaſts, and ſadden our countenances and utterances, when the heart ſhould baniſh ſelf, and, with ſerene gratitude, contemplate the heavenly beatitude our departed friends muſt receive, in exchange for the beggarly elements of mere worldly enjoyments? Oh, no! my Cartaphilus; ſuch griefs as ſackcloth and aſhes ſymbolize, do but ſully the pure white robes with which the Chriſtian heart is clothed."

In this wiſe did Artemas argue that matter with me; until I ſaw my folly, in part at leaſt, in ſuppoſing that Chriſtianity leſſens the devoted affection, and grateful remembrance of the living towards their dead.

After the few days of preparation, the funeral ceremonials cloſely enſued: and pleaſed was I to find that they differed but little from our Hebrew faſhion. Perfumes were burnt over their bodies, which were laid each upon a bed filled with ſweet odours, and with divers kinds of ſpices, all prepared with much art; and, after being carefully embalmed and caſed, they were laid upon a ſtone tablet—that being part of the ſepulchre itſelf, and, as is ſo uſual with us, the

tomb was a cavity hewn out of the ſolid rock, in ſome ſhaded and retired ſpot.*

After the remains, in a ſtone ſarcophagus, were there depoſited, a ſolemn hymn was ſung, followed by a ſhort prayer. The ſtone door was attached, and then ſlowly moved upon its artfully-carved hinges, part alſo of itſelf; and when cloſed upon them, that door ſeemed but as the everlaſting rock, untouched of man—and there muſt the clayey remains continue, until that great day ſhall come, when the maſſive portals of every tomb ſhall be burſt aſunder, and the dead ariſe—ſome to never-ending glories—others to eternal ſhame—but all with new bodies ſuited to their reſpective ſtates!—— So ſay my Chriſtian friends; and Cartaphilus knows not how to gainſay it.

The proceſſion, at firſt, ſlowly and ſilently retired from the manſion of the dead: but, after a time, they chanted on the way a holy ſong, accompanied by the mournful ſound of flutes: but there had been no weepers employed for the occaſion—nor were thoſe who had embalmed, or otherwiſe handled the bodies, regarded as unclean, or as at all needing the cuſtomary purification,—but all at once united with the reſt in honouring the dead, regardleſs of the long-obſerved rule among the Hebrews of ſeparation for a time! Rebecca's now ſolitary home received us—dignity and a ſweet reſignation were in her countenance; and all partook of ſome refreſhments, in a calmneſs that betokened neither ſorrow, nor forgetfulneſs.

Such, then, was the firſt Chriſtian funeral witneſſed by me: and, when all was over, I clearly ſaw therein, that Chriſtian reaſon and ſobriety had retained all the ſalutary feelings,—though it had parted with all of thoſe obtruſive and clamorous features, that had marked all I had ever ſeen on ſuch occaſions from my youth up.

SECTION XXXV.—*Thamuz*, 15th day. Captiv. 658.

[June 24th, A.D. 70.]

I MOURNED over the loſs of my two valued friends with an intenſe feeling, though outwardly controlled by the ſcene I had ſo lately witneſſed. But this, and my other cauſes of deep ſadneſs, were much abated by the unceaſing kindneſs of Artemas and Druſilla; and truly may I ſay, equally by the delicate remembrances of my ever-honoured Rebecca. To theſe was added yet another cauſe, to reſtore me to a ſomewhat compoſed, if not happy mind, which I

* 2 Chron. xvi. 14; xxi. 19; Jerem. xxxiv. 5.

found in the exalted love of Alcæus for the fair Cornelia: this was reſponded to with a woman's deep devotion: and this gives to her parents yet more joy, than it can raiſe in a heart ſo buffeted as mine—not by the uſual cares of life, but by a nameleſs miſery. *Betrothment and Marriage of Alcæus and Cornelia.*

Alcæus, now more than twenty, is a youth of whom princes might juſtly be proud. Inſtinct with a noble heart, he has embelliſhed an exalted intellect and refined feelings, with varied readings in the Greek and Roman authors. Before we met at Athens, his attainments were ſurpriſing for a youth of his then tender age; and during the paſt year and more, his devotion to Hebrew learning, and to all that relates to Iſrael's marvellous hiſtory, and to that of the ſurrounding kings and princes, hath been intenſe and unremitting. And here again, the New Faith ſhines out ſupreme over the mind of Alcæus: for though his love of Cornelia is a ſteady and ardent flame, his Chriſtian conſcience bids him loſe no hours, but to toil the more inceſſantly, that he may become the more worthy of her.

The venerable Agbarus alſo, though aged, retains no remnant of his Heathen faith; and his affection for my beloved Alcæus is only equalled by that he bears towards Cornelia: and truly, never were mortals caſt in moulds more ſuited for each other.

And moreover, though Cartaphilus be childleſs, knoweth he not of how great value are children held by all? Yea, when a ſon is born unto the family, do they not hang a bow and arrow before the gate, to ſymbolize that a new protector hath been added unto them?—for they all ſay that "as arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, ſo are children,—and happy is the man who hath his quiver full of them."

The nuptials of a grand-daughter to a prince ſo beloved as Agbarus—the daughter alſo of the wealthy and benevolent Artemas, one of the earlieſt and moſt devoted of the Nazarenes, failed not to excite in Edeſſa, and in all the ſurrounding country, the livelieſt intereſt.

The ceremonial took place on Sivan's twelfth day at the palace,* and, as this, as well as the marriage of Julianus and Philotera, are the only Chriſtian nuptials yet witneſſed by me, I ſhall deſcribe the proceedings of the former with ſome minuteneſs, as they partake in ſome degree of the Heathen, as well as of Jewiſh and Chriſtian formalities—the *Heathen* features being ſuch as the New Faith hath not yet wholly ſhaken off.

* The 12th day of the Jewiſh month *Sivan*, in A. D. 71, correſponded with *Friday*, 21 May—that being the day on which virgins uſually wedded,—as *Thurſday* was the one generally appropriated to the marriage of widows.

Ceremonials of Betrothment and of Marriage.

I may here remark that Meſopotamia, in the weſtern part of which is ſituate Edeſſa, is yet but little Chriſtianized. The preſence, however, of not a few Meſopotamian Jews at Peter's ſermon, on the memorable day of Pentecoſt,—the wonders that then flaſhed upon them, and others aſſembled from divers parts of the world at Jeruſalem—the ſudden converſion of many at that time, and alſo the miracle wrought upon Prince Agbarus, by the Apoſtle Thaddeus, ſoon after, and the converſion of him and his houſehold, were all circumſtances of great power to raiſe in Edeſſa very favourable impreſſions concerning the Nazarene faith: and yet its actual progreſs continues but ſmall, compared with the population of that city, and its neighbouring places.*

The Chriſtian Jews, moreover, are generally tenacious of their early habits; and will retain them, if not manifeſtly in conflict with Apoſtolic teaching: and even Agbarus, who was ſomewhat aged when the pious Thaddeus firſt viſited him, did not ſee fit, at once, to break down among his ſubjects, ſome of thoſe formalities ſo long uſed among the Heathens.

The Hebrews, as all know, make great rejoicings and feſtivities on nuptial occaſions; and, when attendant upon the ceremonial, they fail not to be attired in their coſtlieſt habiliments. King David compared the appearance of a bridegroom to the ſun's ſplendour: the marriage week is ſeven days of conſtant feſtivity;—but the youthful Tobias tarried with his father-in-law Raguel twice that number of days,—yet only becauſe they were likely to part for ever. Now, as Alcæus and Cornelia will abide wholly with Agbarus, the Prince directed that the rejoicings ſhould laſt but ſeven days.†

Agbarus, when he queſtioned Cornelia as to the "Song of Songs," ſeemed to doubt whether it *truly* doth relate to the ſeven days of Solomon's feſtivity upon his nuptials with Pharaoh's daughter. And, if that famed Song refers neither to the marriage, nor to the ſeven days of his rejoicings, yet it clearly alludes to the beauty of virtuous Love—the excellence of Hope—and to the happineſs of Poſſeſſion: and moreover, it portrays the high worth of marriage, that conſummates the hopeful love and its lawful joys, by myſtical *alluſions* to the far more exalted mutual love of God and of Iſrael for each other, as the Jews generally hold: or, poſſibly, it ſhadows

* The day of Pentecoſt, next after the Reſurrection, was on Sunday the 16th of May, which correſponded with the 7th of *Sivan*, A. D. 35 of the *true era*—that being juſt *fifty* days after Eaſter Sunday, or the Reſurrection Day, incluſive—which occurred on the 17th of *Niſan*, or the 28th of March.

† "Juſſit igitur Raguel ſervos ſuos celebrare nuptias diarum quatuordecim. Et edixit ad Tobiam, jure interpoſiti, ne liceret ei proficiſci, priuſquam quatuordecim nuptiarum dies abſolverentur." Tobias viii. 19, 20, 21.

forth the happy union between Meſſias and his Church, as many Chriſtians now maintain. In either view, however, the "Song of Songs" manifeſts how honourable and profitable is marriage; and that it ſhould be ſolemnized with the moſt impreſſive ceremonials, and with matters that gladden the heart of all—and ſo hath marriage ever been held in all Paleſtine, and wherever Jews are found.*

A week or more before the nuptial day, the parties were *betrothed* in the uſual way; which was performed by Alcæus delivering to Cornelia a ſmall piece of ſilver, and ſaying to all preſent as witneſſes, "*Receive this, O Cornelia! in ſolemn pledge that thou ſhalt be my future ſpouſe:*" and, on the evening before the nuptial day, the betrothed bride was led to the Bath—accompanied by the harſh ſounds of many culinary utenſils, as is our ſtrange cuſtom,—though it be deſigned to remind the bride of two things—firſt, that all the matters of the *culina* are to be known and obſerved by her, as well as thoſe of the *Atrium:* and ſecondly, that 'tis better, as the proverb ſaith, to riſe from the kitchen to the Hall, than to deſcend from the Hall to the kitchen—*à ſummo dignitatis gradu ad infimum decidere.*

Upon the Bride's return from her bath, a marriage ſong was chanted by her companions; who, richly clad in white, ſtood near the ſecond palace-gate, and within the inner-court,—where Artemas and Druſilla, as parents, and Agbarus as grandſire, received

* The opinions entertained as to the true import of this "*Song*," have been various and extremely different; they are principally as follow:—I. that it celebrates the mutual love of God and his people Iſrael;—or, II. the alliance between Chriſt and his Church; of which opinion are *Lowth*, *Horſley*, *Good*, *Horne*, and many others:—III. that it is an amatory poem, ſetting forth a real hiſtory, divided into ſeven parts, which repreſent the ſeven days of Solomon's marriage; and of this opinion are *Boſſuet*, *Dupin*, and ſeveral more:—IV. that it celebrates illicit love, and is not to be received as canonical: of which opinion was Theodoret, in A. D. 553; who was juſtly cenſured for that opinion by the Council of Conſtantinople: for not only the prophets Zechariah, Haggai, and Malachi, deal with this ſong as canonical, and as having a myſtical and ſpiritual ſenſe, but the Jewiſh nation have never doubted it; and the entire poem is at variance with the views of Theodoret,—but, nevertheleſs, this heterodox opinion was revived by *Whiſton*, in the laſt century:—V. that though the poem is not ſtrictly chaſte in language, and deals with reciprocal love, ſtill that it imports none of the preceding things, but alludes to the pureſt ante-nuptial mental love alone, and in aſſociation with the idea of monogamy alone; and of this opinion is Prof. *Jahn*, of Vienna. He regards it as in no degree ſpiritual and myſtical,—and, of courſe, as not being entitled to its place in the Canon. Prof. Jahn ſeems to adopt his notion from the fact, that the name of God is not once to be found in it! but this can be of little or no weight: for it may likewiſe be objected to the book of Eſther: and further that, as a mere *allegory*, (which the poem certainly is,) it would not need, and ſcarce would admit the inſertion of that bleſſed name.

the initiate Bride with tokens of great joy—embraced and kiſſed her, as alſo all her youthful virgin companions.

At length, the evening of the marriage day arrived; and Cornelia with all the family were aſſembled at an hour previous to the nuptials, that they might, in private, receive the *Marriage Contract*, that always follows as the laſt act of the betrothment, and immediately before the nuptials.

By the contract, written on parchment, and in letters of divers colours, Alcæus conveyed to his eſpouſed Cornelia a certain dowry; and covenanted therein to maintain, and in all things to deal with her as his cheriſhed wife—to take unto himſelf no other, nor any concubine—to preſerve for her behoof alone all that ſhe ſhall bring with her, and all that thereafter might be acquired by her, from himſelf, or from others. The contract, after being read aloud, was delivered to the Bride: but neither this, nor the previous betrothment, as I was much pleaſed to ſee, contained any alluſion to the cuſtomary *pretium pudicitiæ* of fifty ſilver ſhekels—*that* ſtipulation being now deemed unſuited to Chriſtian purity of thought, and to all thoſe more refined morals that mark ſo ſtrongly the New Religion.

Night had now come: but Sivan's brighteſt moon was ſhining on the nuptial proceſſion, then juſt forming within the palace-court—ſoon to deſcend through the broad avenue of the enchanting garden which adjoins, and in the centre of which, the ceremony was to be ſolemnized. As our cuſtom is to wed in the open air, whenever the elements are genial, the clear firmament that now canopied the moving proceſſion, was gratefully regarded by all as moſt propitious. The night was ſo balmy and delightfully ſweet with odours, diſtilled from a thouſand flowers, that it ſeemed as if Diana and Flora were *actual* goddeſſes, and had now united to form it all to our wiſhes! Such garden perfumes, moreover, fail not to ſalute the ſmell, if wafted through the air of night, far more palpably, than when blended with the warm and dry rays of the day; hence were we in the midſt of the freſheſt odours,—though the delicate, or even gorgeous hues of the various flowers that poured them forth, were little viſible by moonlight.

The muſic, from a long diſtance, ſtole upon our ears in delightful cadences—it being ſtationed at the extreme end of that avenue, in the centre of which we ſtood, where are three copious fountains pouring forth their ceaſeleſs ſpray. The lofty trees that encompaſſed thoſe playful waters, were in a blaze of light from many ſilver and highly burniſhed lamps, placed amidſt their thick and varied foliage: theſe ſhed their gorgeous rays through tranſparent horn of divers colours,—whilſt the moon-beams, in the open fountain-ſpace, were reflected from the fleecy waters, daſhed into the air by the ſoft freſh breeze of the night, and ſeemingly as per-

petual ſhowers of ſilver and of golden ſpangles! This was the ſpot, judiciouſly choſen by Cornelia for her nuptials.

Upon a richly cuſhioned throne, erected near the fountain, were ſeated Prince Agbarus and Artemas,—next Druſilla and Cartaphilus: and over their heads was ſuſpended a long and variegated canopy, brilliant with many ſmall ſparkling lights, alſo of various hues. In front of the throne were ſtanding each upon a cuſhion, the other members of the triune family—ſave the groom and bride: and, on the right and left of the families, were ſtationed the invited gueſts—Chriſtians, Jews, and Heathens—each in wedding garments, reſpectively faſhioned after the manner of their nations and religions.

Acroſs the ſpacious avenue, and in front of the fountain oppoſite the throne, were ſeated the chief Rabbins of Edeſſa, and the Chanter of the Synagogue; whilſt, in front of all, and for the reception of the bridal proceſſion approaching from the palace, were ſtanding Melchior, as preſbyter, clad in a white robe, and having on each ſide of him two deacons clothed in robes of black.

At a given ſignal, the muſic ſighed forth in ſofteſt numbers, the *air* only of the Epithalamium,—whilſt at the ſame moment were ſeen and heard the Nuptial proceſſion, at the oppoſite end of the avenue from the muſic, chanting the *words* of the marriage ſong —which became increaſingly audible as the proceſſion deſcended from the palace ſteps, paſſed through the lofty portals of the garden, and then, with meaſured but joyous tread, came down the avenue until they reached near to the Preſbyter and Deacons.

At the head of the proceſſion were the twenty virgins in white goſſamer ſpangled with ſilver; each crowned with a light baſket of choiceſt flowers:—next, were the like number of youths, in robes of byſſus, of brighteſt and richeſt Tyrian dyes, faſtened with golden claſps, and fringed with alternate tufts of pomegranates.

The proceſſion now opened in front—the virgins taking to the right, and the young men to the left, diſcloſed to the view of all the Bridegroom and the Bride! They walked beneath a magnificent and very light canopy; the four corners of which repoſed upon ſmall ſilver rods, each ſupported by a virgin veiled in white goſſamer, richly embroidered in ſilver, and ſtudded with golden ſpangles: and from the four ends of the veil of each, were ſuſpended taſſels of blended ſilver and gold and purple.

The Bridegroom and Bride were each covered with a thin black veil, to obſcure their entire forms—from the four corners of which were hung white tufts of ſilver, that nearly reached the ground. Theſe dark veils were deſigned to conceal, for a time, the great beauty and riches of their habiliments beneath.

In the rear of the canopy, and of the maſs of ſplendour around

the happy pair, and their four attendants, were to be ſeen the numerous domeſtics of the three families—all in their beſt attire.

At the moment of thus dividing the Nuptial proceſſion, the ſong and muſic ceaſed; and the Preſbyter, receiving from the Deacon on his right, a brittle goblet of ſmall value, and from the one on his left, ſome wine, poured into it from a golden vaſe, the goblet and its contents were bleſſed by the preſbyter ſix times; and after handing it back to the Deacon, he ſaid to the Bride and Groom, with a gentle voice, "Remove thy dark robes, and thy veils"—which, being incontinently done by the virgins, for the former, and by the youths, for the latter, the Preſbyter then proceeded. "We humbly thank thee, oh thou only God and his Christus, for the creation of the Sexes, and for the inſtitution of Marriage—ordained alike for the benefit of Man and Woman—for the virtuous perpetuation of our kind—for the rearing and education of their offspring—for the increaſe of authorized love, and for the ſuppreſſion of all incontinency: and theſe thanks we render in the bleſſed name of Jehovah—the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

"Wherefore, O Chriſtians! Marriage ſhould be honourable among all men; and is forbidden to none that are of ſound mind—who are not already wedded, and with conſent of parents, or of others having lawful authority over ſuch as are not *ſui juris;* and moreover, if not within the forbidden limits of conſanguinity, or of affinity. The Law, as delivered by our late Maſter Moſes, hath in no degree been abrogated herein, by Him who now is our only Maſter.

"The parties here before me, being in no way related by blood or affinity, offer no inceſtuous impediment: and, if any one preſent knoweth of any infirmity of mind, or of body, which by our holy law is an impediment to their union, let him or her ſpeak forthwith." Here the Preſbyter was ſilent for a time. "None being declared, I now would know, *who* giveth this man, Alcæus, to be wedded to this woman, Cornelia?"

"As his father, by arrogation," ſaid Cartaphilus, "I do conſent, and give him, Alcæus, in marriage."

"And who giveth this woman, Cornelia, to be wedded to this man, Alcæus?" continued the Preſbyter. "I, as her actual father, do conſent and give her, Cornelia, in marriage unto Alcæus," anſwered Artemas.

The Preſbyter then proceeded. "Seeing no cauſe why theſe perſons may not be wedded—art thou, Alcæus and Cornelia, willing to pledge, and do ye, each your faith?" "We are willing, and do ſo," ſaid each: whereupon the Preſbyter added, "In token of thy mutual pledge of faith, drink ye each of this goblet."—The

Deacon handed the wine; and when they had taſted thereof, he caſt the brittle goblet and wine upon the earth, as a joyous offering, through God its Creator, to that prolific mother of ſo many bleſſings!

The Bridegroom then placed on the Bride's finger a golden ring, and ſaid, "With this ſymbolic ring, O Cornelia! I wed thee as my only wife, until death ſhall part us." The Preſbyter then received the Contract of Marriage; and, after reading it aloud, delivered it, at the requeſt of Alcæus and Cornelia, to the venerable prince Agbarus, by him to be preſerved in truſt for his grand-daughter: this done, the Preſbyter raiſed both his hands over the heads of the parties, and ſaid, "Bleſſed be Ye, Alcæus and Cornelia—now man and wife! Bone of thy bone, and fleſh of thy fleſh is ſhe now: ſee Alcæus, that thou love and cheriſh her; and Cornelia! ſee that thou love, cheriſh, honour, and obey thy huſband, from this hour, until death ſhall ſeparate thee."

The CHANTER of the Synagogue and thoſe with him then aroſe; and ſung from the "Song of Songs,"—"*Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon, with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him, in the day of his eſpouſals—and in the day of the gladneſs of his heart!*" And then all the twenty Virgins, and all the young men ſang again the ſame words, with graceful motions, and with joyous hearts.*

The happy pair now approached the throne, when Artemas and Druſilla aroſe, and the former ſaid, "Our Children!—for ſo ye both are equally now unto us; a crown hath Druſilla prepared for her Cornelia—and I one for my Alcæus. We pray thee, aſcend unto us."—And thereupon both were crowned.

The Nuptial ceremonials were now ended; and the proceſſion was again formed, and proceeded towards the palace,—which ſhone in the diſtance with myriads of coloured lights. As the proceſſion approached the veſtibule, the virgins and youths (who had preceded the wedded couple, in ſufficient time to lay aſide their ſmall baſkets of flowers, and to receive in exchange wreaths of evergreen) then turned round, and deſcended from the palace-ſteps, welcoming the arrival of the canopied pair with the ſofteſt muſic, whilſt each of the virgins and youths bore in their hands a wreath of myrtle and of palm, which they waved in the air, and then caſt them upon the ground, ſaying, "Alcæus and Cornelia, once *twain*, are now *one!*—the earth yields its increaſe—may they likewiſe!"

The great portal now wide open, received the proceſſion;

* The *twenty* virgins, attendant upon this bride, were more than uſual,—probably in reſpect to her princely condition: for we find that *ten* was the number more generally named, though the larger number ſometimes occurred.

which paſſed into the ſpacious hall—the walls of which were hung with garlands and faſciculi made of the richeſt and freſheſt flowers and leaves. From the hall were ſeen many brilliantly-lighted rooms crowded with gueſts, whoſe garments of diverſe forms and colours, proclaimed the miſcellaneous crowd to be Chriſtians, Jews, and Heathens, and of different nations; all of which gave much beauty and variety to the feſtive ſcene.

Attention being aſked, the Chanter of the Synagogue announced the *ſecond* Epithalamium; which was then read by him, and afterwards ſung by the virgins and youths, in voices of the ſweeteſt melody. It celebrated the praiſes of matrimony—the virtues of the wedded pair—the ſolemnity and ſplendour of the ceremonies juſt ended in the garden—the order of the banquet about to follow—and eſpecially that the happy couple might be bleſſed with a numerous offspring,—for that "*children's children are the crown of old men*,"—that *Zeba's* ſons ploughed the lands of Mephiboſheth—that *Rhehobōam* rejoiced in his threeſcore daughters, and in his eight-and-twenty ſons—that King *David* had, in wedlock, nineteen ſons—and *Abia* ſixteen daughters, and twenty-and-two ſons: but ſtill that *polygamy* ſhould now paſs away, and that *monogamy* is far more happy and honourable than the evil example firſt brought in by Lamech: and finally, that *Jephtha's* lovely daughter had wandered over her native mountains, bewailing her *unmarried* ſtate, during quite two months before her father's vow, that was for ever to withdraw her from the *outer world*—all of which do ſhow how deſirable were marriage and a numerous progeny, in the eyes of all Iſrael.*

Such was this ſecond Epithalamium; which was incontinently followed by the uſual cakes of *Seſamum*, handed alike to all.† The

* See Prov. xviii. 6; 2 Sam. ix. 10. It will be here obſerved that the expreſſion uſed by Cartaphilus, in reſpect to Jephtha's vow, clearly indicates the nature of the vowed ſacrifice, viz. that it was not to *death*, but the dedication of his daughter to perpetual celibacy, and ſecluſion from the world. If that be the ſounder view of this much mooted queſtion, and no doubt it is, how much unneceſſary ſympathy has been for ages waſted upon the hapleſs maiden, and how fierce the execration againſt the parent for a ſacrifice to the *tomb*, inſtead of to the *monaſtery!* If Cartaphilus be right, it is doubtleſs the firſt recorded inſtance of the monaſtic vow—poſſibly, then regarded as worſe than death—but now, conſidered by ſo many as a voluntary offering, by myriads, meritorious of all praiſe towards parent as well as child!

† The *Seſamum Orientale*, called Semſem in Egypt, is a plant of high antiquity, and was much uſed in various culinary ways, both for its oil, and the farina of its ſeeds. The popular notion that it greatly promotes fecundity, occaſioned its extenſive uſe, in the manner ſtated by Cartaphilus,—and eſpecially among a people the moſt devoted to the marriage inſtitution, and the poſſeſſion of a numerous progeny, of any in ancient times.——During the "GREAT EXHIBITION" of 1851, Cartaphilus there placed in my hands a ſmall vial containing the ſeed of the Seſamum Orientale.

Bride then was preſented with a diſtaff—a ſieve—a peſtle and mortar,—and with other like things, as might admoniſh her of the domeſtic virtues.

The Marriage Feaſt was now revealed, in its ſplendour and abundance, to the numerous gueſts; and was conducted with great regularity and ſobriety—the Governors of the feaſt being many, that all might be duly ſerved, as alſo to check any diſorder: for, on that night, no leſs than three thouſand perſons rejoiced at the princely banquet.

Whilſt the gueſts were being arranged for the tables, the muſicians chanted in delightful harmony theſe words of Solomon, "*Let us fill ourſelves with coſtly wine and ointments; let no flower of ſpring paſs by us; let us crown ourſelves with roſe-buds before they are withered!*" The ſweet ſmelling frankincenſe and ſpikenard were then ſending forth their clouds of perfume; whilſt the unmixed wines became yet more luſcious, as the banquet approached its cloſe.*

The feaſt being now ended, moſt of the gueſts retired about the middle of the ſecond watch; whilſt of thoſe who remained, there were many of the damſels and matrons, and ſome of the young, and even of the aged men, who danced for a time, in different apartments, to the great delight of the domeſtics and others looking on. The hour for retirement having arrived, Melchior pronounced a benediction on thoſe who had remained: and the Bride was conducted to her chamber by her mother, attended by the twenty virgins—who, as they approached the door of the nuptial chamber, ſtrewed their flowers—the contents of their little baſkets,—whilſt ſix ſmall youths, attired in ſcarlet and white tunics, ſhed clouds of incenſe from their cenſers.†

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* This giving out of the *beſt* wines towards the cloſe of a banquet, was contrary to the uſual cuſtom, not only in the Eaſt, but in Judea; as we find from the ſurpriſe manifeſted by the gueſts at the marriage feaſt at Cana of Galilee, at which the like departure from cuſtom occurred. See John ii. 10.

† The larger part of the gueſts retired at half-paſt ten o'clock—the others probably an hour later, until admoniſhed that the preſcribed hour had arrived for cloſing the palace gates.

In reſpect to the *dancing*, it may be remarked that our mixed way of blending the ſexes ſeems to have been but little known among the ancients; and probably among the Hebrews, not at all. Homer, however, in the Iliad, book xviii, mentions the Dædelian dance; which correſponds entirely with our preſent mode—and which at this time is well known in Greece, under the name of *Romaika*. Homer thus deſcribes it.

> "A figured dance ſucceeds—
> A comely band
> Of youths and maidens bounding hand in hand;
> The maids in ſoft cymārs of linen dreſt,

In a ſhort time after, the Bridegroom was ſummoned to follow: and, in an adjoining chamber, were two friends of the wedded couple—there to tarry all night, as willing and vigilant miniſters, ſhould their ſervices be needed.

The feſtivities were continued during a week; the gueſts, however, gradually becoming leſs numerous in their daily and nightly attendance,—until, towards the cloſe of the week, the young men and maidens moſt valued, were found aſſembled with the three families, in one of the ſmaller and more domeſtic apartments, amuſing themſelves, and greatly puzzling each other, with divers curious ænigmas and riddles.

The paſtime of ænigmas and riddles.

"Come, it is now my turn," playfully ſaid Alcæus; "I will give to thee, Julianus, another riddle: and, as we are all ſomewhat *latine docti*, all may try. It ſhall be the much-famed ænigma, entitled Ælia Lælia Crispis: and he or ſhe who ſhall juſtly interpret it, during the remaining day of our ſeven days, will receive from me a tunic of the fineſt byſſus, with claſps of gold and of precious ſtones, and with fringes of Tyrian purple, and borders of rich embroidery—provided, he or ſhe who fails, ſhall pay only a ſilver ſhekel for the poor!" "Now for the Ænigma!" cried they all. "Well, here it is," ſaid Alcæus.

Diis Manibus.

Ælia Lælia Criſpis!

Nec vir, nec mulier, nec androgena,
Nec puella, nec juvenis, nec anus;
Nec caſta, nec meretrix, nec pudica,
Sed omnia.
Sublata
Neque fame, neque ferro, neque venēno,
Sed omnibus.
Nec cælo, nec aquis, nec terris,
Sed ubique jacet.
Lucius Agatho Pricius,

The youths all graceful in the gloſſy veſt.
With well taught feet, now ſhape in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too ſwift for ſight they ſpring,
And undiſtinguiſhed blend the flying ring.
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle toſt,
And rapid as it runs, the ſingle ſpokes are loſt!"

Among the Hebrews, the ſexes not only never danced as partners, but moſt uſually in different apartments: the cuſtomary dance was then what now would be named a *pas ſeul*, but never in the faſhion of a *pirouëtte!*

Nec maritus, nec amator, nec neceſſarius,
Neque mœrens, neque gaudens, neque flens,
Hanc
Nec molem, nec pyramidum, nec ſepulchrum,
Sed omnia,
Scit et neſcit cui poſuerit.

"Oh, ſurely, good Alcæus! thou art jeſting—it is full of contradictions and impoſſibilities," exclaimed many voices, ſave the Roman. "No, I have heard of it, and it hath ever puzzled wiſer heads than ours," ſaid Julianus, "and therefore raſhneſs would it be in any of us to try, though the penalty be only a ſhekel:"—ſo they all agreed to leave *that* riddle uneſſayed."*

"But I, in turn," ſaid Julianus, "will give thee Alcæus, another, and belonging to the ſame Ælian family: and you muſt all try this,—otherwiſe our crumena for the poor will ſhame us."

"We are afraid of that "Ælian family," ſoberly and mildly ſaid Melchior; who, ſeated with Druſilla, had joined but little in the ſport. "Nevertheleſs, we will hear thee, and try."

"Well, my Melchior, the terms with this are the ſame, as with that by Alcæus," ſaid Julianus—ſave that it muſt not be abandoned, but by the payment of a ſilver ſhekel for our abnet—and here it is.

Hoc eſt ſepulchrum intus cadaver non habens,
Hoc eſt cadaver ſepulchrum extra habens,
Sed cadaver idem eſt et ſepulchrum ſibi.†

Some held it to be a ſhadow—others that it was love—others Friendſhip—and ſome again that it was a cloud!—but theſe all were promptly rejected; and the forfeits cheerfully paid into the crumena of the damſel that keepeth the gate, ſhe to diſtribute them in alms.

Melchior then ſpoke; and, with no ſmall confidence, ſaid, "Surely, O Julianus, naught can it be but *Lot's wife;* who, being changed into a pillar of ſalt, is a ſepulchre without a corpſe; and

* This celebrated Ænigma may be thus rendered.

"Ælia Lælia Criſpis! who was neither male nor female, nor both—neither a little damſel, nor a young woman—nor an old woman—neither chaſte, nor unchaſte, nor a modeſt woman—but all theſe. She died neither by famine, nor ſword, nor poiſon—but by all theſe. She exiſts neither in air, nor in water, nor in the earth—but everywhere. Lucius Agatho Pricius, neither huſband, nor lover, nor relation; neither ſorrowful, nor rejoicing, nor weeping, erected this,—which is neither a heap, nor pyramid, nor tomb—but all theſe: yet to whom raiſed, he knows, and does not know!"

† This ænigma may be thus tranſlated: "This is a *ſepulchre* having no body within it: this is a *body* having no ſepulchre without it,—but the ſame body is alſo a ſepulchre unto itſelf."

being thus wholly converted, is a corpſe without a ſepulchre: and yet are her body and ſepulchre one and the ſame. All inſiſted that the true ſolution had ſurely been given: but Julianus ſaid, "No! excellent as are the words of Melchior, it is but *a* ſolution; and yet not *the* ſolution:—ſo that the queſtion now was, whether the forfeit was due by him:" and Julianus held that, in any other caſe ſave that of charity, there would be none,—and Melchior ſmilingly gave unto the damſel the ſilver ſhekel.*

"Oh, here comes our beloved father Cartaphilus," ſaid Alcæus, "he will alſo give us a riddle:"—whereupon, I joined their innocent ſport, and this was my puzzle. "In very ancient days, ſat an aged man at table, before the door of his cave: and there were with him, at an evening repaſt of wine and figs, his wives, and his two daughters—his two ſons and their two ſons,—there being father, uncle, nephew, wives, daughters—and yet but *five* perſons in all! Who was this man, and how can this matter be?"

A laugh enſued: "doubtleſs, venerable Cartaphilus!—*nine*, at the leaſt, haſt thou named as preſent at the table; this larger number may include the leſs,—but never heard we of the leſs including the greater: we cannot be content with thy five,—elſe would thy riddle vex us like the Ælian ones." Many and long were the trials at this; but the eyes of the janitrix ſparkled as her crumena was ſwelled by the ſucceſſive forfeits of all.†

The hour now being late, they were about to retire, when the unlooked-for preſence of Agbarus delighted us all; and they prayed that he might for a moment unite in their harmleſs ſport, and favour them with an ænigma.

* In all Oriental countries, nothing was more uſual than for damſels to be the *oſtiariæ*, or keepers of the doors and gates, no leſs for princes and even kings, than in humbler dwellings. When King Iſhboſheth, Saul's ſon, was ſlain by the ſons of Rimmon, and his head brought to David, it is ſaid there was only one damſel at the gate of the king's manſion. So again, "*Et oſtiaria domûs, purgans triticum, obdormivit*—" "and the damſel at the gate, threſhing wheat, fell aſleep." 2 Sam. iv. 5. Theſe words are, however, from the *Vulgate*, which received them from the LXX; but they are not to be found in the Bibles generally known in Proteſtant countries. Alſo in John, xviii. 17, we ſee another proof of the cuſtom. "Then ſaith the damſel, that kept the door, unto Peter, 'Art not thou alſo one of this man's diſciples?'" Recent travellers in the Eaſt inform us, that this practice is ſtill often found there. How much light is daily ſhed upon the ſacred Volume by the reſearches of modern travel, is well known to thoſe who addict themſelves to the contemporaneous reading of the Scriptures, and of the admirable books from travellers of the preſent day.

† This ancient riddle ſeems to have travelled down the ſtream of time, almoſt to our own day,—for we find it among the Anglo-Saxons, in the ſixth century. The ſolution has no difficulty, compared with the firſt Ælian ænigma; and conſequently the Editor permits it, with others, to remain unreſolved—that the youths of our time may exerciſe themſelves therein; and happily ſhow more aſtuteneſs than did Alcæus and the reſt.

The Paſtime of Ænigmas.

In one ſo princely and aged, his prompt and cheerful compliance was valued as a loving condeſcenſion. "But, my young friends," ſaid the venerable Agbarus, "my ænigma is a deep and ſolemn myſtery, to Jew and Gentile alike; and better ſuited, perhaps, for our learned Cartaphilus, than for theſe our children. Before I give the remarkable words, ye ſhould all know whence they proceed. Learn, then, that in a very remote country at Aſia's extremity, where the ſun darts forth in glory from his watery couch, dwells a great Nation of extreme antiquity, peopled moreover by hoſts as numerous as heaven's ſtars—and, like the Egyptians, moſt wonderful in their government, inſtitutions, arts, and ſtupendous works: but remarkable, above all, for their curious and myſtical learning! To thoſe people doth Greece, and poſſibly even Egypt, owe much of their philoſophy: for 'tis obvious that the great Pythagoras and equally renowned Plato, and alſo the wiſeſt among the Romans (if, indeed, *they* ever go beyond the Grecian track) derived moſt of their occult wiſdom.

"It ſo chanced, good friends, that a learned Magian traveller gave unto me lately a priceleſs volume from that far diſtant land, written by the great LAO-TSEU, a philoſopher of that country, who lived about the time of the famed Pythagoras—now quite 600 years ago! and in this ancient work I found the words, which I propoſe as my offering to thy inſtructive paſtime. Do thou, my Julianus, firſt try theſe myſtic words.

'That for which man looks, but fails to ſee, is called J,
That towards which he liſtens, yet hears not, is called Hi,
That which his hand ſeeks, yet feels not, is called Wei,
Theſe THREE are inſcrutable; and being united form ONE!
Of them, the ſuperior is not more bright, nor the inferior more obſcure!
This is form without form—Image without image—
An indefinable Being!—Go before it, and ye find not a beginning—
Follow it, and ye diſcover not its end!'"

Julianus muſed for a moment, and then ſaid, "Theſe indeed are ſtrange words, and are ſeemingly as contradictory and impoſſible as what Alcæus propoſed: but, however, it evidently alludes to the ineffable God—but in what manner I wot not."

"My Lord Agbarus!" ſaid Alcæus, "it ſeemeth to me that the *letters* named in thy curious riddle, import the Hebrew mighty name JEHOVAH, as it may be pronounced by the people of that remote country ſpoken of; but further of thy ænigma I venture not."

"Thou haſt well ſaid, good Alcæus," replied Agbarus, "for truly it doth unfold the three letters J. H. V. of that adorable name. In other languages that bleſſed word, *divined to the Jews*, (or

derived from a yet more primitive revelation,) hath undergone ſimilar variations: but 'tis plain that the Hebrew Jehovah, or *Je-ho-wa*, is found in this *J-hi-wei*, revealed to us by Lao-tſeu! and yet, my Alcæus, not with more diſfiguration than is found in many other words that have paſſed from their original ſource into various other languages. Thus far, good ſon, thou haſt unravelled a part only of my ænigma, and by far the leaſt intereſting and myſterious portion of its full import. Do thou, O Cartaphilus, ſpeak *thy* mind."

"I have read, and ever with aſtoniſhment," ſaid Cartaphilus, "what the 'divine' Plato ſaith in his Epiſtle to Dionyſius—where he ſeems to ſpeak of a THREE-ONE-GOD! To find, therefore, this ſublime myſtery of myſteries *confirmed* in this very ancient work of Lao-tſeu is, indeed, as marvellous as intereſting. But, my venerated Prince, this great myſtery came, doubtleſs, both to Lao-tſeu and Pythagoras from the ſame original ſource: for, without doubt, ſome Hebrews reached the remote land named of thee, ſoon after our firſt captivity: and Pythagoras, as we all know, ſought knowledge in the far Oriental countries, as well as in Egypt,—and much about the ſame time: ſo that, as to me it ſeemeth, oh Agbarus, that the wonderful dogma, which ſome ſay is revealed in the very *nature* of the Chriſtus, alſo by the words of his Apoſtles, and which others plainly find throughout the Jewiſh Scriptures; and further, which as a *tradition* hath been brought down among the Gentiles, even from the origin of man, may, as I believe, be found in the *words of thy ænigma:* for they ſurely reveal a THREE-ONE-GOD!"

"I agree with thee fully," replied prince Agbarus, "and, as thy expoſition of thoſe pregnant words and letters admits of no doubt, there hath been no forfeit whatever—ſince Julianus and Alcæus and Cartaphilus have, each, rendered a part of the juſt ſolution of our ænigma. But, my children, the hour waxes late, and I pray thee all to retire."*†

* The ænigma given by Prince Agbarus, may be found in the Work of *Abel Rémuſat*, entitled "*Memoir ſur la Vie et les Opinions de Lao-tſeu, Philoſophe Chinois du* vi *ſiècle avant notre ère, &c.—Paris*, 1823"—and alſo in the very intereſting Lecture of Dr. Wiſeman, of Rome, entitled "Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion." It is highly intereſting to the Editor of theſe Chronicles, to find ſo many collateral proofs of the "Wanderer's" accuracy, as are gradually diſcloſed in the progreſs of his career; but eſpecially that modern hiſtory and travels, and the enlarged philoſophy of our day, ſo often harmonize with his pages—ſhowing that Cartaphilus, paſſing through the revolutions of ſo many ages, ſtill permitted not his Curſe to render him indifferent to the oracles around him, and to the perpetual evidences that nature, art, tradition, and all human knowledge afford, of the infallible truth of the revealed Word.

† The amuſement of ſtriving to reſolve ænigmas, and the like ingenious

The Paſtime of Ænigmas—He returns to Paleſtine.

* * * * * * Some months had paſſed in various domeſtic enjoyments. The happineſs of thoſe dear friends around me, and our remoteneſs from the ſcenes of miſery then hourly paſſing in Judea, had beguiled me into comparative repoſe. But alas!—

devices, which cloſed the marriage week of Alcæus and Cornelia, was in perfect harmony with the cuſtom of thoſe early days. We find, indeed, this ſpecies of paſtime uſual in all ages and countries, prior to the ſpread of literature and ſcience through the medium of the preſs. This afforded a far more extenſive and intellectual means of ſocial intercourſe, and gave to man a more elevated tone of thought, than when knowledge had but poor facilities for its diffuſion. The practice, however, of ſolving riddles, charades, ænigmas, and all ſuch cognate puzzles, is extremely apt to continue, wherever knowledge from any cauſe is but partially ſpread; and, though a very ancient cuſtom of a primitive ſtate of ſociety, it ſtill is a pervading one in moſt ſegregated communities, and in ſome claſſes of the ſame community, whoſe means of enlightenment are leſs ample than thoſe of others. Recitations from memory—ſtory-telling—proverbs—apophthegms—fables, and ſuch-like means of diffuſing knowledge, or amuſement, belonged to all the ſocieties the world ever knew, before the great æra of printing.

Solomon was wiſe and learned, and myriads before and after him were ſo; but ſince that noble invention, the condition of the popular maſs, relatively to the learned few, has wholly changed—all have now the means of gaining knowledge; and books, ſo often beyond the reach of the wealthy in former days, are now the commoneſt things in life, next to air and water! As the world once ſtood, and ſtill is in ſome places, amuſements became a neceſſary ſtudy of domeſtic life,—elſe its *ennui* would have become intolerable: and ſuch muſt have been the dearth of acquirements to grace and enliven ſociety, that even the higher claſſes were compelled to reſort to means of entertainment, quite deſpicable now in their eyes. When Samſon, on the occaſion of his great Feaſt of ſeven days, put forth his celebrated riddle, "Out of the eater came forth meat—and out of the ſtrong came forth ſweetneſs," it was obviouſly in conformity to a then well-known cuſtom; and the unfair manner in which the ſolution was ultimately obtained, after ſeven days of trial, ſhows as clearly a crude ſtate of ſociety, as does the riddle itſelf. Solomon alſo, from the vaſtneſs of his knowledge and wiſdom, not only favoured their popular uſe, but became himſelf very ſkilful in their ſolution,—and the practice paſſed from the Hebrews and Egyptians, to the Greeks and Romans,—and long after, made no ſmall figure among all the nations and tribes that appeared after their downfall, coevally and progreſſively with the growth of Chriſtianity, until at length we perceive its almoſt total diſuſe, in the preſence of all thoſe enlarged and more refined views of modern days—and eſpecially of our own century of ſteam preſſes—anaſtatic printing—and of a hundred other facilities, that have placed among the maſſes a means of knowledge, that emperors and kings and popes of former days poſſeſſed not!

Nevertheleſs the riddle, charade, and rebus, likewiſe the laconic Sayings of the Wiſe, and, indeed, all Proverbial Philoſophy, ought not, and never will be wholly baniſhed from even the moſt refined and intellectual ſociety, by reaſon of the now never-ceaſing devices of a teemful ſteam preſs! Theſe remnants of former days are ſtill ſomewhat in favour; they often are pregnant with brief and deep thought—are ingenious and amuſing; whilſt they teſt the nobler faculties of the underſtanding, and even the varied knowledge of the learned—and,

ſickneſs came, and then the Angel of Death once more! Still, theſe private griefs muſt not engage me now.

BOTH JERUSALEM'S lowlineſs on the earth—her maſſes of ſmoking ruins, bid me hence in judgment, as well as in feeling?—are the now terrors of my mind, and its conſuming fever, for her ſake? Was the Holy City forſaken of Cartaphilus—did *he* peril life and property in her cauſe, or proved he recreant in the hour of her greateſt need? * * * * Oh no—no! myriads periſhed fruitleſſly in her defence; and I muſt not thus ſorely accuſe myſelf, ſeeing that Flavius Joſephus hath ſo placed that matter, as to aſſure all that Jeruſalem could have been aided by no mortal hand! Though fallen, I will incontinently ſee thee again, O thou City of Ages!—yes, in thy tomb will I behold and bewail Jeruſalem—*that was!*

SECTION XXXVI.—MOUNT OF OLIVES, *Thamuz*, 10th day; A.M. 3831. [Friday, June 19, A. D. 71.]

* * * * * * *

His Lament over Jeruſalem's ruins.

OH THAT this burning head, and theſe aching eyes were wrapt in Ætna's eternal ſnows—and that the raging volcano within my own boſom were quieted, if but for a moment!—then would I the better ſurvey from theſe heights Jeruſalem's fearful deſolation, and drink them in as woes, more penal than all my private griefs—and theſe now are many. Oh that, oblivious of myſelf, I could freely drain my eyes for thee alone—thou once moſt favoured of all the cities!——Jeruſalem, the beautiful, is indeed utterly fallen—the Holy City of ages is blotted out—it hath been hurled from its giddy eminence, and no more is it God's cheriſhed abode, no longer a home even for his little flock,—all are forſaken, ſave the Nazarenes, who were warned!

when ſeaſonably introduced, muſt ever poſſeſs a great charm, and are far more ſalutary and abſorbing, than very many faſhionable paſtimes of our age of profound knowledge—and alſo of ſuperficial acquirements. In their hours of relaxation, even the learned of the preſent day would be more intellectually engaged in ſolving ſome of the better ænigmas and the like, of ancient and modern times, than in poring over exaggerated caricatures,—or in divining the tricks of mere jugglers, or in pondering over the funny wood-cuts of the popular herd of living authors—or finally, even in ſolving the vexed queſtions of Philidor and of Hoyle! We do not regret, therefore, that Cartaphilus permits his few ancient puzzles to remain *unreſolved*; as poſſibly they may afford ſome of our youths a means of teſting their cleverneſs, and ſuperiority to the ancients.

The Lament over Jeruſalem's ruins.

Oh, how extreme the ſin that cauſed all this! Behold the TEMPLE! ſo late the world's delight and wonder, but now a ſmouldering ruin—leaving naught behind that may declare unto the doubting nations of after ages how great were its many glories—and how all, all were ſwept away, as with a beſom of the Almighty's vengeance! Salem's proud towers—her ſtrong walls—her ſtately palaces, are proſtrate before me,—and, as a huge unſeemly mountain of craſhed fragments, and of ſmoking aſhes, they are mixed with the blood and bones of many myriads of her people! At laſt, Jehovah's terrific anger, ſo long delayed, hath truly come—and, within the walls of a ſingle city, it hath conſumed a Nation!—yea, His untiring miniſters were Peſtilence and ſore Famine, and Civil Feuds *within* thoſe walls, whilſt, *beyond* them, the Sword and Fire of ſtrangers completed the terrific work!—and yet, of all theſe appointed means, none proved ſo rancorous and fatal, as the treaſon and faction and mortal ſtrife that Iſrael waged againſt her own,—for truly, Self-Immolation was our deadlieſt foe!

"Oh weep, Cartaphilus—weep for Jeruſalem buried,—and let thy loud lament cauſe Hermon and Tabor and the diſtant Libanus to echo back thy griefs! Oh let thy *tears* now flow, Ye ſons and daughters of Iſrael, till Kedron and Jordan ſwell therewith—yea, even until the broad waters of Tiberias riſe, as ſo late they did, with the *blood* of thy people!

"But alas! Iſrael hath now few ſons and daughters left to weep—they have periſhed fiercely in all ways,—and myriads are ſcattered widely into remote lands, ſome unknown of them by name! Thoſe who breathe no longer are countleſs indeed—the ravens of the valley are even now plucking out their eyes, and feaſting *deliciouſly* on them: the young eaglets eat of their tendereſt parts—the beaſts that roam at night, though *tamed* of man, return as ſluggards at the dawn of day, to their now forſaken and ruined homes, oppreſſed greatly by their unmeaſured ſurfeit, after the long and ſore famine that went before; nay, even the faithful houſe-dogs are thus gorged with the noiſome remains, perhaps of thoſe on whom once they fondled! Hath not the Lord, then, who giveth to the wild beaſts of the wood their food, and to the hawk the vulture and the eagle their daily prey, now ſummoned all from their clefts and high hills, that, in the valley now before me, they may feed upon the carcaſes of our parents and children, our brothers and friends?

"O Jeruſalem—Jeruſalem! how ſweet was once thy air with incenſe—how fragrant were the perfumes from burning ſpikenard, and myrrh, daily floating in thy pure and thin clouds! but now is thy air thick, and more foully tainted than a hundred Hinnoms!—poiſonous is it to man; but to the unclean birds inviting, even from the far diſtance!—yea, ſo it now is, the breezes that play

around the ſtill verdant heights of Olivet, are no longer ſcented with the delicious odours of the ſurrounding trees and flowers,—but are moſt vile from thoſe that iſſue from the feſtering maſſes that crowd thy ſtreets and avenues, oh thou moſt wretched and ruined Salem! And ſo muſt it needs be, as more than a million of Iſrael's offspring poured out their blood, or were famiſhed, within thy towering walls!

"But the *dead* are not our ſole cauſe of grief; the *living* claim our bitter tears: many wretched captives are doomed to galling ſlavery in ſtrange lands—to degrading toils in the Egyptian mines; others are made to grace the triumphs of our conquerors, or become poor victims deſtined to deſtroy each other in ſavage combats as gladiators, or to be caſt to ravenous beaſts, for the amuſement of cruel, or of giddy multitudes!

He ſurveys his own melancholy condition.

"And what is thy own condition now, O Cartaphilus! What miſeries have ruſhed upon thee ſince, for a time, thy heart at Edeſſa was lulled into peace! During that brief period, Jeruſalem and all there who knew thee have periſhed—but oh, my Artemas, ever dear and honoured friend! thou alſo art in the tomb of thy deſire, and thy Druſilla with thee! Agbarus' oil will endure but a few days more;—and my long-cheriſhed REBECCA ſighs to be with her fainted mother, and admirable father:—but death comes not always at our liking; and Rebecca's time may be yet far off. Years however, be they few or many—health or diſeaſe—the dread of death, or courting of it, ſeem all alike deceptive as to the grave's near or ſlow approach—each being equally in nature's courſe. Alas! 'tis ſo with all, ſave Cartaphilus! Strange! that the moſt worthleſs, wretched, and ſinful of mortals, is left a withered trunk, ſhorn of its verdure, and yet *cannot* die, though as thirſting for the tomb as is the fevered tongue for ſome cooling beverage! Oh Death! how thy grim and ghaſtly meſſenger doth avoid me, though I would ſmile on, and hug him unto my inner heart! Thou, O Death! canſt depopulate cities—yea, whole regions, and yet doſt flee from him who ſo anxiouſly wooes thee! Myriads of youths and of virgins—moſt rebellious to thy ſummons—are, in the very flower of their lives, yea, in the burſting and rich bud of all their hopes, torn rudely by thee from home and friends—hurried from off the world, as things moſt worthleſs,—and many are for ever tombleſs—ſave in the hungry maws of dogs and vultures!—whilſt Cartaphilus, ſo covetous of thee in any form, and were he given to the voracious ravens, is doomed inſtead to ſee Death everywhere around him—ſlaying thoſe whom moſt he loved, but quitting him!

"But why, O Cartaphilus! ſay death cannot come to thee, if really ſought? Art thou indeed without *volition*, or power to *execute* it? Art thou no free agent, and is thy *own hand* tied down, ſo that thou canſt not let out the living current, and thus ſever ſoul from body? Alas! ſo it would ſeem to be, if that the dying words of Artemas be indeed *prophetic*—and they were theſe;—'Have patience, O Cartaphilus!—tarry thou *muſt*, until thy deſtiny be accompliſhed. If *wiſe*, be thou an unmixed and firm believer; if *fooliſh*, blend thy own wild conceits with the true Faith, and be thou then as fickle as the winds: then, of all mortals, wilt thou be the moſt wretched—of all that yet hath lived, the moſt miſchievous,—yea, the moſt famed of all execrable heretics!' *His doubts of free agency.*

"Theſe pregnant words of Artemas, together with the myſtery that ſo weighs me down, even from my natal hour, make life unto me moſt odious. Oh, how like a blaſted oak on Hermon's ſummit do I now ſtand!—firmly rooted in its deep ſoil, yet, with all its branches and leaves withered and falling, that oak is deſtined to a ſlow but ſure decay, through long—long ages!—but its fellows, and their numerous ſcions all around, ſhall continue to flouriſh under heaven's dews,—and all with unminiſhed glory live out their deſtined times! Not ſo with me:—already hath the blighting Curſe begun its work—my ſoul is ſunk—my body is a ſore burthen to ſelf and others—my faith is become an odious mixture; and age, with more than wonted infirmities now, is ſtill with no monition of a timous death! How many long-cheriſhed friends have left me for brighter realms, whilſt the black clouds of that loathed myſtery were rapidly gathering around, and poiſoning all my peace!

"But ſtill, the Doomed One is not yet wholly forſaken: Thaddeus and Cornelia and Alcæus and Julianus, with Philotera and Melchior and the young Plautius, yet remain. Rebecca, deareſt of all, I may not count—for, though preſent with us, ſhe is ſtrongly wedded to the ſkies. Oh that, with Job, I could now ſay to corruption, 'Thou art my father,—to the worm, thou art my mother, and my ſiſter!'—Theſe few friends *pity* me with great tenderneſs; but Rebecca alſo mourns over me as a fallen ſpirit—ſhe alone ſeemeth to make the future preſent!

"Come, then, *O Solitude!*—Cartaphilus now no other refuge hath—if that *can* be one: for ever muſt the world be ſhut out; but agonizing thoughts ſtill muſt be his ceaſeleſs tormentors—worſe than Bildad and the reſt, who ſo wrongfully accuſed the pious Arabian. To ſome unknown cave, or forſaken ruin will I wend my way: I am a man that would not live, and dare not die,—and, ſhould neither faith nor death come unto me ſoon, oh that

Gehenna would quickly do its work, and become in me as incarnate, as was Heaven, they ſay, in Joſeph's ſon!"*

LETTER XXIV.

Melchior to Aquila [*of Epheſus*].

Edessa, *Marcheſvan* 12th, A.M. 3832.
[October 17th, A.D. 72.]

MORE than five years have paſſed, moſt excellent Aquila, ſince my eſcape at Artaxata from the murderous hands of King Tiridates—after which, as thou knoweſt, I have reſided moſtly here in Meſopotamia, in the pious families of Prince Agbarus, of Eben-Ezra, and of one Cartaphilus; with all of whom thou haſt acquaintance, ſave with that wonderful man Cartaphilus, as to whom doubtleſs thou haſt heard ſomething from Artemas and others,—and concerning whom I ſhall write to thee at a more convenient ſeaſon,—the object of my preſent letter being, according to thy requeſt, to deal largely with the deſtruction of the Holy City, and of its Temple, as ſeen of me—all ſurely in fulfilment of predictions,—and not of misfortunes, or through mere human agencies. Oh, it is indeed a tale of woe, ſuch as neither hiſtorian nor poet hath ever told—and ſuch as my pen recoils to narrate,—it being that of Jehovah's long-declared and long-deferred, but now conſuming vengeance! Let me then conceal nothing, and yet be brief,—for the ſoul muſt grieve and ſicken at the contemplation even of its outline.

Jeruſalem's deſtruction detailed by an eye-witneſs.

Flavius Joſephus, as we all know, was an eye-witneſs of moſt of the complicated miſeries of our people in Jeruſalem and elſewhere. Now at Rome, he is greatly in favour with Veſpaſian,—and, as is ſaid, will prepare a faithful narrative of all thoſe terrific wars—a hiſtory to be ſanctioned by the Emperor and his ſon, as alſo by Herod Agrippa. My mind pants for further acquaintance with

* This tremendous malediction on himſelf ſeems to have been only morbid and temporary; for had Cartaphilus really been as diabolical, as thoſe words might indicate, theſe Chronicles, if equally faithful, muſt have been only an odious and terrific record. Fortunately, however, if the mind, when powerfully excited, may impute to itſelf virtues it poſſeſſes not, ſo likewiſe may it act and ſpeak more impiouſly than actually belongs to its particular nature; nor are even infamous actions *always* the reſult of thoroughly diabolic intentions—God alone is able to ſee the heart; and nothing but pure and omniſcient *juſtice* can ever arrive at a perfect deciſion.

thoſe ſcenes; but what I have ſeen I ſhould like for ever to forget, as truly, my good Aquila, very many ſights during the ſiege of the Holy City were beyond mortal endurance, and greatly diſturbed not a few, even among the Romans.

During that fearful period, often was I in the Roman camp with Joſephus—ſuch being the earneſt requeſt of that marvellous Cartaphilus—ſo long a favourite with Nero, and whoſe letters of ſafe conduct, obtained for me, bore me harmleſs into the preſence of Titus, and at length into the afflicted City,—all affording me occaſions to behold, and to hear of many things, without a parallel in all the chronicles of all the ages!

I know, good Aquila, thou wilt have thine eye ever intent upon the prophecies, when contemplating Jeruſalem's fate: and though theſe were neceſſarily clouded during all the previous ages, they are now as clear to our mental viſion as are Orion and Pleiades to the natural eye, when ſeen through the brighteſt empyrean—for the prophecies fulfilled, may now be read as hiſtory!

The Holy City, from the time of Melchizedek, its founder, to the preſent hour—now more than two thouſand years ago,—experienced more viciſſitudes, and a larger amount of human ſufferings, than any other the world hath known; and yet it was the favoured ſpot upon earth of the Most Highest! There *muſt* be an adequate cauſe for this; and *that* is found throughout its awful chronicles—being a truthful picture of God's providence towards man, which is one of ſure love and protection for faithful *obedience*, and of an equally fearful and exemplary puniſhment for perſevering *wickedneſs*.

Follow me, then, dear Aquila, through the miſeries I am now to unfold as an eye-witneſs: they ſhall be veraciouſly ſet forth: for, it is not meet, but ſinful, to blend the fictions even of a truthful imagination, with the dread realities of ſuch a narrative.

The Jewiſh war with the Romans broke out in the 12th year of Nero's reign; and more than thirty-and-two years after Chriſt had *propheſied* (though amidſt all the maſſive grandeur of the Temple, of the walls and their towers) that the calamities *ſhould* come upon them; and that, too, before the then generation would paſs away!

The war in Judea endured ſomewhat leſs than five years,—and the ſiege of Jeruſalem ſomewhat leſs than as many months:* but, as to the horrors and varied cruelties that preceded Jeruſalem's

* The war commenced 8th May, A.D. 65, VÆ., and ended with the progreſſive fall of the Fortreſs of Herodian, then of Machærus, and laſtly, in the total deſtruction of Maſada, late in — A.D. 71—the whole embracing the period of five years and ſome months. The ſiege of Jeruſalem commenced on Saturday, 1ſt April, or the 23rd of *Niſan*, A.D. 70, and ended, with the deſtruction of the

agonies and her total deſtruction—alſo the progreſs of that war elſewhere, under the procurator *Florus*, and under the yet more infamous *Gallus*, of Syria, I ſhall paſs them by: nor have I need to detain thee with the proceedings of the great Veſpaſian, and of his illuſtrious ſon, before the awful event I now have ſo ſpecially in hand: for thou knoweſt how well appointed were all their forces,—and that they hoped to bring the war to a ſpeedy cloſe; nor need I remind thee, in all thoſe previous doings, how ſeverely teſted were Roman power and valour, by Jewiſh deſperation and fertility in ſtratagem,—until, at length, all Paleſtine had yielded to the bloody conqueſt, ſave the Holy City—the Fortreſs of Herodian, and the cities of Maſada and Machærus,—ſo that, not long after, the concentrated energies of the now greatly enraged Romans were brought to bear upon the City of Ages, under the hope that, if ſhe fell, the other three would ſpeedily ſurrender.

Veſpaſian's wonderful ſucceſſes and toils in Paleſtine, chiefly at *Jotapata*, *Tiberias*, *Tarichæa*, *Gadara*, *Gamalà*, and at *Giſchalà*, had occupied him nearly three years: at Jotapata, Flavius Joſephus became his captive, and accompanied him in irons to Cæſarea: but at Giſchalà, the notorious robber John eſcaped him, and fled to Jeruſalem,—where he and the other factions maintained their wicked power during ſeveral years: and thus were matters when Veſpaſian, then at Alexandria, was proclaimed Emperor, upon the death of Galba, and Vitellius, when he haſtened on to Rome, and received the Imperial diadem, more than ſix months after the death of the former. Titus, then alſo at Alexandria, ſucceeded to the command in Paleſtine, Joſephus being with him, freed of his chains, and in high favour with the Imperial forces at Cæſarea,—but in great odium among the Jews.*

The Factions in Jeruſalem.

After the arrival of the Giſchalite at Jeruſalem, and alſo for more than a year after the arrival of Titus at Cæſarea, Jeruſalem was left to herſelf—a repoſe more fatal to her than would have been thrice the force of the beſieging army that afterwards came,—for her ſtreets flowed with the blood of her children—blood ſhed by each other's hands; and to this were added countleſs robberies and private murders, with all the horrors of peſtilence and famine!

Within her lofty and proud walls and gorgeous palaces, ah!

Temple, on the 12th of Auguſt, —, the whole embracing the period of four months and eleven days.

From the commencement of the war in Judea, on the 8th May, A.D. 65. to the deſtruction of the Temple, Auguſt 12th, A.D. 70, embraced exactly 5 years, 3 months, and 4 days.

* Probably from June, A.D. 67 to early in March, A.D., 69, VÆ, or, A.D. 75 of the true æra.

even within her long venerated and once Holy Temple, were now found ſuch diſcordant and inflammatory materials, as failed not to cauſe, at all hours, the moſt ferocious and murderous ſtrifes! Union of purpoſe and of action among ſuch elements, though againſt a common enemy, was quite impoſſible. In one direction might be ſeen the friends of the Giſchalite—in another, thoſe of Eleazar, equally robbers, but not friends of John, nor indeed of any perſon or thing that was good: then came Simon, ſon of Gioras, no leſs deſperately wicked than the reſt,—and he the champion of another faction, ſome of whom were the reckleſs Idumeans, or Edomites; and theſe under Simon held the Upper City, and likewiſe no ſmall part of the Lower: to theſe diviſions muſt be added many Jews of that claſs, who, deſpairing of eventual ſucceſs, therefore ſomewhat favoured the Romans,—and again, ſome Chriſtians, who, from pious motives, had not yet fled to Pella, or other places of refuge, and were hated alike by all: and ſtill further,—there were ſome very moderate Jews; who, though not on the Roman ſide, and deſpaired not, were yet in great terror of all the factions, and hence incapable of any action for the common weal. Theſe believed that all the factions might eventually come to their merited end; and that Jeruſalem, in time, might riſe above her ſore calamities: but, being few in number, and grievouſly alarmed, were chiefly occupied in preſerving their own lives and property. And laſtly, among the Phariſees and the Sadducees, were perpetual and cruel ſtrifes as to ſucceſſion to the High-Prieſthood; and among the rich and poor aroſe continual quarrels as to the rights and duties of each!

But great as was the miſery occaſioned by all of theſe jarring and wicked elements, the whole was fearfully heightened by the myriads of *foreign* Jews aſſembled there, with no other ties than as attendants upon the then Paſſover: theſe had become deſperate for food; and, though weakened and hunger-bitten, ſome would not abandon the city, and others were forbidden by the factions ſo to do. Without arms, moreover, and unacquainted with war, they had come to worſhip at the Temple—but found it a polluted fortreſs, and that they were now doomed to peſtilence, as well as famine,—or to be ſlain, alike by domeſtic and foreign foes!

Theſe numerous factions, whether of war, of ſchemes for plunder, or of perverted religion, grew daily more fierce; and they either robbed and murdered one another, or ſet fire to each other's property—or, as was the caſe with ſome, became the quiet and unreſiſting victims of the reſt,—ſo that the broad avenues that led to the very gates of the Temple—to its Cloiſters and its Courts, were made ſlippery and nearly impaſſable with human blood and fleſh!—and, whilſt the more pious and adventurous few would ſtill preſs

forward to make their offerings and prayers to Abraham's God, they often were ſhot down by inſidious arrows, or hurled to inſtant death by huge ſtones, caſt upon them from roofs and other heights!

Many of thoſe foreign Jews had implored the factions for permiſſion to eſcape; but the infatuated people of our doomed City ſaid "No;" for *they* ſaw not that an avenging God included theſe *Strangers*, alſo, in what was to come: they had entered the City regardleſs of prophecy, and of all the ſigns of the times; many had witneſſed, or heard of the cruel ſcene upon Calvary,—probably with unbelieving, cold, and unrepentant hearts. They had not come to the Temple to make amends for that foul deed; but were part of that people who had ſaid to Pilate, "BE HIS BLOOD UPON US, AND UPON OUR CHILDREN!" and hence was it that the marauders, and others, *could* not ſee the folly of forcibly retaining within their walls theſe countleſs ſtrangers,—whoſe preſence gave no ſtrength, but greatly augmented the general miſery!

But thoſe previous horrors will now be paſſed over, that we may at once contemplate the ſiege, and its fatal iſſue.

Veſpaſian's great ſon advanced from Cæſarea towards Jeruſalem ſcarce a week before our Paſſover;* and encamped near the *Hill of Saul*,—having then with him only four legions, and a ſtrong body of auxiliaries,—but expecting further ſupplies, in all, ſcarce threeſcore and ten thouſand men—to deſtroy a City whoſe army within their walls greatly outnumbered their foes, and who were far more deſperate—a City, whoſe inner, ſecond, and outer walls, deep ſunk in the earth, and riſing towards the ſkies, were guarded by numerous lofty towers of matchleſs maſonry, all as ſolid as the eternal rocks—a City, whoſe then population of quite three millions, feared not death (except the ſtrangers) in any form,—and in fine, a City, the ſtrongeſt and beſt fortified of any in the world, and which, under other circumſtances, muſt have defied the concentrated powers of the Empire!—and yet that City, JERUSALEM, hath fallen, and is ſwept from off the earth, as a proud foreſt of goodly trees is ſometimes laid proſtrate by a ruſh of mighty winds! How cometh this, O Aquila, ſave that ſtrength vaniſheth into weakneſs, when the God of Hoſts frowneth?—truly, then, did the victorious Titus exclaim, "*From theſe fortifications, the Jews were expelled by God alone—from ſuch ſtrongholds, man never could have driven them!*"—and the triumphant Roman never would have made that ſpeech, but that his own comparative weak-

* Titus probably founded his fourth trumpet for their departure from Cæſarea, five days before the Paſſover of the 24th—that is, on Wedneſday, 29th March—or the 20th of Niſan; and ſeems to have ſtruck his firſt blow in the ſiege, on Saturday, 1ſt April, or 23rd Niſan.

neſs, and the ſurpriſing ſtrength of thoſe walls, and the wonderful bravery of the beſieged, and the reckleſs indifference to life of myriads, made it quite manifeſt that the overthrow of all was the work of an Almighty hand!

In thus viewing as miraculous the total deſtruction of this ancient City—the ſlaughter of *eleven hundred thouſand* of her people, and the making captive of nigh an *hundred thouſand* more, I give due allowance, and no more, for the work of death through the peſtilence, the famine, and the civil feuds! Independently, then, of all *prophecy*, I am forced to regard the aſſailing power as quite too weak to have effected what they did, had not the Omniſcient Ruler of battles taken ſtrong ſides with the Romans! Yes, Jeruſalem's days were numbered, and no human proweſs could have ſaved her.

When the Romans were advancing on Jeruſalem, the numerous factions became in a great degree united, ſufficiently ſo to manifeſt the excellence and great ſtrength of union, and the certain ruin that muſt come to a divided people. But, my Aquila, were not theſe deſtructive *factions*, in themſelves, as miraculous, as the famine, the peſtilence, and the ſword's appearance at the ſame moment? And all theſe would ſurely not have come upon them thus, had not they been maddened by extremeſt wickedneſs! And here, again, their unnatural impiety ſeems alſo to have been within their curſe, and as ſuperhuman, as their blind incredulity doubtleſs was; and both were deſignedly *penal!*—for, where, in the hiſtory of any other people, do we find a judicial blindneſs ſo ſupreme—a wickedneſs ſo monſtrous—a thirſt of plunder ſo motiveleſs—a factious rancour ſo fiend-like—a ſelf-ſlaughter ſo fatuous—and an abandonment of natural feelings ſo truly ſatanic? I think you will agree with me, then, that Jeruſalem's deſolation is a ſolitary inſtance, excelling thoſe of Nineveh and Babylon, and even the Cities of the Plain—its crime being DEICIDE, like its puniſhment, unknown before!

Titus wounded and in great peril.

The operations on Jeruſalem were as early as on the Sabbath, the 23 of *Niſan* [Saturday, 1 April, A. D. 70.] But, on the fifth of *Iyar* [Thurſday, 13 April] a raſh act of Titus muſt have coſt him his life, had he not been, as Cyrus was, Heaven's protected miniſter! He had approached the walls with 600 of his cavalry, to inſpect more cloſely their ſtrength: and being near the tower of Pſephinus, a party of Jews ruſhed ſuddenly out upon him from the gate near Helena's monuments, and ſeparated him from his little force. Eſcape ſeemed impoſſible,—the darts and arrows flew about him from every ſide; and though without armour or helmet, he broke through the thick array of his enemies, and found himſelf in ſafety, and but little injured! Some of his attendants were killed, and

many wounded. And yet, canſt thou credit the ſtrange infatuation? the Jews greatly rejoiced and exulted over what they called *Cæſar's flight*,—ſeeing in it, moreover, the preſage of a ſure victory! Titus, when he made this perilous adventure, was encamped about thirty furlongs from the city: but, in not many hours after, his forces were ſtationed at *Scopus*, diſtant from the walls only ſeven furlongs; and having removed all the beautiful trees and fountains, as alſo every other obſtruction on the plain that intervenes between Scopus and the City, he once more removed his camp, and came in ſafety to almoſt an arrow's throw of the gates, close to Herod's tomb, and to the Pool of Serpents.

During thoſe various removals, and preparations for the ſiege, ſome ſallies had been made by the reckleſs Jews from their gates, and generally with ſucceſs: but ſtill, if they deſtroyed a few of the common enemy beyond their walls, their occaſional deſtructive conflicts with each other, in the very heart of their city, more than countervailed all their gains in thoſe impetuous ſallies.

The Siege of the Holy City.

The firſt great deſire of Titus was to gain the outer wall, at a certain point of its leaſt elevation, and where it was known to be leaſt ſtrongly connected with the ſecond wall. But, before he would make the attack, he inſtructed Nicanor, his ſpecial favourite, to accompany Joſephus to the walls, there to aſk of the beſieged a friendly colloquy—hoping to perſuade them to ſave the City and themſelves by capitulation.

The kind offer, ſo well intended by the Roman, and honeſtly declared by the zealous Jew, was raſhly met only by a ſhower of miſſiles,—one of which wounded Nicanor! and this was on Sabbath day, *Iyar* the 5th. [April 13th.] No time now was loſt; inſtant orders were given to ſet fire to the ſurburbs; the huge battering rams were ſoon after ſet in terrific motion againſt the ſelected wall; enormous ſtones, each a talent in weight, were hurled with deſtructive force: the people, encloſed by that portion of the outer wall, were ſtruck with horror; for the ſiege was indeed begun with an awful violence, that preſaged an early wretched future—the wall gave way before it—the Romans ruſhed through the breach—the gates of this wall were ſoon wide open, and the New City inſtantly came into the full poſſeſſion of the beſiegers! This occurred on the fifteenth day of the ſiege, and on the *ſeventh* day of Iyar. [Saturday, April 15th.]

And here, my Aquila, the humanity of Titus was again manifeſted: for, inſtead of ſorely preſſing the Jews within the range of this firſt wall, he proceeded to nearly demoliſh it, and to remove his camp into the New City, regardleſs of the Jews' withdrawal into the Inner City, through the gates of the ſecond wall.

Jeruſalem's Deſtruction, by an Eye-witneſs.

The next early object, however, of Titus was to attack that wall with great vigour,—to reſiſt which, the Jews fought with marvellous bravery and ſkill, and making ſeveral deſperate ſallies on our foes: but, in the ſhort period of five days, that ſecond ſhield of our countrymen no longer afforded any defence; and the Lower City ſeemed already vanquiſhed. But this apparently eaſy conqueſt was promptly followed by a dreadful battle. Titus was again humane; he had entered the breach in the ſecond wall with a thouſand choſen men, on the 12th of *Iyar;* [Thurſday, 20 April;] but he greatly deſired to ſpare the City and the people: hence he permitted the ſecond wall to remain uninjured, ſave in the breach made for his entrance. The ſturdy reſiſtance now made, and the terrific battle brought on by the Jews, compelled the valiant Roman to retreat within the firſt wall! and my countrymen were again in full poſſeſſion of the breach, and of the Lower City; which they retained with all the exultation of victors—but alas! only for a few days. *Second wall gained: the Lower City entered.*

Veſpaſian's illuſtrious ſon ſoon reſtored perfect order within the bounds of the firſt wall; and then renewed his reſiſtleſs attacks—the Jews were again driven from their poſts,—the ſecond wall was now regained and wholly proſtrated; and the Roman eagles once more waved in triumph over the Lower City! [*Iyar* 16th—April 24th.]

The condition of the Holy City was now indeed moſt alarming, not only to all within the remaining wall, but eſpecially to thoſe who defended its many towers, againſt which the tremendous inſtruments were to be ſet in motion. But Titus once more yielded to the influences of his nature, and ſuſpended all further hoſtilities during four days—hoping and believing that, as ſo much had been gained with comparative eaſe, and alſo as the famine was daily becoming more ſevere, theſe would induce our brave and obſtinate people to ſurrender, if not from wiſdom, yet from exhauſtion.

On the fifth day, however, after the Lower City had been gained, finding no intimation from the people, or from any of the factions, as to the hope of ſurrender, Titus renewed the ſiege,—which he commenced by raiſing a vaſt embankment againſt the Tower of Antonia! The battle now raged with fatuous deſperation on the ſide of our countrymen, and with a ſteady perſeverance on that of the Romans. [*Iyar* 22d—April 29th.]

Titus, nevertheleſs, ſtill continued anxious to reſcue the city from deſtruction,—but ſpecially our noble Temple—alike the wonder of the Gentiles, and the glory of the Jews—and therefore again ſent Joſephus near the gates, that he might reaſon with his diſtracted countrymen on the matter of ſubmiſſion.

With that view alſo, Titus permitted vaſt numbers, eſpecially of the foreign Jews, to eſcape: whereupon many ſold their property hurriedly for a little money—others ſwallowed ſmall pieces of gold, or ſilver,—and often that they might reſcue it from the robbers that ſurrounded them,—and then the Roman camp preſented the remarkable ſpectacle of ſome thouſands of thoſe miſerable beings, ſeeking a temporary aſylum among their foes, that they might no longer witneſs the horrors within the walls!

The daring and infamous John of Giſchalà, and the wily Simon of Gioras, ſlaughtered many who thus attempted to eſcape; famine, peſtilence, murder, and robbery were ſtill everywhere within thoſe walls, whilſt beyond them Titus had daily become ſtrengthened,—and now finding that clemency was of no avail, he ſcourged and crucified all who ventured beyond the gates. The Jews on their walls beholding ſome hundreds of the famiſhed deſerters almoſt daily ſlain, and by newly invented modes of crucifixion, yet proudly continued to ridicule the admonitions of Joſephus, and madly cried out to him, "We fear not death, nor care for Iſrael, nor for the Temple's ſafety—the World is God's Temple, and more worthy than that which the Romans ſeek to deſtroy!" They had, ſome time before, ſlain their good high prieſt *Ananus*, and placed in his ſtead the ignoble *Phœnias*, ſo that theſe three acts (had an hundred others been forgiven) ſeemed to fill their cup of iniquity to overflowing—they had become as demons, conſigned to a ſure and fearful deſtruction.

The embankment and other preparations for the great aſſault upon the Tower of Antonia, were now completed, after ſeventeen days of immenſe toil: and Titus being re-enforced by a large body of auxiliaries, armed after the Macedonian faſhion, and under the command of Epiphanes, king of Comagna, the attack was made with great confidence,—but was followed by a moſt deſtructive ſlaughter of thoſe forces,—and a like ſucceſs had attended John and Simon in the deſtruction of one of the embankments, and alſo by the Giſchalites' ſubterranean works, ſetting fire to all of the coverings made by Titus for the protection of his battering-rams and other dreadful machines, then in operation againſt the tower! The Romans were compelled to retreat to their camps, by the miſſiles, the fire, and ſulphurous ſmoke all around them; and were even hotly purſued by the enraged and now victorious Jews: but again, our countrymen were ſoon driven back within their wall,—and yet, only after a bloody and rapid conflict on both ſides.*

The next reſort of Titus was a bold and effectual one. He

* Probably from the 2nd to the 10th of May, as the Embankment may have *begun* about the middle of April.

ſurrounded the City with a wall of no vaſt extent, but of great ſtrength,—as its main purpoſe was to prevent eſcape, ſo that famine and peſtilence might the ſooner accompliſh a work, which human power ſeemed ſcarce able to effect. Now this wall of circumvallation, though quite forty-and-nine ſtadia in circuit, was all completed in *three days!*—which, if not miraculous, was ſurely a work that none but Romans would have thought of, and none but they could have effected. And oh! dear Aquila, can even imagination take in, much leſs my pen deſcribe, the accumulated miſeries that early enſued! The dead bodies no longer could be buried even in the rudeſt way: the Angels of foul diſeaſe and of mortal hunger were now too rapid, even had any ſpirit remained with the people for the ſepulture of their dead,—ſo that the emaciated and nearly expiring corſes were caſt over the walls, in loathing and appalling numbers! The ſickening maſs of death, of moribund life, and of odious putridity, then within the Roman eye, arouſed even their ſympathies,—and Titus called Heaven to bear him witneſs, that he much deſired to ſave the maddened people, and their City, but that they would not—and therefore that the Jews, not the Romans, were the authors of all thoſe terrific ſcenes. *The Wall of circumvallation.*

And here, good Aquila, I aſk thee to remember that our Feaſt of Pentecoſt took place only two days after the completion of that wall of circumvallation, that is, on *Sivan's* 7th day! [Sunday, May 14th.] And oh, what a Pentecoſtal day! The work of caſting over the walls the loathſome bodies, deſtined for Hinnom, ſtill continued, when Titus again ſummoned Joſephus to invoke our crazed multitude to accept of their lives, their City, and their glorious Temple. Flavius promptly obeyed; but he well-nigh had loſt his life thereby,—for the Jews ſo deteſted his preſence and voice, that they inſtantly hurled upon him a ſhower of miſſiles: he was ſeen to fall ſenſeleſs on the earth; and was reſcued only by extreme peril. Great and long continued were the ſhouts from the walls, as they ſuppoſed Joſephus ſlain; whereas, in a few hours thereafter, the zealous and honeſt friend of his country again appeared, and urged his cauſe upon them,—but alas! only with an increaſed rage againſt him, and their foes. I know not how to unfold to thee the ſights that followed: theſe I often witneſſed until my ſoul was ſo filled with horror, that, had I been in the preſence of Moloch in the abyſs of Gehenna, I could not have been more overcome! The ditches were yet full of the peſtiferous bodies—the dogs and birds of prey were gorged with them—the maſs being too great to be thus devoured,—but freſh ones would come, and they likewiſe were fated,—for their once craving maws being filled, I found them repoſing at a diſtance, as if awaiting the return of appetite! The air was poiſoned with the foul effluvia, and the heart and eye of hu-

manity ſhrank from the ſight with involuntary horror. It ſeemed as if the loathing particles were viſible and palpable, and as if they forced themſelves upon the very taſte—and yet, O Aquila! man's love of *mammon* conquered *all this*,—for, canſt thou believe me? my eyes reſted upon a crowd of Arabian and Syrian ſoldiers, deeply engaged in cutting open many of thoſe vile and putrid bodies—and then fell upon ſome hundreds of the yet living and famiſhed deſerters, who ſhared the ſame fate—and all this was done, my Aquila, in ſearch of ſmall pieces of gold or ſilver, yea, poſſibly of ruder coin, ſwallowed by the wretched beings! To the honour of Titus, he inſtantly forbade it, and under penalty of death: but, ſo ſtrong is avarice that the practice ſtill went on in ſecret; and very many continued thus to periſh, not for the ſake of any dangerous life within them, but truly for the gold, which the love of it had placed there, as depoſitories of ſafety, and which had thus awakened in their enemies a ſtronger longing for their death, than for victory over them in open warfare! Should I attempt to enumerate, even nakedly, the hundredth part of the dreadful forms in which man's wicked ſelfiſhneſs was permitted to carry out God's vengeance upon our guilty people, I ſhould weary thy heart, without adding the leaſt ſtrength to thy already perfect faith.

In leſs than three months after the ſiege commenced, no leſs than 116,000 bodies had been carried out of even one of the many gates of our once proſperous and holy Salem; and it is believed that quite half a million more had paſſed through the other gates! Thoſe caſt over the walls, or diſpoſed of in divers other ways, can only be conjectured from the miſerable remnant of the three million, believed to have been within thoſe walls—an increaſed population cauſed by reaſons familiar to thee.

The Tower of Antonia gained.

The aſſault upon the Tower of Antonia (which had been ſo unſucceſsful, and which cauſed the wall of circumvallation) was renewed ſoon after the wall was completed, and immediately after the new mounds were raiſed at that tower. And now a fierce conflict took place on the 1ſt of *Thammuz*, [Wedneſday, June 7th,] and, in four days more, at the ninth hour of the 5th of *Thammuz*, the Tower of Antonia was fully gained—her ſentinels ſlain, and the Romans, in hot purſuit, paſſed into the very preſence of our once holy, but then greatly deſecrated Temple! [Sunday, June 11th.]

But nevertheleſs, the remaining forces on both ſides preſſed into the area between the Tower and the Temple; and there enſued a moſt terrific ſlaughter that laſted ten hours! The area being too ſmall for the uſe of darts and other miſſiles, the parties were compelled to come into dreadful contact—the Jews became as raving hyænas; and the Romans were once more compelled to re-

tire within the walls of the Antonia: but, *mark*, O my Aquila! that, on the 17*th of Thammuz*, [Friday, the 23rd June,] Titus demoliſhed a part of the tower walls towards Bezetha—and, on that ſame day the *Perpetual Sacrifice to God was ended!* The people's grief at this knew no bounds,—but only becauſe they now began to ſee God's ſure vengeance; and that the MOSAIC LAW had then expired! Come with me, excellent Aquila, and contemplate, for a moment, this aſtounding fact—and we ſhall ſee therein the completion of a moſt ancient *ſyſtem*—the fulfilment of a long pending *prophecy!*

Remember that, with only three interruptions, the inſtitution of the Perpetual Sacrifice had endured quite fifteen hundred years, counting from the time when our Maſter Moſes firſt offered it, until now. Forget not that the Law from Sinai ordained "*two lambs* of the *firſt year*, *without blemiſh*, *to be daily offered for a continual burnt offering*." Now, as all Jews do well know, that ſacrifice, twice a day, failed not from that time until now, ſave when heinous ſin brought in the oppreſſor thrice—firſt, in *Ahaz*—then *Nebuchadnezzar*, and laſtly, in *Antiochus Epiphanes:* theſe three, and now Veſpaſian's ſon, are the avengers of God's greatly violated law. Promiſes of reſtoration of the Perpetual Sacrifice attended the three firſt—and thoſe promiſes were fulfilled: but, my Aquila, I find no ſuch promiſe to be now ours: and do not we now find the "*Sceptre departed from Judah?*"—alſo, is not the "*Temple with ſcarce one ſtone upon another*"—and the "*Nation ſcattered, as with a ſieve?*"—and theſe were the *prophecies* of ancient date, which now are *hiſtory!* And finally, O my Aquila, remember the marvellous *coincidences!* the Perpetual Sacrifice was performed in the firſt crude tabernacle, on the ſame day of the week as that in which Titus, ſo many ages after, ended it in the gorgeous temple!—— and here, engrave it upon thy heart, my friend, thoſe "*two lambs*" never failed to come forth, and in all perfection, down even unto the laſt moment—though Jeruſalem, for months, had been famiſhed more ſorely than was ever within man's memory!—But no more lambs, *for ever*, will now be needed; the great work hath been accompliſhed—and no reſtorer ſhall ever come, until all ſhall be of *one fold!*

And now, my Aquila, let me proceed with this narrative of woes. The little that remained to be done was not yielded to the Romans, with the care they looked for, by Him who guideth all things. The Antonia was, indeed, fully gained; and the victorious army was in the midſt of the City: but ſtill the Jews of the Upper City were powerful: they rallied, and turned upon their foes with great fierceneſs, and ſuſtained themſelves with a lion-hearted valour.

After the battle, moreover, that had followed the ruin of the Antonia, the forces needed repoſe, and Titus alſo needed counſel.

Preparation for an attack upon the Temple.

It was ſoon perceived by Titus that acceſs to the Temple was wholly impeded by its connection with the Antonia: he conſequently ordered, as previouſly ſtated, its immediate deſtruction, which occupied ſeven days; and in the mean while he prepared for a vigorous aſſault upon the Temple, not however without aſſuring the Giſchalite of his ſtill earneſt deſire to ſave it, and alſo that the daily ſacrifices might be renewed: this communication was made by Titus in perſon, though at ſome diſtance—Joſephus being the interpreter. John, however, proved inflexible, and tauntingly replied to the great Roman, as he had previouſly to Joſephus,—ſo that hoſtilities ſoon after were renewed.

The removal of a part of the Antonia, and the conſtruction upon its ſite of the neceſſary mounds, paved the way for a direct and eaſy operation of the battering-rams upon the Temple. The night was dark, and the attack commenced at the ninth hour [3 *o'clock in the morning.*] The battle raged with unabated fury till the noon of the following day,—but without decided ſucceſs on either ſide. During the firſt hour of attack, the Jews had ſuffered greatly, eſpecially from not being able to diſtinguiſh friend from foe: but the Romans had taken ſpecial care to give each other the watch-word.

About this time, a party of deſperate Jews left the city, and attacked the tenth legion ſtationed at Mount Olivet—whilſt, in the city, the Zealots had ſet fire to that cloiſter of the Temple which adjoins the embankment ſo recently erected upon the baſement of the Antonia; and this was on the 22d of *Thammuz*, [Wedneſday, June 28th,] and, in two days thereafter, the Romans followed their example, and burnt down another cloiſter: this was followed, on the part of the Jews, by the deſtruction of the roof of the cloiſter, by all of which means, the area became much enlarged for the action of the Roman forces.

On the 27th of Thammuz, [Monday, July 3rd,] the whole weſtern cloiſter was filled by the Jews with inflammable materials inſide and out—and they then feigned to abandon it: by this the Romans were entrapped—they aſcended to the roof in large numbers and with ignorant confidence,—when the Jews ruſhed forward and inſtantly ſet fire to the combuſtibles—the whole cloiſter was deſtroyed, and the loſs of the enemy, by fire and ſword, was very great! The Northern cloiſter ſhared the ſame from the Romans, on the following day.

Jeruſalem's Deſtruction, by an Eye-witneſs.

And here, my Aquila, I will for a time leave the proceedings againſt the Temple, that I may detail a terrific perſonal event: for, though it relates but to an *individual* known to me, it ſeems that, by ſome law of our nature, even a deeper excitement of ſympathy may ariſe towards an individual, than is often manifeſted, under other circumſtances, where thouſands are ſlaughtered or famiſhed! A few ſimilar caſes are found in paſt hiſtory—but only where the general wickedneſs of the people had become ſatanic—for ſuch caſes do not neceſſarily involve the individual in ſupreme guilt. This caſe I dwell on, as it ſo clearly falls within the very words of a moſt ancient prophecy. *Individual Miſeries. Prophecies fulfilled.*

But, before I relate the ſad ſtory, permit me to remind thee of the language of our prophets, ſo well known to all during ſo many ages,—and now ſo viſibly accompliſhed, as to leave no doubt that prophecy has thus become a terrific reality.

Every Jew, from his infancy, hath deeply impreſſed on his memory that wonderful catalogue of bleſſings and of curſes, detailed by Moſes in the Book of El-Hadebarim*—the one in reward of diligent obedience—the other as ſore affliction for perſevering wickedneſs. I ſhall ſtate only a part of the *curſes*.

"*And the Lord ſhall bring a Nation againſt thee, from* AFAR, *from the end of the earth,* AS SWIFT AS THE EAGLE FLIETH—*a nation whoſe tongue thou ſhalt not underſtand—a nation of fierce countenance, which ſhall not regard the perſon of the old, nor ſhow favour to the young—a nation that ſhall eat the fruit of thy cattle, and the fruit of thy land, until thou be deſtroyed—a nation which ſhall not leave the corn, nor wine, nor oil, nor the increaſe of thy kine, or of thy flocks, until he hath deſtroyed thee. And he ſhall* BESIEGE *thee in all thy gates, throughout all thy land—and thou ſhalt* EAT *the fruit of* THINE OWN BODY—*the fleſh of thy ſons, and of thy daughters, in the ſiege, and in the ſtraitneſs wherewith thine enemies ſhall diſtreſs thee—ſo that the tender man that is among you, and who is very delicate, he ſhall have an evil eye towards his brother, and towards the wife of his boſom, and towards the remnant of his children, ſo that he will not give to any of them the fleſh of his own children, which he ſhall eat, becauſe he hath nothing left in the ſiege, and in the ſtraitneſs wherewith thine enemies ſhall diſtreſs thee in all thy gates.*"

"THE TENDER AND DELICATE WOMAN *among you, who would not venture to ſet the ſole of her foot upon the ground for delicateneſs and tenderneſs, her eye ſhall be evil towards the huſband of her boſom—and towards her ſon, and towards her daughter, and towards her young one, and her children that ſhe ſhall bear; for ſhe*

* The Book of Deuteronomy.

ſhall eat them, for want of all food, SECRETLY *in the ſiege and ſtraitneſs wherewith thine enemy ſhall diſtreſs thee in thy gates. And ye ſhall be left* FEW IN NUMBER, *whereas ye were as the ſtars of heaven for multitude. And the Lord ſhall* SCATTER THEE AMONG ALL PEOPLE, FROM ONE END OF THE EARTH EVEN UNTO THE OTHER; *and among theſe nations thou ſhalt find no eaſe, neither ſhall the ſole of thy feet have reſt."* *

More than fourteen centuries have paſſed ſince this alarming prophecy was uttered; and how long and variouſly God hath borne with us, all Jews, and divers other people, do well know.

Again, O Aquila, I would remind thee, for the times now demand it, of Leviticus. "*And I will make your* CITIES *waſte, and bring your* SANCTUARIES *into deſolation—and I will bring the* LAND *into deſolation, and your enemies who dwell therein ſhall be aſtoniſhed at it—and I will ſcatter you among the Heathen: then ſhall the land enjoy her ſabbaths, as long as it lieth deſolate; and Ye ſhall be in your Enemy's land.*" †

And moreover, Micah declares thus; "*Therefore ſhall Zion be ploughed as a field—and Jeruſalem ſhall become heaps.*" Ezekiel, alſo ſpeaking of theſe times, ſaith, "*The ſword is without, and the peſtilence and the famine are within; he that is in the field ſhall die with the ſword, and he that is within the City ſhall be devoured by the famine and peſtilence*"——"*My face alſo will I turn from them, and they ſhall pollute my ſecret place; for the* ROBBERS *ſhall enter into it, and defile it.*" ‡

These latter prophecies, my Aquila, are now more than ſix hundred years old; and are only a few among numbers, which vividly paint theſe very times of unutterable deſolation: now are they no longer prophecies, but fearful truths, accompliſhed before our aſtoniſhed and mourning eyes! And theſe prophecies, *fulfilled*, have awakened in me, now for the firſt time in my life, the wonders of an *all-ſeeing eye*, that beholds, as actually exiſtent, the minuteſt facts, centuries before they become revealed *in time!*—oh, how wonderful is that *foreknowledge*, which yet *ordaineth* nothing,—but leaves to man his perfect liberty! Come we now to glance at the *preſent* as it was *foreſeen* ſo many ages ago! Are not the Romans a nation from *afar*, and have they not poſſeſſions in the remoteſt *ends* of the earth, as now known to man?—did they not bear upon us with *Eagles* as their enſigns?—came they not upon us with *ſwiftneſs?*—is not their's a *ſtrange tongue* unto Iſrael's people?—is nor their countenance moſt *fierce?*—at Jotapata, at Gamala, at Gadara, and all the other cities which they levelled to the earth, did

* Deut. xxviii. † Levit. xxiv. ‡ Ezek. viii.

they not diſregard the *perſons of the old*, or did the *young* find with them *any favour?*—have they not eaten up the fruit of the *land*, and of our *kine*, leaving to our afflicted people neither corn, wine, nor oil?—did they not *beſiege* the cities in *all their gates?*—are not our ſons and our daughters made, comparatively, *few in number?*—are they not become *captives*, and are they not *ſcattered* from the one end of the earth to the other?—are they not daily ſent into remote places, having there *no reſt for the ſole of their feet?*—are not our *lands* deſolated by our foes, and after they have deſtroyed our *cities?*—is not Jeruſalem *in heaps?*—hath not the *ſword*, without the walls thereof, deſtroyed its thouſands in the *field*, and have not the *famine* and the *peſtilence*, within thoſe walls, cauſed the City to be an aceldama?—hath not God *turned his face* from his Temple, yea, from his *ſecret place?*—and have not John and Simon and Eleazar, with their hordes, been *robbers*, who entered into it, and *polluted* and *defiled* it? have not our *ſanctuaries* fallen into deſolation, and did not our ſacrifices ceaſe, even before the Temple vaniſhed?

The modern prophecies fulfilled.

But, my venerable Aquila, we have not only theſe very ancient prophecies fulfilled to the letter; but we have thoſe explicit ones of our Great Maſter, who, ſcarce *eight-and-thirty years ago*, proclaimed the fate of Jeruſalem in theſe clear words, "*Take heed that no man deceive you, for many ſhall come in my name, ſaying, I am Chriſt—and many falſe prophets ſhall ariſe, and deceive many. When ye ſhall ſee the* ABOMINATION OF DESOLATION, *ſpoken of by Daniel the prophet, ſtand in the* HOLY PLACE, *then let thoſe who are in Judea flee unto the mountains,—for there ſhall be great tribulation—ſuch as was not ſince the beginning of the world to this time—no, nor ever ſhall be.*"

Again, when the diſciples were expreſſing their wonder and admiration at the great ſolidity and magnificence of the Temple, their Maſter ſaid, "*Seeſt thou theſe great buildings?—there ſhall not be left one ſtone upon another, that ſhall not be caſt down!—But before all theſe things*," ſaid he at another time, "*they ſhall lay their hands upon you, delivering you up to the ſynagogues, and in priſons, being brought before kings and rulers for my name's ſake.*" And again; "*When ye ſhall ſee Jeruſalem compaſſed with armies—then know that the deſolation thereof is nigh! And they ſhall fall by the edge of the ſword, and ſhall be led away captive into all nations; and Jeruſalem ſhall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled—Verily I ſay unto you,* THIS GENERATION *ſhall not paſs away till all be fulfilled!*"

Now, good Aquila, mine own eyes have ſeen theſe things accompliſhed, as thou well knoweſt—yea, alſo, unto the exact letter! Remember that, ſoon after the dreadful event upon Calvary, and the third of a century before the marvellous ſiege, as likewiſe during

its continuance, greatly were we troubled with *falſe Chriſts*, and many were deceived by them to their ruin. I have ſeen the "*Abomination of Deſolation*" (truly the Jewiſh robbers, and the Roman heathens) ſtanding in the *Holy Place!* I have ſeen thouſands of the faithful *flee unto the mountains;* for is not Pella, and all thoſe countries, filled with thoſe who ſought refuge from Jeruſalem? I have ſeen the ſword in the field, and the peſtilence and famine within the walls,—likewiſe the ſelf-ſlaughter and civil wars! and theſe are the *tribulations*, ſuch as the world ſaw not before, great as miſeries ſometimes have been among men! Mine own eyes have beheld the ſolid magnificence of the Temple levelled unto the ground,—and ſoon will there be *no ſtone left upon another*—Jeruſalem is now *trodden down* by the Gentiles! And, oh my friend, how many Apoſtles, Evangeliſts, Preſbyters, Deacons, and converts of every degree, have I beheld perſecuted in the ſynagogues, and caſt into priſons by kings and rulers, and all for his *name's ſake!* I have ſeen Jeruſalem *compaſſed by armies*, myriads ſent as captives into *all the nations!* and every tittle thereof, as we all do know, hath come about before *that generation* had paſſed away, unto whom thoſe ſad words were uttered! Yes, Aquila, all hath been verified, vindicating thereby, in ſubſtance and in exact form, Chriſt's concluding words, "*Heaven and Earth ſhall paſs away, but my words ſhall not paſs away*"—by which, as I underſtand Him to mean, it is declared that the *viſible univerſe hath its period; it will end at its appointed time;* and in the like manner, will His words be as ſurely accompliſhed, at their appointed time.*

The Story of Mary of Perea.

Now am I the better prepared to relate to thee, my good Aquila, the melancholy tale I promiſed, and which is ſo cloſe a fulfilment of the prophetic words in Deuteronomy juſt given, and which during ſo many ages have been conſtantly read in all our ſynagogues.

In the fourth month after Titus appeared before Jeruſalem's

* Early after the date of Melchior's letter, the prophecy cited by him was additionally fulfilled, in the fact of Jeruſalem's being actually *ploughed* up, as Micah declared it ſhould be! Terentius Rufus, acting under the orders of his government, performed this remarkable act,—doubtleſs, without any ſuſpicion by him, or any Roman, that it was in fulfilment of an ancient prophecy! And we may now add that then, and up to the preſent hour, the *lands* continued to become more deſolate, and to enjoy their *Sabbaths*, as predicted,—and that the Gentiles have ever ſince expreſſed aſtoniſhment at their comparative ſterility. In fine, all modern travel daily affords new proofs of the literal truth of all the oracles uttered as to Iſrael and their country—the ancient ones being now quite 3300 years old; and thoſe called new being more than 1800 years!

walls, the famine had become ſo grievous that, even thoſe of the higheſt rank and greateſt wealth, were periſhing for food. [*Ab*, 9th —July 15th.] Corn was then ſelling at ſixteen *manehs* the buſhel; [about 120*l.* ſterling;] and, in a few weeks after, could not be had at any price. Their ſword belts, and the leathern coverings of their ſhields, their ſhoes, and various articles of apparel, were eagerly devoured. All the ſinks, and every other receptacle of vile things, were ſearched with avidity and raked up with care, under the hope of finding ſomething to ſerve the purpoſes of digeſtion! The people everywhere were ſeen frenzied, and were often found reeling through the ſtreets, as if drunk with the ſore diſeaſe of famine!

During that calamitous ſtate of things, certain robbers, in the reckleſſneſs of their wanderings, paſſed cloſe by a ſplendid manſion, and were aſtoniſhed and raviſhed with delight, at the ſavoury ſmell of food, and of ſuch as they ſuppoſed was nowhere to be found at that time in all Jeruſalem. They ruſhed into the houſe, and with threats accoſted a "*delicate lady*," who was then ſolitarily brooding over her miſery. They demanded the inſtant ſurrender of the diſh of ſavoury meat ſhe muſt have feaſted on. With a feeble voice, and an eye of maniacal indifference, ſhe ſaid, her good friends had come in time, for that ſhe had juſt ate one half, and placed the reſt aſide—and then uncovering the diſh, behold the remains of her roaſted infant!

The robbers gazed on the food, and then on the mother, with horror, wonder, and pity—they were wholly ſpeechleſs! "*Eat!*" cried the diſtracted lady, "*for I have eaten!—and are ye more delicate than a woman—more tender-hearted than a mother?—or, if ye are too devoutly ſcrupulous to partake of ſuch fare, leave the reſt to me —and begone!*" The robbers withdrew in awe and ſilence.

Poor Mary of Perea! I knew thee well, in the day of thy might—in the day of thy luxury—of thy great beauty—and of thy delicateneſs. Oh, thrice wretched daughter of my valued friend Eleazar of Bethezob! thy youth and lovelineſs and wealth, and even thy devoted love towards thy firſt-born, could not ſave thee from the loathing act thou haſt done. Thy huſband, too,—more fortunate than thou, went before thee and thy tender offspring, and eſcaped this terrific ſight: but thou, maddened by accumulated woes, and daily robbed of the wretched pittance of food that remained to thee, could yield no longer to thy ſuffering infant the leaſt of ſuſtenance. In vain did the little innocent ſtrive to extract from thy parched boſom its wonted ſupply—no moiſture was there—the fountain had wholly ceaſed to flow even for the ſinleſs—*ſinleſs*, but that it was the offſpring of one, too fond of life, not to be forgetful of her God;—for, by the parent's ſhadow the child is darkened! And ſo it was, that, in ſome moment of thy foreſt grief and deſolation, after the

marauders had oft deſpoiled thee and it of ſuſtenance, or, in ſome moment of revenge towards them, and of overwhelming hunger in thyſelf, thou didſt achieve this moſt unholy thing! But, O my Aquila, I will not, muſt not accuſe any one—let me be humble and judge not; for little doth a ſtranger to the unceaſing pangs of hunger, and to the madneſs of withering thirſt, know what he may not do in ſuch ſtraits: oh, rather let every one ſhed tears of pity and forgiveneſs over the many griefs that environed poor Mary of Perea!

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Her ſad ſtory (for ſhe was well and kindly known) was ſpread abroad, and excited the languid eye and deſponding heart of many famiſhed Jews: even in the Roman camps, the melancholy tale was told, and rouſed the ſluggiſh ſympathy of not a few. Dear Lady! Fare-thee-well. Now art thou alſo numbered with thoſe that breathe not, and thou art where thou wouldſt be! Surely, the grave cancelled for thee all earthly griefs,—and we muſt hope none will follow after. In that great day alone, when all ſhall be revealed, can the true meaſure of thy guilt be known: but countleſs Mothers, in all after times, will hear thy ſtory in ſadneſs; and from the inner heart, yield thee a ſigh—from the expreſſive eye, ſhed thee an abiding tear.

Siege of the Temple renewed.

I doubt not thou art now willing, my Aquila, to return to the awakening events that concern the Temple—and yet, ſure I am, thou haſt no regret at my ſo long dwelling on the prophecies; or that Eleazar's hapleſs daughter hath ſo greatly rouſed me. I know thy heart too well to ſuppoſe, it hath not duly reſponded to both.

The full poſſeſſion of the Antonia, and the deſtruction of ſome of the cloiſters, ſoon left the Romans in the almoſt undiſturbed occupation of the Court of the Gentiles, that encompaſſed the Temple's four ſides; but, as the Temple itſelf was now a ſtrong, if not impregnable fortreſs, and as the Upper City yet remained in the hands of the three chief Factions, under John, Simon, and Eleazar, there ſtill was much to be effected before the labours of Titus could end. The aſſault upon the Temple, eſpecially againſt the maſſive walls that encompaſſed the Holy of Holies, was vigorous, and of ſome days' continuance,—but with ſmall effect—undermining alſo failed—the walls were then ſcaled,—but with an awful ſlaughter to the Romans, and with loſs of their ſtandards! Fires were then applied, by our greatly enraged foes, to the magnificent gates of the Holy Houſe—the heat whereof became ſo intenſe that the maſſive ſilver coatings flowed in ſtreams; and the cedar wood burſt forth in vaſt ſheets of flame, that continued to rage all that day and night of the *7th of Ab.* [Thurſday, 13th July.] The gates

were now proſtrate, and the agonized Jews appeared then, for the firſt time, to fear that God had forſaken them! The orders of Titus were ſtrenuous for the extinguiſhment of the fires, and this was effected: whereupon he ſummoned a council to decide the fate of the Holy Building—but little did even Titus know how wholly he was but an humble inſtrument of the Moſt Higheſt!

The council of war was divided in opinion; three of the ſix urging that now it was no Temple,—but had become the Fortreſs of a mutinous and moſt deſperately wicked people; and, as ſuch, ought to be levelled to the earth; but Titus, having ſided with the other three, ordered that great exertions ſhould be continued for its preſervation.

At length, on the 10th of Ab, [*Sunday, July 16th,*] (ſurely a memorable day in our Jewiſh chronicles) our ſecond Temple (as did Solomon's under the king of Babylonia) became a prey to Roman fury! Oh, how marvellous are the ways of Abraham's God!—Yes, my good Aquila, this ſame *tenth* day of Ab was the laſt of the exiſtence of both temples!

This ſecond beautiful Houſe of God, raiſed by Zerubbabel, nigh unto 600 years ago, and to whom the Medo-Perſian Cyrus gave no leſs than five thouſand and four hundred ſacred veſſels,—and which Temple, ſcarce a century ago, was ſo highly adorned and added to by the Great, but moſt wicked Herod, is now a proſtrate ruin; and, like Solomon's, it periſhed for our ſins—and on the ſame day of the ſame month!

Strange coincidence!—both the abode of the only God—Jehovah—both raiſed to His glory, and for his worſhip through ſucceſſive ages—both deſecrated by Iſrael's people, and by Heathens alſo—and both periſhed by *idolatrous* hands—ſo that, even thus early, ſcarce one ſtone remaineth that hath not been caſt down, and removed from its fellow!*

* There ſeems to be much confuſion, and even contradiction, as to the true dates of theſe two remarkable events, both as to the name of the Jewiſh month—the day of that month, and alſo as to their correſpondence with the modern name and day of the month. The months of *Ab* and *Elul*—thoſe of *July* and *Auguſt*—the ninth and tenth of Ab—the third of Elul—the 10th of Auguſt and the 10th of Ab, are all indifferently given,—as if reſpectively of the ſame import! and yet there can be no doubt but that the deſtruction of both temples was in the *fifth* Jewiſh month, which is *Ab*, and on the 10th day of that month,—which cannot agree with the ſame day of the month, at periods ſo diſtant from each other. The high authority of Dr. Jarvis (in his "*Church of the Redeemed*," p. 585, which has juſt come to the Editor's hands) gives *Saturday*, July 14th, B. C. 586, V. Æ., as the date of the deſtruction of Solomon's Temple—and *Sunday*, July 16th, A. D. 69, V. Æ., as the date of the deſtruction of the Second Temple—but that, in both caſes, theſe dates do correſpond with the *10th of Ab*. Joſephus gives the 10th of the month Loüs (the Greek name for

Jeruſalem's Deſtruction, by an Eye-Witneſs.

Thus periſhed the Temple by fire: but, let me now ſay a word as to *how* that marvellous event happened, ſeeing that Titus ſo greatly deſired to ſave it. Now this, my Aquila, was obviouſly God's own doing;—the Roman had given ſtrict orders for its preſervation, and had retired to reſt—nothing doubting but that Holy Houſe would be fully gained without further injury. A raſh ſoldier, however, applied the fatal brand; Titus inſtantly aroſe from his couch, and gave many ſignals for its relief—but the ſoldier alſo had his followers, and the orders of all in command were, in the madneſs of the moment, of no avail.

Titus and thoſe in high command then entered the Holy of Holies! Great were the riches there—gold and ſilver in vaſt piles—robes of ſurpriſing ſplendour—coſtly ſtuffs of every dye—veſſels of precious metal,—and all things of ſuch ſurpaſſing magnificence as much wondered them all, and increaſed greatly the deſire to ſave the Temple. But the deed was already done—the fires ſoon aſcended to the very heavens,—and, looking around me, I beheld at a diſtance (for my eyes now loathed the ſights around me) the myriads of anxious gazers upon Olivet's heights, who ſtood with ſearching eyes and agonized hearts, witneſſing the red and terrific glare of the raging element, that then lighted the ſummits of all the hills,—yea, even upon Mount Tabor and the far Libănus, were maſſes of people, inviſible indeed to us, but gazing with the like horror on the fiery clouds, and black curling volumes of ſmoke, that pierced aloft, and illumined the remoteſt regions!

Now the maſſive cedar roofs, ſeaſoned by ſo many ages, were diſſolved into wide ſheets of furious and darting flames—coming, as if from the mouths of angry Ætna, or the enraged Veſuvius! The nine lofty gateways, their ponderous doors, their poſts and lintels, each richly carved in all places, not covered with plates of gold or of ſilver, were all ſeen by me ſucceſſively falling into mingled ruin

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the 10th of Ab) as the ſame date for both events: and Melchior, in his letter to Aquila, heſitates not to cónfirm the *coincidence*,—and to give the 10th of Ab (which was Sunday, July the 16th) as the day of the final burning of the Second Temple: and, as the Jews commemorate the event by a faſt on the 9th of Ab, Buxtorf accounts for the diſcrepancy by ſuppoſing that the conflagration *commenced* on Saturday the *ninth*, and was total on the *tenth*.

The curious ſubject of theſe and other *coincidences* is mentioned in various parts of theſe Chronicles, by Cartaphilus, as well as by others—and alſo upon authorities that cannot be queſtioned. The coincidences are many; but thoſe chiefly alluded to are the five following:—1ſt, the declaration that no one than an adult ſhould enter the land of promiſe, except Joſhua and Caleb—2nd, the deſtruction of Solomon's Temple—3rd, the deſtruction of Zerubbabel's, or the Second Temple—4th, the ruin of Beltar and the ſlaughter of Barchocab—5th, the ploughing up of Jeruſalem in the time of Hadrian: theſe and ſeveral more are ſaid to have occurred on the 10th of the month Ab. See Note on the ſame ſubject, *poſt* Section LI.—and alſo Note * p. 441. 458.

—and tumbling in all directions into the billowy flames! And lo! ſoon thereafter, from them all, I beheld the now liquid and blended metals pouring down in torrents, mixed with the living coals and burſting fragments of the ſnow-white columns, on whoſe poliſhed ſurfaces the Sun, during ſo many ages, and the ſoft Moon, had loved to ſhed their richeſt and melloweſt rays—which, in turn, were caſt back upon the burniſhed gold and ſilver, or ſhining Corinthian braſs, that encompaſſed many of thoſe columns. But alas! all of thy glories, O Temple of the living God! are gone for ever: no ſun nor moon, for ever, ſhall viſit them—they are conſumed by the fierceſt of all the elements—made yet more potent by the breath of offended Deity!

Deſtruction of the "Beautiful Gate."

As I ſtood for a moment hard-by the Gate of Shuſhan, and under the porch of Solomon, ſurveying the ſcene around me, almoſt in a trance of ſtupifying terror, my eye became fixed upon that ſupreme glory of man's moſt ſkilful art—the "Beautiful Gate!"—I watched with feveriſh anxiety the progreſs of the maniac waves of fire about to encircle it, and I beheld thoſe flames ſuddenly enveloping the much-famed Golden Vine of that Gate! In a minute after, ſpeechleſs and pale and nearly breathleſs, I leaned, as it were for life, againſt a column of the Eaſtern Cloiſter: the blood within me, which, from the exceſſive heat, had courſed my veins with unnatural haſte, was now ſo chilled with horror, that greatly I feared I ſhould not eſcape,—for then I diſtinctly ſaw, and alſo heard, the rich and vaſt cluſters of golden grapes, with all their luxuriant foliage, ſuddenly fall, and with a hideous craſh upon the marble ſteps beneath the gate—*and there, with a hiſſing noiſe, were they quenched in the deep ſtreams of blood* that guſhed from thouſands ſlain within the Temple! So impetuouſly ran that blended ſtream, as to bear with it many of thoſe wretched beings down the ſteps, and even the ponderous grapes and vines and foliage of that long-admired wonder of our Temple!

But this ſcene became to me ſtill more overwhelming, from the piercing cries of thoſe periſhing in the flames—from the thundering noiſes of falling walls and columns and maſſive timbers—from the ſhouts of foes and of friends—from the lamentations of thoſe at a diſtance upon the higheſt walls—from the roarings of the infuriated flames—from the harſh ſounds of the catapultæ and battering-rams in levelling the proud and ſolid maſonry—alſo from the deep-toned reverberations of theſe congregated noiſes, as they ruſhed from the ſurrounding towers and fragments of the Temple and the Antonia—and ſtill further echoed from the hills and valleys that encompaſs the city!——Surely, it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!—for, if his Love be boundleſs and of long continuance, is not his Vengeance moſt terrible?

Jeruſalem's Deſtruction, by an Eye-Witneſs.

Individual Miſeries.

On leaving my dangerous poſition near the Gate of Shuſhan, my attention was again ſuddenly arreſted by a moſt appalling ſight, within the Temple's other end! The ſlaughter had become very great within thoſe walls moſt remote from the raging element:—there, in blended heaps, lay the deluded pious, and the once daring wicked—the aged and the young: here alſo were found women of diſtinction, and thoſe of low condition—mothers, daughters, and children,—and, mixed with all theſe were the dead, or half-expiring corſes of the Zealots, and of the haughty Romans!

The impious, and now more than ever reckleſs Giſchalite, had juſt headed a few of his infamous horde; and found his way from the outer court of the Temple in ſafety, until he reached the Upper City! The news of his eſcape had aſtoniſhed all, both friends and foes: and, whilſt muſing for an inſtant as to what ſhould be his fate, I was rouſed from my thoughts by a body of moſt raſh and frantic prieſts, perceived by me ſtanding upon the loftieſt parts of a roof, not yet reached by the flames!

Theſe prieſts, with the unnatural ſtrength of raging paſſions, and yet with the exhauſtion of long famine, and wakefulneſs, were ſeen ſtruggling to wrench off certain gilded ſpikes, of no ſmall weight, that they might hurl them in defiance upon the enemy below!—but, being driven from the mad attempt, and compelled to take refuge upon a narrow wall, beneath which the flames were roaring, they were ſeen by others, and were ſummoned inſtantly to ſurrender. Now, though their eſcape was juſt as hopeleſs, as was their ability impotent, to ſever thoſe ſpikes, or to injure with them their foe, yet they remained ſilent for a moment,—and then ſuddenly two of thoſe wretched men preferred death; and, to my inexpreſſible horror, I beheld *Mair*, the ſon of Belga—and *Joſeph*, ſon of Delai, plunge headlong into the flames below! Such deſperation rouſed the attention of many, even amidſt the accumulated terrors around us; and we watched, with keen intereſt and curioſity, ſome other of thoſe prieſts ſtill lingering on the fearful heights, ſeemingly irreſolute as to their courſe—and *we* not well aſſured they could deſcend in ſafety, if diſpoſed. For a time, I obſerved them looking upon vacancy—then upon the fiery ſurges, and anon, their huge ſorrows yielded to a flood of tears! A ſight like this appeals to the heart, by a law of our nature, far more ſtrongly, good Aquila, than when even many are ſlain before us in the uſual courſe of warfare; and hence I found a more lively intereſt in the fate of thoſe ſolitary prieſts, ſurrounded as they were on thoſe fearful heights, by ſmoke and flames and falling walls, than as to ſome hundreds, who had clung around the altars before the conflagration raged—they found not mercy!

Jeruſalem's Deſtruction, by an Eye-Witneſs.

At length a little boy, with haggard eye and emaciated frame, was ſeen by me on the ſummit of a lofty wall. He was ſtrongly urged to deſcend, and with promiſe of life and ſafety: he complied; and ſoon was found alongſide a fountain in the court—drinking as if, for the firſt time in his life, he was then conſcious of *water's worth!* This done, he hurriedly filled his veſſel to the brim; looked piteouſly on the companions he had forſaken,—and, with an arrow's ſpeed, we found him on the ſame alarming heights, ſharing liberally with them the cooling beverage; and, no doubt, as willing to partake of all their deſperate fate!

On the following day, however, theſe prieſts, nearly famiſhed by hunger and thirſt, craved permiſſion to ſurrender with pledge of life: but Titus then replied that the hour of mercy had now paſſed; and that, as the *Temple* was deſtroyed, the Prieſts, for their obſtinacy, muſt periſh with it—they came down, and inſtantly were put to death!

Already have I alluded to falſe prophets and Meſſiahs, predicted for theſe times, and as a warning by the only true Meſſiah, that we ſhould have no truſt in them. Such falſe ones did appear in our Jeruſalem during the whole ſiege. Theſe were ſuſtained by the Zealots, by which means the people were taught patiently to await deliverance, by ſome mighty temporal Shiloh! Strange infatuation! this wild notion brought into the Temple vaſt crowds of deluded perſons: and, near the cloſe of the conflagration, more than ſix thouſand of them, chiefly women, and youths of both ſexes, were found concealed in retired ſpots of the Temple and cloiſters—they all periſhed amidſt the flames of the Outer Court!

The treaſures collected from the Temple, and elſewhere, were indeed immenſe.* When the fires had nearly ſubſided, the ſoldiers marched in proceſſion round the ſmoking ruins, and with their idolatrous ſtandards flying! When oppoſite to where the Gate of Shuſhan ſo lately ſtood, they offered ſacrifices, and there ſaluted Titus as *Imperator*—a title which, as it ſeems, the Roman army may at any time lawfully confer! Wonderful Nation!—when ſhall thy empire ceaſe—when ſhall Daniel's clear viſion be accompliſhed?

The Temple of Jehovah—the only Houſe on earth in which for ages He had deigned to dwell, being now no more, all that ſhould follow in the dread ſcene of Jeruſalem's men, I looked on with comparative indifference—yea, with a ſoul memorative only of her former glories, but nearly regardleſs of any further miſeries in ſtore for Abraham's afflicted ſeed.

* It is related that theſe treaſures were ſo immenſe, that gold and ſilver depreciated in Syria to one half its former value!

Jeruſalem's Deſtruction, by an Eye-Witneſs.

More than a year hath paſſed ſince all was finiſhed: reaſon, the child of time, but far more, our New Faith (built upon Calvary's rock, and made certain by the *empty* tomb, in which the Arimathean had laid the body, and the Jews *ſealed* that tomb) now aſſures me that the Great Nazarene is ever with his Church, and in all places, and that now all the Earth is his Temple—and that wherever truth and ſincerity are found, and faith in Him, *there* are his temples: ſurely the outward and viſible temples may alſo, in time, ariſe—and they will as infallibly come, as the dews of heaven ſeek for the parched earth! Hence is it, dear Aquila, that I ſhall mourn no longer over Jeruſalem's fate: once ſo holy, it became ſo foul and deſecrated, that its overthrow was doubtleſs as neceſſary, as was the deſtruction of the old world by the raging waters, or the Cities of the Plain by the ſubterranean and celeſtial fires!

Lower City deſtroyed.

What now remains to be told as to Jeruſalem's utter ruin, may be ſhortly ſaid: for, though full of ſtirring events, and of galling miſeries, no Jew nor Chriſtian can remember Solomon's prayer of dedication of his Temple, and alſo the weeping of thoſe who witneſſed the raiſing of the ſecond one by Zerubbabel, without knowing that no other temple will ever ſupply its place—and that the Wall of Separation is now caſt down for ever,—ſo that the reſt of Salem is but droſs, and muſt ſo remain until the times of the Gentiles be accompliſhed. Judah and Benjamin, and alſo the other Ten Tribes, muſt now alike be wanderers: Zion and the valleys around ſhall be deſolate, and falſe gods will abound therein; and the Houſe of Jacob will nowhere be found in ſtrength. Marvel not at theſe my words, O Aquila; for ſo is it written in all the chronicles of the paſt, and in all the horrors of the preſent.

The Lower City was next conſigned to the flames,—ſo that the Upper City alone remained the refuge of the wretched multitude, and of the few robbers that now had arms. Titus nevertheleſs, had ſome kind wiſhes in regard to that portion of Jeruſalem, and would have ſaved it, and ended the ſlaughter: but the wicked folly that ſtill guided the Sanhedrim, was the ſame as that which condemned Jeſus: the blindneſs that yet ſealed their eyes againſt the truth of the Reſurrection—the obduracy that ſtill cloſed their ears to the wonders of the Pentecoſtal day—and the madneſs that gave them hope for the Temple, until it lay in aſhes, make them to the preſent hour ſtill hopeful of a temporal Meſſiah! Oh folly, that hath no name!—the beaſts that roam and famiſh upon ſterile mountains, are not more fierce and helpleſs than Man, when heart and mind are without the only God.

Jeruſalem's Deſtruction—Fate of the Giſchalite.

On *Tiſhri's* ſecond day, [*Monday, 4th September,*] Titus became maſter of the Upper City—then the only portion that had reſiſted with hope, after the deſtruction of the Temple.* When I beheld the Roman ſtandards floating on the towers of that part of the city, the now very mixed horde of Jews, Romans, Syrians, Arabians, friends and foes—the pious few, and the deſperately wicked many,—when all theſe were ſeen of me, I experienced a ſenſation of repoſe unknown to me for months paſt; for then the conflict was over, and all were ſeeking quietude; and an almoſt deadly ſilence reigned around! As birds of various and hoſtile natures are ſometimes rudely daſhed about by a long tumultuous hurricane, and ſink together upon the earth, panting and exhauſted, are then happy there to repoſe in harmony, ſo were now all theſe people, after a common danger, diſpoſed to forget the paſt, and not to think of the future. *Upper City deſtroyed.*

The conqueſt of the Upper City, as being the laſt mighty ſtruggle, was gained only by a tremendous ſlaughter—ſo much ſo, that blood and fire were ſeen contending for the maſtery!—and, when night came on, and the ſlaying ceaſed, the fires were obſerved to rage more fiercely! This, if in part a fancy in the multitude, ſhows nevertheleſs a prodigious waſte of life, and that copious ſtreams of blood—and the fury that urged each ſide, were both awfully great. And now the many vaults and paſſages under ground teemed with the living, the dead, and the dying—likewiſe with countleſs treaſures, ſecreted there by a ſtill hopeful and infatuated multitude: and, at that expiring moment of Jeruſalem's exiſtence, lo! in one of thoſe loathſome vaults was ſeen John of Giſchala!—and oh how fallen! He ſo famed for daring and haughty proweſs, for artful ſtratagem, for undying perſeverance, for indomitable wickedneſs, now lay motionleſs, toil-worn, and a wretched ſufferer by famine, and now by hopeleſs deſpair! John feebly ſued for life—which Titus granted,—but on condition of being doomed to perpetual chains!

All that remained of Jeruſalem was then deſtroyed—ſave only a part of the Weſtern Wall, and the towers of *Phaſaelus*, of *Hippi-*

* The uſual date given for this event is the 2nd of *Tiſhri*, and, by the moderns, the *7th of September*: but the 7th of September correſponded with the 5th of Tiſhri. It is alſo ſaid that the Upper City was gained juſt one week before the Great day of Atonement: but, as that day is the 10th of ſeventh month, *Tiſhri*, a week added to the 2nd of *Tiſhri* would bring the day of Atonement to Monday the 9th of that Jewiſh month. If, then, the Upper City fell juſt one week before the day of Atonement, the 3rd of Tiſhri muſt be received as the day: and, if the 2nd be taken as the undoubted day of conqueſt, it was not one week, but juſt eight days before the Atonement, as that was then on Tueſday the 12th of September. In either way, the day of Atonement could *never come*,—for God had deſtroyed all before that day arrived! See ante p. 433—435, and Note *.

cus, and of *Mariamne*,—these being preserved as memorials to after ages of the sure existence of a City, which now numbers two thousand, one hundred, seventy and seven years—that is, since Melchisedek, the righteous king of Jebus, or Salem, first laid its foundations!*

I must not end this letter, long as it is, good Aquila, without informing thee of the fate of that other renowned robber, Simon of Georas.

Fate of Simon, Son of Georas.

High sixty days had elapsed since Jerusalem had become as "heaps;" and yet nothing was seen or heard of Simon! All sought to learn his fate; but every search proved vain.

When all hope of further resistance in the Upper City was abandoned, Simon had assembled a number of persons, among whom were stone-cutters and other mechanics: they descended, with their tools, and with provisions for a long time, into one of the subterranean passages. Their plan was to continue mining there, until they could rise to the surface in some remote place of safety; and thus effect their escape, after the Romans should have evacuated the ruins. The difficulties, however, encountered by them proved greater than were expected; and they began to suffer from hunger. Simon resorted at length to a curious stratagem; which he hoped to make effectual through the superstitious fears of the Roman soldiers on guard; and that was, to rise from the ground under such circumstances as should alarm them, as being the appearance of some one rising from the grave! With this view, Simon was clad in a pure white robe; over which was buttoned a small purple mantle. Whilst the guards were reposing among the ruins near the city bounds, and as night was approaching, a tall figure was seen to rise from the ground, silently and with the most imposing dignity! The white raiment and thin purple cloak—the haggard visage and sunken eyes—the long flowing beard, and curling locks, all so indistinctly seen through the evening gloom, failed not to rivet for a moment to the spot the soldiers' attention: but they being too long familiar with scenes of horror, also with the artifices of war, and even with the supernatural agencies that seemed to mark Jerusalem's downfall, soon became composed, and gradually approached the marvellous figure, demanding what it was, or wanted?

Simon was silent, and in his demeanour mysterious; but being further interrogated, and pressed for his name, he refused to give one—but bade them instantly call their captain. Terentius Rufus thereupon appeared,—to whom he surrendered—as Simon of Georas!

At that time, Titus was at Cæsarea Philippi, disposing of his

* The tower of Phasael yet remains, though nearly 1800 years have passed since the days of Titus—and Jerusalem now numbers nearly 4000 years.

Triumph of Veſpaſian and Titus.

numerous captives, and caſting to the wild beaſts ſuch as were unſaleable! The news of Simon's capture was ſent to Cæſar; who, when he paſſed over to Cæſarea on the Sea, ordered Simon to be forthwith ſent to him, and in bonds. This was done, that he might be reſerved for the great Triumph expected to be ſoon celebrated at Rome, in honour of the victories in Paleſtine, and of the termination ſurely of the ſaddeſt of all the Roman wars.

The Triumph of Veſpaſian and Titus.

I ſtill cannot end my letter, without informing thee that the Triumph decreed by the ſenate to Veſpaſian and Titus, was perhaps the moſt magnificent ever exhibited even in Rome; and that it was the firſt in which father and ſon were thus jointly honoured! Of courſe, I witneſſed not that Triumph; but muſt detail it as received by me lately here from a friend, who was an eye-witneſs.

The extraordinary variety, rareneſs, number, and richneſs diſplayed in that vaſt triumphal proceſſion, muſt indeed have been wonderful,—embracing things curious and exquiſite in art, and moſt ſcarce and admirable in nature—the whole ſelected from nearly every region of the world, and from people of all degrees of civilization! Countleſs treaſures of gold and of precious ſtones—ſome of the ſacred veſſels, and many of the ſplendid prieſtly robes, ſpoils from the holieſt and ancienteſt of all the temples—a long proceſſion of the rareſt wild beaſts—truthful pictorial repreſentations of the ſieges and deſtructions of cities effected by Roman arms, ſome of thoſe pictures being ſo wide and lofty as to obſcure the ſpacious palaces and temples that grace the Forum, through which the Triumph paſſed!—alſo the like delineations of ſlaughtered armies—likewiſe of the aged and young of both ſexes, lamenting the deſolation of the lovelieſt regions—alſo thoſe that diſplayed the rareſt beauty bereft of every ſolace, and theſe ſtriving for life amidſt ſtreams of commingled blood and fire!—temples in conflagration, and vaſt maſſes in the act of falling, and wide-ſpread ruins abounding upon the earth: in fine, pictures that vividly brought to the eye of the myriad beholders, all the horrors of War, of Peſtilence, and of Famine, as contraſted with all the lovelineſs of Peace!—ſuch were the many and varied objects that compoſed only a part of that great triumphal proceſſion. Next to all theſe came, in due order, the Book of the Jewiſh Law—the lofty Seven-branched Candleſtick—the Golden Table—the Cenſers—the Trumpets, and other coſtly ſacrificial inſtruments of our famed Temple!* Theſe were followed by a long train of

* The famous Seven-branched Candleſtick, above-named, is computed by

Jewiſh captives, each ſelected with ſpecial care as to venerable old age—to the exquiſite beauty of Hebrew virgins and matrons—and as to the lofty bearing, high diſtinction, and eminent proweſs of Jeruſalem's Defenders: others were from Jotapata, from Gamalà, Tiberias, and from divers other cities of Paleſtine, now no more. Such an aſſemblage, in its completeneſs, cauſed this Triumph to be, of all others the world hath known, the greateſt, and, doubtleſs, the moſt awakening.

At the head of the train of captives was SIMON OF GEORAS!—and, as the gorgeous proceſſion paſſed down the Forum, then filled with a living maſs of proud and exulting victors—for each Roman feels himſelf a portion of his country, and individually ſeems a patriot—the ſhouts of the excited multitude can only be compared in loudneſs, to that aſtounding cry that ſhook the very heavens, when Iſrael firſt beheld the flames of her Temple from the heights of Olivet!—but oh, how different the feelings that cauſed the vociferations of the two multitudes!—the one, of unutterable grief—the other, of an exultation ſuch as Roman victors alone can ſhow.

At length, the Proceſſion ſtopped at the Capitol—there to be inſtructed that Rome's glory was now to be completed, by the execution of Iſrael's braveſt General in their preſence; and that this diſtinction was the lot of Simon,—who, with a halter round his neck, was then ſcourged, as the Proceſſion again ſlowly moved; and, being dragged along the Forum for a ſhort time, he was then put to an ignominious death!

It is ſaid that a noble Triumphal Arch will be erected in honour of Titus,—and will portray his great exploits in Judea, and alſo contain the forms of the more valuable among the ſacred ſpoils of our Temple. It is further ſaid, that Veſpaſian will alſo build a magnificent Temple to Peace; in which he deſigns to preſerve all the Jewiſh and other ſpoils. The Veil of the Temple, and alſo the Books of Moſes and of the Prophets, are now depoſited in the Imperial Palace.*

Cumberland to have been worth, from its gold alone, 5760*l.*—equal to about 28,000 dollars. It ſeems that this candelabrum was not *caſt*, but wrought with the hammer: and it is certain that this was not one of the *ten* candelabra of the Firſt Temple—but that it was the *only* one ever aſſigned to the Second Temple. The uſual *drawing* of it is, no doubt, ſufficiently accurate,—it being taken from the ſcriptural and Joſephine deſcriptions, probably aided by the rather crude picture of it on the Arch of Titus.

* The Arch of Titus, which yet remains nearly entire, is the moſt intereſting of all the monuments of thoſe early ages of Chriſtendom. The Temple of Peace in the Forum (if, indeed, that fragment be the remnant of that temple) is now an utter ruin. The ſpoils of Jeruſalem's Temple continued to be preſerved with great care by the Romans: but they were taken by Genſeric, after

The Spoils of Jeruſalem—The Arch of Titus.

And now, O Aquila, the promiſe I made thee hath been performed, and the ſad ſtory of Jeruſalem's fate been faithfully detailed. Hoping ſoon to hear from thee all that concerns thy own doings, and much that reſpects the Epheſians, I have only to ſay that, when more at leiſure, I ſhall alſo be mindful of my promiſe to tell thee more as to our wonderful Cartaphilus; who, of all men I have known, is to me the greateſt ænigma—exciting in me love, fear, reſpect, and hatred, ſo often as we meet!—love for his undoubted intellectual, and perhaps moral, greatneſs—fear, at the awful myſtery that hath ever environed him—reſpect for his dignity—and hatred, for his early life, and preſent obduracy amidſt ſo much light as ſurrounds him! FARE-THEE-WELL. MELCHIOR.

LETTER XXV.

CARTAPHILUS TO FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS—AT ROME.

EDESSA, *Tebeth*, 17th, Anno *Seleucidæ*, 385.
[December 15, A.D. 73.]

WONDERFUL are the events, my Flavius, the world hath ſeen ſince I left Rome, ſoon after Nero's death,—now but little more than five years. *Succeſſors of Nero.*

During that ſhort period the Roman Empire (now almoſt the only one) has been ruled by ſeveral—firſt by GALBA, who (though not of noble family, but an experienced Warrior, and of the people's choice even before Nero's death) could maintain neither his power, nor his head, much beyond ſeven months!—then came OTHO, full of vices and debauchery, alſo with the murder of his prince freſh upon his head: and, though his government was very mild, he laſted but three months! After him we had the infamous VITELLIUS—the popular and triumphant Vitellius; whoſe entry into the Imperial City was with voluptuous pomp, mounted on his prancing courſer, with the ſenators and Roman people before

the ſiege of Rome, in A.D. 455, and were ſhipped by that notorious Vandal, with other valuables, to Africa. Procopius affirms that Beliſarius recaptured them,—and they, having reached Conſtantinople, were returned to Jeruſalem, there to be preſerved by the Chriſtian churches. If this be ſo, it is certain that all further account of them is loſt. In the church of St. John Lateran, they ſtill profeſs to have the Ark of the Covenant!—but it is to be remembered that Joſephus makes no mention of this among the ſpoils of Titus; nor are we aware of any other author that does; nor is it to be found upon the Arch of Titus,—and the Romaniſts, moreover, have ever had a wonderful proclivity to imagine they poſſeſs whatever they deſire to have; and often make aſſertions touching ſuch matters, without a ſhadow of hiſtorical or other proof.

him—himſelf encompaſſed by numerous waving ſtandards—colours fluttering in the breeze, and his marauding army following in the rear! —but this *Nero-redevivus* laſted only eight months, his end being yet more diſgraceful than that of his wicked prototype,—and quite as rapid as the Aſtrologers had predicted before they were baniſhed! In an obſcure corner of the Aventine, this beaſtly voluptuary was diſcovered, after concealing himſelf from the enraged populace. They tied his hands, placed a halter round his neck, tore his clothes from his back, with ſavage violence; and, in that ſtate, the loathed wretch was dragged through the Via Sacra into the Forum naked! With a ſword pointed againſt his chin, and his hair ſcrewed back in the faſhion of the vileſt malefactor, this dainty Emperor, after a ſhower of mud and filth, received the blows of a thouſand enemies, —and his vile body was indignantly caſt into the fouleſt part of the Tiber.* And thus, in leſs than eighteen months, three of Rome's emperors periſhed.

But now a word, my Joſephus, as to thine own ſhrewd gueſs—yes, thy admirable political ſagacity, in reſpect to Veſpaſian, ſo quickly verified upon thy promiſe to the then ſeemingly incredulous, but ſtill flattered General in Paleſtine. In due time, after the death of Vitellius, the Senate unanimouſly proclaimed thy friend Veſpaſian, and all thy words were fulfilled in about twenty-and-eight months after thou hadſt firſt declared to Jotapata's ſuffering people, that thy Conqueror would ſurely be ſupreme in Rome! Four years have now gone by, ſince thy prediction was accompliſhed—and Veſpaſian continues "Lord of the Earth and Sea—and Ruler of the Human Race," as thou, when his priſoner at Cæſarea, didſt declare unto him would infallibly come to paſs!

Works of Joſephus.

Much pleaſed am I to hear, O Flavius, that thou art now occupied (of thy great experience and reſearch) in the writing of our Jewiſh wars and antiquities. I doubt not it will be a faithful hiſtory of our always wonderful, and now ruined country: And as thou haſt aſked of me a

* This probably occurred in December, A.D. 68. The *gourmanderie* of the emperor Aulus Vitellius was ſo extraordinary, as to form in itself a volume in the hiſtory of man's phyſical vagaries, were the ſubject worthy of the toil. His appetite was ſo preternatural that, as Dion relates, beſides four regular meals of appalling magnitude, he would regale himſelf at any hour or place where any good cheer might be found! His numerous favourites were ſeverely taxed in preparing for him the moſt ſumptuous prandiums and cœnas,—none of which coſt leſs than 2000*l.* ſter.! And though Vitellius reigned only eight months and five days, ſo exceſſive was his profuſion, that he not only ruined many rich families, but ſome cities; and he is ſaid to have coſt the Empire about 6,000,000*l.* ſter., or nearly twenty-nine millions of dollars! Hence Joſephus ſays that, had Vitellius reigned much longer, the wealth of all the Roman people would ſcarce have ſuſtained his table. A nation that could tolerate ſo *beaſtly* a man, even eight months, may be well ſuſpected itſelf of a pervading brutality.

detail of ſuch matters as I witneſſed, or have heard of upon good authority, ſince I departed from Judea up to the preſent hour, and that I ſhould alſo hereafter note for thee ſuch Jewiſh matters as may be of intereſt, I yield a willing compliance,—and yet with humility, as I confeſs, O ſage Joſephus, my pen moves ſlower than once it did—admoniſhing me that life burns feebly in me,—that the dregs of my oil are prematurely ſhown, and that my many excitements, of late, have cauſed the now ſluggiſh drops (as with my clepſydra) to tell me the hour is late, and that time may ſoon end with me, as no ability have I to renew my ſtrength, as we can at any time renew the force of that convenient noter of the hours.

His Friends at Edeſſa.

Thy firſt letter, written to me, as thou wilt remember, early after my departure from Veſpaſian's camp, found me at Pella. How deeply my mind was then ſet upon returning to Jeruſalem, there to dedicate body and ſoul to our country's ſervice, thou wilt bear me witneſs. But thy wiſe counſels, and thy ſad details awakened me as from a dream; and I perceived, for the firſt time, the awful truth of Iſrael's loſt condition,—my friends at Pella, and thoſe of Edeſſa, alſo, thinking wholly with thee, urged me promptly and for ever to abandon Jeruſalem. This I did; but with feelings almoſt of agony, and with a heart overflowing with myſterious and terrific forebodings—all of which, as thou knoweſt, were more than realized—thy eye fully, and mine, in part, witneſſing.

After thy departure from our ruined Jeruſalem, for Cæſarea Philippi, and thence to the other Cæſarea on the coaſt, and thence to the Imperial City, I found myſelf at Edeſſa quite too wretched, from cauſes thou haſt heard, to remain with the afflicted families. Agbarus early followed his daughter and his ſon-in-law to the tomb; and was depoſited alongſide his forefathers, with a magnificence ſuited to his princely character, but ſubdued ſomewhat by his well-known Chriſtian humility,—which was faithfully regarded by me, on whom moſt of that ſad duty devolved.

Melchior is ſtill with me; Julianus and his Philotera are as proſperous as they could wiſh to be, having two lovely children—a ſon and daughter,—whilſt Alcæus and his Cornelia are equally bleſſed. Rebecca yet lingers a noble monument—ever lovely and intellectual,—and unaffectedly pious; therefore doth ſhe ſigh to follow her Chriſtian friends. Theſe private matters muſt now be parted with,—though thy generous nature, my Joſephus, doth yield me a willing ſympathy.

The deſtruction of Machærus.

My hope was that Jeruſalem's awful fate would have ended the miſeries of our deluded people; and I was not prepared for the ſturdy oppoſition ſo daringly made by Machærus and Maſada! The Fortreſs of Herodian had wiſely ſubmitted without an effort; but Machærus truſted to her

inacceſſible heights—to her rocky battlements—her deep ravines—her craggy ſummits, and to her wonderful fortifications—all good defences, indeed, when the ſtrife is only between contending earthly foes,—but moſt impotent, when the Lord of Hoſts takes ſides with the invading party! And ſo Machærus found them all,—her reſiſtance being ſcarce proportioned to her apparent ſtrength and boaſting confidence, which would have been all real, but that the Roman arm was directed by a power far more than Roman, or even Human!

A ſhort time after the fall of this city, which yielded to the arms of Lucillius Baſſus, ſucceſſor in command when Titus departed, I viſited the ruins of that once powerful fortreſs, and beautiful city; and there I learned a number of details reſpecting the forces employed and the defences made, which I now ſend to thee in a ſeparate parcel,—being unwilling to diſturb my brief narrative by their inſertion here.*

Had this ſtrong fortreſs been ſituate upon a plain, Baſſus would have entertained little doubt of early ſucceſs: but the deep ravine which ſeparates it, on the Weſt, from the Jordan, near the entrance of that river into the Dead Sea, diſtant from Machærus about ſixty ſtadia, rendered an attack upon that ſide hopeleſs. So alſo, on the South and North, are ſimilar though leſs extenſive ravines—and on the Eaſt is a mountain, between which and Machærus is ſtill another ravine, but of leſs difficulty,—ſo that Baſſus ſoon determined to form the ſiege on this eaſtern ſide. Strong embankments were then raiſed againſt the fortifications, and the battle raged with great violence, and with ſevere ſlaughter on both ſides.

The youthful Warrior Eleazar.

At length the citadel capitulated, by reaſon of a circumſtance ſo remarkable, that I muſt not omit to ſtate its particulars. It appears, then, that a youth named Eleazar, of high ſtanding as belonging to a numerous and much beloved family in the beſieged city, had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Romans. Eleazar was wonderful for ſkilful boldneſs, and had greatly ſignalized himſelf in the various ſallies that had recently taken place. It ſo happened, however, that during a ſhort ſuſpenſion of hoſtilities, he was ſtanding without the gate; and ſo deeply occupied was he in converſing with ſome friends who ſtood upon the lofty walls juſt above him, that he perceived not the danger that was nigh,—for, an Egyptian prowler from the Roman camp, ſuddenly ruſhed upon the unſuſpecting youth, and bore him off bodily with his entire armour on, and ſo quickly too, and with ſuch gigantic ſtrength and ſtrides, that no reſiſtance could be given before both were within the Roman lines!

* Theſe ſtatiſtical and other details of Cartaphilus are omitted from our Selections, as unſuited to the purpoſes we have in hand.

The Youthful Warrior Eleazar.

Thoſe upon the wall looked upon the act of the wily and powerful Egyptian with deep aſtoniſhment, and great alarm for Eleazar, whom they ſo much valued. How great then was their diſmay and grief, when, in a ſhort time, they beheld the youthful warrior rudely dragged out, naked, and ſurrounded by ſcourgers, in order that before the eyes as it were of all the city, he might be whipped in that ſad condition! The fate of the hapleſs Eleazar excited a mournful ſympathy over all Machærus, and the deep lamentations of many were louder than had been ſhown when many lives during the ſiege had periſhed—for they had met the wonted fate of war!—and ſo it often is, good Joſephus; our feelings, in a multitudinous calamity, are often drowned; and yet they are ſeen to guſh forth in unimpeded ſway, over the more glaring and peculiar fate of an individual!

The Roman general was quick in perceiving this anomaly in man's nature, and hoped to profit by it further. He therefore reſorted to the ſtratagem of more deeply aggravating their grief, by erecting a croſs diſtinctly in view of all from the walls, or any of the heights,—at the ſame time giving out, that it was raiſed for the immediate execution of the youth! The plan had its intended effect—the people of Machærus uttered loud cries of horror and vexation; and the warriors even of the citadel could not reſtrain their grief: ſo great and pervading had become the feeling in his behalf, that it rouſed the whole city as to him; and aſſured them at the ſame time of their own wretched condition, ſhould the city fall. On every ſide, they found themſelves encompaſſed by appalling difficulties: all Iſrael, as they well knew, now was conquered, ſave alone themſelves, and thoſe of Maſada!—both might, indeed, hold out for a time—yea, for a long time, but finally, the ſiege muſt prevail: and, thus forced into reflection, they again raiſed their eyes upon the croſs, and the ignoble fate of their brave countryman, and promptly offered to capitulate, on terms of ſaving Eleazar! The conditions were accepted—the citadel ſurrendered, and the valorous youth, much exhauſted by the ſevere ſcourging inflicted on him, was borne off with joyous hearts!

The ſtrangers in Machærus, and the people of the Lower Town, not being within the capitulation, were left to Roman mercy—many of the more deſperate effected their eſcape,—but Baſſus ſlew about ſeventeen hundred, and made captives of the women and children.

Many of the fugitives from Jeruſalem, and now thoſe from Machærus, had concealed themſelves within the dark and tangled foreſt of Jardes: thither Baſſus purſued them, ſurrounded the foreſt, and ſucceeded in putting three thouſand to the ſword, with a loſs on the Roman ſide of only twelve! It is, however, to be borne

in mind, that famine and peſtilence (added to their other miſeries) had nigh waſted them to the bone; and that their leader, one Judas, ſon of Jairas, was early ſlain. This Judas had commanded a band during Jeruſalem's ſiege, and was one of thoſe who, more fortunate than Simon of Gioras, had eſcaped through a ſubterranean paſſage.

At this time, Maximus was the Procurator of Judea. Orders from the Emperor were received by him and by Baſſus, to ſell the lands of all Judea! and further, that the *didrachma*, or half ſhekel, formerly paid annually by all Jews, for the Temple's uſe at Jeruſalem, ſhould henceforth be appropriated to the rebuilding at Rome, of the Temple of the Capitoline Jupiter; which, as you remember, was conſumed nigh the ſame time with ours! Oh, my learned and excellent Flavius, how wonderful and far-ſeeing are the counſels of Abraham's God—how narrow the viſion of all his creatures!

Deſtruction of Maſada.

In a ſhort time thereafter, Baſſus died, and was ſucceeded by Flavius Silva, who loſt no time in attacking Maſada, which was ſuſtained by an immenſely ſtrong fortreſs, and by various circumſtances that gave promiſe of much difficulty to our foes; for it was not only under the command of the great leader Eleazar, a deſcendant of the famed Judas, the Gaulonite,—but he and all under him, as their fathers during ſeventy years before had been, were equally as firmly reſolved now, that the payment of any tax, or the leaſt ſubmiſſion to the Roman yoke, was ignoble and ſinful, as being violative of the Moſaic inſtitutions! which opinion, as thou knoweſt, lay at the very root of nearly all the revolts, and ſturdy oppoſitions of the Jews againſt the Roman ſway.

MASADA, if poſſible, was even more ſtrongly fortified by nature, as well as by art, than Machærus—from which it is diſtant, to the ſouth, about ten paraſangs,* and lies on the weſtern ſide of the Dead Sea.

Perched on a maſs of cragged and lofty rocks, begirt with deep chaſms on nearly all ſides, through which even the Zebi and the wild Goat dared ſcarce to venture, the Fortreſs of Maſada in proud defiance overlooked the Roman forces, then actively engaged in building a wall around the entire citadel, to prevent the egreſs of any of the beſieged. The Maſadans alſo beheld their foes on the White Promontory, towards the weſt, ſimilarly occupied in raiſing a mound, not leſs than twenty-five Arabian poles in height,† which was followed by another embankment of ponderous ſtones, upon which were placed their battering-rams. On a ſmall and beautiful

* About forty Engliſh miles. † Equal to about 350 feet!

Herod's Palace at Maſada.

plain of ſingular fertility, in the rear of the fortreſs, ſtood Maſada, encompaſſed by a wall the fourth of a paraſang in circuit*—defended by thirty-eight ſtrong and lofty towers, each fifty cubits high. From this ſmall and once lovely city, runs a narrow and rocky path down to the ſhores of the ſea, purſuing its tortuous way, quite four Roman miles, along fearful precipices on either ſide,—and which, from its narrowneſs and perpetual windings, hath well been called the Serpent.

Herod's magnificent Palace.

The palace on the weſtern ſide of the city, built by the firſt Herod, is connected with the fortreſs by ſubterranean ways; and was a ſtructure of ſurpriſing magnificence. In all its glory was it, when firſt I ſaw it a ſhort time before my earlieſt viſit to Rome, now nigh thirty years ago; and well do I remember that, when I afterwards compared it with ſome of thoſe even of Imperial Rome, its ſplendour and admirable union of all the ſtrength of a fortreſs, with the gorgeous richneſs and comfort of a palace, forced me loudly to applaud the taſte of that Herod, whoſe character, in all other reſpects, I ſo much abhorred. Its four towers, ſixty cubits high, one at each corner,—the extenſive cloiſters, ſupported by pillars in ſingle ſhafts, and of aſtoniſhing magnitude—the vaſt rooms and halls paved with marbles of divers colours—the beautiful fountains and baths—the lengthened and devious and narrow paſſages of acceſs—the deep and ſolid reſervoirs, ever filled with copious ſupplies of living water—and, moreover, the abundance of rich furniture that garniſhed all the chambers and apartments of this great caſtle-manſion, cauſe me now to mourn deeply over the ſad calamity that befell them all!

I remember, alſo, the vaſt ſtores of proviſions treaſured there by the ever-provident Herod—the wine and oil and pulſe and dates, which I then beheld, all in perfect preſervation, though nigh ſeventy years had paſſed ſince that careful Idumean had placed them there! and my ſurpriſe was much increaſed when informed that the Romans found the ſame in great abundance, and ſtill well preſerved, though thirty more years had elapſed ſince my firſt viſit to Maſada! I likewiſe bear in mind the almoſt countleſs weapons of war—the quantities of braſs, of iron, of tin, and of other valuable metals,—and, in truth, of everything that could render the fortreſs beyond the reach of human deſtruction: and yet, O Joſephus, all, all have utterly periſhed, and fallen a prey to what they call Roman proweſs and arms,—but which, doubtleſs, was the reſiſtleſs might of the only God of Armies!

How the war raged between Flavius Silva and Eleazar, I will not here recount: but the matchleſs and wonderful addreſs of this

* About one mile.

Eleazar to the chief men of Maſada, whom he aſſembled in the palace, after all hope of effectual reſiſtance was gone, urging them all to *ſelf-immolation*, I now will endeavour to give thee,—and in the moſt authentic form I am able, ſince it is moſt worthy of preſervation—worthy of ſo great a man—worthy of a criſis ſuch as no other captain ever experienced, and as it is more perfectly adapted to its end, than any other that ever hath met my eye!

Amidſt the terrors that overhung Maſada, Eleazar ſtill abhorred the thought of ſubmiſſion, of flight, or of capitulation upon any terms! In the preſence, then, of his chief men, he craved their ſilent and patient hearing; and thus he ſpoke.

Eleazar's patriotic Speech.

"My valiant and generous friends! ſince we reſolved, long ago, never to be the ſlaves of Rome, nor ſubmiſſive to any power, ſave that of God, who alone is the true and juſt Lord; the time hath now come that compels us to put in practice this our firm reſolve! Let us not at this time, bring upon ourſelves reproach for ſelf-contradiction; ſince, when we made the avowal of abhorrence to ſlavery, we were then in little danger, but now have to fear, not ſlavery only, but the moſt intolerable of puniſhments—I mean, my friends, *if we are taken alive!* Ye all remember, We were the very firſt to raiſe the ſtandard of revolt, and We are now the laſt that fight againſt them; and I cannot but eſteem it God's ſpecial favour, that ſtill it is in our power to die bravely, and as freemen,—which hath not been the caſe with others. It is now quite manifeſt we ſhall be taken, and that we cannot hold out more than a day longer; but we have the choice now, to die in a glorious manner, and with our deareſt friends. Of this, even our enemies cannot deprive us, though ever ſo anxious to take us alive. Better, indeed, would it have been had we earlier conjectured reſpecting God's purpoſe, when we were ſo deſirous to defend our liberties, and when we experienced ſuch ſore treatment from one another, and yet worſe from our foes; better, I ſay, would it then have been had we been ſenſible of the fact that the ſame God, who of old had taken our nation into his favour, had then condemned us to a ſure deſtruction; for, had he either continued favourable, or been in a leſs degree diſpleaſed with us, he had not overlooked the deſtruction of ſo many Jews, or delivered his Holy City to be demoliſhed by our enemies. We, indeed, have vainly hoped to preſerve ourſelves—yea, ourſelves alone, and in a ſtate of freedom, as if we ſpecially had not ſinned, nor been partners with thoſe who had! Wherefore, conſider ye, how God hath aſſured us that our hopes are idle, by bringing upon us ſuch complicated miſeries, ſo much without our expectations!—for, the nature of our fortreſs, in itſelf unconquerable, hath not proved a means of deliverance; and even whilſt we have abundance of food, of arms,

and of all other neceſſaries, we are *openly deprived by God himſelf* of all hope of eſcape; for, ye all did ſee that the fire directed towards the enemies, turned back upon our walls, and not of its own accord, but through God's anger for our manifold ſins againſt Him and our countrymen, and which puniſhment, let us now receive, not from the Romans, but from God himſelf, *as executed by our own hands*—for theſe will be more moderate than the other. Let our wives die before they are abuſed, and our children before they have taſted of ſlavery; and after we have ſlain them, let us beſtow that glorious benefit upon one another mutually, and preſerve ourſelves in freedom, as an excellent funeral monument for us all! But firſt, let us deſtroy all our treaſures, and the fortreſs by fire; for I am well aſſured, this would be a great grief to the Romans,—that they ſhould fall upon our *dead* bodies, and likewiſe fail of our *wealth!* And, let us ſpare nothing but our proviſions as a teſtimonial when we are dead, that we were not ſubdued by want of neceſſaries; but that, according to our firſt reſolution, we have preferred death to ſlavery."

This ſpeech of Eleazar produced a wonderful effect—many were eager to ſeize upon death as a great good; but the remembrance of their wives, and daughters, and infants, ruſhing upon their minds, brought with it a flood of tears, and with them great dejection; and, at length, *aſſent* to the propoſal. Eleazar, however, was not diſmayed; and, knowing how great is the power of the *Soul's immortality* to ſubdue the terrors of death, he fixed his eye upon the weeping aſſembly, and thus renewed his ſpeech.

"Truly was I much deceived, in thinking thus to aſſiſt brave men ſtruggling hard for liberty, and reſolved to live with honour, or elſe to die. But, I find ye are people no better than others, either in virtue, or in courage; and that ye fear death, though delivered thereby from the greateſt miſeries, whilſt ye ſhould neither have delayed this matter, nor awaited any one to give ye this advice. The laws of our country, and of God himſelf, have ever taught us; and our reaſon, confirmed by the opinion of our forefathers, and by their practice, has ſuſtained the doctrine, that life, not death, is a calamity to man—for, this laſt affords liberty to our ſouls, and ſends them, by a removal from earth, to their own place of purity, where they ſhall be inſenſible to all ſorts of miſery: for while ſouls are tied down to a mortal body, they partake of its miſeries—and really, to ſpeak the truth, they are themſelves dead, for the union of what is divine, to what is mortal, is diſagreeable. It is true, the power of the ſoul is great, even when impriſoned in a mortal body; for, by moving after an inviſible faſhion, it cauſeth the body to be a ſenſible inſtrument, and makes it advance further in its actions, than mere mortal nature could otherwiſe do. However, when it is freed from that weight, which draws it down to the earth, and is there con-

nected with it, it obtains its own proper place, and doth then become a partaker of that bleſſed power, and of thoſe abilities which are then every way incapable of being hindered in their operations. To the eyes of men, indeed, it remains inviſible, as does God himſelf; for certainly, the ſoul is never ſeen whilſt within the body—being there after an inviſible manner; and, even when freed from it, it ſtill continues to be unſeen. It is the ſoul which hath one nature, and that an incorruptible one; but yet is it the cauſe of the change that is made in the body—ſince whatever the ſoul toucheth, that will live and flouriſh; and, from whatever it departeth, that muſt wither away and die!—ſo great is the degree of *immortality* that is within it! Suffer me to produce, as a proof of what I now utter, the ſtate of ſleep—wherein ſouls, when the body doth not diſtract them, have the ſweeteſt reſt, and hold ſweet converſe with God, by their alliance to him! Souls, *then*, go everywhere, and *foretel* many futurities, long before they become realities. And, why are we afraid of death, while we are ſo much pleaſed with the repoſe we have in ſleep? And how abſurd a thing is it to purſue liberty, while we are briefly alive, and yet to withhold it from ourſelves, where and when it will be eternal! We, therefore, who have been brought up under a diſcipline ſo much our own, ſhould become an example to others of our readineſs to die. Yet, if we do ſtand in need of *ſtrangers* to ſuſtain us in this matter, let us look upon thoſe of *India*, who profeſs the exerciſe of philoſophy; for theſe good men undergo the period of life but unwillingly, and look upon it as an unavoidable ſervitude; and, therefore, haſten to let their ſouls looſe from their clayey tenements! Nay, when no misfortune preſſes upon them, nor drives them upon it, theſe Indians have ſuch a deſire of immortal life, that they tell other men beforehand that they are about to depart; and there is none to hinder them, but all think them moſt happy, and give them letters to be carried to their familiar friends who have preceded them,—ſo firmly, and certainly do they believe that ſouls converſe with one another in that other world! So alſo, when theſe men have received all ſuch commands, they deliver up their bodies to the fire; and, that their ſouls may be ſeparated from the body in the greateſt purity, they yield them up in the midſt of ſongs of commendation, made unto them by thoſe around them: for their deareſt friends conduct them to their death, more readily than do many thoſe who are departing on a long journey. They weep, indeed, on their own account, but regard the others as moſt happy, being ſo ſoon to be made partakers of the order of immortal beings.

"Are not we, therefore, aſhamed to have lower notions of Death and the Soul, than the Indians?—and thus, by our own cowardice, to leave ſo baſe a reproach upon the laws of our country,

which are ſo much deſired and imitated by all mankind? But, ſuppoſe we had been brought up under another belief, and had been taught that life is the greateſt good of which men are capable, and that death is a real calamity—the circumſtances which now ſurround us, ought to be a ſufficient inducement to make us bear the calamity of death courageouſly, ſince the will of God, and neceſſity, would now bring us to die. God hath aforetime, as it doth now appear, iſſued his decree againſt all the Jewiſh nation, that we are to be deprived of this life, knowing, as he did, that we ſhould not make a due uſe of it. Ye do err, if ye aſcribe our preſent condition to ourſelves, or if ye ſuppoſe the Romans are the occaſion of this war being ſo deſtructive to us all. All this hath come to paſs, not from their power; but a ſtronger power hath intervened, and cauſed us to afford them the occaſion of ſeeming to be our conquerors. What Roman weapons, I pray ye, were thoſe by which the Cæſarean Jews were ſlain? On the contrary, when they were in no way diſpoſed to rebel, and were keeping their ſeventh day feſtival, and did not ſo much as lift up their hands againſt the other people of Cæſarea, yet did theſe Cæſareans riſe in might againſt the Jews, and cut their throats, and murdered their wives and children, and this, too, without the leaſt regard to the Romans, or their authority, by whom we were never before looked on as enemies. But ſome among ye may ſay that truly the people of Cæſarea had ever ſome quarrel againſt thoſe that lived among them, and that this was but an outbreak of that rancorous ſpirit. What then will ye ſay to thoſe of Scythopolis, who ventured to wage war on the Jews, on account of the Greeks? Nor did they do ſo through revenge upon the Romans, when they acted in concert with our countrymen. Wherefore, ye may plainly ſee how little our good-will and fidelity to them profited us—our people were ſlaughtered—our families ſlain in the moſt inhuman manner. But time permits not a detail of the deſtructions brought upon us; and ye cannot but know, that there was not one Syrian city which did not ſlay their Jewiſh inhabitants, and were not more bitter enemies to us than were even the Romans. Nay, even the people of Damaſcus, when they were unable to allege any tolerable pretence againſt us, moſt barbarouſly ſlew not leſs than ten thouſand of our people, with their wives and children. And, as to the multitude of thoſe ſlain in Egypt, and with torments, too, no leſs than ſixty thouſand fell: they, indeed, were in a foreign land, and without protection, were ſlaughtered as I have mentioned. As for thoſe of us, who have waged war in our own country againſt the Romans, had we not ſufficient reaſon for ſure hopes of victory? We had arms, and walls, and fortreſſes, ſo ſtrongly prepared, as not to be eaſily taken—and courage, alſo, not to be moved by any dangers in the cauſe of freedom. But then, theſe advantages ſuf-

ficed but for a time, and only raised false hopes, which really seemed the source of our greatest miseries—for all we had hath been taken from us, and all hath fallen to our enemies, as if these advantages were only to render their victories the more glorious, and were not for the preservation of those by whom all these ample preparations had been made.

"And as for those already *dead* in our wars, it is reasonable we should esteem them blessed—for they died in defending, and not in betraying their liberty: but, as to the multitude who are *captives*, who would not pity their condition?—and who would not make haste to die, before he would suffer the same miseries with them? Some of them have been put upon the rack, and tortured with fire, and whipped so that they have died. Others have been *half* devoured by wild beasts, and yet have been reserved alive, to be devoured in the *whole;* and this, too, for the amusement of our foes! Some, again, that are yet alive, are the most wretched of mortals—being desirous of death, and yet cannot reach it. And where now is that goodly city, once the metropolis of the Jewish nation?—a city fortified by so many walls—which had so many fortresses, and large towers to defend it—a city that could scarce contain the arms of defence, and the multitude of its defenders! Where is now the city that was believed to have God himself dwelling therein?—it lies low on the earth—demolished to its very foundations, and having no other monument than the camp of its destroyers, guarding there its ruins, and keeping out those, if any, who would raise it from its degradation! There, also, may still be seen some unfortunate and devout old men, and a few women; who, reposing upon the ashes of our Temple, are permitted to remain alive, and there in solitariness to dwell, that they may be to our nation a bitter shame and reproach. Now, who among ye that revolves in his mind the things I have uttered, can yet bear the sight of the sun, though he may live free of all danger? Who is there so much the enemy of his country, or so unmanly, and so adhesive to life, as not to repent that he yet breathes? For my part, I cannot but wish we had all died, before we had seen that Holy City levelled by our foes, or the foundations of our Holy Temple so profanely rooted up! But, since it was a generous hope that hath deluded us, causing us to think we were able to avenge ourselves—but which hope hath now become a vanity, and hath left us alone in our distress, let us hasten bravely to die: let us pity ourselves, our children, and our wives, whilst yet we have the power to pity them—for, *we were born to die, as were those whom we have begotten*, nor can the happiest of our race avoid it. But miseries, slavery, the loss of wives after an ignominious manner, the destruction of our children, these are not such evils as are natural, and necessary among men. And yet, those

Effect of Eleazar's Speech.

who prefer ſuch miſeries to death, when the choice is theirs, muſt ſuffer through their cowardice even both. Our revolt againſt the Romans was with high pretenſions to courage; and when, at the very laſt, they invited us to preſerve ourſelves, we would not do ſo. Who, therefore, doth not plainly ſee how great their rage againſt us will be, if they ſucceed in taking us alive?—miſerable then will be our *youths*, whoſe vigour will enable them to endure long-continued torments!—miſerable, alſo, will be the condition of our *old men*, who will not be able to endure ſuch calamities as our children can bear! Here will be heard the voice of the ſon imploring help of his father—and there will be ſeen the ſame father with his hands firmly bound! But, my friends, our hands are yet unbound—and we have each a ſword; let them all be willing miniſters to aſſiſt us now in our glorious deſign;—let us die, rather than be ſlaves to our enemies—and let us depart from this world *freemen*, together with our wives and our young ones. This is but to redeem our obligation to the laws—and this, even our wives and children now crave at our hands—nay, God himſelf hath brought this neceſſity upon us! our foes looking anxiouſly on, leſt we ſhould die before we are made their captives! Haſten, then, and inſtead of affording them ſo much pleaſure, as they hope to reap from our being their captives, let us leave them an example that ſhall at once cauſe them aſtoniſhment at our death, and admiration at our valour."*

No ſooner was the venerable Eleazar ſeated, than, quick as lightning reaches the earth, or the ſound of its thunder aſſails the ear, the aſſembled auditors were ſeen vying with each other, in eager preparation for the deadly work! Nor did their ardour (as if moved

* The Editor has not heſitated for a moment, as to the propriety of retaining in his Selection, this famous ſpeech of the laſt of the Jewiſh Warriors, though it has extended through ſome pages. It ſeems to him one of the moſt remarkable in thought, eloquence, and occaſion, of any ſpeech recorded in all hiſtory; and is probably the moſt intenſely intereſting. Nowhere elſe do we find recorded ſo clear an expreſſion of the Jewiſh crude opinion, at that time, as to the ſoul's immortality—the Oriental philoſophy of thoſe days, on the ſame point—the true ends of life—the juſt contempt of death—the deep conviction, which came at laſt, that divine protection had then abandoned them! Nowhere do we find ſuch an eloquent expreſſion of exalted human courage—ſuch a maſterly appeal to the conflicting ſprings of human action—ſuch a thrilling invocation to terminate at once every human tie, to diſſolve every relation that binds us to earth, and ſuch a reſolute determination to render to God, and not to the Roman, the ſole honour of perfecting the terrific puniſhment, decreed by the Moſt High, againſt the deſtroyers of the long-promiſed Meſſiah!

How this ſpeech, as recorded by Cartaphilus, differs in ſome particulars, rather of language than of thought, from that given by Joſephus, the reader may eaſily ſee; and we doubt not, he will greatly prefer that given by the living Cartaphilus, to the one ſo ineloquently rendered by Whiſton, in his tranſlation of the Works of Joſephus. Vide Jew. War, Book VIII. § 6, 7.

by ſome ſudden demoniacal fury) fail them in the leaſt, when the work itſelf was begun!—tenderly they embraced their wives—bedewed the cheeks of their infants with haſty and burning tears—kiſſed their blooming and lovely daughters—bade farewell to their noble ſons, and loving friends—and, with a nerved arm, and, as it were, a paſſionleſs heart, ſtabbed them to the very centre of all life! Not one ſhrank from the murderous office!

The wives, and daughters, and youths, and infants being now all ſlain, the ſurvivors tarried not a moment to deal, in like manner, with themſelves!—they ſeemed to think they would wrong the dead, ſhould they in the leaſt delay to follow them;—and, heaping the bodies together, in numerous piles, to which they added their coſtlieſt treaſures, they ſet fires around the hideous maſſes, and quickly all were conſumed!

Ten, only, had been ſelected by lot, to conduct this horrid and loathing deed of ſelf-immolation;—and now thoſe ten were to be diſpoſed of, the miſerable remnant of the once happy Maſada! and they caſt lots as to who ſhould be the ſurvivor but for a moment, and he, then, to ſlay himſelf! Nine fell by each other's hands—and the remaining one (nothing doubting but that the work had all been done) inſtantly ſeized a lighted torch, and haſtened to Herod's palace, which he fired in numerous places,—and then, with unflinching arm, thruſt his ſword deep into his own heart!

On the following morning early, the Romans entered the city, and oh, how deep was their aſtoniſhment, when they found all things there as ſilent as the grave! Not a ſound was heard, ſave from the dripping waters of the fountains and the reſervoirs—and the occaſional falling of ſome parts of the gorgeous palace, not yet quite conſumed!

At length, a loud ſhout was heard in the diſtance, uttered by ſome Romans, at the ſight of two women, and five children, who ſuddenly had appeared from an aqueduct, where they had concealed themſelves—they, the only living teſtimony to the dread tranſactions I have detailed! Theſe were women of high note, and of great prudence and learning,—who, diſapproving of all that had been propoſed, ſucceeded in effecting their eſcape. From them were collected by me, with much care, the painful relations already given.

And now, O Flavius! my ſoul is full of wonder, and recoils at the ſtrange coincidences I am about to mention—and the firſt coincidence is found in the terrific deſtruction of Maſada, which ended with the ſelf-immolation of nine hundred and ſixty of her remaining people—the laſt, ſo to ſpeak of our *Nation*, though not of our people! (for, Iſrael is no more—this war of calamity—this war of deſolation, and of unexampled puniſhment, is now quite over)

A remarkable Coincidence—The Evangeliſts.

Maſada, I ſay, periſhed at the *ninth* hour of Niſan's *fourteenth* day—the very day, yea, the very hour, in which the dreadful tragedy on Calvary occurred, then juſt thirty-and-ſeven years before! Mark it well, O Flavius, for it is pregnant with much *meaning*, and can be no caſual thing. Iſrael though ſtill a numerous multitude, is no longer a Nation—on that day and hour, ſcarce a generation ago, the decree of ages began its fearful execution, and the remnant of God's once favoured people is now an outcaſt over Earth's wide domain! A vengeance hath gone forth againſt a whole people, more fearful than that againſt Cain—a vengeance, not delayed for ſeven generations, as in his caſe, but viſited upon the *ſame generation!* Our laſt hope was in Maſada—it was our only fortreſs—Jacob's feeble remains, as a united people, were wholly within her walls; and all periſhed there on that fatal day—a day, by Cartaphilus, never to be forgotten—a day, engraved for ever, on his memory—a day, eternally preſent to his mind, and so muſt remain, though he ſhould mix his ſighs and tears with ages upon ages!

But, good Flavius, there is another coincidence I muſt not paſs by, one equally ſolemn: for, never can we forget that our Holy Temple, deſecrated as it was by me, and yet more by the Giſchalite, and by him of Gioras, our Temple, I ſay, was deſtroyed on the very ſame day of the month of Elul, in which our firſt Temple, ſo many centuries before, was deſtroyed, by the like decree of Abraham's God! Strange, that Solomon's great Temple ſhould periſh, and our Nation be led captive into a diſtant land for ſeventy years; and that, after many ages, on the ſame day of the ſame month, our ſecond Temple ſhould likewiſe periſh, and our Nation be ſcattered abroad, even unto the twelve winds!—and all this, too, in ſo ſhort a time after that wonderful Nazarene had openly declared that it ſoon ſhould infallibly come to paſs!

I know not, O my Joſephus, whether thou haſt ever ſeen them, but I have lately read ſome wonderful Narratives, written with great ſimplicity, and evident faith, by three of the Nazarene's diſciples, whoſe names are *Matthew*, *Mark*, and *Luke*. In theſe narrations, each doth detail many particulars concerning the birth, ſayings, deeds, death, and reſurrection, of that very wonderful man; and, in them I find the following prophetic words of this Jeſus. After declaring that the maſſive and goodly ſtones of the Temple would all be caſt down, ſo that one ſhould not remain on another—that Jeruſalem, and even our Nation ſhould periſh, he then ſays, "*Verily I ſay unto you*, THIS GENERATION *ſhall not paſs away till all be fulfilled!*" Here, then, are his words,—and we all now know their perfect and terrific accompliſhment!

I, my Joſephus, ſaw not his miracles—nor the reſurrection of that myſterious man; and, becauſe no eye-witneſs of them, I could

not yield to the arguments of thoſe who were. Artemas—Priſcilla —Aquila, and others pleaded in vain with me. But, no longer can I now doubt as to the wonders recorded of him—nor as to his reſurrection; for, I have been compelled to witneſs a miracle that hath in part, endured continually on, ever ſince the hour he was ſlain on Calvary, and which, in the ſad fate of Maſada, is not completed!—for, where now is Iſrael?—ſhaken as duſt in the air, among the Gentiles! But all this belief in me, Artemas calls an *unſaving* and mere *hiſtorical* faith, that avails nothing, and muſt prove my ruin!

And now, my Flavius, I muſt end this long epiſtle. Should life and health remain, look for me ſhortly at Rome, though now in my ſixty-and-ninth year. Edeſſa and all Meſopotamia, yea, even all Paleſtine, have become painful, nay odious to me—and it may be the ſame even in Rome, ſhould I ever reach it; for, much do I fear the cauſe is nowhere, ſave in my own diſtracted and ruined mind. Should this become my conviction, expect me not; but do thou then inquire after me in ſome gloomy cave—or in ſome ſuch place as Hinnom,—as better ſuited to my hideous thoughts!—poſſibly, among the ruins of Jotapata, or of Maſada, thou mayeſt then find the wretched Cartaphilus. FAREWELL. CARTAPHILUS.

LETTER XXVI.

ALCÆUS TO THADDEUS.

ANTIOCH, of Syria. *Niſan*, 18th day; Creation, 3837, [A.D. 77. April 7th.]

NIGH three years have paſſed, my beloved brother of adoption, ſince our excellent Cartaphilus ſuddenly diſappeared from among us, in a ſtate of unutterable mental agony,—and whither he fled has eſcaped our long-continued and ever-anxious ſearch.

Search after Cartaphilus.

Now generouſly ample were the proviſions he then made for us both; as alſo for Julianus and Plautius, and not forgetting the good Melchior! Theſe endowments, ſo thoughtfully and nobly beſtowed on the five, (in whoſe veins flow not a drop of his blood,) muſt for ever command our gratitude; and theſe, together with the large ſum ſo feelingly and delicately appropriated by him, (in melancholy anticipation for a ſplendid tomb at Ramoth-Gilead to the memory of Rebecca, when the ſkies ſhall receive that of her which periſheth not,) were found to exhauſt quite two-thirds of his great poſſeſſions:—but, as he left Edeſſa with the reſidue, we ſtill nouriſh the hope that he yet lives,—poſſibly in no very diſtant land, but one

more genial to his gloom. Still, ſhould his noble mind be ſpared to him, his few remaining years can never fail to be marked by an enlarged beneficence,—the more lovely now, as his earlieſt friends inform us, is ſo different — the habit of his youth was wholly different: for they ſay he then loved Mammon overmuch!—but they likewiſe ſay he was then very poor, and ſorely dealt with by his kindred. No doubt, dear Thaddeus, thou doſt well remember how ſpecial were his inſtructions in regard to the ſpot of Rebecca's future interment: for Ramoth-Gilead was moſt ſacred to him, no leſs from her vows of undying affection towards him—being there firſt revealed, than from her fixed reſolve, alſo there unfolded to him, never to wed with him, or other, for reaſons to us wholly unknown and painfully myſterious. And yet, my Thaddeus, we both know that her reſolution in this regard diminiſhed not his tenderneſs towards her! ſuch ever being the unſelfiſh and immaculate nature of genuine love.

But the matchleſs Rebecca ſtill continues to bleſs us with her preſence; to cheer us with her counſels,—and to aſtoniſh and delight all who witneſs the lovelineſs of her example. And oh, how deeply doth ſhe yet mourn her loſs, and ours,—often giving no let to the guſhing torrent of her tears! Can time, even with its floweſt abraſions, ever wear from our memory the now bright remembrance of Rebecca's grief, when firſt we read to her the parting words of Cartaphilus the hour after his aſtounding departure. Oh, never! She ſeemed to drink in their ſounds with raviſhed, though agonized ears, and wholly to yield up her heart, diſſolved in the melting influences of her grief—and then, anon, with the rapture as of a youthful maiden, ſhe dwelt with oft-repeated kiſſes upon the Claudian papyrus that contained his ſorrowful words! And, dear Thaddeus, remember with what timid baſhfulneſs ſhe then hurriedly enſhrined herſelf in the ample folds of her veil, ſeeking to hide from us her ſuffuſed cheeks, and flooded eyes, exclaiming, "heed me not—look at me not, for weep I muſt!" Ah, never can we forget a devotion ſuch as hers—a holy conſecration, that none but woman knows how for ever to cheriſh! How tenderly did ſhe urge upon us, and Melchior, and Julianus, to ſpeed inſtantly in ſearch of Cartaphilus—and to diſpatch meſſengers in haſte in all directions, after the loſt one! This hath been faithfully done by us all—and yet no intelligence have we had, nor the leaſt clue wherewith to guide us, ſave at this very hour, in a letter received from Flavius Joſephus; which reveals the fact that, in the month of Tebet, more than three years ago, Cartaphilus had cloſed a long epiſtle to Flavius, with an intimation that, if his gloom ſhould mitigate, he would viſit him at Rome, though then ſo far advanced in age—but, if otherwiſe, he ſhould then for ever leave the haunts of

men; and poſſibly, that he might then be found for burial among ſome forſaken ruins, ſuch as thoſe of Jotapata, or of Maſada! Do *thou*, then, O my Thaddeus, haſten to the former place; and I will to the latter,—for he may yet be living, and in great miſery, though he departed with ſome comforts, and alſo with ample treaſures.

Antioch upon the Orontes.

And now, my good Thaddeus, as I have been in Antioch ſeveral weeks, and thou haſt never ſeen this great city, nor the lovely country that environs it, I will endeavour to gratify thy anticipated curioſity, by devoting the reſt of my letter to ſome account of what I have ſeen and heard during my brief ſojourn here; the imperfections of which, however, thou muſt in ſome part lay to the charge of my truly miſerable papyrus; which, I aſſure thee, is neither the *Liviana*—nor the *Fanniana*—but, doubtleſs, ſomething far more like the vile *Emporetica!*—but, ſuch as it is, I muſt fill it with a few matters in regard to this moſt famous of all the *ſixteen* cities, having that illuſtrious name!*

* The Romans were accuſtomed, at this time, to uſe a paper manufactured from the plant, now botanically known as the *Cyperus Papyrus*—a ſpecies of ruſh that grows on the borders of the Nile, and alſo on ſome of the low grounds of Syria, near the Euphrates. The ſmall thin layers of this ruſh, that lie between the outer bark and its pith, were carefully ſeparated; theſe were then ſpread out upon tables, and were moiſtened, preſſed, and ſun-dried. Upon this were laid ſeveral other layers; to which was always added ſome gelatinous mixture,—and all being well preſſed and dried, formed the uſual papyrus ſheet for writing, and other uſes,—which varied in quality and ſize, according to the excellence of the materials ſelected, and the care with which they were combined. There appear to have been *nine* varieties of this ſpecies of paper. The firſt, in chronological order, was the *Hieratica*, in uſe from the earlieſt period of the City,—provided the ſtory recorded by *Pliny* be true,—which is, that certain books were found by one Tarentius, in his vineyard upon the Janiculus, depoſited in a marble cheſt; and that in this cheſt were likewiſe the bones of *Numa Pompilius!* If this be ſo, then *Varro* muſt be in error in aſcribing the invention of the papyrus paper to the age of Alexander the Great, which was four centuries later than that of Numa,—for the books diſcovered by Tarentius are admitted to have been of that material. This firſt ſpecies of papyrus continued in uſe up to the age of Auguſtus; but ſeems to have been applied only to the making of *ſacred* books. In the time of that firſt Roman Emperor, however, ſome one manufactured this hieratica in much greater perfection; and having dedicated it to the monarch, it then took the name of *Auguſtana*, and came into very general uſe.

It was eleven inches broad, and of any length required. The third ſort was known under the name of *Liviana*, from that emperor's wife, Livia; and was eſſentially the ſame article, but enlarged to thirteen inches in breadth; and was alſo ſomewhat ſuperior in quality. A fourth ſort was the *Amphitheatrica*, ſo called from the locality where made, near the Flavian amphitheatre, now known as the Coliſeum. It was much inferior to the two preceding, and probably was little elſe than a reſtoration of the hieratica. It was, however, only eight inches wide; but, a certain Fannius having ſomewhat improved it, and given to it two inches more in breadth, it then took the name of *Fanniana*; and forms the fifth ſort. The ſixth was the *Saitica*, ſo denominated from Sais,

Antioch—Hiſtory of Roman Paper, &c.

Antioch is beautifully ſituate on both ſides of the Orontes, diſtant from the Great Sea about twenty miles; and owes its name to the filial regard of Seleucus Nicator towards his father Antiochus. But this "Queen of the Eaſt" is, in truth, four cities combined in one—and hence is alſo juſtly called by many, *Tetrapolis*,—for each hath its diſtinct wall; and around the four walls (each encloſing a city) is a great wall that encompaſſes the others at a convenient interval, and which is flanked with numerous towers of great ſtrength. The firſt city, only, was built by Nicator—the ſecond by the founders of the Syro-Macedonian empire—the third by Callinicus—and the fourth by Antiochus Epiphanes. In conſequence of the *jus civitatis* conferred by Nicator upon all who dwelt there, the Jews early flocked to Antioch; ſo that the Greeks and Macedonians and Armenians, as alſo those from beyond the Euphrates, are here ſeen dwelling with the Syrians and the Jews! About 220 years ago, as their chronicles inform us, a certain Demetrius, a moſt cruel and

in Egypt, the city where it was firſt made. It was coarſer than any of the others, and was only ſeven inches broad. Another, yet more vile, and of the ſame width, was known as the *Teneotica*, and was made of the rougher parts of the papyrus reed, near the rind: this ſeventh variety was ſold more by the weight than quality, and comparatively at a very low price. The eighth in order was the *Emporetica*, only ſix inches broad,—a ſpecies of wrapping paper, and often uſed in making the covers of books; but ſeldom, if ever, for writing upon. The beſt qualities, thus far, of their paper were the *Liviana*—*Auguſtana*—and the *Fanniana*. But, in the time of Claudius, ſome polite and flattering paper-maker ſucceeded in manufacturing the papyrus in a manner greatly ſuperior to any previouſly known; as it retained all the whiteneſs and ſmoothneſs of the Liviana, with far greater firmneſs and ſubſtance,—a matter greatly needed, eſpecially for public documents, and indeed for all who deſired to be particular with their papers. This laſt kind, therefore, which took the name of *Claudiana*, became the faſhionable paper; and failed not to be uſed in all tender addreſſes, or where the perſon written to was particularly regarded—and hence is it that Alcæus takes care to mention that the farewell letter of Cartaphilus was of the *Claudian* papyrus. But the Auguſtana was ſtill much uſed for Imperial letters, and the Liviana kept in demand among the plainer people, or for the ordinary letters, &c. of the day.

If Cartaphilus will pardon a ſeeming digreſſion from his chronicles, the Editor (in connection with theſe remarks upon the Roman paper of thoſe Imperial days) will now detail the other various means adopted for the recording and preſervation of writings.

Before the invention of the papyrus ſheet, and long after its adoption, there were many other ſubſtances uſed for this purpoſe, and for other objects than the *literal* tranſmiſſion of thought; and among the earlieſt, for all thoſe purpoſes, was the palm *leaf*: then came into uſe the thin and inner rind of various trees, ſuch as the elm, ſycamore, aſh, and the alder. This rind, which lies between the cortex or bark, and the lignum or wood,—that thin rind having previouſly the name of *liber*, the paper made from it was alſo called by that name; and hence the written book itſelf, in the Latin language, became univerſally known by the word *Liber*. This ſpecies of paper (the thin rind of trees) being in long rolls, the book formed from them was alſo called *Volumen*, or a volume. The

licentious Syrian king, compelled the Antiochians to a revolt. The king ſought aid from your Jonathan, one of the Maccabees—and, with no great force, attempted to gain the city for himſelf, and to chaſtiſe the revolters: but he only inflamed them the more; ſo that no leſs than 120,000 flew to arms, and inveſted the royal palace, in order to deſtroy the king. The Jews, however, ſoon came to his reſcue, carried deſtruction everywhere, deſtroyed with fire and ſword nearly 100,000 of its people, and laid in aſhes a large part of this ſplendid city.

When Syria was conquered by the Romans, Antioch, of courſe, became the abode of their governors—and ſhortly after, as we all know, the Goſpel, which never for a moment had ſhrunk from the light, or hid itſelf in ſmall places, came boldly forth; and, in this moſt populous city, its propagators invited the learned, and the refined of all nations to examine its claims. In Antioch was it that this Goſpel forced conviction upon the Heathen mind—*there* an infant Church was ſoon eſtabliſhed—*there* Barnabas and Saul, directed by the Holy Spirit, commenced their travels through Heathen lands, to publiſh the glad tidings to a benighted world—and *there* was it that the diſciples of the Great Meſſias firſt took the name of CHRISTIANS, inſtead of their former names of Galileans and Nazarenes,

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other ſubſtances chiefly uſed for writing on, were thin *ſheets of lead*—*waxed cloths*—and the thin ſkins of animals, called *Pergamenum*, (becauſe firſt ſo uſed at Pergamus, in Aſia,) which now is called parchment, and the finer ſort vellum. This, which is of very ancient uſe, eventually triumphed over all others, until the invention of *rag-paper*, by the Arabians, in the eighth century. In the eleventh century, this invention of rag-paper paſſed with the Saracens into Spain; and, in the thirteenth century, it came into much uſe in Italy, France, and Germany; from which, ſpreading itſelf over the world, it became the only article for *printed* books, and nearly ſo for an infinite variety of other uſes.

In very ancient days, beſides the palm—the papyrus-leaf—parchment, vellum, &c., nothing was then more uſual than writing upon thin *wooden* tablets, as is found in the few *Runic* books that have reached us, as alſo in ſome of the earlieſt of the Chineſe books. The Greeks did the ſame, and alſo upon *leaden* tablets; and the Romans, having coated their wooden plates with a ſlight covering of wax, wrote upon them with an inſtrument called a *ſtylus*—and hence the expreſſion "*Sæpe Stylum Vertus*"—and hence alſo the origin of our word *Style*, from the fact that the *Stylus* was eaſily turned for the *eraſion* and *correction* of errors in compoſition. Inſtead of this inſtrument, other nations uſed ſmall reeds, particularly that of the *calamus*; and with this they uſed ſome liquid, and wrote with more rapidity than with the ſtylus upon wax—and hence the expreſſion "*currente calămo.*" The thin plates of wood being laid upon each other, the whole took the name of *codex*, from its reſemblance to the layers of the *trunk* of a tree, in Latin called *codex*; and from this we derive our word *code*. In like manner, the "*leaves*" of a book take that name, from the fact that the leaves of various trees were often uſed to write on; and our word "book" is itſelf but an expanſion of the Saxon word *bòc*, which was their name for the Beech tree,—the thin bark of that tree being in great uſe by the Saxons for that purpoſe.

uſed by many then, and even now,—more, however, as names of reproach than of honour.

The walls of Antioch are of great ſolidity, and have much ſurpriſed me by their 400 ſquare towers, each furniſhed with a ciſtern! Now that Jeruſalem lives no more, Antioch is probably the *ſtrongeſt* of all cities, as it is certainly, next to Rome, the moſt *populous*, enlightened, and magnificent of any in the whole Empire, it being now fully two paraſangs and a half in circumference, and the reſort of the wiſe and learned of all lands! Here lived Theophilus, to whom the Evangeliſt Luke, not long ſince, addreſſed his writings reſpecting the origin of our holy faith—and ſome report that Luke was *born* here,—but with what truth I have not yet heard.

Antioch claims, and perhaps juſtly, a much higher antiquity than the 370 years that have now elapſed ſince Nicator's days; for, it is ſaid that, nigh three hundred years before that time, it was called *Riblath*, in the land of *Hameth;* and even further, that it is the ſame place in which Nebuchadnezzar tarried, before he laid ſiege to Jeruſalem! Be all this as it may, Antiochĭa Epĭdaphnes, as it is likewiſe called, is quite old enough to have within its walls all the varieties conferred by great magnificence, a large population, extenſive learning, vaſt wealth, much wickedneſs, ſome Heathen, and many Chriſtian virtues,—and all theſe are found in ſufficient extent to make a reſidence therein extremely awakening, and to cauſe me to rejoice and to mourn alternately!

The luxurious Grove of Daphnè.

The ſurrounding country is beautifully verdant, and garniſhed with many flowers of various hues, and with many goodly trees—as the cypreſs, mulberry, and olive; as alſo with the moſt luxuriant figs. But I muſt not fail to tell thee of an excurſion I lately made to that moſt famous place in its vicinity, called DAPHNE. Often had I heard and read of this Daphnè—but my mind had never realized the exiſtence of any place on earth, ſo entirely dedicated to the voluptuous pleaſures, as this truly is. Let not the gentle Cornelia, however, or even thyſelf, good Thaddeus, fear for me the ſeductive influences of this earthly Paradiſe—for, if man belong to Earth alone, then ſurely this place might ſo be called—but, as he truly doth not, —as he aſpires to far higher joys—to thoſe that pall not, and which being wholly without ſin, are therefore wholly different from thoſe of the infamous Daphnè, I have looked upon all I there examined, only as means of learning how the more effectually to avoid, and heartily to loathe them all. I acknowledge, dear Thaddeus, the danger and extreme difficulty of greatly admiring the beauties of nature and of art, when they happen to be intimately aſſociated with many ſeductive moral deformities—for when the recipient is

lovely, the poiſonous contents are too apt to be conſidered as innocuous.

DAPHNE, then, is ſituate ſomewhat more than a paraſang from the city, and nigher to the ſea. It hath many lovely villas and gorgeous palaces and gardens of ſupremeſt beauty. I paſſed through many endleſs windings, infinitely variegated with man's moſt curious and beautiful devices in ſtatuary, and with nature's choiceſt ſhrubs and flowers. Theſe meandering paths often led me through denſe ambroſial groves, where the Laurel and the Cypreſs—the Balſam and the Roſe-tree invited me to repoſe under their ſhades, and to quaff the delicious perfumes that everywhere environed me. I then gazed with delight upon the rich and diverſely coloured foliage of the *Terebinth*, whoſe leaves of green, red, and purple, blended with its juicy fruit that hung in luxurious bunches, reminded me of Iſrael's prophetic benediction, when to his ſixth ſon he ſaid, "NAPHTALI *is a ſpreading Terebinth, producing beautiful branches!*" My eyes next reſted upon the lofty Firs—and then I thought of the great Pſalmiſt, who ſang of the fir-trees, as inviting the ſtorks to make in them their habitations,—and ſeeing that hundreds of thoſe birds were then ſeeking alſo the umbrageous oaks, the green poplars, and the lovely elms, under which they might reſt their weary limbs, I found, in the words of Hoſea, that it was truly "*becauſe the ſhadows thereof are goodly.*" Indeed, the infinite variety of trees and ſhrubs and flowers which abound at Daphnè, was not fully impreſſed upon my mind, until I aſcertained that this much-famed grove is nothing leſs than two and a half paraſangs in circuit, and that in it are to be found all the *trees* that may delight the eye with their beauty—refreſh the ſenſes with the riches of their perfumes—and charm the palate with the delicacy, or luſcioufneſs, of their fruits;—whilſt alſo from its *flowers*, in endleſs profuſion, the air was redolent far and wide—abounding in varied and exquiſite odours, much beyond all the ſweets produced by man's moſt artful diſtillations! Amidſt theſe cool and ſweet-ſcented and delicious ſhades (the ſultry ſummer, elſewhere, being here perpetual ſpring) is erected a moſt gorgeous Temple, dedicated to Apollo and Diana,—with both of which deities, as thou haſt heard, I had the misfortune in early life to be more familiar than I even then deſired—and until, at Athens, our much-honoured Cartaphilus reſcued me from them, and placed me among thoſe who worſhip Him whoſe Temple is the Univerſe, and who demands no other ſacrifice than faith, and a contrite heart!

FROM the hills which ſurround Daphnè are brought, in wonderful concentration, a thouſand ſtreams of the pureſt and cooleſt waters, which diffuſe their influences through all the ſoils—giving to everything that grows therein their utmoſt perfection—and to

The Luxurious Grove of Daphnè.

the ſcented air around, a freſhneſs and a ſoftneſs of temperature ſurpaſſing all conception. Muſic, which ſeemed to commune with the furtheſt planets—ſounds that, iſſuing from the fountains and caſcades, ſeemed of themſelves to be cool, becauſe the waters, that cauſe theſe gentle noiſes, are ſo—the ſweeteſt notes from every tree, made vocal by all of the feathered tribe that ſing—aromatic odours from ſhrubs and fruits and flowers, all heightened by incenſe from the caſſia and myrrh and frankincenſe, and from the other precious gums, which the numerous votaries of the ſhrines are ever offering, ſo intoxicate the ſenſes, and bewitch the imagination, that the youthful judgment is early diſſipated in delight—the waning luſtihood of mature age is there ſoon reſtored—and even the privations of ſenility are in a meaſure renovated! Here dwell *Venus* and *Bacchus*—here reign luxury and love; here pleaſures, under the garb even of religion, are made to faſcinate beyond the reach of abſtract imagination; here the *proceſſional pomp* of many devoted victims decked with garlands—generous libations from golden veſſels—clouds of incenſe curling in the air from jewelled and carved cenſers—the dignity of manly beauty, habited in flowing veſtments of fineſt texture, and of many gorgeous colours—the witchery of female lovelineſs in thin robes of ſpangled white,—and finally, the joyous concourſe of countleſs people, diſplay a ſcene that bewilders the ſoul—inflames the paſſions—and turns the ſtouteſt mind from the pure *ſpirit*, to mere earthy and ſinful *matter!* And, to ſo great an extent hath this ſplendid and refined voluptuouſneſs advanced, that DAPHNE is now famous, and infamous, too, even to a proverb—with thoſe only, however, who ſtill have ſhame; and even *that* endures not long with thoſe who viſit its groves more than once! To live after the faſhion of Daphnè—"*Daphnicis moribus vivere*"—is equivalent to the reproach of living moſt diſſolutely and debaſingly. Well, therefore, did the Roman Caſſius proclaim to his ſoldiers, under the ſevereſt penalty, that they muſt *never* be found within its limits:—and yet myriads from all nations reſort to its ſeductive bowers—to its boundleſs ſeats of love and maddening joys—all more perilous to age as well as youth, than are ſtorms and quickſands to the benighted wanderer,—and yet theſe, ſo called, *holy* grounds are at this time, perhaps, more largely ſuſtained by Imperial and other munificence, than at any other period—and, doubtleſs, it far excels in enervating and debaſing, though pompous luxury, any known reſort of pleaſure, either of ancient or of modern times. Surely Aſher, and haughty Elam (had not their proud wings been clipped) might, from Daphnè, take leſſons in artful and in laviſh ſin!—nor would the famed doings at *Baiæ*, nor even thoſe at the *Milvian* in Nero's days—nor at the Canopus of Alexandria, have been to their people half ſo fatal, as

are the exceſſes in theſe bewitching groves of Daphnè,—not to the Antiochians alone, but to the votaries flocking there from places, reaching from the riſing to the ſetting ſun!

Now, it is quite poſſible, my good Thaddeus, that, as Judea and Meſopotamia have been the boundaries of thy narrow wanderings from the ſpot of thy nativity—and as the volumes of Greece and of Rome are not as familiar to thee, as they were to thy learned and accompliſhed father, this goddeſs *Daphnè*, to whom the ſpot is dedicated, may yet remain to thee ſomewhat, if not an entire ſtranger. Educated as I have been from infancy in a Heathen land, theſe gods and goddeſſes, of human creation, are old, though now diſcarded, acquaintances of mine:—and, as I ſince have learned to deteſt them all very heartily, I do not regret my thus knowing them, as it enables me the more effectually to caution others againſt them. Know, then, that Daphnè, as the fable goes, was a nymph, the daughter of *Pineus*, king of Theſſaly, and of the goddeſs *Terra!* An arch little god named Cupid, taking ſome offence at Apollo's preſuming to deſpiſe his darts, (for Apollo, 'tis ſaid, was then exulting in his conqueſt over the great ſerpent Python,) cauſed him to become greatly enamoured with this Daphnè—who, rejecting Apollo's love, avoided him by rapid flight! This ſilver-bowed, and golden-haired ſon of Jupiter and Latona, would not endure the thought of her eſcape, but purſued the timorous and flying nymph ſo cloſely, that, in danger of being caught, ſhe earneſtly implored the aid of all the other gods; who, as ſhe ſtood upon the river banks in ſight of Apollo, kindly changed her, inſtantaneouſly, into a *laurel!* The diſappointed god at once crowned himſelf with its leaves, and commanded that the *Laurel* tree ſhould be for ever ſacred to *his* divinity—and ſo this conſecration hath remained in many countries, even unto this day!

But, deareſt Thaddeus, I would by no means have thee ſuppoſe that the numerous ſtrange ſtories connected with nearly all the Heathen divinities, mean literally what upon their face they import. Oh, no: ſinful as is the worſhip of any other than the One only God, I ſtill learned a ſomewhat better leſſon in beauteous Greece, than rank idolatry! Many of theſe ſtories are doubtleſs merely allegorical—many had their origin in *facts* of very ancient times,—which, through the lapſe of ages, have been much perverted and greatly miſunderſtood,—others may have been the inventions of ingenious men, myſtically to convey ſome hidden philoſophy, ſome great moral or phyſical truths:—and the whole, as a ſyſtem, I cannot but think, has within it more of wiſdom, and even of divine truth, traditionally and corruptly handed down, than may be at firſt apparent. But, whatever all theſe *once* may have been, the ſcheme, as now known and practiſed, is idolatrous, and often extremely and ſometimes odiouſly corrupt,—ſo much ſo, that the truly wiſe and learned

among nearly all the people, can now ſcarce ſuppreſs their ridicule even of this their only and *national* religion!—a ſtate of things, my Thaddeus, than which nothing can be more lamentable, unleſs, indeed, it be regarded as the *dawn* of a change, that ſhall bring in a luſtrous day of far greater purity—one that ſhall command the veneration and love of man, as well as their ſalutary fears. It is this ſtate of things, my Thaddeus, which inſpires me with a ſtrong hope, that the preſent follies and corruptions of the old religion (attended as they are, only by the half-ſuppreſſed *ridicule* of the wiſe among them) may ſoon prove a broad foundation upon which we ſhall raiſe the ſuperſtructure of Calvary's faith!

Now, before I end this long letter, I muſt tell thee that my ſearches after our honoured Cartaphilus brought me through the *Plain of Eſdraelon*, and alſo over the whole region of *Lebanon*. How great is the renown of Eſdraelon! Upon its broad ſurface, what deeds have been done there by the nations! Hath not that great plain in all the ages been ſought by kings and princes, and by all the powerful and ambitious, that they might achieve thereon their victories, or there meet deſtruction? Oh, what blood of myriads hath been poured over its lovely ſurface! On Eſdraelon it was that Siſera waved his banners, and marſhalled his hoſts—there the deep mourning of Hadadrimmon was uttered—there Joſhua periſhed—there did Judæa twice yield to her ſad deſtiny—and there alſo was it that the loud ſhrieks and cries of embattled armies, and the fierce rejoicings of the victorious were heard, whilſt the rocks and foreſts and ſhades of Hermon and of Tabor re-echoed the loud and mixed ſounds.*

And now a word, in concluſion, as to Lebanon. Great and majeſtic and lovely is all this mountain and valley region! What words can ſet forth the beauty of its varied glories? Lebanon's towering heights, white with eternal ſnows, mingling with their native ſkies; and, nearer earth, for ever green with the heaven-piercing cedars of Noachic days—Lebanon's blooming and flowery valleys, the ſoftneſs and ſweetneſs of its airs, that come laden with the richeſt perfumes—the purity and freſhneſs of its waters, and the varied garniture of all nature there, yield to the whole an ex-

* But Eſdraelon (as Cartaphilus now holds) will ſee far more portentous events than all theſe—a conflict muſt yet be witneſſed upon its broad and lovely extent; one more awakening and deadly and glorious than all before: for there, in that ſame plain alſo called Megiddon, is to be waged that great and final war, that ſhall ariſe between the hoſts of Eternal Darkneſs and thoſe of the Ever-enduring and Ineffable Light! Then and there will the ſtrife be ended between the Anti-Chriſt and the Lamb: and then Eſdraelon will ſhine in glories, the renown of which muſt cauſe to vaniſh all that heretofore hath given it ſo great a name.

cellency and power far beyond language to portray, and which brightens into a dazzling mass of light, compared with the sinful and vaunted beauties of Daphnè upon the Orontes.—Which of the two, thou, and my Cornelia would prefer, I will not ask.—FARE-THEE-WELL. ALCÆUS.

LETTER XXVII.

ALCÆUS TO CORNELIA.

BETHLEHEM, 26th *Nisan*; Creation, 3837.
[April 15th, A.D. 77.]

THUS far only, am I on my anxious journey homeward; and much doth it grieve me to tell thee, oh jewel of my heart, my fairest Cornelia, and all who at Edessa loved Cartaphilus, that my diligent search for him among the ruins of the devoted Masada, proved wholly bootless! Nothing could I even hear as to our beloved father by adoption; who, as I fear, is for ever lost to us. Write instantly, however, I pray thee, my priceless pearl, should our Thaddeus, at Jotapata, happily prove more fortunate. And now, as to all who call *thee* mother—the tendereſt of names!—and *me* father—which to them is next in value, say unto them, my thoughts are ever on them.

The family of Alcæus.

Now are our *three* best gifts that God bestows on man—our three good and healthy and sensible children?—our two *daughters*, so like their mother from top to toe! and our only *son*, so true a little copy of his princely grandfather, the ever-venerated Agbarus? As the violets, that dip their tender buds in the living fountains that grace the palace gardens at Edessa, and rise therefrom in watery freshness, and in all the loveliness of full expansion, so will our daughters blessed by thy tuition, bloom gradually from the modest budding virgins they now are, until they become the freshest and brightest of Mesopotamia's fair ones!—and our son, as an eagle piercing the clouds with his yet tender wings, will rise at last, far, far above the dross of earthly deformities, until he attain the loftiest excellencies of all the Christian virtues! And *thou*, my sweet Cornelia! whose face is yet as like the rose and jasmine combined, as when first we wedded—whose soul is now as cheerful, as on the night we so joyously spent the hours in resolving *indissoluble* ænigmas—and whose form and stature are still so like the graceful cypress! thou, and these all, will unite to make our loves perpetual. *Will* they—*can* they ever dwindle? oh no—they will grow ceaselessly on; and, at life's faint-

eſt ebb, will be juſt as freſh as dewy hyacinths, in the morning of their bloom!

Tell my gentle *Druſillina* that, although her eyes may become as the flowers of the narciſſus—her lips as red and ſhining as rubies—her teeth as ſnow-drops—her form as the unuſed javelin;—yea, that if ſhe grow altogether lovely in things external, it yet will avail but little with truly wiſe men—and far leſs with God, unleſs to them be added, in ſtrict proportion, every virtue of heart and of mind. And, to my ſon, the noble little *Dionyſius*, pleaſe ſay to him, he can only equal his loving father's expectations, when ſimilar in all things to his name-ſake, the Areopagite:—and to the infant *Cornelia* (ſhe being now too young to be counſelled) *ſay* nothing—but *look* everything—as, with ſuch tender ones, mind communes with mind, before language gains its power; and alſo as, I am quite ſure, ſhe will prove to me as ineſtimable as her mother is—a conſummation perfect, only as my wiſhes are ever modelled after thee!

Thou, my Cornelia, haſt been a lovely flower known only to thy natal ſoil, but ſpreading there a fragrance as ſweet as muſky odours—as delicious as roſes and marjoram and ſweet baſil, borne upon a gentle evening zephyr! In foreign lands thou haſt never travelled; and hence I would now, in continuation of my former letters to thee, and to Thaddeus, ſay ſomething further as to what I have ſeen during our long and painful ſeparation. I now write to thee in ſight of the Lord's manger! *Bethlehem, then, and in proſpect.*

BETHLEHEM!—thou holy ſpot, where Jeſus in his humanity firſt ſaw the light—who can behold thee, "*though thou be little among the thouſands of Judah*," without feeling that *now* thou art the greateſt, ſince from thee came forth the RULER, that is from everlaſting? I declare to thee, my beloved Cornelia, this little village, ſix Roman miles from Jeruſalem's ruins, afforded me far more delight in rambling through its humble ſtreets, than ever I experienced even in the proudeſt of all the cities of my native land—yea more, than even in the much-famed Athens!

The very name of this place ſeems to announce, prophetically as it were, its deſtined glory,—and that from it would come the bread of everlaſting life: for this word, Bethlehem, ſignifies the "*houſe of bread*"—and in it were born Iſrael's king, David,—which name imports "*well beloved*"—and likewiſe Chriſt-Jeſus; which words announce the "*Anointed-Saviour!*" Strange coincidences! that David, an evident type of that Meſſias, and alſo his earthly progenitor, ſhould have been there born in obſcurity, and then become a great and glorious *earthly* king!—and yet more wonderful, that the ſon of Joſeph and Mary, both then ſo humble, but of the ſame

royal line, near one thouſand years after David's time, ſhould have had for his infant dwelling, nothing but a rude ſtone manger, and yet hath become a great and glorious ſovereign over a *ſpiritual* kingdom, whoſe beginning is now, and whoſe end ſhall be only with the end of time!

You may be ſure, my Cornelia, I was not long in ſeeking out the rocky and cavernous tenement, which the Virgin-Mother was compelled to ſeek; that, from its damp and gloomy receſſes, ſhe might give to a benighted world, Him, who would enlighten all dark places in the human heart! I found it a houſe for *beaſts* to dwell in, being an excavated rock, as is uſual in this, and in other warm countries; and in it are ſtone mangers—in one of which had laid the infant Jeſus!

Bethlehem is yet, indeed, a place of humility; but I tell thee, deareſt Cornelia, the days may well come, when this little one, among Judah's thouſands—and this lowly houſe, will be more honoured—more ſought after by Principalities and Powers, by Kings and Emperors—yea, by an admiring and grateful Chriſtian World, than are the now proud mauſoleums of the greateſt among the mighty dead! CHEOPS may crumble to the earth, CEPHRENES become unknown, and MEMPHIS, with her myriads of devices for perpetuating the memories of thoſe who were born, and who died, may all dwindle away as the morning dews, till no particle ſhall remain—and yet, the little rocky dwelling, and rude manger of *Bethlehem* will riſe in endleſs glory, ſhielded from time, by the undying affections of a Chriſtian world! This is no ardent fancy of mine, excited by the holy ſpot I lingered upon an hour ago; oh, no—for, if God's *vengeance* hath been lately ſhown in laying the mighty walls, and towers, and palaces, and tombs of the once holy Jeruſalem level with the earth, will not his *glory* raiſe the humble Bethlehem to the higheſt honour?—ſurely it will—and *that* honour may lie, not in making a gorgeous city out of a poor little village, but ſimply in the holy rays caſt around it, and in the outpourings of millions of thankful hearts that ſhall viſit it, and love to utter *there* their adorations!

When next I write to thee, it will be from Ramoth-Gilead, where thy letter will reach me—and then for Pella!—theſe two ſpots will have many charms for me, ſince the excellent Rebecca, and the lamented Cartaphilus ſpent their early years at Ramoth; and found a refuge at Pella, when Jeruſalem forſook her holineſs, to become the abode of robbers! From thence, on the wings of love, I will haſten to Edeſſa; and, until then, FAREWELL.* ALCÆUS.

* The Editor would gladly have made a larger ſelection from the letters of the accompliſhed Alcæus to his wife Cornelia, and his brother Thaddeus, had

LETTER XXVIII.

Julianus to Philotera.

Rome, u.c. 850. vi. Idus Martiæ.*
[March 10th, a.d. 97.]

LANGUAGE would fail me, were I hereafter to recount in thy dear preſence, and ſtill more would my pen now refuſe its office, were I to attempt a deſcription of the crowd of agitating emotions that have preſſed upon me, ſince my arrival in the City of my fathers, after an abſence of nigh thirty years! Oh, my Philotera, how ſweet is even the ſlaviſh air of our native land! Can the ſoul

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he not feared that the voluminous Chronicles of Cartaphilus, through ſo many ages, though greatly curtailed, would ſtill be ſwelled beyond convenient bounds.

* The reader will here obſerve that this is the firſt inſtance in theſe Chronicles, of *dating* according to the Roman mode: and, as ſome may not be familiar with that method of reckoning, the Editor preſumes that a brief explanation of it may not be unacceptable, eſpecially to his more youthful readers. The Roman or Julian year is preciſely our own, as to months, days, and names; but there is ſomething very peculiar in their faſhion of dating. It is to be obſerved then, *firſt*, that they did not reckon the days of the month in an uninterrupted ſeries, as we do,—that is, from the *firſt* of any month, and ſo daily on to its end—whether the 30th, 31ſt, 28th, or 29th—but each month was divided into three *fixed* points,—the firſt of which had the name of Kalends—the ſecond was called the Nones—and the third the Ides of each month; and all the other days of the month were reckoned in reference to one or the other, reſpectively, of theſe three points. They begin with the Kalends of the current month, then to the Nones of that month, then to the Ides of the ſame—and finally again to the Kalends of the *enſuing* month.

In the *ſecond* place, the reader will obſerve that the *Kalends* (now more uſually written with a C than a K) was always the 1ſt day of every month—but that the ſecond point, or the *Nones* of each month, was either on the 5th of the month, or on the 7th,—and that the third point, or the *Ides* of the month, was either on the 13th, or on the 15th. In eight of the months, the Nones was always on the 5th of thoſe months; but, in *March*, *May*, *July*, and *October*, it was on the 7th: and ſo likewiſe, the Ides, in the ſame eight months, was on the 13th of the month, and in the ſame four months, on the 15th.

The word *calendar*, as alſo *calends*, is derived from the Latin *calare*—to call; becauſe, on the firſt of each month the people were called, or ſummoned, to the Capitol, to hear the proclamation of the appearance of the new moon. Upon that day, alſo, the payment and execution of contracts were uſually made. The word *Ides* is ſuppoſed to be derived from the Etruſcan word *iduare*, to *divide*, becauſe the 13th or 15th of a month nearly divided it into equal parts. Hence the Romans, by the uſe of the three fixed points, of Calends, Ides, and Nones—and alſo by the uſe of the expreſſions *pridiè calendas*, *pridiè idus*, and

ever be won from the thouſand aſſociations allied to thoſe thrilling ſounds—"*my country?*" Though born a ſlave, and under Nero, too, Rome's greatneſs then filled my young heart to overflowing,—and, though I hated the *man*, I loved the *emperor*—for, in that office are ſeated the majeſty and empire of the world! And, now that I have returned after ſo many years, my ſoul clings yet more unto even the mountains and the valleys—the rivers and the ſtreams—the glorious monuments of art; yes, my excellent Philotera, theſe all, and every grove in which I had wandered, every tree that had ſhaded me in youth, every pillar in Nero's palace, againſt which I had ſo often reclined when a boy—yea, every ſhrub and flower that now graces the borders of its avenues, ſeemed to ruſh upon my heart with numerous melting influences, and cauſed me to exclaim, "*Oh, ſurely that country alone is great and glorious, in which every man is a patriot!*"

Hear me not, my gentle dove, if Rome henceforth be my only country—for *thou* ſhalt ever be to me the only *Eden* in all this land. Quickly ſhall I be with thee at Edeſſa, to bring thee here. Now, as a *freedman*, and with many honoured relatives around me, all of wealth and of power—yes, kindred, who, like me, have gradually become emancipated, and bleſſed, moreover, with what theſe

pridiè nonas, obtained ſix ſpecific names whereby to deſignate ſo many days in each month. By ſimply mentioning the word *Calendæ* it defined the firſt of the month—ſo *pridiè calendas* was always the *laſt* of the month. *Idus* gave with equal certainty the *thirteenth*, or the fifteenth; and *pridiè idus* the *twelfth*, or the *fourteenth*; and ſo *Nonæ* gave the *fifth*, or the *ſeventh*, and *pridiè nonas* gave the *fourth*, or the *ſixth* of the deſignated month.

With theſe preliminary remarks, it will be eaſy to underſtand their mode of reckoning the days of each month, in reference to either of the three fixed points of a month, and alſo how our mode of counting all the days conſecutively on, may be made to correſpond with the Roman calendar. Thus, whenever the Romans had to refer to any day other than the three fixed ones, of calends—ides—and nones—or the three others that preceded them, when the word *pridiè* was uſed, they then counted *to* one of the three fixed points *in future*,—whereas, we reckon from a *paſt point*, evenly onward to the end of the month. We ſay, the 1ſt, 2nd, 3rd, &c. of January; but the Romans ſaid *Calendæ Januarii*, meaning the 1ſt—*Quarto ante Nonas*, meaning the 2nd—*Tertio ante Nonas*, meaning the 3rd—*Pridiè Nonas*, meaning the 4th—and *Nonæ*, meaning the 5th, where the Nones are not of the four months we have named. Having now paſſed the *Nones*, they counted proſpectively on *to* the *Ides*, and the 6th of January was the *Octo ante Idus*—the eighth before the Ides—becauſe, from the Nones or 5th of January, to the Ides or 13th of January, were eight days; and having paſſed the Ides of January, they then counted on *to* the Calends of February; ſo that the 14th of January was the 19th before the Calends of February; and the laſt of January was called *pridiè calendas Februariæ*.

With the foregoing explanation, the following Table in the *Appendix* D, will be eaſily referred to for the Roman dates of all the months, correſpondent with our own.

Heathens would call *Fortuna's* kindneſs—but which we, Chriſtians, love to name as the providence of JEHOVAH, or the only One-God, let us all now unite in ſerving Rome in the beſt, and only way we can—for, with our religion changed, our *worldly power* muſt vaniſh, for a time at leaſt,—and no wealth can here give influence, if Rome's gods be not ours—which can never be. For, my Philotera, *we* know that Rome hath no gods—they all are falſe ones, or rather, they exiſt not! Let us, then, water and nouriſh in this Imperial City, the ſeeds of Chriſtianity, however few they be that now are ſown here—let us, even to the peril of all that life poſſeſſes, prove to Romans that, if hitherto in Athens and in Sparta, and likewiſe in the once kingly, then republican, and now Imperial Rome, *patriotiſm* hath moſtly been aſſociated with deeds of *arms* and of murderous *war*, its higheſt and moſt enduring office, now, is that of univerſal kindneſs—yes, deareſt Philotera, of that Chriſtian love of country, whoſe "*ways are pleaſantneſs, and whoſe paths are peace!*"

But, my ſoft-eyed, and ever love-inſpiring Philotera, if ſunbeams play around the gilded portals of my preſent imagination—if viſions of brightneſs dance among the turrets of the lovely palace of my now *warm fancy*, think not that the *dangers* we muſt encounter have had no entrance there. Oh, no, I ſee them all, my love, and count them but as drops of wo, amidſt a ſea of joys! Good *muſt* eventually flow in upon this glorious, though now Heathen land, from ſuch Chriſtian toils as will hereafter every where abound.—*We*, indeed, may ungratefully periſh as ſuppoſed worms of miſchief—hundreds more may ſhare our *earthly* fate,—but, will they not likewiſe ſhare our *heavenly* deſtiny?—will they not yield up their lives, in the higheſt and moſt patriotic of all endeavours, that of reforming the religion and manners, not of Rome alone, but of a fallen world?—doubtleſs, this muſt be the caſe. I argue thus with thee, not from any doubt of thy firm piety, or of thy Chriſtian courage, even unto martyrdom;—oh no; for thou wilt come with me in *this*, as thou haſt ever done where *virtue* was the ſtar of thy hope, and the admirable Rebecca thy daily exemplar. I ſometimes think that deareſt of women is permitted thus long to remain with us, that ſhe may be an angel of brightneſs, in the dark and dangerous paths that may yet environ us; for, in Calvary's cauſe, ſhe hath already proved as indifferent to life, as the proud and famiſhed ſteed is of the graſs beneath his feet, when the battle rages!

That I may prepare thee for thy coming here to Rome, I will now briefly relate the more ſtriking events that have taken place, from the time *Veſpaſian* was made emperor, until the preſent hour, I think about ſeven-and twenty-years. *Narrative of Roman affairs.* VESPASIAN.

Veſpaſian—The Barbarians—The Temple of Peace.

No ſooner had the legions proclaimed him, and his general Antonius fully gained Rome, and alſo, whilſt his ſon Titus was waging his deadly war in Judea, the new emperor was ſorely troubled by violent commotions in the German and Gallic provinces, and by the traitorous deſigns of his ſon Domitian; who, hating his brother Titus for the lofty fame he was hourly gaining, would now have turned the arms entruſted to him for the ſuppreſſion of revolt, againſt his father's empire! And, at this very time, a fierce and powerful horde of people, called *Sarmatæ*, paſſed with haſty ſtrides over their boundaries, into Mœſia, where they deſtroyed ſome Roman garriſons, and laid waſte the ſurrounding country with fire and ſword*.

But Roman arms prevailed everywhere with equal celerity—Jeruſalem was laid low, and the victorious father, elſewhere, and the ſon, in Judea, returned from their conqueſts to the Imperial city; and they both triumphed there, in a manner unequalled even in Roman annals!

Theſe being ended, Veſpaſian reformed many abuſes and corruptions—cultivated the arts of peace—reformed the armies—corrected the evils that had diſgraced the courts of judicature; and, whilſt he moderated the expenſes of his government, he failed not to embelliſh Rome with many ſumptuous buildings; and among theſe, my eyes have juſt repoſed with delight upon the great *Temple of Peace*,—which is cloſe upon the main Forum,—and there, my Philotera, I beheld, with gloom and joy combined, many of thoſe ſacred veſſels and rich ſpoils brought by Titus from the greateſt of all temples.

I likewiſe dwelt, but with unmingled pleaſure, upon the *Claudian Temple*, on the Cælian Hill; which the empreſs Agrippina had commenced, but which that monſter Nero had nigh demoliſhed. By the liberality and taſte of Veſpaſian, it is now, however, finiſhed; and it is indeed a lovely ſtructure. I next viſited the *Temple of Pallas*, another name for the goddeſs Minerva, who is fabled to have ſlain the giant Pallas, and covered herſelf with his ſkin! This, of courſe, is only an allegory; for Pallas is ſaid to have been the ſon of Tartarus and of Terra; and, as Minerva is the goddeſs of wiſdom, it may import that wiſdom's province is to conquer the many evils that flow from thoſe two ſources of all ſin—Hell and Earth!

* This was among the earlieſt of thoſe eruptions of the Northern barbarians, which, in ſome ages after, were deſtined to overrun and deſtroy the moſt extenſive and refined empire the world has ever known. Little could Julianus have then imagined (when ſo incidentally noting this event of the croſſing of the Scythians over the river Iſter, into the Roman province) that this was the firſt link of that vaſt chain of events, deſtined to diſſolve Roman ſupremacy; and which laid the foundation of the gradual upriſing of thoſe numerous powers, that now form civilized and Chriſtianized Europe!

Veſpaſian—The Temple of Pallas—The Flavian Amphitheatre.

The temple of Pallas, now ſcarce finiſhed, is one of almoſt matchleſs ſplendour. Its workmanſhip is ſo rich and exquiſite, that it reminded me ſtrongly of ſome things I witneſſed in Jeruſalem's Temple. The ſurpaſſing excellence of the inlayings—of the carvings, and of the paintings that abound in this temple, the latter unknown to the Holy Temple of Judea, has made this one of Rome ſo famous, as to attract daily thither men of diſtinguiſhed taſte and ſcience; who come from all parts of the earth, that they may not only delight their eyes, but improve themſelves by copies taken of it, ſo that they may compare this triumph of the arts with all that may be ſeen in other lands.

Nor muſt I fail to mention the ſtupendous *Amphitheatre*, probably the moſt ſolid and enduring ſtructure of human art, ſaving the Egyptian pyramids—and which are only ſo by reaſon of their peculiar form. In converſing yeſterday with Flavius Joſephus, he aſſured me that this maſſive pile was well nigh finiſhed by Veſpaſian and Titus, in the wonderfully ſhort period of four years; that it was commenced immediately after the triumph—was deſigned to commemorate their ſucceſſes in the Jewiſh war—and that, when not quite complete, Titus, at its bloody dedication, exhibited games and gladiatorial combats, during nearly one hundred days,—in which no leſs than five thouſand wild beaſts were ſlain; and that many of the Jewiſh captives were forced to combat there, ſome unto death, for the amuſement of the myriads preſent!* In addition to theſe vaſt and brilliant works, Veſpaſian reſtored very many of the Regiſters of the Empire, which had fallen under the recent fires. Three thouſand Tables of Braſs, containing the ſenate's decrees—the ordinances of the people—the treaties with foreign nations, and the *privilegia* of the corporations and of individuals, together with moſt of the remarkable chronicles from the foundation of the city, were reſtored, and thus perpetuated, as derived from all of the beſt attainable ſources.

Veſpaſian, however, was not regardful of his Roman ſubjects alone—but extended his foſtering care to even his remoteſt provinces. He built many cities; repaired others, made extenſive roads, pierced the Flaminian mountains, ſo as to give a ſafe and commodious paſſage through them. Nor was his generally eſtimable ſon Titus leſs active all the while. He ſucceſsfully repelled the invaſion

* From this account of the building of the Flavian Amphitheatre, now more generally known as the *Coliſæum*, the opinion of the French architect *Deſgodetz*, that the ſolid parts alone occupied 15,000 men during ten years, is incorrect. So likewiſe, the idea of *Evelyn* that 30,000 Jews were ſet to work upon it, is ſtill more improbable; as but few of the captives reached Rome, beyond the ſeven hundred brought by Titus to grace his triumphal proceſſion.

of the *Alani*, another Scythian nation that invaded the provinces of Media and Armenia, and were near deſtroying King Tiridates, (the ſame ferocious prince who perilled the life of Rebecca—put thee in jeopardy of perpetual ſlavery, and who ſaw the venerable Meiſalcus periſh, after the fortunate eſcape from his hands of our dear Melchior!) I cannot but think that, had the good Veſpaſian and his worthy ſon known this wicked Tiridates, as well as thou doſt, and had he alſo known Rebecca and thee, my Philotera, only half as well as I do, he would have ſuffered the Barbarians to caſt him headlong into the den of lions, among the bones of the ill-fated Chriſtians, caſt by him into that den of lions, as was alſo his firſt deſign to do with our honoured friends, then of Pella, late of Edeſſa. The clemency and even tenderneſs of Veſpaſian, are Joſephus' delight to dwell on. He lately told me an intereſting anecdote of the emperor, witneſſed by himſelf, which I muſt tell thee; as it ſuits no leſs thy own ſoft heart, than my own love of elevated patriotiſm. There was a certain notorious rebel, named Julius Sabinus, who was ſo audacious as even to proclaim himſelf *Cæſar;* and appealed to arms in maintenance of his title! Being brought a priſoner, however, to Rome, ſome interceſſion was made for the Emperor's pardon: but chiefly by his wife, who appeared at court in deep mourning, attended by her two young ſons; and thus briefly pleaded for her huſband's life, and the ſafety of herſelf and family—all of whom were involved in the effects of the daring treaſon. "*Oh Cæſar! I have given birth to theſe two infants, and have nouriſhed them, to increaſe the number of thy ſupplicants—and to enlarge the bounds of thy clemency.*" The Emperor in tears replied, "Thou and thy infants, and thy property are all ſafe—but thy huſband is *Rome's* enemy, not mine; him I cannot ſave." Noble ſentiment! he would not enrich his treaſury, nor go one iota beyond the law's eſſentials, in remembrance of his perſonal wrongs: but, that his country's welfare and honour could never be loſt ſight of, appears in this caſe, and in others, alſo related to me by his admiring Joſephus. Among theſe, I may mention that the Prætor, Helvedius Priſcus, would never ſalute the Emperor, but by the bare name of Veſpaſian; and this, too, even in his official edicts! He went ſo far at laſt, that proceedings were had againſt him, but without the emperor's knowledge; and, when made known to him were inſtantly countermanded: for, to Veſpaſian's noble mind, theſe were but idle littleneſſes in Priſcus, and ſuch perſons, that ſullied in no degree the Imperial luſtre. And ſo, again, when the Parthian king thus addreſſed our Emperor, "*Arſaces*, KING *of* KINGS, *to Flavius Veſpaſian.*" Rome's ſovereign took no offence, but replied to the ſaucy barbarian thus; "*Flavius Veſpaſian to Arſaces*, KING *of* KINGS." Now theſe, and very many others, related of Veſpaſian,

Death of Veſpaſian—Titus Emperor.

are naught but what every virtuous and high-minded man ſhould do; but, in kings and emperors, they are really higher virtues, becauſe ſuch diſplacency towards abſolute power and plenary dignity, is a higher inſolence than uſual—and alſo becauſe monarchs have ſo rarely been able thus to curb their paſſions. To me, moreover, who, from my earlieſt infancy witneſſed the bloody deeds of Nero, and heard ſo much reſpecting thoſe of Claudius and Caligula, the generous acts of Veſpaſian and of Titus ſeem like guſhing ſtreams of living waters, paſſing through ſome foul avenue, leaving all things ſweet!

Eighteen years have now paſſed ſince Joſephus loſt his friend Veſpaſian,—for his reign endured only about ten years. The Emperor being in Campania, and apparently but ſlightly unwell, he was heard ſuddenly to cry out, after the faſhion of his Heathen education, "*Methinks I am going to be made a God!*"—and then retiring to his ſummer eſtate near Reate, his complaint grew conſtantly worſe. At length, riſing one morning from his couch, he exclaimed, "*An Emperor ſhould die ſtanding on his feet*," and inſtantly expired in the arms of thoſe around him! Veſpaſian, the *tenth* emperor, was the *ſecond* who died a natural death—and the *firſt* who was ſucceeded by his ſon!

In the arts of war, he was ſecond only to Julius Cæſar—in thoſe of peace, ſuperior to Auguſtus!

Titus ſucceeds to the Empire.

The Roman people unheſitatingly, though not joyfully, received Titus as his ſucceſſor: and no one thought of diſputing his high claims, but his wicked brother Domitian; who impotently attempted to queſtion Veſpaſian's Will, in favour of the eldeſt ſon, Titus, by alleging that the will had been *forged* by his brother! No one gave the leaſt credit to the accuſation; but a ſlight coldneſs towards Titus was ſomewhat viſible in the people, who feared him, not only on account of his recent voluptuouſneſs, but from ſome acts that favoured of cruelty. But all apprehenſion vaniſhed ſoon after he aſſumed the imperial diadem; and even his devoted paſſion for the illuſtrious Jewiſh beauty, *Queen Berenice*, whom the people hated, was voluntarily and promptly abandoned! Such, indeed, became his virtues and winning manners, that all hearts were ſoon his own—he was hailed as the "*Love and Delight of mankind*," and ſeems well to have heeded the ſage advice of that wonderful man, *Apollonius*, of Tyana; who bade him, would he be good and famous, "*merely follow Veſpaſian's footſteps, as then he could not fail.*"

Queen Berenice and her fate.

As women are apt to feel a peculiar intereſt, either in the way of admiration, or of cenſure, towards thoſe of their ſex who have been remarkable for virtue or for vice, I will detain my gentle Philotera, only

for a moment, with one, whom I am ſure ſhe will not admire —I allude to the much-ſpoken-of BERENICE—but in whoſe fate there is ſtill, for tender hearts like thine, much to awaken deep regrets. Like all of her Idumean race, this Jewiſh Queen was highly gifted. Her beauty was ſo matchleſs and enduring—her manners were ſo faſcinating and irreſiſtible—and her intelligence was of ſo high an order, that although ſhe had been married to her uncle Herod, king of Calcis—then to Polemo, king of Pontus, whom ſhe abandoned—and was then, I fear, too juſtly ſuſpected of an habitual inceſtuous connexion with King Agrippa II. yet Titus had become ſo enamoured of her, (and Veſpaſian likewiſe,) that, although ſome years had elapſed ſince their firſt acquaintance, they could not reſiſt receiving her at their imperial court with the moſt diſtinguiſhed honours—and the ſon even promiſed marriage, and would have made her empreſs! Berenice was the daughter of Herod Agrippa I.—the ſame who beheaded the Apoſtle James and impriſoned the holy Peter; and ſhe is the ſame Berenice who, with ſo much pomp at Cæſarea, united with the procurator Feſtus, in hearing Paul's noble defence, when ſent down for trial from Jeruſalem.* Her brother, Agrippa II., who joined Veſpaſian and Titus during Jeruſalem's greateſt peril, accepted from the former an increaſe of territory, and alſo a prætorſhip,—but reſided moſtly at Rome—a baſe and ſplendid vaſſal of the empire—as indeed were all of that Idumean family; which, with all their magnificence, were ever Iſrael's bane, and worſt of enemies: but this laſt of the royal Houſe of Herod died, about three years ago, as he had lived —a refined voluptuary, and an ignoble recreant to Iſrael's cauſe; which he forſook, not from any worthy principle, as did Joſephus, but as a ſelfiſh paraſite of power, and a wicked imitator of all the vileſt inſtitutions and faſhions of foreign lands!

As for his beautiful and diſſolute ſiſter Berenice, ſhe had nigh loſt her life ſome years before Titus firſt ſaw her. It ſeems that, with better feelings towards the Jews than Agrippa often had, ſhe undertook to interfere with the cruel proceedings of Florus; whoſe love of plunder and blood, however, were not to be ſtayed even by the petitions of ſo much dazzling beauty, and though coming from queenly lips! The cauſe ſhe eſpouſed greatly endangered her life; for the ſoldiery hated the Jews; and they alſo knew that Florus could not endure them. It ſo happened that, at this time, Berenice was engaged in the execution of the Nazarite vow at Jeruſalem, which required of her, during thirty days, to go with naked feet and ſhorn hair—to offer many ſacrifices, and to abſtain moſtly from food, and wholly from wine. She then heard of the mercileſs

* A.D. 63. Acts xxv. xxvi.

ravages of this brutal Florus; and promptly haſtened, in her then weak and miſerable condition, before the tribunal, and implored the Procurator to ſpare the Jews! But the obdurate Roman had no ear for pity, no reverence for her dignity, no regard for her ſurpaſſing lovelineſs, no ſympathy for the ſtate into which her vow had brought her. He diſmiſſed her with coldneſs; and ſhe was then moſt happy to eſcape with life from the rude treatment of his barbarous men of arms!

When Titus and Berenice firſt met, ſhe was older than he by ſeveral years; he being then nearly forty: but thoſe who ſaw her at the time inform me, that her eyes ſtill beamed with all the luſtre of a ſprightly fawn, when ſeen through the dark foliage of Mount Soracte—that her curling hair ſhone as burniſhed and carved ebony —that her cheeks yet glowed as with the tranſparent ruby-bluſhes of life's freſheſt aurora—that her teeth vied in ſnowy whiteneſs with the pureſt ivory; and that her poliſhed neck and ſwelling boſom cauſed even the pearls, placed there as garniſhment, to ſigh with envy that they were ſo little ſeen! And yet, dear Philotera, Titus, in after times, great as was his infatuation, was prompt to ſurrender, at his country's bidding, all this little world of perſonal lovelineſs; and, that he might ſecure his own faithfulneſs to this great ſelf-denial, ſhe was ſent by him forthwith from Rome, together with many others, who had been the chief inſtruments in promoting this and other deſtructive paſſions in him.*

Anecdotes of the Emperor Titus.

By numerous acts of public and of private beneficence, Titus ſoon became the people's idol; and he was ſo conſtant in doing and promiſing good, that he was ſometimes reminded that he might have promiſed more than he would be able to perform; to which he modeſtly replied, "*This may poſſibly be ſo—but no ſubject ought to depart ſorrowful from the preſence of his prince.*" And it is farther related of him that, on being told one night, he had done no act of kindneſs that day, he deeply ſighed, and exclaimed, "*Amici! diem perdidi*"—"my friends! I have loſt a day." Upon entering into the office of Pontifex Maximus, he earneſtly declared he did ſo, "*that he might keep his hands pure and undefiled from blood; and that he would greatly prefer death to himſelf, than inflict it upon others.*"

But the exemplary goodneſs of this emperor was no ſhield againſt the treaſonable plottings of his brother Domitian; whom

* The cauſtic Juvenal, who flouriſhed about the date of this letter, ſatiriſes Berenice, not only for her inceſtuous amours, but likewiſe for her rigid obſervance of the ſevere Jewiſh penance ſhe had voluntarily aſſumed. She is alſo alluded to by Suetonius, by Tacitus, and by Sextus Aurelius. When ſhe came to Rome, ſhe muſt have paſſed her fiftieth year, but was ſtill wonderfully beautiful!

he would not baniſh, though greatly urged ſo to do: on the contrary, he conferred upon him the title of Aſſociate and Succeſſor—and with much feeling ſaid to him, "*Oh Domitian! attempt not to gain by treaſon and fratricide, what ſo ſhortly may be wholly thine without a crime,—but let us now live as brothers.*"

The ſhort and brilliant reign of Titus was not, however, exempt from thoſe calamities over which man can exerciſe no control. In the very year that he came to the throne, ix. kal: Sep.—[24 Augt. A. D. 79] and in the year of Rome 832, the ſad intelligence was brought to him that the fire-mountain, Veſuvius, had ſuddenly burſt forth with terrific fury in flames, and melted ſtones, and boiling waters, blended with ſulphurous ſmokes and burning aſhes; that theſe dread elements had ſpread themſelves far around, and overwhelmed many of the Campanian cities; that *Pompeii*, one of the largeſt, ſituate but a ſmall diſtance from the mountain, between the river Sarnus and the ſea, had been entirely covered by the fiery aſhes and the boiling waters,—but, happily, that moſt of the population had time to eſcape, though ſeveral thouſands had periſhed, not only by the continual ſhowers of ſcorching aſhes, and the thick maſſes of ſulphurous ſmoke and boiling waters, from the mountain itſelf,—but chiefly by the raging ſea that flowed in, and alſo by the troubled waters of the Sarnus, that could not keep their channels, but raiſed a barrier againſt the people's flight!—all of which, in mid-day, had ſo darkened the air for a time, that eſcape in any direction, ſo eaſy at firſt, now ſeemed impoſſible. Eighteen years have paſſed ſince this great calamity happened—and yet we know a city is there entombed—the loftieſt houſes now lie buried beneath a ſea of aſhes—all is ſtill a wide waſte, and for ever may ſo remain, though curioſity and the hope of plunder do ſometimes invite a few to the taſk of unveiling the myſteries that are below! But, my Philotera, I muſt no longer ſpeak of Pompeii; as a far greater calamity, at leaſt to human life, ſoon after occurred to the imperial city itſelf; the effects of which are even yet ſeverely felt. I allude to the dreadful peſtilence that broke out in Rome, and deſtroyed, nearly as rapidly as Veſuvius did, far more people than were contained within all the walls of Pompeii; for, as I am aſſured by my good friend Joſephus, in ſome of the days, not leſs than ten thouſand of her people periſhed by this raging malady! And, to theſe miſeries were ſtill added a moſt terrific conflagration, which raged with violence during three days, and as many nights! Well do I remember, though then quite a youth, the horrors of that greateſt of our conflagrations, in Nero's time, and doubtleſs, too, by his contrivance, which deſtroyed the larger part of Rome.

These complicated miſeries, of cities overwhelmed in the adjoining region—of a loathſome and mortal plague, and then a

devouring fire, at home, greatly agonized the feeling heart of Titus: but his ſympathies were promptly made known by actions, inſtead of mournful complaints; and he at once aſſumed upon himſelf the whole loſs occaſioned by the *fire*,—and, as to the *peſtilence*, lives could not be recalled; but I ſhould only weary thy ears and thy affections, were I to enumerate even the tenth of thoſe generous decrees to which the Emperor reſorted, for the mitigation of the daily horrors, and for eventually expelling from the city the foul deſtroyer!

But, if Titus had many cauſes of grief for his country at home, he derived great ſatisfaction from the noble achievements abroad, of his renowned lieutenant, AGRICOLA, then in the beautiful iſland called Britannia, and by others *Albion;* which, you my Philotera, as being a Greek, may underſtand how to derive from *alphon*—white,—there being many high and *chalky* cliffs upon its border:—and it may alſo be taken from the Hebrew word *alben*, which imports the ſame. This extenſive iſland was diſcovered by Julius Cæſar, about a century and a half ago; but was not known to be an iſland until recently; when Agricola ſailed entirely round it! I have been much intereſted in the accounts given me concerning this Agricola; who, only about four years ſince, died at the rather early age of fifty-four, leaving a name of ſurpaſſing luſtre;—one that muſt grow brighter and brighter in all coming ages; as then, it will be compared with thoſe of his cotemporaries, with more impartiality than now—and likewiſe with thoſe who lived before, or who may live after him.*

It was my good fortune ſoon after my arrival here, to become acquainted, and intimately, with the illuſtrious CAIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS, who married the lovely and only daughter of Agricola. My friend's beautiful portrait of his diſtinguiſhed father-in-law, puts to the bluſh the happieſt efforts of the painter's, or of the ſculptor's art—yea, of theſe combined; for *they* may moulder, be broken, and loſt to us for ever,—but the "*Life of Agricola*," from the pen of *Tacitus*, will paſs through all time—will be infinitely numbered—will repoſe in every library—will be pondered upon by minds of every form; and then will be ſtill as freſh, as in the hour it firſt ſaw light! Delightful privilege of the pen of genius! Tacitus will live in that, and his other works, when bronze, and marble, and even golden ſtatues and other ſculptures, have wholly periſhed! The charming *apoſtrophe* to Agricola, which Tacitus read to me with deep feelings, and a moiſtened eye, I will now tranſcribe for thee,—knowing how reſponſive thy tender heart ever is to all the noble ſympathies of our nature. To me, this pathetic lamentation was

* Cneius Julius Agricola died 24th Aug. A.D. 93.

extremely abſorbing—and, when I know that my Philotera ſhares that intereſt with me, mine will be doubled—for I live in her! And now for the Apoſtrophe,—which I will not put into Greek, as the Latin is now ſomewhat familiar to thee.——"What aggravates "mine, and your daughter's ſorrow, beſides the loſs of you, is, that "we have not had the opportunity of ſitting by you in your ſick- "neſs, ſupporting you in your faintings, and enjoying the ſatisfaction "of your laſt looks and embraces. Then we ſhould have received "from you thoſe commands and counſels which would have been "perpetually fixed on our memory. This is a great cauſe of our "regret: you were loſt to us by four years' abſence from us. It "is certain that you, beſt of fathers! wanted nothing ſuitable to "your character and circumſtances, ſince your tender wife was pre- "ſent with you; but you ſhould have been lamented with other "tears than hers; and in your laſt moments your eyes were be- "reaved of the ſight of ſome who were very dear to you. If there "be any reſidence for the manes of the virtuous; if, as philoſophers "think, the ſouls of the great are not extinguiſhed with their bodies "—may you reſt in peace, and recall us your family from too weak "and womaniſh lamentations for your death, to the contemplation "of your virtues, which it is very unreaſonable to regret. Let us "rather honour you with a juſt admiration. This is the true ho- "nour, and the beſt inſtance of piety which we your neareſt rela- "tions can ſhow you. This is what I ſhall repreſent to your "daughter and your wife, that the former would revere the memory "of her father, and the latter that of her huſband, by revolving all "his actions and words in their minds, and reflecting more upon the "character and idea of his ſoul than thoſe of his body. Not that I "would, in the leaſt, oppoſe erecting to you images of marble or "braſs; but as the bodies of men are periſhing and mortal, ſo like- "wiſe are their ſtatues: but the form of the mind is eternal, and "can never be preſerved or expreſſed by any foreign materials or "art, but only by the real character and behaviour of the perſon "who imitates it. Whatever we loved or admired in Agricola ſtill "remains, and will for ever remain in the minds of men, and in the "everlaſting fame that attends noble actions. Many of the ancients "will be ſunk in oblivion, without the leaſt remain of fame or re- "putation, but Agricola will be tranſmitted to poſterity, and ſurvive "in immortal honour."*

* It will be ſeen, in the above extract, that the Editor has choſen to adopt the well-known beautiful tranſlation of this charming apoſtrophe, in preference to the original, or to any verſion he or others could give, or have given. With the exception, then, of ſome very unimportant variations, it will be found to be Mr. Murphy's tranſlation. How ſoundly Tacitus judged, in ſaying that neither braſs nor marble can outlive the written delineation of a virtuous character, is concluſively illuſtrated in this very caſe.

Julianus and Tacitus converſe.

After the reading by Tacitus of this beautiful addreſs to the departed ſpirit of the virtuous Agricola, (undoubtedly the greateſt captain of his age, ſince duty, not ambition, ever ſwayed him), Tacitus ſaid to me, "My dear Julianus, all loved his noble ſpirit—every Roman honoured him in their deepeſt affections, ſave one, and he was Rome's unworthy Emperor! Domitian loved him not, being more jealous of Agricola's vaſt reputation, than of the danger of his power or ambition: and we accordingly find that, in a very few years after this cruel and ridiculous 'Fly-Catcher' came to the throne, he recalled his admirable governor from his ſplendid and uſeful career in Britannia, under the ſpecious pretence of favouring him with the appointment of Præfect in Syria! So cautious, however, was Agricola to add no more fuel to the idle jealouſy of Domitian, that he entered Rome with marked humility; and even viſited the Imperial palace by night, ſo that the people ſhould not laviſh honours upon him, which might prove unpleaſant to his ungrateful ſovereign! The Emperor ſtill received him coldly, and allowed him to mingle unobſerved, if poſſible, among the crowd of courtiers—and then to retire for ever into unnoted privacy." Here Tacitus ceaſed ſpeaking for a moment, and ſeemed much agitated; the cauſe I knew not then, and now 'tis but my conjecture, which I will preſently mention. "Had Agricola," continued Tacitus, "during the twelve years of ſecluſion which followed, been in the leaſt imprudent, he muſt have fallen a ſacrifice to Domitian's ſilly jealouſy—but ſuch was his ſevere caution that, when the proconſulſhips of Aſia and of Africa were to be diſpoſed of even by lot, and matters were ſo that one or the other of them muſt have come to Agricola, great was the ſatisfaction as well as ſurpriſe in Domitian, when Agricola came forth and ſolemnly requeſted to be excuſed from the honour of being a candidate, pleading as his apology the great love he had for retirement!" Here Tacitus was obſerved by me to heave a ſigh, and then ſaid—"but death, in three years after this, removed the excellent Agricola, and thus quieted the ignoble fears of the wicked tyrant." The truth, as I afterwards learned, is, that Domitian hath been violently ſuſpected, by ſome at leaſt, of having had foul recourſe to poiſon! and this thought may have diſturbed my Tacitus, whilſt thus communing with me.

The kindneſs of this excellent friend towards your Julianus, hath been occaſioned by his fondneſs for my father; who, as I have often told thee, was truly learned; and, when a ſlave, often was moſt kind to the youth Tacitus. In his great old age, and the freedom enjoyed by him for ſome years, he gradually became the admired counſellor of Tacitus; who, at this time, is ſcarce my own age, being little more than forty.

But now to return to my narrative concerning the late emperor Titus; which will occupy me only in a few words more. The ex-

ploits of his governor in Albion had greatly pleaſed Titus; and, as Agricola had reaped much fame, ſo the emperor failed not, on his account, and by that reflexion known only to ſovereigns, to receive therefrom the higheſt honours; and, for the *fifteenth* time, the people hailed him as Imperator! But, after a reign of only two years and a few months, the ſpirit of Titus was ſummoned away, and he ceaſed to rule in the forty-and-firſt year of his age. Now, though this good Emperor declared that, "*in the whole courſe of his life, he knew of no action but one that he ought to repent of*," yet, ſuch is man's inſtinctive recoil from death, that *even he* grieved at its approach, and mourned that "*he ſhould be taken off thus early, and ſo undeſervedly!*"—and ſuch, O Philotera, are the narrow views, even of the wiſeſt and beſt, among the Heathens!

When ſpeaking of Titus, as the friend of Agricola, Tacitus further remarked to me thus;—"Yes, my Julianus, this truly good emperor belonged not to an age ſo corrupt as ours,—*he* was all light —*Domitian* all darkneſs: the elder brother was capable of any kind of dignity, as even his ſweet and majeſtic countenance ſhowed,—but the younger brother was for ever grovelling in the earth; and his countenance, at leaſt for ſome years paſt, was as devoid of ſweetneſs, as his actions were of true dignity."

Domitian reigns.

If, dear Philotera, I have delighted myſelf in thus detaining you with ſome account of Roman virtues, and eſpecially of that Titus, who, whilſt we were at Pella and Edeſſa, cauſed us all ſo much grief and terror, as God's meſſenger and avenger on a moſt guilty nation,—I now ſhrink with abhorrence from the details I muſt give you of his ſucceſſor, the infamous Domitian; who came to the throne upon the Ides of September, in the year of Rome 833.*

There can be no doubt that Domitian's wicked ambition when he was a mere youth, would have prompted him to the ſacrifice alike of father and of brother, to haſten his own attainment of the ſupreme power; this fact, and ſome recent circumſtances, have cauſed the belief in many that the untimous and unlooked-for death of Titus, was of Domitian's procurement; and the grounds of the ugly ſuſpicion are even ſtronger than in the caſe of Agricola's death: for, if we even wholly diſregard the perſonal motives he had for their removal, what, O Philotera, may we *not* juſtly impute to Domitian, whoſe innate love of cruelty was ſo great, as to have daily led him from the *throne ſecured*, into a private chamber, there to *amuſe* himſelf for an hour or more—*in catching flies, and piercing them with a ſharp and tiny bodkin!* Smile not, my ſweet and gentle ſpouſe, at a wickedneſs ſo ſupremely ridiculous—for ſuch is only the preſage of

* Sept. 13th, A.D. 81.

Domitian's character and reign.

a far more weighty and terrific ſlaughter,—and he who can revel in the agonies of a poor inſect, would not be ſlow in torturing his own ſpecies, even to the utmoſt verge of Satanic conception!—and doubtleſs, the humorous old Criſpus ſo thought of Domitian; when, with more fun than fear, he ventured to reply, upon being queſtioned whether anybody was then with the Emperor? "*No—not ſo much as a fly!*"

It is now eight months ſince this monſter ceaſed to live; and, upon my arrival at Rome a few days after the happy event, I ſaw ſo many *Domitian remains*, that I could ſcarce help thinking his reign muſt have endured quite fifty, inſtead of only fifteen years!—for his vanity, like his cruelty, was ſo unbounded, as to cauſe his ſtatues, inſcriptions, and name, to be ceaſeleſſly in view; and to appear in ſuch truly impoſing forms, as made him as *omnipreſent* in Rome, as he vainly ſuppoſed his *Godſhip* was in all other places! Great, however, was my ſatisfaction in ſoon finding, as if by ſudden magic, that Domitian's memoranda of himſelf were nowhere to be ſeen! for the Senate's joy at his death was ſo exceſſive, that they quickly aſſembled, and decreed that his images, ſcutcheons, and names ſhould forthwith be torn down and utterly deſtroyed: and further, that no more honours ſhould be allowed at his funeral than to any common ruffian—that his name ſhould be eraſed from all the Regiſters of Fame, and that his memory ſhould be for ever aboliſhed!

Epitome of Domitian's life and actions.

Having thus briefly ſtated how he became emperor, and how he ceaſed to reign; I will now ſhortly recount his actions—from which thou wilt perceive that even Nero and Caligula have had their equal! Such was the inordinate arrogance of Domitian, that he did not heſitate as his earlieſt act to declare, in full ſenate, that the ſovereign power he now wielded was merely a reſtoration on the part of his father and brother of his own unqueſtionable right; and which they had enjoyed only by his permiſſion! He then cauſed himſelf to be appointed conſul for ten years,—that, by adding theſe to the ſeven conſulſhips under Veſpaſian, he might vaunt of an honour hitherto unknown, of being ſeventeen times conſul! He alſo increaſed his lictors from twelve to twenty-four—cauſed himſelf to be proclaimed, during his reign, Imperator twenty-two times, though in fact he had been almoſt always defeated—uniformly appeared before the Senate in his triumphal dreſs—aſſumed the ſurname of *Germanicus*, though continually unfortunate in his battles with thoſe hardy people—gave the ſame appellation to the month of September, *that* being the one in which he had come to the throne—ordered the month of October, in which he was born, to be called *Domitianus*—inſcribed his name upon all the edifices he had rebuilt after the great fire of the

preceding reign—but without the leaſt notice of their previous founders—filled Rome with his ſtatues, allowing none to be erected to himſelf in the Capitol, unleſs of gold, or of ſilver—crowded the ſtreets, forums, and avenues with triumphal arches of victories, never achieved by him—haſtily retreated from the German people called the Catti, and yet claimed a triumph, appearing at that time in vaſt pomp, and with *hired* perſons ſuitably habited, to perſonate his captives—aſſumed the ſurname of *Dacius*, and had a further triumph for a war with the Dacians, but which, in truth, was ended by a diſgraceful peace and treaty—was conveyed from place to place during his wars, in a litter, and was likewiſe then attended by a moſt ridiculous and effeminate luxury. But theſe were not even the chief Domitian follies,—diſcontented with the titles even of "Lord," and of "Maſter," ſo modeſtly rejected even by Auguſtus and Tiberius, he impiouſly aſſumed that of divinity itſelf,—cauſing temples to be erected to his honour, and divine worſhip to be therein paid to him as a God; and was moſt wickedly accoſted by the licentious and ſhameleſs poet Martial, as *Dominus Deusque*—Lord and God! And finally, that he might derive to himſelf a peculiar fame, and to his reign an infamous notoriety, he delighted to reſort to unknown, or wholly obſolete puniſhments—ſuch as the burning to death of Veſtal virgins!

These are ſome of the cruel, blaſphemous, ſilly and oſtentatious acts of this monarch, more than my Philotera can endure to think of; and, were his other follies and enormities merely enumerated, many rolls of my papyrus would be filled by the loathſome catalogue. A few particulars, however, and then let us leave Domitian to the execration of a far more virtuous poſterity than will people Rome in our brief day.

Witneſs, good Philotera, his mercileſs conduct at a late ſea-fight, which he exhibited in an immenſe lake that he cauſed to be made adjoining the Tiber! The crowd was unexampled, and had convened to flatter the emperor, more than to amuſe themſelves: and yet, when a driving rain came on, Domitian amuſed himſelf with forbidding any one to ſeek the leaſt ſhelter,—ſo that many periſhed from the ſevere colds which their long expoſure had given them! But his diabolical character is further revealed by his favourite maxim; which, ſtrange to ſay, ſome have aſcribed to thy countryman, Demoſthenes; and that hateful maxim is—that "*diſtruſt is the people's ſafeguard againſt tyrants—and the tyrant's ſafeguard againſt all!*"—truly a ſaying of infamous origin, and of moſt devaſtating influence, if much practiſed. Witneſs ſtill again, his murder of many Stoic philoſophers, and of ſome aſtrologers—and likewiſe his decree to baniſh them all from Italy:—among theſe, as I remember, were the great *Epictetus*, the philoſopher—and *Tele-*

ſinus, the poet. I may alſo mention his putting *Lamia* to death, merely for uſing ſome old and innocent jeſts—alſo *Lucullus*, for permitting ſome new ſort of lances, called by him Lucullians—and yet further, the ſenators *Priſcus*, *Ruſticus*, and *Senecio*, who were executed on the moſt idle ſuſpicions, ſuch as their being poſſibly cognizant of Antoninus' rebellion!

Civility from Domitian was often an alarming preſage of ſome coming evil! as, for example, in the inſtance of his kindly ſummoning to his chamber the Comptroller of his houſehold, cauſing him to be ſeated in his preſence, converſing moſt frankly with him, diſmiſſing him moſt cheerfully, ſending him that night a favourite diſh from his own table—and then *crucifying* him on the next morning!

Second General Perſecution of the Chriſtians.

These enormities, great as they are, ſtill ſeem to fade into unimportance compared with his cruelties practiſed upon the harmleſs Chriſtians, without regard to age, ſex, or condition. This, my Philotera, is the *ſecond* great perſecution of the followers of our Faith. The cauſes of Domitian's ſpecial ire againſt them are ſaid to be two; firſt, as he would not, or could not diſtinguiſh between Jews and Chriſtians in general, there having been, unfortunately for the latter, ſome withholding by the Jews of the tributes due to the national fiſc, and, in matters of revenue, Domitian was never lenient—and ſecondly, as he had liſtened with jealouſy to ſome vague rumours concerning a Meſſiah, who would rule over all, and who was to come from Judea; which cauſed him to fear that ſome of the lineage of King David might ariſe to diſpute with him the throne! Upon that idle ſurmiſe, ſo little underſtood by him, that man of ſupreme power and of no conſcience, decreed that all of King David's line ſhould be diligently ſought after, and ſlain: whereupon, two grandſons of the Apoſtle *Jude* being brought into his preſence, their humility and poverty were ſo evident that, added to their declaration that Chriſt's kingdom was not, and never would be, one of this world, he diſmiſſed them with obvious contempt! But the perſecution raged on, and an order was iſſued that, "*No Chriſtian brought before the tribunal ſhould be exempt from puniſhment, unleſs upon renouncing his religion.*" Should the captives refuſe to take the teſt-oath, death followed; but if they confeſſed themſelves Chriſtians, at all, how little, my Philotera, could Domitian expect from them an abandonment of their faith!—but he learned to know them better. During the few years of this perſecution, very many periſhed. Dionysius, the Areopagite, an early friend of our Alcæus, became a martyr at Athens. At Mediolānum we hear that *Gervaſius* and *Protaſius* met the like fate; and at Epheſus, our dear and honoured Timothy, as I learned only within theſe few days, was cruelly ſlain by the votaries of Diana. The account I have of that matter is, that

whilſt the Heathens were celebrating their feſtival called *Catagogeon*, the venerable biſhop Timothy met the proceſſion, and warmly reproved their abſurd folly; this ſo exaſperated ſome of the lower order, that they inſtantly fell upon the pious old man, and beat him to death with their batoons! This news cannot yet have reached our cheriſhed Rebecca; who, from her long reſidence at Epheſus, became much attached to this excellent man. It ſeems, however, that the good Aquila ſtill lives there in ſafety, in his now greatly advanced age; for, though Timothy thus periſhed, our holy faith hath made no ſmall impreſſion at Epheſus.

In the perſecution under Domitian's decree (which I ſuppoſe is now wholly ended even in the provinces, his ſucceſſor during the paſt eight months being quite friendly to our people) there alſo periſhed many others known to thee, at leaſt by name. Among theſe were *Simeon*, once biſhop of Jeruſalem,—and he was crucified; alſo *Nicodemus*, who was beheaded at Rome,—and *Clemens*, even though a couſin-german of the mad emperor! Domitian alſo baniſhed *Domitilla*, wife of Clemens, to the iſland of Pandetaria,—alſo *Flavia*, daughter of a Roman ſenator, to Pontus.

John's Book of Revelations.

I need dwell no longer on this terrific proceeding, than to mention that JOHN, the apoſtle and evangeliſt, who is now greatly advanced in age, alſo fell under the early operation of this decree, but only to the extent of his baniſhment to the iſland of Patmos, where he remained during the whole perſecution. It ſeems, however, that he has lately been releaſed; as ſome Chriſtians here with whom I have converſed, have a rumour that John, upon leaving Patmos, went to Epheſus, and there hath given to the Church a wonderful "BOOK OF REVELATIONS," concerning things that are to come to paſs, from the preſent time, even unto the end of the ages! This moſt intereſting volume I have not yet ſeen, there being ſcarce time for it to have reached Rome. Melchior promiſed to be here as ſoon as he can well leave Athens,—which may not be for a year or more; and doubtleſs he will bring the Book of Revelations with him, or ſooner ſend it, as he is in conſtant communion by letter with Aquila at Epheſus.

I am pleaſed that I may here end what I had to ſay of this odious perſecution; but I cannot yet part with its author, as ſome ſtrange things are ſaid to have preceded his death,—which, whilſt they ſhow the terrors of his guilty conſcience, equally manifeſt either the powers of Satan, or that God ſometimes permits to Heathens, as well as to Chriſtians, a faint inſight into futurity—or laſtly, which is the more probable, in the preſent caſe at leaſt, that what I have to relate has more of fabrication than of prophecy.

Thou muſt often have heard our good and now ſainted friend Priſcilla, and others, ſpeak of that remarkable man Apollonius of

Tyana, not only as a philoſopher and magician of great note, but ſo great, that ſome have impiouſly likened him to the Meſſiah! It ſeems, then, that in ſpite of Domitian's averſion to the aſtrologers, magicians, and philoſophers, he could not reſiſt giving an audience to Apollonius; who, as the ſtory goes, performed many wonderful feats of magic before him—and then inſtantly vaniſhed clean away! Now, this ſame magician happening to be at Epheſus, at the time that Domitian was ſlain at Rome, was heard by many ſuddenly to cry out, "*Strike the tyrant home—courage my brave Stephanus! Strike him home. All now is well; the Tyrant is no more—he is juſt now ſlain!*" And all this was ſaid, as was afterwards aſcertained, at the very inſtant that the mortal blow was given! This, dear Philotera, is ſurely wonderful, if it be a truth. It is further ſaid that the Chaldean aſtrologers continued their predictions reſpecting Domitian's death, which greatly tortured him: whereupon he ſent for one of them, named Aſeleterion, and demanded of him whether he had publiſhed any prediction reſpecting his death; and the aſtrologer replying in the affirmative, Domitian ſaid, "*O Aſeleterion! doſt thou know thy own fate, and what will be thy death?*" and his inſtant reply was, "*Yea, Domitian, I ſhall be devoured by the dogs!*" The Emperor ordered him to immediate execution, hoping to convict him of impoſture, by ſlaying and burning him with all poſſible care; but, whilſt his officers were actively engaged in performing their truſt, a ſudden tempeſt aroſe, which blew down the funeral pile, and caſt off the body—when lo! ſome dogs that were prowling about, quickly ſeized upon the lifeleſs body, and devoured it!

Apollonius of Tyana.

That there is ſome foundation for this tale, I queſtion not; but, my Philotera, how eaſily are falſehoods blended with ſome truth—all may have occurred, except the two predictions; and indeed, as to the firſt, had Aſeleterion pronounced even confidently on Domitian's death, there ſurely was enough in the then political atmoſphere to enable him ſo to do; and, at moſt this would have been but a ſhrewd gueſs from pregnant circumſtances—and, as to the ſecond, it is far more probable that Aſeleterion made ſome general remark thereon, which Domitian deſigned to falſify.

Thou doſt remember a certain *Epaphroditus*, of whom Cartaphilus ſo often ſpoke as being Nero's ſecretary? This man, grown old in the ſervice of emperors, was at laſt cruelly murdered by Domitian, for no other cauſe than that he might impreſs upon thoſe around him, the danger of aiding royalty to die, even ſhould death be coveted! for this Epaphroditus had been faithful to his maſter Nero, and merely aſſiſted the feeble ſtroke that the timid monarch deſired to inflict upon himſelf,—and yet Domitian, after twenty-and-eight years' ſilence thereon, baſely ſlew him, that he might teach a

leſſon to his own domeſtics, never to meddle with royal blood, even ſhould it be weary of life, and to ſave it from the ruder ſtabs of his foes!

But, whatever may have been the power of the aſtrologers—their falſehoods, or the additions and after-thoughts of others, it ſtill is undeniably true that Domitian himſelf had very ſtrong *preſentiments* of his approaching fate! PRESENTIMENTS! What, deareſt ſpouſe, is this myſterious glance into futurity—whence doth it ſpring—and to what extent doth it really exiſt? I will not argue, nor reſolve theſe queſtions,—but only ſay that, he is no philoſopher, who, taking the many authentic caſes of perſons whoſe death ſpeedily followed their ſtrong anticipations of it, ſhould in all ſuch caſes blend the ſentiment with the event, and regard them all as divine premonitions!—and he, on the other hand, is perhaps ſtill leſs of a philoſopher, and no Chriſtian, who habitually rejects all alliance between the ſoul's impreſſions and their accompliſhment, and coldly aſcribes the feelings and their realization to naught but chance, or poſſibly to the mere operation of a ſtrongly agitated mind upon a feeble and then periſhing body!—to me, each of theſe ſeems alike an extreme, for, who can doubt but that the ſoul, when upon eternity's verge,—yea, even when the body is not diſeaſed, is ſometimes permitted to ſee dimly through the thin veil that divides the preſent from the future? I cannot doubt it, my Philotera.

In Domitian's caſe it is quite certain that, during ſome flaſhes of lightning more terrific than uſual, he was heard to cry out, "*Let Jupiter ſtrike whom he pleaſeth;*" and ſoon after, having ordered ſome choice fruits to be prepared for his uſe on the next day, he alſo ſaid with much feeling, "*If it be my fortune to uſe theſe fruits then*"—and it is equally true that he ſaid to his attendants, "*To-morrow ſome fatal thing will happen, and that will prove the diſcourſe of all the world!*" Now, this ſeemingly dreaded day, was that upon which he was aſſaſſinated!

Before midnight of that day, Domitian leaped out of his bed in great terror; and aſking the hour, was falſely told by his attendants that the Clepſydra had already noted midnight. This being an hour later than his *preſentiment* had counted on, the emperor was greatly relieved thereby, and conſidered his danger as now paſt, upon which he haſtened to refreſh himſelf with a bath—but, in going thither, was met by *Stephanus*, who plunged a dagger into him, which was followed by many others, inflicted by conſpirators of his houſehold!

Thus periſhed Titus Flavius Domitianus,—a man odiouſly illuſtrious, whom no one loved, ſave the Prætorian Guards—ſo often the wicked inſtruments of his cruelty, and the only beings upon whom he had laviſhed kindneſſes! Theſe Prætorians, with an

equally wicked conſiſtency, were the only ones who now deſired to do his memory honour—and *they* would have canonized him as a God! With Domitian expires the Veſpaſian family—he being the twelfth of the Cæſars, and the ninth of them who came to an unnatural end!

Nerva ſucceeds to the Empire.

MARCUS COCCEIUS NERVA, now in the ſeventieth year of his age, hath been emperor during the eight months ſince I am here; and what he may eventually prove muſt yet be hoped for, as the beginning is no ſure preſage of an emperor's reign: but it rejoices me, dear Philotera, to ſay that thus far he has given ſtrong indications of great worth; and having been much honoured by Veſpaſian and Titus, and hated by Domitian, who baniſhed him to Tarentum, give me great aſſurance that Rome in him will have repoſe. Great muſt have been the joy to hear, that the firſt act of Nerva's reign was the revocation of the edicts againſt the Chriſtians, their permiſſion to return to Rome, and freely to exerciſe their religion.*

Roman authors of that age.

Although Domitian liked not the Hiſtorians of his time, ſince he would have no one praiſed but himſelf, and he feared their cenſures far more than he expected their approbation, yet *Flavius Joſephus* had the good fortune to retain his favour, and to be permitted to finiſh his "Hiſtory of the Jewiſh Antiquities," which appeared near four years ago,—that is, in the early part of the xiiith of Domitian's reign. His firſt work, as you well know, is entitled the "Wars of the Jews," and appeared about four years after the deſtruction of Jeruſalem.†

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* Nerva's reign continued a very mild and equitable one; but endured only about eight months after Julianus thus writes of him; and, in all, juſt ſixteen months and nine days. The Prætorians gave him ſome trouble, and convinced him that more energy of body as well as of mind were now required than in one of his age, which cauſed him to adopt *Trajan* as his aſſociate and ſucceſſor—a moſt fortunate ſelection, as will be hereafter ſeen, for the glory of Rome, and the repoſe of the Church.

† As Julianus makes no mention of but theſe two works, the firſt of which was publiſhed A. D. 75—and the ſecond A. D. 93, it is probable that the others appeared a few years after. His autobiography doubtleſs was given to the world at the cloſe of his eventful life; which was probably in the IVth of Trajan, A. D. 101; when Joſephus was in the 65th year of his age. His two books againſt *Apion* are an appendix to his "Antiquities;" the ſecond only of which is reſponſive to the calumnies of Apion—the firſt being a maſterly vindication of his main work, and deſigned as a reply to the incredulity of the Greeks reſpecting all Hebrew hiſtory! and both were probably publiſhed in the year preceding his death. It is ſuppoſed by ſome that this work was written in Judea, he having retired, in the early time of Trajan, to thoſe Paleſtinian eſtates that had been made to him tax-free by Domitian. The Diſcourſe addreſſed by Joſephus to the Greeks, concerning the nature of *Hades*, is as curious as intereſting. In

My preſent wiſh, dear Philotera, is to bring to your notice only ſome of the many works of the great philoſophers—poets—orators—and hiſtorians, who have adorned Rome ſince my departure upon Nero's death. This muſt be very ſhortly done; for their works will be better recommended to thy regard by their careful ſtudy, than by my moſt elaborate praiſes; and, when thou ſhalt be with me here in Rome, how delightful will it be for me to adviſe and conſult with thee, as to what ſhall be nouriſhed, and what avoided—for all, truly, may not be read by chaſte minds, be they Heathen or Chriſtian.

Let me, then, firſt mention the numerous writings of the younger Seneca, in Nero's time—all of which are for the *heart;* and alſo the works of Pliny, whom Veſuvius deſtroyed, about eighteen years ago, when Pompeii was overwhelmed, and all of whoſe writings are for the *mind*, as they treat chiefly of corporeal things, in all their boundleſs varieties and riches, but in which this Pliny could ſee no evidences of a God! Born at Verona, he became one of the moſt learned of all the Romans, as is deeply ſhown in his Hiſtory of Nature, in xxxvii books, replete with all the wonders of creation—and yet without their chief uſe, thoſe marks of deſign and of providential goodneſs, which Pliny could not ſee! He is alſo the author of one hundred and ſixty volumes of Annotations upon various authors! So boundleſs, indeed, were his acquirements, and ſo great the value of thoſe Annotations, that, as I am informed, a certain Lubinius offered him no leſs than five golden talents for them! which, not needing money, he promptly declined.*

I muſt alſo ſpecially recommend Quintilian; who, like the elder Seneca, was a Spaniard, and a famous rhetorician. Domitian ſuffered him to enjoy a peaceful retirement; and there he wrote his admirable "Inſtitutes of the Orator;" which even young maidens

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fine, the writings of this diſtinguiſhed Jew are an ineſtimable treaſure as works of great reſearch in Greek authorities, many of which have periſhed; they ſhould be found in every library, and eſpecially of thoſe whoſe faith in the Jewiſh and Chriſtian chronicles, whether political or religious, is, from any cauſe, feeble and wavering,—for *he* muſt be an inveterate ſceptic, who can reſiſt the maſs of teſtimony given by Joſephus—teſtimony, not by any means derived from Jewiſh ſources only; but mainly from profane authorities then well known; and, as to the exemplary deſtruction of the Jewiſh nation and inſtitutions, derived from his own ocular evidence; vouched, likewiſe, by Veſpaſian, by Titus, and, not to forget, by Herod Agrippa,—all of whom were ſo prominent in effecting that wonderful cataſtrophe.

* Theſe five talents amount to 3,240*l.* ſterling—or about 14,500 dollars. None of the works of the elder Pliny are now extant, except his Natural Hiſtory; of which there is a French tranſlation, in 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1833—and in 11 vols. 8vo, after the original, edited by Lemaire. Paris, 1832.

would read with great advantage,—but which every Roman and Greek mother ſhould not fail carefully to ſtudy; for Oratory, my Philotera, is truly a divine art,—and its ſeeds ſhould be planted in the mind during its tendereſt infancy; for words and their intonations, and all the graces of geſticulation that give force to artificial language, may be imparted to children at a very early age. In this delightful work there is much that unfolds the elements of ſpeech, its philoſophy, and the ſources of thoſe feelings which energize and give expreſſiveneſs to diction. Hence is it that I now recommend this work to thee; for, when our little family are eſtabliſhed in the Imperial City, you, my Philotera, though a Greek by birth, will be a Roman matron, in all thoſe virtues of heart and of head, that ſo uſually have diſtinguiſhed the daughters of Rome; and to theſe thou wilt add, as I know, the much brighter and more enduring principles of our holy religion.

Since the time I left Rome with our lamented Cartaphilus, there have alſo been ſome *poets*, of no little note; and among theſe I would mention only two; namely, Silius Italicus, whom I well remember as a lawyer of ſome eminence, and as Conſul at the time of Nero's death. His poem relates to the Second Punic War; and though not a production of a very high order, is much ſuperior to many we now read,—for his poetical deſcriptions are faithful to nature; and the narrative is not only highly veracious, but is replete with vivid and extremely intereſting delineations of men and things.

The other poet is Papinius Statius; who was born at Neapolis, and is now reſident, as I believe, in Rome. I was made known to him by Tacitus, and alſo by Joſephus,—neither of whom, however, admire him much, either as a man, or as a poet,—not as the former, ever ſince his venal adulation of Domitian;—which alſo manifeſted impiety—and not as a poet, becauſe their own taſte is too pure to admire his ſingular affectations—his bombaſt—his declamations—and his too often departures from the imaginative regions of poetry, into thoſe of the dull realities of mere narrative hiſtory: and yet Statius is now a very general favourite,—which either ſpeaks not well for the pervading taſte of our age, or ſhows that favour may be purchaſed by circumſtances, little dependent upon real merit. Still, the Thebais, in xii Books, and his Achilleis, in ii Books, or rather, in one book, the ſecond being quite incomplete—and laſtly, his Sylvæ, in vii Books, are by no means to be diſregarded.*

* It ſeems that the poet Statius died only a few months before the date of this letter, in his 35th year: but of which, it is, perhaps, not ſurpriſing that Julianus was then uninformed.

But, my very goodnatured Philotera, I muſt now end my very long epiſtle; which, I fear, hath ſufficiently tried even thy boundleſs patience; and only aſſure thee that at Edeſſa will I be in a few months hence: until then, think of me always—kiſs our beloved children often in my behalf—and fail not to read the Seneca, and the Quintilian,—which I am now ſo fortunate as to have it in my power to ſend to thee, by the truſty tabellarius, named Catiline.—FARE-THEE-WELL.

JULIANUS.

LETTER XXIX.

MELCHIOR TO AQUILA [*at Epheſus*].

ATHENS, Elul 3rd; *Seleucidæ*, 412.
[Aug. 13th, A.D. 100.]

I WAS happy, my venerated Aquila, once more to behold thy well-known ſignet to a few lines from thee, giving me aſſurance that, though now in thy ninetieth year, the infirmities of age do not yet preſs ſorely on thee: and I have rejoiced to hear that the Church has had peace ever ſince the melancholy fate, three years ago, of our juſtly beloved Timotheus. I am ſure it was in him a moſt holy zeal that prompted the indiſcreet admonition of the people, at the moment they were engaged in their idolatrous feaſt of the *Catagogion*, then ſo ill-timed, becauſe of Domitian's decree againſt the Chriſtians, then only proclaimed in Epheſus; and alſo as the people always endure admonition better in private than in public, eſpecially when they happen to be occupied in their own religious and ſuperſtitious exerciſes.*

The fifteen years that have paſſed ſince I parted from Edeſſa, have been ſpent by me, as a wanderer in far diſtant regions, ſeeing what ſmall good I might effect in the Church wherever found: and though I have endured great calamities, and ſome perils of life and limb, during quite thirty and eight years, yet none have grieved me ſo much as the fearful perſecutions by Domitian in the laſt year of his terrific reign: for in it, I loſt many precious friends.

* At the time of Timothy's death at Epheſus, in A. D. 97, it is probable he was in his 69th year; and had ſurvived Paul about thirty years. His age is inferrible from the date of Paul's Firſt Epiſtle to Timothy, (the aſcribed dates of which have been either A. D. 58, or 64) at which time the age of Timothy is very generally admitted to have been about 30: and if of that age in A. D. 58, (the more accurate date of the Firſt Epiſtle,) Timothy was in his 69th year at the time of his martyrdom at Epheſus.

Early Martyrs and Confeſſors.

When I caſt my eye through the viſta of the laſt twenty or thirty years, I am aſtoniſhed and ſhocked to find how much thinned by martyrdoms are the ranks of thoſe holy meſſengers who commenced our great cauſe; and yet, my Aquila, neither toils, nor perſecutions, nor deaths, ſtay it in the leaſt!—but the modeſt ſtar of Calvary is becoming a warm and bright ſun—Calvary will ſurely riſe far above Piſgah; and the greateſt of all revolutions the world hath known will ſpring from the labours begun by a few obſcure, deſpiſed, and now perſecuted and ſlaughtered Galileans! Scarce any of them, indeed, remain to encourage us; but we know they have reared a numerous progeny—deſtined, as we believe, to fulfil every promiſe made by Iſrael's God to our great father Abraham. *Early martyrs and confeſſors.*

Of the crucifixion of our honoured *Jude*, at Lunîe, of Perſia, thou haſt doubtleſs heard; as alſo of *Simon Zelotes*, who, after having proclaimed the Goſpel in Egypt, in Meſopotamia, Lybia, and in Perſia, was there ſlain, with his beloved companion Jude! It has been ſtrangely rumoured by the ignorant that *Simon Peter*, whom Nero deſtroyed, had viſited the remote Albion: but this I believe to be not poſſible: that benighted iſland is ſaid to be peopled by a fine race; and from the genial fertility of its ſoil, and its many inſular advantages, it may become one of the greateſt of all the Roman provinces.

It was my misfortune, O Aquila, to witneſs the death of *Dionyſius*, one of Domitian's victims; and the melancholy news I promptly detailed to the excellent Alcæus, at Edeſſa,—the great Areopagite having been moſt kind to him, when Alcæus was a poor orphan at Athens. As to *Luke*, the phyſician, and great Evangeliſt, no doubt he died a natural death in Achaia, in the 84th year of his age,—ſo that the rumour we heard of his being ſuſpended by the neck, on an olive tree, by certain idolatrous prieſts in Greece, is quite fabulous.

John, whom Jeſus ſo much loved, I am rejoiced to hear, is living with thee at Epheſus, full of years, and honours. Old age, good Aquila, ſeems to border upon eternity,—it is then that the ſpirit of prophecy is clearer, not in the Seer only—but poſſibly in all good men. Marvellous, indeed, are the "Revelations" vouchſafed to him, when an exile at Patmos! The copy juſt received of thee has been read of many; and in all of us with a fearful wonder: what it imports, in many parts, we wot not—but coming ages will doubtleſs know. The intereſting narrative you alſo ſent me, reſpecting John's tenderneſs towards that amiable but miſguided youth of Smyrna, had been previouſly rumoured here; and thy confirmation of it gave us all great joy—making that moſt venerated Apoſtle yet more dear to us. I doubt not but that

the youthful robber himſelf (ſo ſtrangely reſcued by John) will now remain not only ſtedfaſt to our cauſe, but, in time, may prove a great captain of ſalvation to others.*

Education of Chriſtians.

But, venerable Aquila, if the account of the reclaimed youth heightened our affections towards that aged Apoſtle, we were yet more grateful to him from the detail in thy laſt letter regarding his great exertions in the matter of *educating* our Chriſtian youths; and eſpecially for his daily toils in building up at Epheſus a ſchool, wherein are taught, not only all that belongs to ſacred erudition, but equally all that is uſeful in mere human learning:—ſo that, whether its pupils be deſtined to ſerve at the altar, or only in matters of worldly concernment, they may each be well qualified for their reſpective duties. That great Apoſtle, taught from on high, and, before his *call*, but little verſed in human knowledge, now knows that ſuch exalted gifts as were vouchſafed to himſelf, and to the other founders of our holy religion, are not deſtined to be thus miraculouſly given and continued to all who ſhall follow. Man muſt ſtill continue, as before, to toil for knowledge of both kinds; and John doubtleſs remembers that before his preternatural illumination, his own mind needed much even for his own daily wants: and that had he remained ſo, he muſt have proved, at his then age, an unprofitable teacher, even of the ſimple and beautiful truths of Chriſtianity—which, though level to the minds of infants, is yet ſo boundleſſly expanſive that the wiſeſt will never exhauſt it; and which in the hands of bad men, is by their cunning artifices, and falſe views, ſo preſented to young or ignorant minds, as ſhall need educated men to refute them: and ſuch, for example, was the late Apollonius of Tyana. Hence John's dedication of his few remaining days to the great matter of Education, ſhows his deep regard for the growth of the newly-planted Tree; and his conviction that *human* knowledge ought to be made a powerful auxiliary to the *ſacred;* and that, as allies, they are effectual againſt ingenious infidels; and become an exhauſtleſs ſource of convictions, a copious fountain of eloquence,

* Melchior here, no doubt, alludes to an affecting ſtory recorded by Euſebius, in Book III. chap. XXIII. The Apoſtle John died about a year after the date of Melchior's letter,—in the third year of Trajan—the Saint being then in the 100th year of his age. The narrative concerning the Smyrna youth ſeems to have been extracted from *Clemens Alexandrinus*, who lived only about a century after the Apoſtle's death, and about another century before Euſebius. The exalted character of Clemens for piety and ſcholarſhip is ſtrong voucher for the authenticity of the ſtory, ſo confidently relied on by himſelf as true. Clemens thus commences the intereſting narrative. "*Liſten to a ſtory that is no fiction—but a veracious hiſtory, handed down, and carefully preſerved, reſpecting the Apoſtle John.*"

and of impreſſive oratory, and plant our religion deep in the *underſtanding*, as well as warmly in the *heart*. And that our holy cauſe is by no means deſtined to repoſe alone upon the pious zeal of an *unlearned miniſtry*, is not only thus demonſtrated by John's care for education,—but alſo by the like regard manifeſted by the excellent MARK; whoſe early zeal prompted him to eſtabliſh at Alexandria the Catechetical School. So alſo the learned Paul, in all of his labours, never avoided the due uſe of human knowledge; for ſurely the teachings he received at Tarſus (a great city, and afterwards at the feet of the illuſtrious Gamaliel) cauſed his teachings to reach alike the head and heart; and imparted to his words great delight, as well as power. And moreover, now that the emperors Nerva and Trajan have revoked the wicked decrees of Domitian, I cannot but joyfully anticipate the revival and eſtabliſhment of many ſuch ſchools in Rome, and in all the other great cities of the empire—being firmly convinced that, as *Satanus* will not fail to avail himſelf of all the artifices of a perverted human and ſacred learning, the duty of all *Chriſtians* becomes the more imperative, that they be well fortified to meet theſe artful ſubtleties—and this can be done only by a thorough union of divine and human learning.*

Apollonius Tyanæus.

And this view of the matter has been ſtill more impreſſed upon my mind, by reaſon of my frequent interviews with that dangerous man *Apollonius* of Tyana; who died very recently at an advanced age—and whoſe eventful life has been decidedly miſchievous, no leſs to true philoſophy than to ſound religion—he having been highly gifted, and deeply learned in all human things—both of which he ſhamefully abuſed, by dedicating himſelf, with no ſmall zeal and eloquence, to his own ſelfiſh purpoſes of mere worldly and temporary fame.

As I have ſeen and alſo heard a good deal of that extraordinary man, (but with whoſe proceedings, whilſt at Epheſus, I muſt aſk of thee, my Aquila, the particulars,) I ſhall now briefly detail a few of the events of his life elſewhere, as known to me during his laſt twenty years.†

When Domitian came to the throne, Apollonius was in Egypt: and having ever been a great admirer of Veſpaſian, and of his ſon Titus, but an equal hater of Domitian, (whoſe jealouſy of his elder brother, and whoſe meditated treaſon againſt his father, cauſed

* That the views of Melchior were alſo thoſe of the primitive Chriſtians generally is obvious, from the early eſtabliſhment of ſeminaries of Chriſtian philoſophy, and of ſecular learning, which, in a ſhort time were found at Rome, Antioch, Edeſſa, Niſibis, Cæſarea, Seleucia, and at many other places.

† For the early hiſtory of Apollonius, ſee *ante* page 358, in Priſcilla's Narrative; and alſo in Letters XXVII—XXXV.

Apollonius very juſtly to deteſt the morals of this Domitian,) he took ſo active a part in exciting a ſedition againſt Domitian, and in favour of Nerva, that it had nearly cauſed him the forfeiture of life. As to his participation in that ſedition, there can be no doubt: but, by what artfully-contrived magic he was reſcued from the fangs of Domitian, it is not eaſy even to conjecture: his thorough knowledge of human nature, however, and his deep acquaintance with the myſteries of the occult ſciences, and of the ſtrange arts in the remote Eaſt, together with his winning manners, and likewiſe the prevailing hatred againſt that tyrant, were doubtleſs the chief cauſes of his wonderful eſcape: for, when Apollonius was ordered to be ſeized and brought to Rome, he promptly repaired thither of his own accord; and appeared ſo little to dread a trial, that even Domitian might have deemed him innocent of the charge, and himſelf groſſly deceived by his informers! The examination of the caſe was entruſted to the prætor Elian; who ſeems to have ſpeedily acquitted him!

But Apollonius was too experienced in mankind generally, and knew Domitian too well in particular, to continue in Rome: and in a few weeks thereafter, I met him in Athens—it being there I firſt ſaw him; and, as might be expected from his character, I then found him, and almoſt ever, a zealous attendant on ſome one or other of the numerous Temples, Gymnaſia, Lycæums, or other ſeats of education, or of religion, with which Athens ſo much abounds.

Philoſophy of Epictetus.

It ſo occurred that, ſhortly after I reached Athens, I was ſtanding cloſe to the portal of Pan's Grotto, then converſing with *Epictetus* of Hierapolis, the great Stoic philoſopher, who had juſt been exiled from Rome by Domitian. Our converſation reſpected the ſoul's immortality; in which Epictetus, in common with his ſect, is a firm believer. "But how comes it, O Epictetus!" ſaid I, "that the *Stoics*, who value the ſoul as an ever-enduring entity, and, conſequently an emanation from Deity, and hence placed within the body by Him, for ſome *fixed* purpoſe,—how comes it, I ſay, that the Stoics ſhould ſtill regard the ſoul as ſo far within *man's* control, that he may ſever it from its earthly reſidence, when, and as he liſteth?"

"In this, good Melchior," replied Epictetus, "I differ from my aſſociates—*Suicide* I deem unlawful; for I cannot but think that, if the body hath been ſo artfully contrived, and wonderfully faſhioned as the ſoul's tabernacle, and yet periſheth in due time, and not of its own accord,—the man who, by ſelf-immolation, haſtens its deſtruction, and thus dares to return to its Maker the diſembodied ſpirit, before He hath called for it, commits an act of ſupreme impiety: for ſurely, the body hath been given *in truſt* to the ſoul; and whilſt the health and perfection of the former are to be ſtudiouſly

guarded by the latter, the ſoul's affections are to be equally watched —nay with a much livelier care, leſt the mere troubles of life, deſigned to make us grateful, ſhould make us but cowards and ingrates."

Apollonius diſcourſes upon the God Pan.

At this moment approached APOLLONIUS of Tyana, whom Epictetus well knew; and having named me to him, as Melchior, of Jeruſalem—*that was*, Apollonius joined in our converſation with a cheerful dignity—and, at length, he muſingly, and in a whiſper, ſaid, "But why do we abide here ſo long before PAN'S GROTTO?—doth the like *fear* of that God, whom Domitian ſeems to dread more than all others, bring us three here at his very portal, and to do him homage?"—and then, with a raiſed voice, he further ſaid, "Thou and I, my worthy Epictetus, are in no good grace with that mad tyrant of the Roman world." "Nor is *Melchior* in any better plight," rejoined Epictetus, "who, as a *Chriſtian*, hath ſpecial cauſe to fear him much—and far more than he doth the god, whoſe image is above us."

"And yet, if PAN be rightly underſtood," added Apollonius, "none is leſs *truly* a worſhipper of that univerſal god, than Domitian: doubtleſs, he *fears* him greatly, as do many others whoſe conſciences make cowards of them; but fear is no juſt worſhip of even Pan.* Behold the ſtatue of the god, which is here over the entrance! It doth repreſent him as, in part, a goat—he hath horns—his face is vivacious—his complexion ruddy; and on his breaſt is a ſtar, and with ſtars is his robe beſpangled: he holds in his hand a pipe of ſeven reeds—his legs are hairy, and his feet are alſo thoſe of a goat! There is much, O wiſe Epictetus, and thou, O Chriſtian Melchior! that is *hidden* beneath all theſe, which are but ſymbolic of his true nature,—and yet the impious and fooliſh world have groſſly perverted them all—they ſeeing in Pan little elſe than the chiefeſt among the *Satyrs*, and the cauſe of terror in every country!

"Permit me then, good Melchior," continued Apollonius, "to raiſe for thee the thick veil, which time and ignorance and wickedneſs have caſt over Pan: for thou art from Judea; and, like other Jews, may poſſibly view all this as foul idolatry and coarſe ſuperſtition—but Epictetus needs no counſel in this wiſe from Apollonius, and knoweth how ſadly corrupted the glorious worſhip of Pan hath become.

* The *fear* of the god PAN has paſſed into a proverb, as indicating that cauſeleſs alarm, which often ſeizes upon multitudes, as well as individuals,—and which wicked, or nervous men experience without ſufficient reaſon: hence a "*panic*," or "*panic-fear*" ſignifies to this day, an inordinate apprehenſion or terror, from ideal or inadequate cauſes.

"Know then that, in all nature are only *two* eternal principles —the *Active* and the *Paſſive:* the former embraceth all *mind*, and is called the *Demiurgic Intelligence*—the latter all *matter*, and is known as *Chaos*, otherwiſe *Rhea*. Both principles are neceſſary, and, of courſe, *eternal*. But all matter hath been *faſhioned*, not merely CREATED, by the Demiurgus—whoſe five attributes, viz. *wiſdom—power—activity—goodneſs*—and *juſtice* ſtill maintain it.

"In the great work of *faſhioning* the rude elements of Chaos into the moſt ſkilful and beauteous forms, the Active Principle is repreſented by thoſe whom we call *Vulcan*, *Minerva*, *Veſta*, *Hecate*, and *Nemeſis:* and Epictetus will join me in aſſuring thee, O Chriſtian, that the Greeks regard not theſe five, and other ſubordinates that might be named, as diſtinct and ſubſtantive gods; and that, whatever may be the crude opinion of the inconſiderate and vulgar *many*, the philoſophic and conſiderate *few* admit not *polytheiſm*, ſtrictly ſo called,—but ſee God everywhere; and that, ſo far from worſhipping theſe as diſtinct deities, we receive them not even as agents of the great Demiurgic Intelligence; but merely as names of his varied modifications, in the great formative proceſſes, whereby beauty and order aroſe out of Chaos.

"It is indeed true, O Melchior, that to each are aſcribed numerous acts of power, of wiſdom, of goodneſs, and of juſtice; and that to them have been attributed marriages—amours—and progeny: it is true likewiſe, that the religion of the firſt ages hath been much allegorized and corrupted by fables, through the lapſe of time, and in various countries,—but ſtill, I declare unto thee that VULCAN can import nothing but the formative *power* of the Active Principle operating upon inert matter—that MINERVA, who is ſaid to have iſſued in full maturity, and in perfect armour, from the brain of Jupiter, (which is but another name of the Demiurgus,) and alſo to have been ſought in marriage by Vulcan, ſtill can ſignify only the perfect *wiſdom* with which all things are faſhioned out of the Paſſive Principle!

"In like manner VESTA, whoſe temple is ever without an image, and in its own form doth repreſent the world, and within which temple is ever burning a pure flame that can be approached by the immaculate alone—Veſta, I ſay, whoſe prieſteſſes are the chaſteſt of virgins, and who remains in her temple immoveable, whatever revolutions may diſturb the univerſe, and though all the Gods and Demons ſhould attend the ſummons of Jupiter—this Veſta, I ſay, ſtill continues the ſource of all *motion* that impreſſes matter—and to her are aſcribed all *life* and *heat* and elementary *fire* —and thus doth She aid Vulcan!

"But the *power*, *wiſdom*, and *activity* of the Demiurgus are further made efficient by his *goodneſs;* which is repreſented by HE-

CATE. From her are ſaid to ſpring all the bleſſings of heaven and of earth—and the avoidance of all the evils of the infernal world—and hence is ſhe called *Diva triformis*, ſhe having the three names of *Luna*, in the heavens—of *Diana*, on the earth and ſea—and of *Hecate* in hell!

"Still, my Melchior, all theſe attributes would have been imperfect, were there not a fifth,—and that is *juſtice*, which is repreſented under the name of NEMESIS; whoſe province is to puniſh impiety, and to reward virtue, in this life, as well as that after death. In theſe five deities, O Chriſtian, thou mayeſt recognize but the modifications of the Demiurgus *perſonified;* and, when freed from the corruptions of ages, reſolves itſelf into the worſhip of a Supreme God!"

"But, my learned Apollonius," ſaid I, "thou haſt ſpoken of VESTA as remaining in her temple immoveable, though Jupiter himſelf ſhould ſummon all the deities of heaven and of hell! Is not this too ſtrong a perſonification; and will not man neceſſarily regard ſuch perſonifications as ſubſtantive exiſtences, co-operating with a God, who *needs* their ſervices, and who is not *omnipotent*, if any one dare neglect his ſummons?"

"Thou, good Melchior, haſt ingeniouſly ſaid," replied Apollonius; "but ſtill, thoſe who more cloſely reflect will only find, that *this* can import nothing more than that the Demiurgic Intelligence reſpects his *own nature*, and the various forms thereof; and alſo that every attribute of that Great Intelligence is often exerted to counteract man's wickedneſs, flowing from the operations of the Paſſive Principle—for *matter* is the ſource of all evil, and of all ſin!"

"And now again, O Apollonius," rejoined I, "if inert *matter* be the ſource of all evil and of all ſin, how can Jupiter, or the Demiurgus, be *ſupreme?* there then would be two gods—one the ſource of good, the other of evil!" The philoſopher, however, ſeemed not to liſten; and proceeded.

"But, my Melchior, I muſt now ſay a word reſpecting this *Paſſive Principle*,—and then of the *union of both*,—which will bring me round again to PAN, who hath cauſed me thus to diſcourſe concerning the true import of the religion ſo prevalent over the world.

"Men have not been content," added Apollonius, "with thus perſonifying the modifications of the Active Principle, but have equally done ſo with the various forms of the *Paſſive:* and theſe are repreſented by LATONA, or night, by RHEA, or chaos, by VENUS, or order and beauty, and by LOVE, or the cauſe of perpetuity! Theſe, all, flow from the Paſſive Principle, or rather, conſtitute its eſſential nature.

"NIGHT, whom the Romans call *Nox*, and the Greeks *La-*

tona, is coeval with Rhea, or Chaos; and is the mother of all things. RHEA ſignifies matter in its primordial or confuſed ſtate, before the Active Principle diſpelled darkneſs, through the agency of Veſta, and before Latona found a reſting-place in her long wanderings through the wide univerſe, from the time ſhe firſt came from the frigid and gloomy regions of the remoteſt Hyperborean! It was only after ſhe had found repoſe that Latona (brooding with extended wings over Rhea) depoſited the Great Egg of Night in Erĕbus—which was fecundated by the igneous goddeſs Veſta,—and from which egg ſprang the World in matchleſs beauty! Light then burſt forth in torrents—life was diffuſed throughout illimitable ſpace—day and night ſucceeded each other with inflexible regularity—the heavens were garniſhed with their ever-ſhining jewels—earth and ſea teemed with living wonders—and over all this maſs of lovelineſs preſides VENUS, who, contemporaneouſly, gave birth to LOVE! In Venus and in Love we find the ſource of all order—of all beauty, and of the ardent deſire to perpetuate *like for like* through univerſal nature! In thoſe golden days, beauty had no alloy—love no ſatiety; and all was innocence, ſo long as man ſaw in Venus only the ſource of elegant thoughts, of orderly pleaſures, and of deep gratitude to the Demiurgus for all the bounties and beauties with which the Univerſe teems!—and likewiſe, ſo long as man ſaw in Love (her charming ſon, who is called Cupid) nothing more than the ſweet protector of legitimate indulgence, and for the only wiſe purpoſe originally deſigned by that mother and ſon, in obedience to the will of the great Demiurgic Intelligence!

"Now, my Melchior, having ſaid thus much as to the Active Principle, or Mind, and of the Paſſive Principle, or Matter, I would have thee behold the Univerſe—now, as it were, a *living being*, by reaſon of the *union* of theſe two principles—for, in this GREAT WHOLE, thou wilt find the GOD PAN! Look again, I pray thee, at the Image over this portal! His goat feet and his hairy legs denote the rough earth, with its rocks and mountains, its woods and its herbage: his horns indicate the ſun's rays—his vivacious and ruddy complexion portrays the brightneſs of the heavens,—the ſtar upon his breaſt, and his ſpangled robe repreſent the ſplendid canopy above us—his ſeven-reeded pipe ſymbolizes the beautiful order of the ſeven planets—and the muſic thoſe reeds may utter, denotes the harmony of the ſpheres! In Pan we alſo ſee the emblem of fecundity; and in him are aſſembled (by this perfect union of mind and matter) all that is found in nature, after Rhea or Chaos had ſprung into life, light, warmth, beauty, and love!

"But my too indulgent Melchior, and thou, my excellent Epictetus, I muſt crave thy pardon for ſo long diſcourſing. The ſun now waxes dim in the heavens, and ſoon will be loſt behind

yonder blue waves." Here ended Apollonius; who then bade us farewell.

I confeſs to thee, O Aquila, I was charmed by his voice and words—but in nowiſe deceived thereby: all that he ſaid may have been, in ſome ſenſe, true; but to little purpoſe is it now to eſtabliſh that the Greeks and Romans, or other Heathen nations, were not originally *polytheiſts;* ſince, whatever the ſcheme may import to a philoſophic mind, in our day it is a moſt impious and corrupted religion, and a vaſt ſyſtem of ſenſeleſs idolatry. Nay, even if it could be brought back to that purity of which Apollonius ſpoke, it would ſtill be a poor ſubſtitute for what is now offered—not by numerous ſymbols, but by the unerring word of Holy Scriptures—no line or tittle of which will ever fail.

I ſaw much of this Tyanæan philoſopher for ſeveral months, in various parts of Greece; but loſt ſight of him when we parted at Ægea.

When next I heard of Apollonius, it was, that on his leaving Athens he went to Olympia, there to conſult with the prieſts of the Temple of Jupiter; from thence he departed for the cave of Trophonius in Arcadia—next, that he was for a time eſtabliſhed in Epheſus; and there, as thou knoweſt, he eſtabliſhed a ſchool, and taught much of the Pythagorean and Heraclitean doctrines, blended with ſome of his own peculiar views. It is ſtated here in Athens, and by ſome believed, that he had predicted in the preſence of his ſcholars at Epheſus, the death of the emperor Domitian, and at the very time, too, that the deadly blow was inflicted by Stephanus! But far more probable is it that he was in ſome way connected with that event. In one of my laſt colloquies with him, I remember he urged upon me his favourite doctrine, that the infinite varieties in nature are but modifications of the one Univerſal Eſſence —and that all things are ſo neceſſarily and immutably allied by a fixed law, that a wiſe man, carefully obſervant of nature, can *predict* future events!

But, my venerable Aquila, no longer will I detain you with Apollonius; as I have yet ſome things to ſay, and deſpair of viſiting thee at Epheſus: and, moreover, as I muſt haſten hence for Rome, to join my valued friends Julianus and his wife Philotera; who now are there ſettled, and probably for their lives.

I have not forgotten your ſtrongly-expreſſed deſire to hear from me of matters in Rome, as they have been detailed to me in many letters from Julianus, and eſpecially ſince the death of Domitian. I now will haſtily detail them, and in fewer words than by Julianus.

The tranſition of the Roman people, on the xiv. Thal. Oc-

tober, U. C. 849—[18th September, A. D. 96,] from the wanton and mercileſs reign of Domitian, to the orderly and mild ſway of Nerva, was like the genial repoſe of nature after a terrific ſtorm. The black clouds charged with awful lightnings—the quick ſucceſſion of craſhing thunders—the impetuous torrents of rain and hail that followed every peal—and the inſidious occaſional ſunſhine that inſpired fallacious hopes even from Domitian, had now all ſuddenly ſubſided when the tyrant fell—and gave place to clear ſkies, and a balmy atmoſphere, in which even the minuteſt inſects were ſeen to revel, fearing nothing! And now, O Aquila, whence is it that the world hath been ſo perpetually curſed by tyrants—why do rulers delight in the miſery of their ſubjects; and was there ever one of thoſe deſpots who reaped either peace or ſecurity for himſelf? Not one! and yet, age ſucceeds age, no vicious monarch ever profiting by the fate of his predeceſſor! for policy and wiſdom and experience ſeem but poor preſervatives againſt the paſſions.

Marcus Cocceius Nerva was ſixty-four years of age, when the Senate invited him to the throne, and by acclamation. Having been ſeveral times ſolicited to take Domitian's place, he had thereby encountered great peril, though his refuſals were no leſs prompt, than manifeſtly ſincere. No marvel then is it that, a few days after the tyrant's death, an idle rumour that he was alive, and had only adopted this as one of his murderous artifices, cauſed even Nerva to tremble in each limb! But the ſilly tale, of courſe, ſoon paſſed off; and Nerva's firſt act was one of mercy and kindneſs, even to the hated Chriſtians—his next was one of almoſt boundleſs liberality to the poor—and this was ſoon followed by the repeal of all odious taxes—the encouragement of learned men—the reſtoration of divers things to their reſpective owners who had been ſorely robbed by Domitian to grace his palaces—and finally, by the making happy of very many decayed citizens of worth, by beſtowing on them ſuitable poſſeſſions! Theſe acts of genuine beneficence were followed by a ſolemn declaration that "*no ſenator of Rome ſhould ever be put to death by his command, though ever ſo juſt an occaſion ſhould be given!*" and this he ſo religiouſly obſerved that, when two ſenators had conſpired againſt his life, the Emperor uſed towards them not even ſtrong reproach, but merely ſummoned them in attendance at the theatre, where he placed each by the ſide of himſelf—preſenting to them each a dagger, ſaying, "*I have heard of thy traitorous deſigns; prove now the goodneſs of theſe weapons upon my body!*" And ſuch were the continued acts of clemency ſhown by Nerva, that, canſt thou believe it, my Aquila, the people began to actually mourn over his *leniency*—ſeeming to imagine that much looſeneſs and corruption muſt enſue—though they could not ſay why, nor point it out—and even Fronto, a man of eminence,

Nerva's Death.

went ſo far in this notion, as openly to upbraid the good Emperor, in theſe words,—"*It is ſurely a great misfortune to live under a monarch where all things are* FORBIDDEN—*but yet ſtill worſe to be under one who* ALLOWETH *all things!*" This, though in the abſtract philoſophically true, is moſt falſe in the concrete as to Nerva; who was not angered, but diligently ſet himſelf to finding the cauſes, if any, of juſt complaint, and the means of quickly remedying them.

Among the wiſe laws enacted by Nerva during his very ſhort reign, I ſhall note only a few. He prohibited marriage between uncle and niece,—which was firſt permitted by the emperor Claudius:—he prohibited the making of eunuchs—he took the privilege from ſlaves of becoming *informers* againſt their maſters, as it tended greatly to ſuſtain the ſuſpicions of tyrants, and to weaken the truſt that ſhould ever exiſt in that relation—he forbade any ſtatue to be erected to his own name—and removed every gold and ſilver ſtatue of Domitian, ſo far as they had been ſpared under the prompt decree of the Senate—the proceeds of all which were diſpoſed of by the conſiderate Emperor to various uſeful purpoſes.

Death of Nerva.

At length the infirmities of age, and other cauſes, admoniſhed this good Emperor of his duty to ſeek for a ſucceſſor; and in this, he conſulted only the intereſts of his country, diſregarding equally the ties of relationſhip, and the urgent ſolicitations of friendſhip!

Nerva made choice of ULPIANUS TRAJAN, a ſtranger to him and his family; but a man of ſuch lofty character, as forbids all apprehenſion. Trajan was ſummoned from his government of Lower Germany; and was at once adopted by Nerva, publicly in the Capitol, and made Cæſar by him in the Senate. In a few months thereafter, Nerva died, after a reign of only ſixteen months and nine days; but before Trajan had reached the city. The late Emperor being deified after the cuſtomary form, his remains were depoſited, alongſide of other emperors, in the magnificent Mauſoleum of Auguſtus.*

* The ruins of this vaſt and ſplendid mauſoleum are ſtill viſible, near the *Piazza del Popolo*; or, as Suetonius ſays, "*inter Flaminiam Viam ripamque Tyberis.*" The extenſive grounds around the tomb of the firſt of the Auguſti, were full of groves and of ſhady walks and of fountains, dedicated to the uſe of all the people. Theſe grounds occupied much of the ſites of the preſent churches of *S. Maria di Monte Santo* and *S. Maria de' Miracoli*, as alſo of portions of the three ſtreets called the *Corſo*—*Babbuino*—and the *Ripetla*, which branch off from the Piazza del Popolo. This circular Mauſoleum was compoſed of three lofty ſtories,—each, after the firſt, of diminiſhed diameter—leaving a broad belt, or circular platform, around each ſtory; upon which flouriſhed perpetually the moſt beautiful evergreens! On the ſummit was a coloſſal ſtatue of Auguſtus. The baſement ſtory is 220 feet in diameter, and contains the ſepulchral cham-

Trajan.

Trajan's life and character.

Trajan has been emperor now about two years; and never hath any one given to Rome ſuch large aſſurances of a proſperous reign. He was born in Spain, at a place bordering upon Seville; and is at preſent in his forty-and-fourth year.

His firſt act was to ſummon to his Court, as his confidential counſellor, that great and virtuous philoſopher and biographer, PLUTARCH of Chæronea; who, from his extenſive learning and varied travels, is moſt worthy of the exalted truſt.

The admirable letter addreſſed by Plutarch to the Emperor, in reply to the ſummons, is worthy of preſervation in letters of gold; and ſhould be treaſured by all virtuous rulers to the lateſt poſterity. Thus far, Trajan hath proved to Rome an equal bleſſing with Nerva; and being ſtill in the vigour of manhood, and deeply ſkilled in war, the Empire will have no cauſe to fear any diminution of her power during his reign: nor need ſhe apprehend any evil from inordinate ambition,—for Trajan is as virtuous, as he is wiſe and ſkilful.

The Emperor has juſt returned to Rome, from among the *Dacians*, after having borne the victorious Eagle far beyond the Danube. He entered Rome in glorious triumph, and received from the Senate the ſurname of DACIUS; which the vanity of Domitian had rather plundered, than earned, from the Senate.

And now, my venerable Aquila, my papyrus whiſpers me to cloſe this long letter—and ſo FARE-THEE-WELL.*

MELCHIOR.

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bers, diſpoſed entirely around the wall: and in the centre was a ſplendid rotunda of 130 feet in diameter, the ſides and vault of which were rich in gorgeous paintings. In front of the entrance were the two noble Egyptian obeliſks of red granite; but which now are to be ſeen, the one near the church of *S. Maria Maggiori*—the other in the *Piazza di Monte Cavello*. This once proud ſtructure is now reduced to its baſement ſtory; the ſepulchral *cameræ* have been deſecrated as ſtalls for horſes; and the rotunda has become an amphitheatre for the rudeſt ſpectacles! The commingled aſhes of the Imperial families are ſaid to be depoſited behind the Palazzo Coréa, near the church of S. Rocco; and the ſplendid marbles which encruſted the entire building, have been either made to figure in the *façades* of various palaces and manſions of modern Rome, or have been converted to the more ignoble uſes of ordinary time!

* The further great doings of Trajan, to the cloſe of his illuſtrious reign, will be found in the Rabbi Iſaac's Narrative, *poſt*.

LETTER XXX.

Rebecca to Thaddeus.

Edessa, 2nd Tisri; *Seleucidæ*, 412.
[September 10, A.D. 100.]

THY last absence from Edessa, so long extended, has much grieved us all, my good Thaddeus: thy sister Cornelia, and her valued spouse Alcæus greatly deplore thy roaming life, which scarce hath known interruption since the sad and mysterious departure of our Cartaphilus, now nigh unto twenty-and-six years! And yet I confess unto thee, I do not (aged and infirm as he then was) realize his death, for reasons quite unknown of thee, but well known unto thy sainted mother, and ever honoured father, many years before they reposed in their tombs.

I am now near my eighty-fourth year; and can write to thee but sparingly; and that, too, only somewhat to chide thee for three things—all within thy power; first, for thy now uncalled-for absence of more than five years, counting from thy last departure from Edessa—secondly, that thou hast so seldom written, and ever as if thou wouldst conceal from us the cause of that absence, the nature of thy doings, and the place of thy now abode; and lastly, that thou hast so strongly disregarded the urgent solicitations of all who love thee here, to return to us, and to *wed*—as is thy *duty:* for, when the furrowed brow doth come, and the dark locks begin to blanch—as soon they will even with thee—it is no time for man, or woman to wed; and a single life is one as little in harmony with our own nature, as with the command of Him who formed it.

Much do I rejoice, nevertheless, O Thaddeus, at thy steady Christian faith, and that thou hast escaped through all the perils that environed thee during the severe persecutions under the wicked Domitian!

It would seem from thy occasional letters, that much of thy time hath been spent somewhere among the cities of Campania—one of them bearing date from *Neapolis*, and another from that now ruined city of great antiquity, called *Cumæ*,—and thy last, from a place unknown of me, called by thee Possidonia and Pæstum. The account, moreover, given of thee concerning a place once known as Pompeii, which twenty years ago was buried by the fiery ashes of Vesuvius, greatly interested us; and especially where it tells of a portion of that ill-fated city having of late been rescued from its covering, by the removal of the ashes, where light and not very deep,

and of the wonders thereby revealed! From thy narrative it would ſeem much to be feared, that the people of that devoted place were as deep in ſin as were thoſe of Sodom and Gomorrah—Admah and Zeboim; which, in the days of Abraham, were in like manner wholly overwhelmed,—but yet in a more obvious way of God's fearful vengeance—as thoſe fires deſcended upon them from the very heavens! and then they ſunk into a profound abyſs of ſalt and ſulphurous waters! Their deſtruction, likewiſe, was expreſſly declared unto Abraham to be on account of their exceeding wickedneſs. But, as to Pompeii, our Chriſtian hope ſtill is, that their calamity doth not import an equal amount of ſin.

My pen, dear Thaddeus, moves now but ſluggiſhly: and, whilſt there is ſmall ability to haſten it, I am admoniſhed that I am myſelf haſtening to the ſweet repoſe of the tomb. Be quick therefore, wouldſt thou ſee me again; and haſten to cheer us all with thy preſence. FARE-THEE-WELL.

REBECCA.

LETTER XXXI.

MELCHIOR TO ALCÆUS.

ROME, U.C. 856, XII Kal. Jul.
[June 18th, A.D. 103.]

TIME here in Rome, my good Alcæus, hangs not ſo heavily on me, as when laſt I wrote to thee from Athens: for, upon my arrival here, a few days ſince, judge of my ſurpriſe and delight at meeting our greatly beloved Thaddeus; who will now haſten home to Edeſſa; and will be accompanied by our equally dear Julianus and Philotera; who, with myſelf, ſo ardently deſire again to behold the ever admirable Rebecca, and thy Cornelia; and from all of thy warm hearts to receive the glad welcome that awaits us. We count the hours that muſt yet intervene: and we ſhould not tarry a day longer, but that the ſtrong affection Thaddeus nurtures for a moſt intereſting and learned perſon, ſcarce of middle age, and ſurpriſingly handſome, who weds him here: for, as it ſeems, they have been of late much together; and we marvel not at his deep affection towards the ſtranger, whoſe winning manners have indeed enchained all our hearts.

Thaddeus is moſt urgent that his friend ſhould join us in the viſit to Edeſſa—and we have earneſtly united in the perſuaſion; but I fear with no ſucceſs—his heart being now ſet upon ſome remote land, and even upon the little known Albion! The devotion of Thaddeus to him, and the warmth with which it is returned,

grieve us much; but only as we dread their ſeparation, as Thaddeus will not delay his haſtening to Edeſſa: and why *Tacaſulriph* (for that is his very ſtrange name) ſhould thus ſtoutly heſitate, doth much ſurpriſe me, ſeeing that his parents no longer live, and that Thaddeus hath promiſed that if he will but ſojourn with him a year at Edeſſa, he will thereafter travel with him the world over, ſhould he require it!

* * * * I have delayed my letter to add the joyful intelligence, that we have at length prevailed on our new friend to journey with us,—ſo that we all ſhall be with thee early in the month of Elul, [*Auguſt*,] as our journey will probably conſume nigh two months. FAREWELL.*

MELCHIOR.

* The reſult of that viſit to Edeſſa muſt be deferred, until Cartaphilus has detailed his own adventures, from the time he wandered from Edeſſa, until thoſe various parties met at Rome, as above ſtated, and reſolved to haſten on to Edeſſa —a period of nearly thirty years, which is embraced in the following *Retroſpective Memoir*.

CHRONICLES OF CARTAPHILUS,

THE

Wandering Jew.

BOOK THE SEVENTH

CHRONICLES OF

Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew.

BOOK VII.

His Wanderings from Edeſſa.

RETROSPECTIVE MEMOIR OF CARTAPHILUS, FROM THE RUINS OF PÆSTUM.

SECTION XXXVII.—From *Sivan* A. M. 3834 to *Iyar*, 25—3863.
[From June, A. D. 74 to May 10, 103.]

TWENTY-and-eight years have gone by, ſince I abandoned home and loving friends at Edeſſa, and became, for a time, a Wanderer in miſery, and then a melancholy recluſe from all the haunts of men!

He wanders from Edeſſa, and reaches Nicephorium.

Now thoſe years were ſpent, until I lately reached Rome, and now am bound for Edeſſa again, not as Cartaphilus with hoary locks, but as the unknown youth Tacaſulriph, muſt now be faithfully chronicled.

* * * * In the ſeventy-firſt year of my age, I became a nearly maddened and voluntary exile from Edeſſa, and from thoſe ſo dear to me there—not knowing whither I was going—my mind then raging as a troubled ſea, and without a ray of hope that one ſo deep in wretchedneſs and in ſin, could ever find repoſe, I haſtened reckleſſly onward, heeding and ſeeing nothing, until the gates of *Nicephorium*, at the cloſe of night, received me.

This city, on the ſouthern banks of the Euphrates, is ſituate ſouth of Edeſſa, a long day's journey. Exhauſted by mental agonies, I had forgotten all nouriture ſince the early dawn; and my ſtrength being now nearly gone, I ſuddenly bethought myſelf to ſeek only a night's ſhelter with the worthy *Artaxias* of Nicephorium.

With him I had often communed, during his frequent viſits to

Edeſſa,—when his deep learning, eſpecially in the philoſophy of the Magi, had greatly won me to him. Being, moreover, at the time I abandoned Edeſſa, tormented by many new and unſettled faiths, among which were ſome inculcated by the great Artaxias, I felt inſenſibly attracted to his dwelling, he being alſo the only perſon known to me in all that region.

Artaxias had reſided ſome years in that city, much engaged in teaching the dogmas, ſcience, and peculiar arts of the Magians: and there being a great Temple there, dedicated to the hateful *Venus-Tanais*, he was ſometimes involved in dangerous conflicts with its prieſts,—in which caſes, he had been accuſtomed to conſult me at Edeſſa; who, though in nowiſe a Magian, at that time, was well known by him to be moſt hoſtile, as he truly was, to the rites and religion of that voluptuous temple.

Artaxias was among the ſtricteſt of the diſciples of Zedhurſt, alſo known as *Zoroaſter*, the great reviver of the Magian faith; and he being, moreover, an Archimagus of that religion, I had always experienced great ſatisfaction in converſe with one ſo deeply inſtructed in its myſteries: for ſurely that faith is one of the moſt ancient and wide-ſpread of all the religions found in the eaſtern countries, and Artaxias was one of its moſt illuſtrious teachers.

My friend, on perceiving my approach towards his manſion, was alert in opening wide his gates to my heavily burdened vehicle: and, as I ſluggiſhly entered his veſtibule, he fondly embraced and welcomed me,—but inſtantly, his ſurpriſed and anxious looks revealed, even to my then hebetated ſenſes, that his obſervant eye had been quick in perceiving that, to the infirmities of my age, were now added a deep gloom, that fitfully ranged upon the very confines of madneſs,—nor was he ſlow in the kindeſt endeavours to miniſter to body and ſpirit ſuch ſolace, as an hoſpitable roof and the moſt varied wiſdom might afford.

Magian Philoſophy and Religion.

I had departed haſtily and furtively from my dear friends of Edeſſa, as one who deſired never more to ſee the human face: but Artaxias diſcourſed ſo ſweetly on the wonders of the ſtarry world—on the reſearches of his great Maſter in the philoſophy of mind and of matter—on the myſteries revealed by the four elements through the profound arts of the Magi—and chiefly on FIRE, as the great emblem of the Supreme Being—yea alſo, on the influences of night's ſhining orbs, that my mind was much refreſhed thereby; and having previouſly been ſtrengthened by his ſimple though ample repaſt, we retired at a late hour—each greatly more pleaſed with the other, than upon my arrival within his gates.

At the morning-dawn, however, I ſought to reſume my journey, though I knew not *whither*,—for the current of my unhappy

thoughts had returned upon me: to this, Artaxias would in no wiſe conſent,—ſo that, inſtead of a night's ſhelter, I tarried with him many days—enjoying the bounties of his rich and varied ſtores of knowledge, which ſeemed nearly viſible and palpable from the thorough intellectuality of his ſoul—for that ſoul would pierce the moſt recondite of nature's wonders, and would remove the thick cruſts that ſo often envelope them, with ſeemingly as much eaſe as if every mental operation were with him but as an infallible manipulation!

The marvels and glories of the Magian philoſophy and religion were the frequent topics of our diſcourſe. My acquaintance with them was then ſmall; but, in the hiſtory of the Medes and Perſians, I well knew it had exerted a great and enduring influence; and that at *Bactra* the prieſts of the great Magian Temple there had, for many centuries, maintained a faith that bound myriads to a far purer worſhip than that which obtained in any other of the Gentile nations. From Artaxias I learned that the inferior prieſts guided the popular ceremonials of their religion—that the next in dignity preſided over the ſacred Fire; whilſt the High-Prieſt, or Archimagus, exerciſed over the whole a ſupreme authority,—his throne being viſited by crowds from far and near, and with great ſolemnity; ſo that every one failed not to repair thither certainly once during life; and thoſe in the vicinity attended with exemplary conſtancy. No images or ſtatues were known to the Magian worſhip; but prayers and ſacrifices only.

Their ſupreme divinity is MITHRAS; and two ſubordinate and *derived* gods exert conflicting powers—the one called *Oromaſdes*, being the Active or Good Principle—the other, known as *Arimanius*, being the Paſſive, or Evil Principle. The emblem of Oromaſdes is Light—the ſymbol of Arimanius is profound Darkneſs.

In the perpetual and violent conteſts between matter and mind—between the paſſive and active principles, Mithras is the great and controlling *Mediator*. Nature is greatly mixed; the power of Arimanius is held to be great; but the time will come when he ſhall be wholly deſtroyed—then will a Golden Age, or that of univerſal happineſs, come forth, and mankind will form but one ſociety—all languages will then be reſolved into one—aliment will no more be needed—the ethereal body will become ſupreme,—ſo that no man will even *caſt a ſhadow!*—and then will MITHRAS become all in all!—Such, in ſubſtance, were the words of Artaxias.

"But, my venerable and moſt learned Artaxias," ſaid I, "when ſhall theſe things be—for the Jews have a very like tradition?" "To Mithras, ages are but as hours," reſponded Artaxias, "but to man, they ſeem very long—ſcarce two thouſand years more, and

all will be accompliſhed!" "Much do I approve thy rejection of male and female gods, worthy Artaxias," rejoined I, "but I have to wonder at, and abhor greatly, that mother and ſon are permitted under thy law to wed!" "O Cartaphilus!" anſwered the Magian, "thine is the error—for what natural tie is ſo holy and tender as that of mother and child,—and why, therefore, ſhould they not render the alliance cloſer, and more enduring?" We argued this ſtrange matter, after the ſun was veiled by night, and until the ſtars began to grow dim by the midnight moon—but with no change of opinion: and intending to purſue my journey by the morning-dawn, the weary eyes of the "Curſed Wanderer" were ſoon cloſed by ſleep—for even the bittereſt gall of ſin muſt ſometimes yield to that ſweet balm.

SECTION XXXVIII.

ON leaving Nicephorium, I remembered the condition upon which I had promiſed Flavius Joſephus to viſit him at Rome: but, as my mind, though ſomewhat calmed by the good Magian, ſtill involuntarily ſhran from the haunts of men, and eſpecially from ſo teeming a metropolis as Rome, and where I was ſo extenſively known; I at once abandoned all thought of going thither. I alſo bore in mind that my valued friends of Edeſſa would not fail to ſeek me among the ruins of Jotapata, or of Maſada, as my poſſible going to the one or other had alſo been intimated in my letter to Joſephus, and hence thoſe Paleſtinian ruins, though ſo genial to my ſoul, were no fit place for me, would I evade all ſearch.

He viſits Palmyra.

PALMYRA, known to me only by report, lay but a ſhort diſtance ſouth of Nicephorium; and thither I wended my ſolitary courſe, I knew not why! Now, though this "*Tadmor of the deſert*" is a far more goodly city than Nicephorium, I thought, on reaching it, I ſhould be eaſier there, as knowing and known of none:—and moreover, it ſeemed as if it muſt be a ſolace that the *deſerts* were ſo near and would, at leaſt, be all around me; for my then morbid ſoul was panting for the ſterility of thoſe arid ſands, within my daily reach; and I then longed for them, as doth the parched body for refreſhing ſtreams; or, as the fever-worn limbs, in a ſultry morning, ſigh for the mountain moiſture,—or as the yet blooming flowers rejoice amidſt the crevices, to be there ſhaded in their ſolitary places!

In an obſcure and yet lovely abode of Palmyra, I was ſheltered for a time; but I could not then value it according to its worth—for, to the ſoul, the outward world is only of that colour, of which

the veil is through which it is ſeen; and *that* to me then was pale, and yellow and dingy,—ſo that, in all Palmyra, nothing could arouſe me—ſave its *great antiquity;* and upon that I loved to muſe! Strange! that this love of antiquity doth thus purſue me: for, in theſe my Chronicles, the like hath often been noted; and yet, till now, never with a ſuſpicion that *this* doth ſymbolize that I, alone among mortals, am deſtined ever to have antiquity and actuality and futurity before me,—and theſe all ſo thoroughly blended, that my very nature ſeems to rebel againſt their ſeparation! Oh truly, none can fathom the depths of man's myſterious being, but the Supernal Intelligence! yea, the Univerſe is but a ſeries of ænigmas—and, of them all, Man is the leaſt reſolvable!

Little ſuited for inquiry after men—their doings—and things, was the mind that brought me within Palmyra's walls,—and hence nothing have I now to chronicle as to this moſt ancient city. Books were my abiding and only companions there; in them I ſometimes found a thin veil to ſubdue the odious light of remembrance: for happy is the ſinner when he *can forget!*

SECTION XXXIX.

He retires to the ruins of Pæſtum.

BUT there was no long reſt for a ſolitary outcaſt—a miſerable wanderer, more guilty than Cain, and more curſed than he! Palmyra, in turn, had become odious to me, though an alien to every being within its ample walls, and though I had ſeldom croſſed the veſtibulum of my lonely abode. No ſharer in its toils or pleaſures, yet, even from the diſtant hum of buſy life, which obtruded upon my ears, my mind involuntarily recoiled!—ſtill, whither to fly—where to ſeek another refuge, I knew not.

But oh, how ſtrange is the law of mental aſſociations!—if indeed, in that fitful, vagrant, and moſt wonderful of intellectual operations, there can be any *law* that guides them. Yet thus the matter was. * * * A ſweet youth (aſſigned to miniſter to my wants) entered my apartment; and reſpectfully, but joyouſly preſented to me many freſh and blooming roſes, wet with the dews of morning, and rich in their own delicate odours. Theſe, taſtefully bound together, he handed me, ſaying, "I pray thee, my venerable maſter, receive theſe—they are fragrant as beautiful,—and will refreſh thy too drooping ſpirits—they ſhall often be renewed for thee: and, ſhouldſt thou tarry with us ſix months hence, I will have for thee ſome that will be yet more lovely, and from the ſame ſtock—as they fail not to bloom for us *twice* in the year! Inſtantly, there

ruſhed through my mind the "*Biferique roſaria Pæſi*" of Virgil; and ſuddenly, as doth lightning deſcend to the earth, the *thought* alſo ſtruck me that I might find a ſecure ſhelter, if not happineſs, among the long-forſaken temples of that ancient ruined city of Lucania—by the Greeks called Poſidonio, and now by the Romans *Pæſtum!* The thought was moſt conſolatory to me. I remembered its balmy air—its clear blue ſkies—the beauty and freſhneſs of its *roſes*, that bloom twice a year, and die unſeen amidſt its numerous ruined habitations, and time-worn temples! I alſo remembered the happy hours I had ſpent among theſe majeſtic and ancient temples, when Nero, in one of his ſportive humours, ſet me to chaſing the harmleſs and brightly ſpotted lizards, as they baſked in the glowing ſun; or as they gambolled from one fragment to another of the fallen-in roofs!

This muſing upon the ſolitarineſs of Pæſtum, ſo ſtrangely revived in my mind by the faſciculus of roſes the youth had juſt given me, alſo brought with it a thouſand other remembrances of yet brighter days,—which, as a flood, filled me for a time with cheering hopes that *this*, of all earth's retired ſpots, was indeed the beſt ſuited to my then urgent wants!

I dallied not a moment longer in Palmyra; but haſtened on to Heliopolis—thence to Berytus,—and ſtopped not until I reached Joppa,—there to take ſhipping for Neapolis, ſo nigh unto Pæſtum, that a few hours more would then realize my longing hope: and all this was done by me with ſuch ſpeed, as my then age and infirmities permitted.

I remained at Neapolis only ſufficiently long to procure ſome few comforts, in addition to thoſe I brought from Edeſſa; and likewiſe to purchaſe (and then ſecretly to manumit) a young and active ſlave, who might faithfully ſerve me. This was ſoon accompliſhed; and with the aid of the kind and ſenſible youth, named Julianus, our travel was early ended; and I found myſelf at Pæſtum the abſolute monarch of the vaſt Central Temple! A portion of this was, in a few days, partitioned off into three apartments; each comparatively ſmall, and therefore an ample range was left within the walls, to be uſed by us during the heat of the day, or other weather that demanded ſhelter.*

* It will be perceived that Cartaphilus merely calls this the Central Temple. The ruin, now arbitrarily called the *Temple of Neptune*, together with the other two, at ſhort diſtances upon the ſame line, and which are alſo gratuitouſly called the *Temple of Ceres*, and the *Baſilika*, conſtitute the chief remains of this ancient city of the Sybarites and Lucanians. Though theſe temples were intereſting and forſaken ruins, even in the time of Auguſtus, they are yet among the beſt preſerved remains of ſuch remote antiquity, to be found in all Europe. They are, however, probably in a far more dilapidated ſtate at this time, than when the unhappy Wanderer of Centuries ſelected one of them for his lonely abode.

Julianus, his Slave—Their life at Pæſtum—Study and Prayer.

Happily, we found the roof of this temple yet in tolerable preſervation; and the wide plain, once ſo populous, and not now wholly forſaken, yet could furniſh us with no comforts: but various ſmall towns in the diſtance, eſpecially *Salernum*, were ſufficiently contiguous to enable Julianus to obtain our needed ſupply.

In this deep ſecluſion, ſo congenial to me, ſeveral years paſſed on—to me, generally in ſadneſs, and often in pain; but to my Julianus, as fleetly as the roſeate hours of a feſtal day; for he loved ſtudy, was young, healthy, and cheerful—and above all, *innocent!*

My library, though not extenſive, was extremely choice; but the volumes had been moſtly pondered over by me—ſome of them during more than thirty years, at Jeruſalem, Rome, and Edeſſa; whilſt others of more recent date had been nearly exhauſted, during the *four* years that now had elapſed ſince my coming to Pæſtum. I reſolved therefore, though then in my ſeventy-and-ſixth year, to make a ſomewhat ſecret viſit to Pompeii, to Herculaneum, Neapolis, and to other adjacent places—there to repleniſh, and largely, my thus miniſhed ſtock of books—*they* being now my only friends, ſave the faithful Julianus—a ſlave of more value than a ſcrinium of many volumes. All paſt experience, moreover, had aſſured me that *books* (to one that cannot *pray* with fervency) are the only available means to mitigate, in any degree, the pangs of a wounded, though uncontrite ſpirit. Prayer is, indeed the ſoul's natural aliment; and he who *doth* pray, if even mechanically, hath yet ſome life within him; he is not utterly famiſhed: but he who quite forſakes ſuch food—he who ſaith he *cannot* pray, and acts thereon, is ſure to languiſh in extreme miſery; and ſoon becomes *dead* in treſpaſſes and in ſin! But, Cartaphilus! both theſe bleſſings are ſtill thine in ſome degree: theſe aliments of happineſs—*ſtudy* and *prayer*—have never quite abandoned thee; and remember that happineſs is for ever comparative only; and that its very nature is to be on the *increaſe*, or on the *decreaſe;* for, like ſin, it can never be ſtationary! Be grateful, therefore, for what thou haſt; and know that, if happineſs may be conſtantly enlarged in this world, and infinitely ſo in the one beyond the tomb, ſo, in both, may it be infinitely diminiſhed!

Thus did my expected viſit to Pompeii, feeble as I was, greatly agitate me, and cauſe me to ponder deeply, and earneſtly to ſigh for ſome freſh volumes—eſpecially the great work of Flavius Joſephus, on the Jewiſh Wars; which, as I doubted not, was by that time publiſhed. But, fearing I ſhould not find it at Pompeii, or, indeed, any very ſolid or even moral work, I deſpatched my Julianus forthwith to Rome; as I would not now venture there,—being unwilling to have the leaſt communion with thoſe, at one time ſo highly in my regard, and I in theirs.

They viſit Pompeii—Events there—Veſuvius.

The faithful Julianus accompliſhed this miſſion for me in a few weeks; and delivered the precious volumes to my eager graſp. How I devoured them, can only be likened to the ravenous appetite of a famiſhed lion, that hath ſuddenly pounced upon a freſh ſlain leopard!—but happily, I had much the advantage of the royal beaſt; for my viands, unlike his, were not thoſe *quæ ipſo uſu conſumuntur*,—ſo that, when I had devoured all, I readily returned to them after no long pauſe, and with uncloyed appetite! and this detained me for ſome months after the return of Julianus, from my deſired journey to Pompeii and the Campanian cities.

SECTION XL.

AT length, on the *third* day of the month of *Elul*, and of the Creation, 3839—which anſwereth to Auguſt 22,—U. C. 832—[A. D. 79.]—I left Pæſtum, before the ſtars of the morning were dimmed,—and reached Pompeii on the night of that day—having on my way paſſed through *Salernum*—a town of the Picentini, on the ſhores of the Tyrrhenian ſea, but not of ſufficient note to cauſe me to tarry, or to chronicle any of its particulars. Whilſt paſſing through that town, I was forced to remark, and with ſome uneaſineſs, occaſional ſlight tremblings of the earth, and that this was alſo obſerved by the people of Salernum: and, as I gained the country, I alſo noted that various animals, browſing in the ſurrounding fields, ſeemed conſcious of ſome diſorder in nature, and gazed with a vacant ſtare, and timid aſpect, as if *they* poſſeſſed better means of anticipating danger, than thoſe vouchſafed to man!

He viſits Pompeii: what befell him there.

At firſt, I was unhappy that I had not left my poor Julianus at Pæſtum, ſhould any calamity happen during our abſence: and this was increaſed as I journeyed onward: for, as I came nigher to Veſuvius, I doubted not that the more remote we were from its ſmoking and fiery mouth, the ſafer we probably ſhould be—as white and red and black maſſes of ſulphurous ſmoke, with occaſional terrific burſts of melted lava, roſe into the air to a great height!

The ſun was now buried in the waters of the Great Gulph, as I entered the eaſtern gate of Pompeii. A black and heavy cloud hung over the weſtern horizon—the waters of the Sarnus were much ſwelled—the Great Sea was more agitated than had been known for many years—and the numerous veſſels in the ſouthern and weſtern harbours, were with difficulty kept to their moorings.

The night, however, though paſſed in ſafety, gave us dreadful preſages, and was full of terrors to many. The multitude, never-

Pompeii as it then was—The Chriſtians there.

theleſs, were keen as uſual in the gratification of their darling pleaſures; and though nature ſcowled with angry threatenings, I found the ſtreets filled with crowds in purſuit of gain, of vice, of folly, and of voluptuous enjoyments—whilſt a few were ſeen, furtively, as it were, creeping into the temples, and offering to the gods a feeble lip-ſervice, or a hideous outcry, from exceſſive alarm.

On the morning of the fifth of Elul, the ſun roſe with his uſual luſtre; the black and pregnant cloud had nearly vaniſhed; the ſea was greatly calmed; and the angry mountain was giving but an occaſional moan—a fitful and much diminiſhed volume of ſmoke and fire:—but alas! all this was only the forebodement of an inſidious and awful outbreak!

During ſome hours of the paſt night, and ſeveral of the following day, I traverſed through moſt of the ſtreets of this modern Sodom, in my narrow and clumſy vehicle. I found in them not a little magnificence—much ſqualid poverty—and ſome odious and galling miſery,—with occaſional evidences of learning, and of a ſtill more ſparſe and feeble piety,—both of which were truly as grains of wheat amidſt many ephahs of chaff,—ſo that, when found, we ſaw them encompaſſed by ſuch daring profligacy, ſuch crude ſuperſtition, and groſs ignorance, as to be quickly loſt ſight of.

"Here is the much famed *Temple of Iſis*," ſaid the loquacious but intelligent guide, who had attended me from ſunriſe; "and many vile doings are had therein, if we may believe thoſe ſtrange people called Chriſtians, or Nazarenes: nay, even our own rabble declare ſo; and they ſometimes deſire to pry miſchievouſly into ſuch things; for they ever hate what is forbidden to them; or which if revealed, are little underſtood of them." *Pompeii, as it then was.*

"The Nazarenes in this matter, and even the rude people's ſuſpicions," replied I, "are doubtleſs not without juſt cauſe: for this ſiſter and ſpouſe of Oſiris—at times called Serapis—hath of late much degenerated,—and now ſhows her mere earthy nature, if ever ſhe were anything better. This Isis, by the Greeks called *Io*, hath, as I remember, a temple in the iſland of Philæ: and there, as everywhere, have I heard of her doings, that ſuit only man's moſt beaſtly nature; and which, if report be true, would find ſpecial favour in Pompeii—loſt as it is in all vileneſs!"

My ſurpriſed guide was ſilent for a moment, and then ſaid, "Art thou a Nazarene? if ſo danger attends thee here—never from me, good ſtranger: for, of theſe people called Chriſtians, I know much good, and no harm; but there are people now in Pompeii, who would hunt thee out as a ſavage beaſt, and ſlay thee with ſlow tortures!" "*Bene, ductor mihi, carpe viam*," rejoined I, "and now, let us hence to other ſpots."

Some Paintings there—The Tombs—Books.

We then proceeded to all the other temples, to the theatres, baths, fountains, tombs, and ſtatues; moſt of all which are in the uſual manner of provincial towns—often coſtly, without taſte—voluptuous, without refinement, and extenſive, without much occaſion for ſuch expanſion. The private houſes, in many inſtances, occupy far more ſpace than in larger cities; for the ſoil coſts leſs, and the magnates of ſuch towns have a power, and diſplay a pretenſion, greatly more than is correſpondent to their real wealth; and, having fewer occupations, they often indulge in a coarſe luxurious life, that might ſurpriſe an Agrippa; or which the like Roman purſe could ill ſuſtain, ſeeing that all things are far more coſtly in the gigantic Metropolis, than in any of the ſecluded and little frequented towns of Southern Italy.

My guide now reſted before the portal of a goodly houſe: and as we entered the *pothyrum*, the ſtrange admonition there was, "*Cave Canem*"—"Beware of the Dog!" This was kind,—but, methinks, more hoſpitable would it have been had the dumb beaſt not been there at the very entrance—for the ſtony delineation was that of a very fierce black and white dog, with a red collar, in the act of ſpringing upon the incautious gueſt! The owner, however, of this ſtately manſion was generous; and promptly furniſhed our guide with all the facilities as to which he had made the call: after which, we carefully examined the pictures that graced his walls. One which particularly commanded my admiration, was that of *Achilles* ſurrendering *Brieſis* to the Heralds, that ſhe might be conducted to Agamemnon. The original is a work of extraordinary merit,—this one being a beautiful copy, that might challenge a place on any wall of even Imperial Rome. So, alſo, the *Leda* and *Tyndaris*—the Sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, and likewiſe the *Venus* and *Cupid* fiſhing, are all moſt pleaſing pictures; the walls were alſo richly decorated with taſteful deſigns, and the houſe everywhere manifeſted wealth and elegance.

We next proceeded to the largeſt collection of *Scrinia* that Pompeii affords; and made purchaſes of books to a ſmall extent; for a provincial town, and ſo diſſolute an one, yielded but a ſtinted choice of the claſs that was ſought of me.

The many beautiful tombs and cenotaphs, in the midſt of life's realities, ſo uſual in Pompeii, is a cuſtom of doubtful utility, and leſs to have been expected in Pompeii than elſewhere; and yet was more needed there, than in more decent places, could ſuch memorials lead the minds of the living to contemplate the fate of the dead. But thoſe people were accuſtomed to think of all things, rather than of the *Manes*, of *Mors* and of *Pluto*, of *Minos* and *Æacus*: and, though they lived under the eternal threats of Veſuvius, which had ſometimes poured its fiery clouds over greater diſtances, and then ſeemed

Pompeii deſtroyed—His ſubterranean life—Its wonders.

more angry than ever was known before, yet theſe Pompeians ſeldom permitted their eyes to reſt upon any of the numerous tombs around them; but perpetually gazed upon all the ſenſuous pictorial delineations and ſtatues, that everywhere met their gaze.

Night came on, and with it an hour was dedicated to my Chronicles, in obedience to my long habit, as well as from the gloom that had nearly overcome me: for the condition of the Mountain was now becoming very alarming, and our great deſire was to haſten on our road that night, if poſſible, or by the early dawn of the morning. * * * * Wearied became my eye-lids, and unto my couch I repaired for reſt, *Veſuvio volente!*

PÆSTUM, Idus Sext. U.C. 838. [Auguſt 13th, A.D. 85.]

His life under the aſhes of Pompeii.

I NEED not recount the manner in which I became buried quite fifteen cubits beneath the aſhy ſhowers of Veſuvius,—which ceaſed not entirely to pour down during ſeveral days; nor can I deſcribe my agonies when the incumbent weight increaſed upon me, and as I gradually became more and more conſcious that life deſigned *not* to leave me; but that I was deſtined to exiſt under a load of unimaginable tortures—how long I could then in nowiſe conjecture!

Happily for me, all this was preceded by a marvellous change of all that was corporeal in me, and with little, if any, *note of time;* for the years I lay there were, as to *time*, but a dreamy exiſtence; and yet, in all other things, with the ſame vivid ſight and conſciouſneſs, that often belong to man during the brighteſt viſions of the night!

At firſt, all around me was black and palpable darkneſs—but ſoon, great was my wonder when a mild and comparative light, if ſuch it might be called, ſlowly beamed in upon me, and more as if it found its ſource within me, than anywhere without!—for all things, after a while, ſeemed to become *parts* of myſelf—attended, moreover, by ſuch a preternatural increaſe of my viſion, that even nature's minuteſt objects—their moſt intimate organization, and their very eſſences, were glaringly before me, and ſoon thereafter became to me, either odiouſly, or delightfully familiar, according to their very diverſe natures!

How mighty and perfect and varied are even the ſmalleſt, yea, the wholly inviſible things of earth, of fire, of water, and of air, when contemplated with the eyes of man's inner, unſeen, and mere *ethereal* body!—and ſo was it now with me: then, things wholly unknown

to the outward and viſible eye of man, ſuddenly ſtart forth, as if by a new creation!—then, doth the ethereal body (which, with the ſoul, is immortal) cauſe the world of minute things to riſe before us in their infinitude—claiming fellowſhip in ſize and faſhion, even with the beaſts and birds, the fiſhes and inſects and reptiles, that are hourly known and ſtudied of man! Wonderful indeed are the works of thy hand, O God of Nature!—and doubtleſs, when all ſhall be diſtinctly revealed to the *utterly diſembodied ſpirit*, then everything that mortals, in their now ignorance, regard as "ſmall" and "great," muſt become co-equal; and the, ſo-called, tiny-inviſible world, will then diſplay the ſame marvellous perfections, as everywhere meet the eye in the, ſo-called, great viſible world—thereby teaching man that with the Creator, nothing is really great, or ſmall; but that all is formed in matchleſs wiſdom; and hence to be valued and preſerved with care, as co-equal proofs that all things are "very good," and that the minuteſt of them are full of wonders and of greatneſs!

To my then ethereal and piercing viſion, all nature around me teemed with *life;* and the aſtounding fact was revealed to me that nearly all *matter*, which, to the natural eye is ſo inert and lifeleſs, is perpetually quickening into animation, and burſting into active exiſtences—or, ſinking into death—there to aſſume other mutations, again ſpringing into, or ſuſtaining life! Here was it that I firſt learned to know that, in all creation, there exiſts a vaſt connected chain of being—an infinite progreſſive ſeries of animation—filling all things, and giving breath, yea *thought*,—and hence, the power and duty of *praiſe* to Him, who alone is the Fountain whence they ſpring, and whither they muſt all return—each at its appointed time! Theſe countleſs breathing exiſtences, ſo infinitely minute to uſual viſion that man knows them not, were now found by me revelling in their various and appropriate, though tiny enjoyments, each equally tenacious with other entities, by man called ſmall, of all their habits—alſo preſervative of life—induſtrious—methodical, and cautious in their toils; having, moreover, a fixed dominion, laws, public as well as private—and each enforcing thoſe relations, often with a more inflexible exactitude, than man is wont to do!

These exiſtences, ſo unknown to, or little regarded by our preſumptuous ſpecies, were alſo found by me moſt provident, and ſo regardful of the future, as ſeldom to periſh by famines—ſtoring up their nouriture for times in which, as they well know, neither they nor their helpleſs young can toil,—alſo cultivating attachments—manifeſting diſlikes, and even waging fierce wars, or individual revenges—the ſame as do beings familiar to us—yea, as we find them either when proudly roaming in the foreſts, or diving in the ocean depths; or, as we ſee them on wings, piercing the boundleſs ſkies!

The Minute World revealed.

All around me was *life*, and in forms innumerable—each little crevice, to the world inviſible, being filled with myriads of moving things ſo wonderfully ſmall, that, even in the maſs, our keeneſt and moſt aſſiſted viſion would in no way have graſped them!—and yet each particular inſect, reptile, or other breathing entity, was found by me perfect in organization—ſtudious of its aſſigned nature and purſuits, regardful of its daily toils, and occaſional enjoyments! Nay, even the ſolideſt lavas and flints, and other ſtones that preſſed around me, were not devoid of their own moving and peculiar living exiſtences—if not in actual life, yet in embryo: ſo that, at laſt, the voluntary, or involuntary motions everywhere ſeemed to me as if *all matter* were naught elſe *than life!* The incumbent aſhes were momentarily diſcloſing to my marvellous viſion their crowd of wonders; and if my then *inward* eyes ſo largely ſerved me, how much greater would the revelations be, were they wholly freed of matter, like unto His who faſhioned them! then, poſſibly, the boundleſs *matter*, ſo familiar to us, would nearly vaniſh, or become ſecondary only, and the Univerſe be found *primarily* naught but a congeries of *living*, *breathing*, and *thinking* exiſtences! Oh, who ſhall unfold the wonders of *creative* energy—who fathom the minute world, and place it alongſide the interminable regions filled with things called vaſt, and the totality of which doth take the name of Univerſe!—for then Cartaphilus came to know, what Solomon probably did not know, that, if we have foreſts abounding with leaves and ſeeds and fruits, and all theſe inſtinct with organized living entities, in relative proportions, and all theſe even upon the *ſoft down* of things we daily eat, conſuming thereby a world of little beings, how ſhall Cartaphilus ever again preſume to call a viſible atom *ſmall*—or even the glorious ſun *large?*—for that Sun may be an inviſible atom compared with God's univerſe!

The years I had thus unconſciouſly paſſed, as to time, beneath thoſe aſhes, were often occupied by me in contemplating all thoſe awakening things that then encompaſſed me—alſo in reminiſcences of the hateful paſt, and in forebodings of the yet more odious and terrific future! Theſe muſings flitted through my mind, exciting it to the keeneſt curioſity—and then ſubduing it with wonder. At other times I found myſelf earneſtly engaged in noting the habits and faſhions of life, among the infinitely various and ſmall beings that moved and gambolled and died around me! And, as I now remember, when Veſuvius was caſting forth more than its wonted volume of fire and ſmoke, I perceived that the earth was everywhere penetrated with a moſt odious and peſtiferous *aura*, charged

with ſulphurous and arſenical particles, and with other metallic poiſons! But great indeed was my wonder on beholding that, when theſe noxious, though extremely attenuated effluvia, were piercing thoroughly the earth, accompanied with ſudden and tumultuous motions, far and wide, theſe were followed by a ruſh from the earth, into the air, of countleſs myriads of thoſe inconceivably minute inſects, then ſo hideouſly augmented to my viſion, but which to man would continue unſeen, were even an hundred million of them united into a ſingle maſs! Theſe little beings, nevertheleſs, were intenſely venomous for their volume; and when breathed in by man or beaſt, have often proved the cauſe of many foul diſeaſes —of plagues, and of numerous unknown maladies, to baffle the ſkill of every Hippocrates, and prove ſo mortal to our ſpecies! Thoſe life-killing inſects are often wafted to great diſtances by ſudden and reſiſtleſs currents of air,—cauſing ſickneſs, or death, even in the remoteſt regions, and ever in the ratio of the denſity of their numbers; and in places, too, where Veſuvius, or Ætna, is yet utterly unknown!

But I found alſo, that it was not the inviſible inſects, and other living creatures around me, which alone were thus expelled from their abodes by the foul airs generated within the deep caverns of thoſe fiery mountains. On ſuch occaſions (but how long after my interment I wot not) I alſo beheld ants, of the uſual form and ſize, in countleſs numbers; ſometimes locuſts—the canker-worm, and the palmer-worm—the beetle and the caterpillar,—and at other times, hordes of ſmall land-crabs, ſcarce larger than ſmall ſpiders; and all theſe, oppreſſed by the airs of Veſuvius, would ſeek the ſurface in haſte—ſome ſoon to periſh there, but the moſt to return and dwell again in their dark abodes, ſo ſoon as the ſulphurous effluvia had ſubſided.

So again, on another occaſion, my attention was powerfully awakened by numerous *fiery* phenomena! The earth would nauſeouſly quake; ſmall lines of variouſly-coloured fire would ruſh in devious courſes with the rapidity of thought, and ſeemingly as the ſhooting and irregular lightnings: ſubterranean detonations would then enſue, and theſe be followed by craſhing ſounds in the air above me!

How many days, or months, or even years, had elapſed ſince the awful night that witneſſed Pompeii's burial—and mine own, I could not conjecture: many of my own ſpecies were around me—but none breathed, ſave Cartaphilus, many moments after the heated aſhy ſhowers flooded upon us. In a ſhort time, as I now ſuppoſe, my conſciouſneſs of exiſtence became far leſs dreamy than at firſt; and, to my exceſſive ſurpriſe, I perceived that I was manifeſtly deriving conſtant *ſuſtenance* and *health* from the encompaſſ-

ing earth! Every pore of my body ſeemed actively engaged in abſorbing the earthy nutriment! Then was I reminded to aſk myſelf, "Were we not formed originally mere earthy tabernacles, into which was breathed the divine *afflatus*,—and have we not ever ſince been nurtured by theſe *terrene* products—are they not the ſource of all *aliment*, of all *diſeaſe*, and of all *healing?*—nay, is there not the cloſeſt alliance between the animal economy and functions, when in full life and health, and all *dead* things whatever? And muſt not death reſolve them all into mere *matter*, ere they *can* be nouriture?" So I now think and comprehend!

I then alſo, for the firſt time, came fully to know and experience the reviving and purifying qualities of certain virgin earths: and from my long and healthy abode amidſt thoſe aſhes, and other ſoils, I have learned, not only the *antiſeptic*, but the *alimental* qualities of all pure earth; and thereby I alſo learnt that *diſeaſed living* bodies may be wholly purged of their foul humours, by the partial interment of the body, for a time, in ſome pure ſoil—leaving the man or beaſt freely to inhale the ſurrounding air! In the like manner was I taught, by the leſſons I then received, to know that dead and *ſpoiled* fleſh, yea, *living* and diſeaſed fleſh, may be reſtored to perfect ſweetneſs, if buried ſome feet beneath the ground! for then will the earth abſorb therefrom the putreſcent airs, that diſſolve its texture, and deſtroy its ſweets!

And here I muſt further reveal (all as the reſults of meditation on the teachings I had when under the aſhes) that thoſe labouring under the malady called *phthiſis*, may have their moaning lungs infallibly reſtored, by thus daily breathing and abſorbing, for a time, the *aura* that cometh from ſome cavity in the earth: and likewiſe that many putrid ſores, leproſies, dropſies, ſcrophulas, and the like diſeaſes, may thus be made to vaniſh, if the body, in ſuch caſes, be preſerved from unequal temperatures, and the ſelected earth be of no vegetable decay—neither loamy-black, nor clayey-white, but quite pure, and retentive of its own ſweet odours! Much other experience, or principles, did thoſe ſoils vouchſafe unto me, during that wonderful impriſonment at Pompeii: but theſe will be no further chronicled here.

Now I eventually eſcaped from my earthy ſtrong-hold, and emerged once more to hail the bleſſed light of heaven, and to inſpire its balmy air, with a more freſhened ſpirit than when I entered Pompeii's walls, need not be told further than that ſome plunderers came and ſedulouſly dug over the very ſpot beneath where I lay; but having ſearched in vain, after removing much of the earth above me, they left my body almoſt viſible! As night approached, the

moiſture, and the ruſh of freſh and vital air into my lungs, ſo long a ſtranger to it, gave me an awakening ſenſation, and ſoon a conſciouſneſs of a returning power of locomotion! The blood now began to courſe rapidly through my veins; and ſuddenly arouſing myſelf, as with a convulſive ſtruggle, I bounded upon my feet into the open air—where all around me were ſilence and the darkneſs of a moonleſs night!

My uſual viſion was inſtantly reſtored; and early did I experience a longing for food! Veſuvius, as uſual, had a few ſmall ſtreams of burning lava down its ſides; and by this was given me the direction I would go,—ſo that, before the dawn of day, Cartaphilus was again among the living, and ſuitably clad, at the "*Otioſa Neapolis*"—where, after nouriſhing the outer man during ſome days, he procured a ſmall vehicle, and haſtened on to his beloved abode at Pæſtum, after an abſence of juſt ſix years, leſs ten days! And here in Pæſtum, three days thereafter, I recorded this portion of my Chronicle.

SECTION XLI.

BUT the ſtory of the marvellous paſt is not yet quite told. * * * The fate of my Julianus after his haſty departure from Pompeii, at my requeſt, on the firſt cock-crow of the morning of that ever-memorable day that buried cities, continued to occupy my thoughts intenſely during my journey towards Pæſtum; and with alternations of hope and of deſpair as to his ſafe return.

I doubted not that the ſhower of aſhes that had fallen in torrents during ſeveral days and nights, muſt have reached even far beyond Pæſtum, though in greatly diminiſhed quantity, and of leſs deſtructive nature: for, on the whole road, as I haſtened from Neapolis, continual proofs were given me of this. My ſoul was greatly agitated by ruminating upon the chances of his eſcape, and the ſtrong probability that he had ſought ſome other home: but my heart well-nigh ceaſed to beat, when, on reaching Salernum, I was told that the Central Temple was ſtill inhabited! by whom, my informant could not ſay. A few hours more, however, brought me into the arms of my faithful Julianus!—whoſe aſtoniſhment and delight at ſeeing me knew no bounds, and ſcarce can even be imagined.

He had eſcaped from Pompeii uninjured, and alſo with my *ſealed* Polychronicon, as was my wont: and after ſome difficulties, he reached Pæſtum, with little hope of ever beholding me again—but where he continued a ſolitary dweller in the Temple during thoſe many years—being all that while the conſcientious guardian of my

property, mourning over my almoſt certain loſs, and yet with fleeting hopes, at firſt, for my ſafe return, but which gradually yielded to deſpair as the years rolled on.

During that long period, my Julianus (I was moſt happy to now find) had indulged to the full his love of reading, and of ſolitude; which, in the four years we had been together, with thoſe added ſix of our ſeparation, had made the youth a man, and ſomewhat a ſcholar. The truth is, I had taken no ſmall pains during my years with him, to make him as like myſelf, as poſſible, in all things but ſin; and hence his devotion to ſolitude as well as to books. Great, then, was my now delight at the ſignal proof I found, no leſs of his keen love for both, than of his elevated morals, in thus watching over my poſſeſſions—ſighing for, and then hopeleſs of my return!

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* * * * In a few days after Pæſtum had thus received me the ſecond time, and when my marvellous eſcape from the volcanic covering had been pondered by me, until my brain was fevered; my own indomitable longing for *books* returned upon me in full force—and Julianus was charmed to find me again in my muſeum, compoſedly unfolding the volumes—duſting ſome of the Scrinia—and ſometimes indulging in a taſte of my favourite Quintilianus, or Flavius Joſephus. At length ſaid Julianus, "Dear Maſter Cartaphilus, ſome years have more ſluggiſhly rolled on than Lethe's ſtream, ſince laſt thou wert on that ſeat: I pray thee to inform me of thy perils, and eſcape, and as to where thou haſt ſo long been?" —and with intenſe curioſity, he began to queſtion me cloſely of matters unſuited for me to anſwer, nothing doubting but that replies to all would follow—but my deep ſilence, ſo much at variance with my known love for him, and my uſual confidence, did greatly puzzle him: and finding himſelf the only interlocutor, and that my lips ſeemed likely to remain ſealed upon all that matter, he renewed it no further.

"Ha! my good Julianus," ſaid I at length, "great is my delight to find thou didſt not only reſcue thy dear ſelf, but all theſe volumes we procured at Pompeii: tell me more of thyſelf—how didſt thou get on with that cumbrous vehicle that brought *us* thither, and *thee* homeward—did it ſerve thee throughout?" *The Books brought from Pompeii.*

"Excellently well, venerable Cartaphilus; for the vehicle, though ill adapted for flight, proved often an excellent *ſcreen* to me, when the aſhes in more than uſual thickneſs flooded the ſkies—for then, hugging the earth, and beneath the vehicle, I was ſafe, but ſorely pitied the poor animal, as he patiently endured the great an-

noyance :—but this ſubſiding, we reached home through many toils, and often with perils of ſuffocation !

"I well knew, I confeſs to thee, that if *thou* wert not ſpared, theſe volumes, to which I had ſo fondly clung, would greatly comfort me; for I felt as if my heart would break."

"Thou didſt rightly judge, my faithful Julianus, as to the drowning potency of books, when the ſoul doth mourn:—but, let me now haſtily examine ſome of theſe volumes, *mirabiliter recuperati, quaſi ex flammis et cinis!*—doubtleſs by this time thou haſt well digeſted them all. * * * Here is '*Philodemus de Vitiis atque Oppoſitis Virtutibus*'—his ſubject is truly a good one—but, my Julianus, I know him not: for ſurely, it can ſcarce be *that* Philodemus whom Horace mentions, and, as I remember, Cicero likewiſe, in his treatiſe de Finibus; for that one was a laſcivious poet, and would be little inclined to write of the Vices, and of their antagoniſt Virtues !——and here is '*Criſippi De Providentia*'—and '*Epicuri De Natura*'—both ſtrange books to be found at all in Pompeii ! and ſo I *then* thought, and more ſo now.——Ah, here is '*Colotis in Lyſidem Platonis*' ! I do remember one of that name: but Plutarchus accuſeth him of *ignorance*, which, in nowiſe will do for a *commentator* upon the divine PLATO: but, my Julianus, I do now remember me to have heard of another Colotis, a wiſe diſciple of the young, though wiſe Epictetus, as to which Colotis I knew not, until thy occaſional gatherings of knowledge at Salernum brought him to us—and *that* Colotis may well have been this commentator. *Lyſis*, moreover, was himſelf a Pythagorean, and a bright man; as he it was who formed Epaminondas; and ſome do even ſay he is the author of the famed 'Golden Verſes.' What Plato hath ſaid of him is well known; but what this *Colotis* hath to unfold of him, and of Plato likewiſe, we preſently muſt ſee.

"But, my Julianus, we now muſt to other buſineſs. I would have thee inſtantly depart for Rome, and fetch me intelligence whether Flavius Joſephus yet lives: and be ſure that thou write to me from thence, by the meſſenger that comes to Salernum, as to the many things there done ſince Titus hath the reins. Do thou addreſs me by the name of *Tacaſulriph*—and as of Salernum." And here our converſation ended.

Julianus was ſoon on horſe; and a few weeks thereafter brought me the following letter:—*

* We find Cartaphilus elſewhere explicit in ſtating that the deſtruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum in A.D. 79, was conſequent upon that great eruption from Veſuvius—and in this all modern opinion, with but one exception, has

Were Herculaneum and Pompeii deſtroyed at the ſame time?

LETTER XXXII.

JULIANUS TO TACASULRIPH.

ROME, III *Nonæ Sept.* U.C. 838.
[September 3rd, A.D. 85.]

THIS letter I ſend by the Nuntius for Salernum—there to await thy preſence, in obedience to thy requeſt. I found no difficulty in aſcertaining all that relates to Flavius Joſephus; who (during the ſhort reign of Titus, which laſted but a little more than two years, as alſo of his wicked brother, Domitian, who hath now been ruling juſt four years) hath enjoyed an enviable diſtinction; and is reſiding at Rome in perfect health; but much occupied in the preparation

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concurred. It has been doubted whether Herculaneum and Pompeii ſuffered contemporaneouſly, or indeed whether Pompeii periſhed at all in A.D. 79,—and the ſole ground given is the omiſſion, by the younger Pliny, (who ſo eloquently records the death of his uncle,) to notice either. It is certainly ſomewhat ſtrange; but ſurely far from being ſufficient to juſtify the opinion advanced. We ſhall not controvert it by any elaborate argument—but we regard the following *hints* as quite ſufficient to reſtore entire confidence in the correctneſs of our Chronicler.

1. The manifeſt, and perhaps only object of Pliny, and indeed his natural feeling, (eſpecially in a letter,) was to record merely the circumſtances of his uncle's death.

2. The *fact* of the deſtruction of thoſe cities at that time was too notorious to need any record of ſuch a fact—and particulars of that kind would be ſomewhat foreign to the purpoſes of his letter.

3. The omiſſion to record an *eſcape* of thoſe cities, had that been the caſe, would be juſt as ſurpriſing as the failure to ſtate their *deſtruction*.

4. The deſtruction that enſued from the eruption, was, no doubt, occaſioned by aſhes and water only: the inhabitants had moſtly eſcaped; the town of Pompeii was one of little note, and of no great intereſt in Imperial Rome. For theſe reaſons and others, that might be ſtated, Pliny may juſtly have adhered to a naked ſtatement of thoſe circumſtances eſſential to a faithful account of the calamity that befell his relative—the letter, naturally aſſuming that all elſe was known.

As to Herculaneum, if it periſhed at the ſame time, (and it will be obſerved that Cartaphilus here makes no mention whatever of Herculaneum, poſſibly for the like reaſon that actuated the younger Pliny,) it is quite certain that it alſo then periſhed by aſhes and heated water; and that the *lava* now found there was by ſubſequent eruptions. If the deſtruction of Herculaneum was by lava, and contemporaneous with that of Pompeii, the little or no lava at the latter would be altogether marvellous, and indeed impoſſible, as it is ſo much nearer the fiery mountain. It is therefore quite probable that both periſhed by the ſame cauſe,

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of another work; which, as I learn, concerns the *Antiquities* of thy wonderful country.

Thou doſt remember that Joſephus, though a Jewiſh prieſt, was yet induced by Veſpaſian to wed a captive; which troubled him much, as being againſt the law of thy great legiſlator Moſes; ſo that he wedded again in Alexandria; and having divorced her likewiſe, (in neither inſtance, as they ſay, *ſine querela*,) he at length found in Crete one wholly worthy of him,—ſhe being of Jewiſh parentage, extremely opulent, and of exalted virtue.

Joſephus hath now three ſons—*Hyrcanus*, by her of Alexandria —and *Juſtus* and *Simonides* by his preſent wife. He received me moſt kindly, as of thy former acquaintance, he ſuppoſing thee now deceaſed—but nothing of thy abode did I communicate to him,—as being againſt thy preſumed wiſhes, inferred by me from thy aſſumed name.

I likewiſe hear that ſome of his countrymen lately accuſed him, in ſuch a manner to Domitian, as might have involved him in fearful difficulty,—but even the cruel Domitian ſo greatly reſpects Joſephus, that he gave a moſt willing ear to his defence; and thereupon ſeverely puniſhed his malignant cenſurers: and 'tis further ſtated to me, that Domitian has confirmed to him all the lands that Titus had granted him in Judea; and exempts them from all taxes! It is further ſaid that Titus permitted Joſephus to retain the perfect copy of thoſe Holy Books, ſo juſtly valued by thy nation; and which were reſcued at the time of Jeruſalem's deſtruction.

There is at this time one *Juſtus*, of Tiberias, who is now

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and at the ſame time. The people of thoſe countries were then not very inquiſitive, nor were they as minutely hiſtorical as perhaps elſewhere, or as the people of our times would not fail to be. And, moreover, how ſurpriſing is it that theſe two buried cities, in the vicinity of Naples, and not far from Rome, remained unknown and unthought of for centuries! The Neapolitans had loſt all knowledge that there were buried cities near Veſuvius:—and the world remained wholly ignorant of their reſpective localities during nearly ſixteen centuries!—and the more wonderful is this, as Pompeii was beneath a thin covering of aſhes only, ſcarcely exceeding fifteen feet anywhere: and our ſurpriſe is further augmented by the fact that, in the fifteenth century, a canal was dug, leading from the town of Annunzeata, and paſſing under Pompeii! And yet more than two centuries more elapſed before the awakening revelation was made that above that canal lay the ruins of Pompeii, and all the riches of domeſtic life, as we ſee them in the Muſeo Barbonico! And why (even in this far more enlightened day) both thoſe cities ſtill repoſe in comparative darkneſs is indeed truly ſurpriſing. On the very day of our Wanderer's departure for the remote Eaſt, as is ſtated in his laſt Letter to the Editor in September 1852, he intimated his intention, at no very remote day, to awaken the people of the Weſtern Continent to the enterpriſe of a thorough diſinterment of thoſe cities, upon ſuch terms as the then Italian powers might concur in.

alſo occupied in writing a hiſtory of thy nation: and it is rumoured that he is a great enemy to Joſephus; and much deſires to undervalue his late work: but this he will find difficult; as thy countryman hath obtained from Veſpaſian and Titus, as alſo from King Agrippa, ſtrong teſtimonials of his rigid veracity, and perfect accuracy; which, from all accounts, is more than Juſtus can obtain from any one.

I think I clearly find here that thy Joſephus is greatly wondered by all that he hath heard, and thought of, touching the mighty Nazarene, of whom we have ſometimes communed. He ſeems not to dare take any deciſive ground for or againſt him: the heavy debt of gratitude he owes to Veſpaſian, and to Titus' memory, and his dread of Domitian, would forbid: but my opinion is that Joſephus would not ſay aught againſt this Jeſus.

I have been in Rome ſcarce two weeks; and yet it would appear, in that ſhort time, that this Domitian is nothing elſe than a wild beaſt, let looſe upon an unreſiſting flock! How wonderful is it, O Tacaſulriph, that a whole nation can ever be brought to ſubmit their necks to the frenzies of a ſingle tyrant!—but, as the world at all times hath been ſo full of this, thou wilt juſtly ſay, it cannot be ſo wonderful, as lamentable.† * * * * * * *

I ſhall leave Rome next week, and haſten to thee with ſome volumes ſelected by me; which, as I truſt, will be to thy mind: and among theſe is a little volume on the deſtruction of Pompeii, and other places; and alſo contains ſome account of attempts made at various times, to diſinter portions of that ill-fated city; and to recover ſome of the more valuable articles buried by the aſhes—in a way too well known by us. The author of this libellus thinks, and I ſuppoſe juſtly, that by far the larger number who periſhed, met their fate *without* the walls, and largely by the ſudden influx of the ſea—likewiſe by the guſh of the waters of the river Sarnus—and alſo greatly, by their taking wrong directions in their haſty panic flight: and we are witneſſes that moſt of the valuables were removed from the city, before the fatal morning of the xxivth of Auguſt. The writer of this ſmall volume computes the deſtruction of life *within* the walls, as ſcarce exceeding two thouſand; and ſays that many of theſe were criminals—captives—and ſoldiers,—the duty of the latter often forbidding their eſcape! There were likewiſe many prieſts of the various temples; and ſome whoſe

Pompeii's partial diſinterment.

† The Editor deems it proper here to omit all that part of Julianus' letter which relates to Roman affairs, during the preceding ſix years; as other letters have ſufficiently brought down that hiſtory to the period of Trajan's firſt war with the Dacians.

avarice detained them, in the face of even that moſt awful peril! Theſe claſſes of perſons periſhed; but, as he thinks, few others within the walls.

I have only to add that Domitian is now about to eſtabliſh, what are to be called the Capitoline Games—to be celebrated every fourth year. And now, moſt venerated Tacaſulriph, until we meet, I bid thee FAREWELL.

JULIANUS.

SECTION XLII.

JULIANUS returned to me on *Tiſri's* fourth day—[September 12th] and ſuch is man's *ſocial* nature, that during his abſence at Rome, I felt as one cut off from the only tie that bound me to humanity. The hours that ſeparated us became as years; and I hailed his return with an emotion I could not reſtrain—in which, however, an idle and unworthy ſhame at my emotion flitted acroſs my mind! "But, it is vain for man," ſaid I muſingly, "to undervalue ſuch emotions, or to affect indifference to his fellows, or to live wholly in ſolitarineſs—ſuch cannot be long endured by any one, and would only betoken ſome diſeaſe of body, or of ſoul or heart. From the ſocial principle of our nature proceed both primary and civil ſocieties; hence ariſe marriages, friendſhips, tribes, and other aſſociations—and then political governments, ſyſtematic laws, and all the highly policed ſocieties. In and by all theſe is it, that the native moral bud doth ſoon become a full-blown flower, redolent of every precious odour, and lovely in all rich colours; for truly *ſociety* is man's only vital and natural element,—as it alone gives expanſion and worth to all his faculties: without ſociety we languiſh and degenerate and die, as ſurely too as do the creatures that dwell in the waters periſh, when removed from their life-ſuſtaining element. In ſocial converſe, all the bland and generous affections of the heart, and thoſe that refreſh the mind, receive their due expanſion; but theſe are all enfeebled when we withdraw from it into ſolitudes. And, even during my marvellous preſervation at Pompeii, was not life there only to be endured, by reaſon of the never-ceaſing communion held by me with the crowd of living and moving things around me, even though ſo different from my own nature? During thoſe ſix years of impriſonment under the aſhes of Veſuvius, what ſo much ſuſtained me as my contemplation of the actions and habits of the myriad tiny beings that revelled in their diverſe and pecu-

Man's ſocial Nature.

liar ſocieties—each ſtill ſhowing God's great law of ſympathy and aſſociation? Nor can I forget that after forſaking Edeſſa, like a morbid hater of my own ſpecies, and ſeeking for caves and ſolitary ruins as my congenial abodes; yet, when from my friends only one day, I involuntarily found refuge with Artaxias of Nicephorium!—and further, that now, during the ſhort abſence of my Julianus, my ſoul ſo mourned over him, that I counted each moment that ſeparated us! Oh, how feebly doth man know man's inner nature!"

* * * Such were the muſings awakened in me by joy at the return of my faithful ſlave: but, deep as theſe were, and ſincere, they paſſed from me, after a time, as do the morning vapours on Carmel's heights—body and mind again became morbid; and the mere thought of returning to Edeſſa was as odious to me as ever!

Some few years more paſſed ſluggiſhly on—when, in my *ninetieth* year, I commenced the careful reading of the *Inſtitutiones Oratoriæ* of Quintilian, brought for me from Rome, which had then been lately publiſhed. So charmed was I with this maſterly work that, had I been ſome years younger, I ſhould certainly have viſited Rome, for the ſpecial purpoſe of cultivating acquaintance with ſo great a teacher.

"These *Hiſpanians*," communed I with myſelf, "muſt ſurely be canopied by a genial ſky; for, hath not that country, beſides Quintilian, given to republican and imperial Rome many of its greateſt names?—long would be the liſt, beyond the bright names of Martial, Seneca, Lucan, Columella, the immortal Trajan, Pomponius Mela, who only now urge themſelves upon my memory.

"And though they all may flock to the proud City, that rules the world, at the earlieſt period of their lives, yet their *natale ſolum* ſeems to have imparted to each far more than the *punctum ſaliens* of their after-greatneſs: the ſtrong Hiſpanian *ſtock* remains ever viſible in all their actions, and in all their writings, however long and varied their foreign deſtinies may have been!

"How different moreover," continued I, "are the *Alemanni*—the *Rhæti*—the *Quadi*—and the *Helvetii*, from theſe Romans, and all theſe from one another!—and then again, how different *they* from the *Lugduni*, the *Belgæ*, and from many others of Gallia! So likewiſe, thoſe of the remote *Albion*, are they not ſtrongly marked, and ſo nationalized by inherent and native characteriſtics, that their impreſs fades not away by tranſplantation, nor yet by even much cultivation in alien, and in more genial regions, and amidſt a far more refined people? But the Jews!—how diverſe are they, and ever, from Greeks or Romans, in bodily as well as mental features! And yet doubtleſs, all the nations that cover the earth's ſurface, however diſtinguiſhed by features, temperaments, colours, languages,

habits, and inſtitutions, are ſtill from the only one original ſtock—having ADAM for their ſole progenitor! Marvellous indeed is this! But, is it not alſo thus with the beaſts, and birds and reptiles—yea, even with the vegetable world? Have they not each and all, within their reſpective *claſſes*, the moſt diſtinctive *varieties?* Doth not the long *habitus* of every nation of people impart to it ſuch diſtinctive lineaments and ſuch an uneffaceable individuality as enable us to pronounce with confidence that this man is a Briton—that one a Gaul, and the other a German, though he utters no word of his own language, or be clothed in the ſame habiliments as thoſe around him? And, in like manner, do we not ſay, this is a lion of Mauritania—that of Perſia—and that again of Syria, or of Greece?—nay, even that this roſe is of Etruria, that of Damaſcus, or again that one of Pæſtum? It is all even ſo; and yet, originally, neither man, beaſt, bird, nor flower, was *created* with thoſe diſtinctive marks!—but how, and when, they obtained their ſeveral *indicia*, Cartaphilus can but conjecture; and that *conjecture*, or *poſſibility* is, that all ſuch deep and ſpecific differences, as are not mere varieties eaſily impreſſed by phyſical and moral cauſes on men, and other things, but were *miraculouſly* given, when, from Babel man was diffuſed over the earth, and then for the firſt time, with divers languages! for, until then, ſpeech, colour, form, and other differences, varied not our race: but, when ſentenced, as by a curſe, to dwell in every region, and to ſeparate into tribes and nations and empires, thoſe indicia of the outer man, and alſo of tongues, and of the mental ſtatus, were gradually imparted: and likewiſe animals ſynchronouſly endured many changes, ſo as to conform *them* to their now varied climates, and to render them preſent as before, and uſeful everywhere to man—which could not have been, had they remained unchanged, and as at firſt created—and ſo, alſo, as to the vegetable world!" * * *

Into ſuch involuntary *muſings* would my mind often lead me—ſo that, even this wiſe Spaniard *Marcus Fabius Quintilianus*, could not arreſt my meditation, but was nearly forgotten, though ſo much to my *mind of liking*—for he ſurely is a great teacher, and a pleaſing one. Julianus then rouſed me from my oblivion, and began his cuſtomary reading of that Orator's great work; and ſeveral weeks were thus delightfully occupied in alternate reading and reciprocal comments. His *tenth* and *twelfth* books were ſpecially attractive; for they abound in ſound remarks upon Greek and Roman authors—in many valuable and intereſting details of the literature of bygone ages—and in numerous topics that diſcloſe his elevated ideas as to the real province of Oratory.

"Truly, if theſe rules of Quintilian were duly obſerved," remarked Julianus, "ORATORY would then become as a bright and darting beam from heaven—melting all hearts, and convicting all

ſtubborn judgments; for it is the province of that great Art to excite the *affections*, whilſt it wins the *underſtanding!* And much do I admire his opinion that none can be a *true orator*, if not an *honeſt man*."

"This, my good Julianus," replied I, "is extremely beautiful in theory; and, perhaps, (in its ultimate refinements,) equally ſo in practice:—but all experience hath ſhown that what *Paterculus* (whoſe volume is now before us) ſays of *Curio*, that 'he was ingeniouſly wicked and eloquent, to the deſtruction of his country,' (*ingenioſiſſime nequam, et facundus malo publico*,) hath been true of many beſides Curio: but ſtill it is doubtleſs true, that genius and learning give much additional force, and derive their power and principal charm from *virtue;* and alſo, that he who would impart a luſtre and efficiency to his knowledge and genius, muſt cheriſh all the amiable affections of the heart."

"Youth as I was," rejoined Julianus, "when at Neapolis, and before I changed my firſt maſter for thee, O Cartaphilus, I had often heard of, and even witneſſed, the commanding powers of oratory—either to good, or to evil purpoſes: and my after-readings have impreſſed me with the opinion (which differs, perhaps, from the general one) *that the taſte of* ORATORS *is more frequently formed by the genius of the people they addreſs, than* THEY *are by the taſte of their orators;* for the moral, intellectual, political, and even phyſical condition of a people, demand from their ſpeakers a correſpondent *order* of eloquence and of oratory."

"Thy obſervations, my worthy Julianus," replied I, "are perhaps in the main ſound; but ſtill, as to me it ſeemeth, the better opinion is, that they reciprocally act upon each other; and, probably, that the influence of the Orator is far the more potential,—and that, whilſt the Audience, from their comparative ignorance—their vices—and their paſſions, (or the reverſe, as the caſe may be,) may corrupt, or may purify their orators—ſo, on the other hand, wicked, or virtuous orators may, in time, produce upon their audiences the moſt enduring impreſſions of evil, or of good."

In the like converſe, we often pored over divers volumes, and beguiled the many hours of my tedious years,—which, happily for the innocent Julianus, were years to him of nearly unmingled happineſs. How admirable, then, is it, that Abraham's God doth permit the *curſe* of one, to be a *bleſſing* to another!

SECTION XLIII.

AT length, upon one of *Iyar's* lovelieſt evenings, in the year of the City 849—[May, A.D. 96]. my door was gently tapped—but not by the well-known knock of Julianus! Such an occurrence had never before happened ſince my firſt coming to Pæſtum, juſt twenty years before! I therefore approached the door with feeble limbs, and with ſome alarm—and fainted in the arms of my beloved THADDEUS—my honoured ſon by adoption!

Arrival of a Stranger.

Upon my revival, the guſh of ſurpriſe, of feeling, and of love, inſtantly renewed in me a train of long ſubdued remembrances; they were too powerful for my then ſhattered frame, and exhauſted mind; and I wept aloud, as doth a child on the boſom of its tender parent!

I had left my Thaddeus a youth—graceful as Apollo, blooming as Ganymedes; but now he was care-worn, paſt middle age, and with ſome blanched locks, which told me that his more than waning manhood had been prematurely cauſed by means, other than his only double ſcore years—and that Cartaphilus had chiefly cauſed this decadence!

The warm-hearted Thaddeus had, at various times during my abſence, ſpent ſome years in fruitleſs ſearches for me: but, at length meeting with the Magian Artaxias, at Nicephorium, he obtained from him the knowledge that, if alive, I might be found at Pæſtum: for, ſoon after my wonderful reſuſcitation at Pompeii, I had written to Artaxias—which was the only letter indited by me ſince I wandered from Edeſſa! In vain did I urge upon my excellent Thaddeus his early return home; and with no mention there of my exiſtence; but he inſiſted on continuing with me; and ſoon recovered in health and ſpirits: and though he wrote often to his loving friends at Edeſſa, he carefully avoided any alluſion to me, or to the place of his own reſidence. * * * * *——My converſations with Thaddeus were often, long-continued.

So powerfully exciting were they that, on one occaſion, when he left my chamber, my mind ſeemed wholly gone—age was weary of me—death I mourned for, as would the famiſhed hyæna long for food—and yet *thought* would irreſiſtibly preſs on me, as if there were no body exiſtent, or, as if mind conſiſted of thought *alone!* The guilty are deſtined to think—and even the innocent can ſeldom avoid the odious current—for the SOUL's very eſſence is communion with itſelf, and as

Muſings on Sin and Innocence.

ceaſeleſſly, as is the BODY's perpetual mutation, from an endleſs flow of inviſible earthy particles!

We know that ſoul and body are ever ſubject to deflexions from their *healthy* movements—the only enemy of the former being Sin, that ends in ſpiritual death—and the only foe of the latter being Pain, that ends in phyſical death: and both of theſe dread enemies are as infinitely varied, as are leaves on the froſted trees of an autumnal morning!—for, we alſo know that, whatever diverts the ſoul in any degree from its onward path towards the celeſtial light, cauſes *Sin;* and that whatever brings a bodily function into any diſarray, cauſeth *Pain;* and that each, if long continued, or if bold at firſt, muſt end in *death*—the one of the ſoul—the other of the body. Cartaphilus, then, hath learned the value of happineſs—the difficulty of ſecuring it—and the ſweetneſs of hope, and even of any fleeting enjoyment.

Oh! with what eagerneſs have I graſped, and how tenaciouſly have I retained, any even caſual or momentary bliſs—for God doth caſt theſe ſeeming *accidents* in our way, purpoſely to reveal the boundleſs wealth of virtue. Sometimes, though but for moments, I have *imagined* myſelf *crimeleſs!* How delightful was that heaven-inſpired thought, though as fleeting as an air-bubble, when wafted on too rude a zephyr! At ſome other time, I have found myſelf gazing with rapture upon ſome *little child*, and drinking in, as it were, its own ſeraphic purity!—then would its playful innocence, its guileleſs joy, its ſtrange unacquaintance with all moral deformity, ſo raviſh my ſoul, that, from this momentary heaven I was moſt unwilling to part: and would have clung to the ſweet illuſion, as doth the parched traveller, when the bounteous and limpid fountain of a deſert is ſuddenly found before him! But alas! ſuch ſtolen innocence could not long be retained by me—purity and guilt are unnatural allies—a child's holineſs and man's wickedneſs ſoon repel each other; and, like fire and water, they inſtantly *mortify* one another!—and hence it comes, that Heaven cannot endure the preſence of Sin, nor Gehenna abide that of Virtue!

At ſome other time, as now I remember, my vexed and guilty ſpirit would be refreſhed (as is the drooping flower by the evening moiſture) when beholding ſome *lovely virgin*, juſt blooming into womanhood, and as immaculate in thought as ſhe was beautiful in perſon,—ſuch being her ignorance of all ſin, that her tranſparent ſoul, like the dews of Hermon, had no mote that could for a moment dim its brightneſs! Joyous in her own thoughts, ſhe ſeemed to me as the petted lamb, when it gambols over the fields, it knows not why; and ſhe, moreover, as little ſuſpectful of the preſence of evil, as Eva was in Paradiſe, when in the preſence of Belial! Then would that boundleſs purity of hers pour into my diſ-

tempered ſoul ſuch a flood of light and joy, that her ſpotleſs ſoul would ſeem, for a time, to paſs wholly and inſenſibly into mine own —for *then* I was as innocent as herſelf!—thoſe inſtants of purity, thus vouchſafed unto me, were indeed as the odour of heaven to a benighted ſoul!—they bore healing upon their wings—the troublous ſtream of life was huſhed for the moment; and joys ſo new to me, reigned as triumphant in my ſoul, as if no foul fiend could ever again reſume dominion over me! This rapid contemplation by me of Woman's earlieſt and freſheſt innocence, proved to my then diſeaſed ſoul more precious than would much oil to aching wounds—yea, like icy waters contending with the fevered blood,—or like the almoſt viſible withdrawal of foul humours from the body, when the purple current is abundantly let out from their fretted channels by ſome ſkilful Hippocrates—for ſuch is the eaſe the ſoul may gain, if virtue, from any cauſe, can momentarily prevail!

Again, at ſome other time, have I noted that my ſin-diſeaſed mind would taſte a fugitive bliſs, by the like earneſt communion with virtuous and venerable *old age*:—for he who, from boyhood to the tomb's protracted verge, hath dedicated that long life to his Creator's ſervice, compels our veneration and love, though wholly unlike ourſelf! Oh, how the eye of ſuch an aged one doth ſparkle with a divine intellectuality — with a mild celeſtial hope — with heaven's bright reverſion ſwelling before him! His mind is embodied ſerenity—nature, in ſuch an old age, is full of grace and beauty; to him, the *paſt* needs no oblivious veil—he fears no retroſpection; the *preſent* is inſtinct with *fruition* in quick purſuit of yet brighter *anticipations* as to things even of this nether world—whilſt the actual *future*, piercing beyond the grave, is alſo to him as a wide and verdant plain, full of lovely and odorous flowers,—and his keen viſion, piercing yet further through regions of boundleſs hope, ſtops not until it reaches the ineffable preſence of Jehovah! Communion, I ſay, with ſuch pious venerableneſs, hath ſometimes ſo charmed my ſoul into peace, that my own loathed condition was wholly merged in the ſplendour of his:—no envy then aſſailed me—no jealous repining at mine own, in contraſt with his happy lot—no remorſe, with its hideous train, came in to mar the extatic viſion; but, for that brief time, *I lived in him*—and breathed of his own heavenly empyrean, as oblivious of the paſt, and unapprehenſive of the future, as if ſin were to me unknown! Strange illuſion! Marvellous the kindneſs of Heaven!—for ſuch I am forced to regard it. But alas! the flood of *memory* could not long be thus ſtaid—it *would* return upon me; and the ſweet dream was but as the morning's fleecy miſts before an effulgent ſun! Then would follow, in fearful ſucceſſion, my own black deeds: all the hateful *paſt*, became

a revived and viſible *now*—and, in the long pious and hoary-headed man before me, no longer could I find a ſolace—the viſion was clean gone; and, in lieu thereof, were crowded on me ten thouſand agonizing denunciations againſt a life of frivolity—of ſin—and of daring crime, ſuch as mine!

SECTION XLIV.

THADDEUS, before he ſaw Artaxias, had ſcarcely ever heard of *Pæſtum*, even by name; and we at length began to ſeek, from our poor ſupply of volumes, ſome further acquaintance as to its origin and hiſtory: but our inquiry ended in little that was ſatisfactory.

Some account of Pæſtum.

When firſt founded, even tradition hath ſcarce more than whiſpers; but certain it is that the Sybarites—a colony of Greeks of very remote antiquity, and afterwards of wonderful notoriety for their voluptuouſneſs, founded a republic in Lucania; and there built their goodly city now called Pæſtum. Theſe Sybarites expelled the inhabitants into the Calabrian mountains; and eventually became ſo powerful in arms as to poſſeſs a ſtanding force of fifteen ſcore thouſand fighting men, and dominion over twenty-and-five cities. But their great renown hath been that of opulence and unheard-of luxury—a ſenſuality that became refined and defined by rules of State, the exact reverſe of ſumptuary laws! for theſe Sybarites would endure no trade or craft within their proud walls—no noiſe that could diſturb their repoſe—no crowing of a cock to moleſt their ſlumbers—nor was any dyer of purples, nor fiſherman who ſupplied their tables, ever to be taxed—golden crowns were awarded to thoſe moſt diſtinguiſhed for ſplendid entertainments—the inventors of a new luxury were to poſſeſs a monopoly for one year—heralds were appointed to proclaim the names of the moſt ſenſual, as *public benefactors!* So coſtly were the robes of their women, that the Carthaginians are ſaid to have purchaſed one of them for fiveſcore talents! A year's notice of bidding to their entertainments was their cuſtom; and their gueſts in coming to them, were ſcreened by veils from the ſun; and moved in ſuch ſtate, as to conſume ſome days in that ſhort journey—made by others in as many hours! No marvel, then, if the fair daughter of Cliſthenes, king of Sicyon, when to be wooed by Smyndrides, the chiefeſt of all thoſe ſenſualiſts, appeared at Sicyon with hunters and cooks, that numbered juſt one thouſand!—and leſs marvel is it, if the renowned Milo of Crotona, with only one-third the forces of theſe effeminate Sybarites, put them nearly all to the ſword, and inundated their city, by diverting the waters of their rivers upon them! The Lucani-

ans ſaw themſelves revenged: but then came the omnipreſent Romans; who changed their then name of *Poſidonia*, for that of Pæſtum, in the fifth century after the building of Rome; and after the Sybarites had poſſeſſed rule there quite three centuries before: and hence this Pæſtum may now number more than eight hundred years! *

SECTION XLV.—The First Transformation of Cartaphilus.

THADDEUS had now been with me nearly eight years; during which he would never be perſuaded to leave me even for a day.

At length, on the night of the twentieth of *Adar*, and in the year of the Creation 3863, and of the City 856, [A. D. 103,] I was ſuddenly ſeized with certain myſterious and unearthly feelings of mind, as well as of body!—the like of which I had never in the leaſt experienced before; and which, at firſt, I ſuppoſed might be thoſe of death—to me then ſo much longed for. But, as theſe ſenſations were quickly followed by others wholly different, and of even vigorous health, and of all the joyouſneſs of youth,—and then, anon, by the return to me of torturing pains, and of the ſame myſterious feelings that at firſt aſſailed me, I became much alarmed, there being no one with me; and moreover, I was compelled to recognize in theſe alternate ſymptoms, the ſure approach of ſome mighty change in me, deſtined to fulfil that marvellous doom which ſeemed to hang over me from my natal hour! The portentous *dream* recorded by me, in an early part of this my Polychronicon, then greatly diſturbed me, and gave aſſurance that no ordinary event was coming on.

The quick alternations between the feebleneſs of extreme age, with the almoſt mortal pains of body and mind, and the ſo different ones that followed, of vitality, and the joy of adoleſcence, were too wonderful to be for a moment unregarded; and compelled me to remember that, ſhould I live but ten days longer—to *Niſan's* firſt day (that of my birth) I ſhould then number juſt *one hundred* years: and alſo that, ſhould I reach the fifteenth day of that month, (the

* Pæſtum may probably now claim 2,500 years; and has not yet wholly vaniſhed! She continued in glory many years after the Romans conquered Lucania, about U. C. 480—or B. C. 273. It was, however, a magnificent ſcene of ruins in the time of Auguſtus; and lingered on until the beginning of the tenth century, when Mahommed's followers almoſt annihilated it. Nothing of Pæſtum now remains but the three temples, portions of the city walls, and gates; and though not quite forſaken when Cartaphilus poſſeſſed his Temple, it was, as he ſtates, nearly a ſolitude.

The Firſt Transformation of Cartaphilus.

ſaddeſt of all my days, as being that on which I was curſed at the Valley Gate) I ſhould then have paſſed through *ſeventy* years, ſince thoſe awful words were uttered there by the wonderful Nazarene.

The night of my attack, the 20th of *Adar*, was paſſed by me in watchful counting of the ſluggiſh moments: theſe were as hours; and were then ſucceeded by thoſe of health and joy, and even of hope! Anxiouſly did I deſire that the looked-for event, whatever the change might be, ſhould happen upon Niſan's firſt, and not fifteenth day: for the remembrance of *Calvary* was far more terrific to me than all that I had heard, or could imagine as to the deſtiny, ſhadowed by the revelation to my parents on the night before I was uſhered into light.

A few days more, however, paſſed off; and then, at the early crow of the cock, I ſummoned the good Thaddeus to my bed-ſide, and thus addreſſed him:

"My excellent and dear ſon, dearer than any one ever had by adoption; I have long grieved that thou wouldſt never, for thine own good pleaſure, leave me for an hour, even to viſit Rome, ſo attractive to all elſe. Thy ſolitude during the many dull years thou haſt been with me, would have been more tolerable to thee, hadſt thou ſeen leſs of the miſerable Cartaphilus: but thy love towards me hath ever baniſhed gloom from thy brow, and covered thy face with ſmiles; though ſuch deep retirement as this ill ſuits thy years and ſocial temper. I pray thee, therefore, and it is now my earneſt wiſh and requeſt that, *for me*, thou wouldſt inſtantly to horſe; and depart for Rome—there to tarry a week or more,—during which time, fail not to write to me concerning all ſuch greater matters, as have ariſen in the paſt ten years among the rulers and the people of that *Myſterious Babylon*, *that will be*—a City, I tell thee, O Thaddeus, that *muſt* become far more wonderful than it yet hath been—yea, more ſo than the Oriental one—more ſo than even the Holy City of Paleſtine, and its laſt fate as ſure, and even more terrific!"

Thaddeus gazed wildly upon me, at theſe ſeemingly *prophetic* words as to the Imperial City—for ſuch my words appeared even unto myſelf to be—they having then been ſtrangely impreſſed upon my mind, during thoſe dreamy hours of my paſt night's exiſtence, which, though paſſing off, had cauſed me to bid my Thaddeus there.

My ſon, however, was prompt to obey my wiſh, but greatly at a loſs to conjecture why one of my age and infirmities, ſhould concern himſelf ſo anxiouſly about Roman affairs! The truth alſo was, that my ſenſations were altogether too remarkable, not to aſſure me that *ſomething* was rapidly coming over me, which I preferred that Thaddeus ſhould not witneſs.

The Firſt Transformation of Cartaphilus.

My ſon was early upon the Appian Way; and Julianus, ſoon after his departure, became greatly alarmed at the ſudden change that hourly was taking place in my appearance. The marvellous feelings, before mentioned, returned in yet greater force, early after my ſon's departure; and, on the fourth day, I no longer was able to riſe for a moment from my bed,—and thenceforth I refuſed all nouriture.

In that ſtate I lay during ſome days more: my agony had become indeed intenſe—and the paroxyſms were daily more violent, and without any return of thoſe juveneſcent feelings at firſt experienced by me; and this confirmed my ſuſpicion that they had been merely *premonitory* of the wonder that was about to be wrought within me!

At length the momentous night came on. Julianus, exhauſted by continual watchings, had fallen aſleep. I remained conſcious of exiſtence—conſcious of the heavy breathings of my faithful Julianus—but my brain would often ſeem as if it were whirling with more than the velocity of the potter's trochus—myriads of groteſque and horrific phantoms paſſed quickly and fitfully before my mental eye—and my body felt as if it were rapidly caſting off all groſs and feculent particles: when lo! I beheld theſe minute atoms, with a ſpeed truly inconceivable, flying from me in every direction, as would beams from a globe of light! With an extreme energy, theſe *effluviæ* were iſſuing from ten thouſand ſally-ports, ſeemingly of a now lingering and almoſt unſeen life! I imagined I could ſee around me everywhere, or really ſaw, and with an enlarged viſion, millions of corporeal and morbid particles, flowing from every pore—riſing into thin clouds, that muſt have been quite beyond the graſp of uſual viſion! But oh, what was my loathing horror, when my eyes reſted upon innumerable little, misſhapen, and greedy ſprites, guided by that great Serpent, who hath been named Azraël, and who is ſaid to be "Lord of Fleſh and Blood," and likewiſe is called "Prince of this World," all flocking ſuddenly around my groſſer, but then vaniſhing and periſhing body! Then was it that my ſpirit ſeemed to be gradually ſinking into a kind of trance; and yet with remains of conſcioufneſs: for I ſaw Azraël and his minions ſtill voraciouſly *devouring* thoſe clouds of noiſome and corrupt atoms, ſo long as they iſſued from my now almoſt lifeleſs, and nearly weightleſs body!

As theſe loathſome miſts became more attenuated, and gradually were ſubſiding, my trance proportionately diminiſhed; reaſon was faſt reſuming its throne—the numerous hideous little imps of corruption, that had been ſo actively flitting about me, now ſeemed gloated with their foul repaſt; and Azraël was then diſtinctly ſeen of me bidding them hence—which ſummons they all incontinently obeyed!

The Firſt Transformation of Cartaphilus.

I then lay for ſome hours in ſweet repoſe,—Julianus ſtill being in profound ſleep near me. My body, then wholly relieved from the preſſure of Azraël, and of his ugly hoſt, became inſtantly enveloped in a bright cerulean cloud, redolent of all ſweet perfumes—the blood ſeemed courſing through my veins with its wonted motion, and was ſoon in the healthieſt and moſt reviving action; my reſpiration was like that of boyhood—I was encompaſſed by many bliſsful viſions—myriads of lovely forms gracefully ſported around me, pointing to the celeſtial orbs, and preſenting to me faces that ever ſmiled—Heaven itſelf, as if in purpoſed contraſt with the ſo recent Hades that had environed me, now ſeemed within my view and reach,—and, in the ecſtacy of that delightful moment, I leaped involuntarily from my couch, on Niſan's fifteenth day—and ſtood firmly upon my feet, in the preſence of my former, but now greatly miniſhed and recumbent body—a Young Man, of preciſely the ſame form and ſtature, and ſeemingly of the ſame age I was, when, at the Valley Gate, thoſe aſtounding words were uttered by Him, who, ſo ſoon after, was Calvary's victim!

Without delay, I clad myſelf in robes ſuited to my then condition,—and haſtened forth into the freſh and vital air of that lovely day. All nature was then blooming with the beauties of Niſan's early and lovelieſt offerings of Spring—and which in this ſweet climate, are quite equal to thoſe of Judea in the ſame month. Incontinently I took to my horſe; who, in a few hours, had borne me to one of the moſt retired and delightful ſpots I could ſelect in all the vicinity of Salernum. There I continued a few days, anxiouſly looking for the return of Thaddeus, who, as I knew, muſt paſs not far from me on his way from Rome to Pæſtum.

Soon after my haſty departure from Pæſtum, (as I afterwards learned,) Julianus awoke; and finding my curiouſly *light* and lifeleſs body, he had it prepared for interment, and with all that decorous funereal reſpect which his own deep devotion towards me prompted, and which he knew would be ſo congenial to the wiſhes of my ſon. Julianus mourned over the long abſence of Thaddeus, which ſeemed as an age; and was greatly troubled to decide whether he ſhould not inter the body before his return,—as already he had waited five days, in all the wretchedneſs of eager and momentary expectation.

Thaddeus at length being ſeen of me, at a diſtance from my new abode, as he ſlowly approached Salernum, I quickly took to my horſe, and joined him on the road towards Pæſtum. After the cuſtomary *bene mihi* and *bene tibi*, I obſerved that he eyed my *animal* with no little aſtoniſhment: and being no longer able to ſuppreſs his wonder, he ſaid, "Surely, that beaſt belongeth to Pæſtum!"—ſtill gazing upon the horſe and rider with the keeneſt

curioſity. "It truly doth, Stranger, and to one Cartaphilus," was my prompt reſponſe. His amazement was by this ſtill further increaſed; for he well knew that my name had been revealed to no ear, within all that region,—and likewiſe that no one could have become honeſtly, or otherwiſe, poſſeſſed of the animal. "I pray thee," exclaimed he, with agonized feelings, "tell me, who art thou, and whither doſt thou go?" "I know, oh Thaddeus! that thou art bound from Rome to Pæſtum, to ſee this Cartaphilus; and alſo one Julianus, a moſt honeſt ſlave of his——but thither I muſt not go with thee," ſaid I, with a haſty utterance: but, perceiving my beloved Thaddeus too alarmingly moved by my ſpeech, I ſuddenly gave him my hand, with its uſual preſs—which he recognizing, as alſo the well-known ſignet on my finger, the gift of Rebecca—all was at once revealed to him!

I charged him to ſpeed on inſtantly to Pæſtum—there to aid my Julianus in all things; and then to deliver unto him (as he was *homo de lapide emptus)* the parchment of *manumiſſion*, executed by me at Neapolis, on the very day I purchaſed him;—and further, to preſent him with an ample ſum in gold, for his comfortable ſupport through life—and by no means to remove his firm belief, that his late maſter had been ſummoned to his fathers—as I would not that my *ſecret* ſhould be known to any beyond Thaddeus, the ſon of my honoured friend Artemas—and now mine own by adoption.

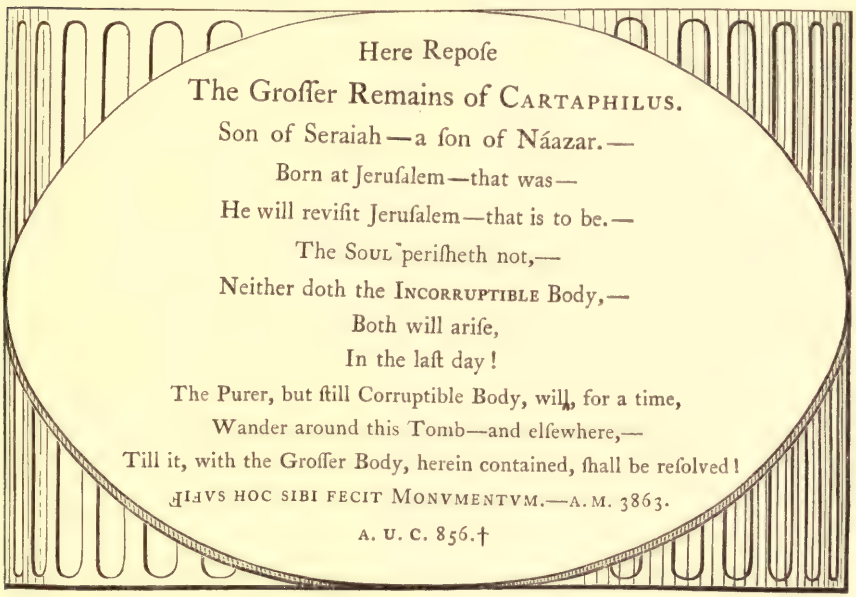
I returned to my place of refuge nigh to Salernum, and there continued, until Thaddeus again was with me,—giving me aſſurance that Julianus was by that time, without fail, at Neapolis—for ever, an honoured *Libertus* and with no *dominus*, or even *patronus* to moleſt him.

We then returned once more to Pæſtum;—and what there paſſed between Thaddeus and myſelf, before we departed from the Temple that ſo long had ſheltered us, was too intenſe in feeling to be chained by any words—and muſt not be revealed, even to the veracious pages of this my Polychronicon—ſave that all ended in our raiſing a Cenotaph (if ſuch it may be called) in memory of that Cartaphilus, and with an Inſcription; which, though it reveals nothing of my deſtiny that may be comprehended by others, yet it hath not *lied* to God or Man!

The monument is placed within a few feet of the pronaös of the central Temple, and conſiſts of a ſhaft of travertine, inlaid with an oval ſlab of white marble,—both being fragments found there, and prepared at Salernum, under my ſon's direction.

The Cenotaph of Cartaphilus, at Pæſtum.

The Inſcription, written by myſelf, is in theſe words:


Here Repoſe
The Groſſer Remains of CARTAPHILUS.
Son of Seraiah—a ſon of Náazar.—
Born at Jeruſalem—that was—
He will reviſit Jeruſalem—that is to be.—
The SOUL periſheth not,—
Neither doth the INCORRUPTIBLE Body,—
Both will ariſe,
In the laſt day!
The Purer, but ſtill Corruptible Body, will, for a time,
Wander around this Tomb—and elſewhere,—
Till it, with the Groſſer Body, herein contained, ſhall be reſolved!
JESVS HOC SIBI FECIT MONVMENTVM.—A. M. 3863.
A. U. C. 856.†

* This Inſcription, except the concluding lines, was in the Hebrew language; and has been rendered by Cartaphilus ſo as to meet the ſpirit of the original, as far as may be. From other parts of his Polychronicon, omitted in the preſent "Selections," Cartaphilus appears to have been at the time of his firſt Tranſformation, deeply imbued with certain Pythagorean and Magian notions, reſpecting the hovering after death of an extremely attenuated body, near the groſs and corrupt remains of that one which has periſhed—the former enduring for a ſhort time, and being the ſource of *apparitions*, whilſt the latter becomes the food of Azraël, the, ſo called, Great Serpent, and of his hateful Minions! So popular, indeed, was this notion with the Hebrews, as well as with the Orientals generally, that Cartaphilus encountered no riſk of exciting inquiry reſpecting himſelf, from the words of his Inſcription alluſive to a purer body ſtill wandering near his tomb, or elſewhere! It was upon the baſis of that idea, that the ancients often conſumed their dead bodies,—ſo as to deſtroy at once thoſe more ethereal particles which, in after ages, were known as the *radical moiſture*, ſuppoſed to ſuſtain the *Ethereal body* that ſurvived death, and which gave riſe to ghoſts or apparitions!

This AZRAEL is called, in the early Scriptures, the "*Prince of the Deſerts*," —and ſeems to be alluded to in Geneſis,—when the Serpent is thus condemned—"*duſt ſhalt thou eat all the days of thy life.*" St. Paul alſo, in his ſublime addreſs to the Corinthians, diſtinguiſhes evidently between the *two* bodies,

† Theſe dates, in the foregoing Inſcription, correſpond with the Chriſtian A. M. 4103, and with A. D. 103, of the Vulgar era.

SECTION XLVI.

THE letters ſent to me by Thaddeus from Rome had reached me at my refuge in Salernum, a few days before our meeting on the road towards Pæſtum; and imparted to me the delightful intelligence that my other *Julianus*, with his wife *Philotera*, as alſo *Melchior*, were all then reſident in the Imperial City. I heſitated not to go inſtantly thither with Thaddeus; but under the anagramatic name of TACASULRIPH, as that of Cartaphilus would not anſwer in their preſence, although neither of them could have recognized me—they knowing little of the myſtery that ſo long had hung over me, and knew me only when advanced in life. I remembered, more-

Cartaphilus and Thaddeus repair to Rome.

viz. the natural body, which being ſown in corruption, in weakneſs, and in diſhonour, *periſheth*; and the ſpiritual one, which is raiſed in incorruption, and continues *immortal!* The foul materials of the groſſer body lie in the grave, as the food of the Serpent; and from it will ariſe that ethereal body, which, "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," when the laſt trump ſhall ſound, becomes victorious over Death and the Grave! Elias, Enoch, and poſſibly Moſes, were thus tranſmuted and tranſlated, inſtantaneouſly:—and, when Michael, the Archangel, diſputes with the Devil concerning the *body* of Moſes, it would ſeem that Satan, or AZRAEL, was angered at being deprived of that natural body—the ſecret burial of which, by God's command, being deemed by him an invaſion of his long conceded privilege.

Theſe matters, we confeſs, are deeply myſterious: and yet, no one, in the leaſt addicted to ſuch inquiries, can ariſe from them with any other convictions, than that theſe wonders, however great, are, in the main, infallibly true! Cartaphilus, however, by no means inculcates the idea that his *renewed body* was of that ethereal and incorruptible kind, at the moment of his transformation, to which St. Paul alludes; but merely that, in every man, there are two bodies—the one *outward*, groſs and corruptible,—the other, an *inner* one, inviſible, and which eventually grows yet more refined—wanders here, for a time, and then becomes immortal. In this proceſs from diſeaſed old age to youthful luſtihood, therefore, Cartaphilus beheld myriads of groſs particles flowing from him, that formed the cloud conſumed by Azraël,—whilſt others, far more pure, were faſhioning themſelves into that new body that gradually became viſible; and, growing apace, imparted to him another, in lieu of that which the Serpent in part, and the tomb, for its larger remains, had received.

It may further be remarked, in reference to the Inſcription, that the line *Vivus hoc ſibi fecit monumentum*, could not have excited any ſurpriſe; as nothing was then more uſual than for the living, to raiſe in anticipation their own tombs, or cenotaphs: and never was there, nor will there be, ſo remarkable an inſtance of a monument ſo truly half *tomb*, and half *cenotaph*, as the one erected by Cartaphilus!

It will be further obſerved by the reader, that Cartaphilus, in the *Latin* termination of the Inſcription, makes uſe of the digamma Ϝ, inſtead of the modern V—and alſo the V inſtead of the U, which he probably derived from his friend, the Emperor Claudius; who was ſo much taken with the Æolic digamma, as to publiſh an eſſay upon the propriety of its adoption in the Roman alphabet.

over, that even my Thaddeus in nowiſe recognized me at Salernum,—being only filled with wonder at ſeeing the animal, he knew ſo well, in my poſſeſſion,—and ſtill further, only when I pronounced the names of Cartaphilus and Julianus, ſhowing him alſo the ring given me by Rebecca.

All things were ſoon in readineſs for our departure from Pæſtum. We reached the Imperial City on the 20th of April, and Thaddeus was ſoon in the arms of ſome of his loving friends of Edeſſa—ſo opportunely then in Rome. Their ſurpriſe and joy at ſeeing him knew no bounds, for Thaddeus had not met them, but only heard of their preſence there, during the ſhort viſit made by him at my requeſt, on the approach of my recent illneſs.

My own introduction to them early followed—and as a *ſtranger* of ſome diſtant land—the dear and honoured friend of Thaddeus—met by him in his travels,—and whom he valued highly for learning and worth, though younger than himſelf; and yet more ſpecially regarded by him, as being deeply verſed in Jewiſh and in Chriſtian matters!

They all received me with a moſt endearing kindneſs—as do Chriſtians ever, not only one another, but ſtrangers. My heart had ſo long been eſtranged from the uſual ſympathies of life, that theſe generous feelings towards me, and from thoſe who knew me only as the friend of Thaddeus, filled my ſoul to overflowing with tenderneſs towards all mankind—and I began to ſigh for the charms of ſocial converſe, and to count the hours that would ſtill ſeparate me from my beloved Alcæus, and his Cornelia,—but eſpecially to yearn for a parting look, at leaſt, on Rebecca; who, as we were told, ſtill lingered on—a bright exemplar of Chriſtian ſerenity and of aſſured hope.

But alas, my cruel deſtiny! thoſe deareſt of friends were to be communed with by me, only as ſtrangers—I to them wholly ſo—and yet they to me all ſo well known!

Orufilla, the much honoured relict of my admirable Artemas, was long ſince with him in the tomb; ſo that the palace of Agbarus now contained but few of thoſe dear friends, who, twenty-and-eight years ago, had ſo much honoured and cheered me.

My new friends at Rome united with Thaddeus in entreating me to accompany them on a viſit to Edeſſa: and though my heart ſo ſtrongly echoed their wiſhes, the ſtruggle was great in me to re-

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The fact is that, with the Romans, the V was ever a *vowel*, and hence the neceſſity of the digamma, operating in its ſtead as a *conſonant*: and therefore Quintilian (ſo carefully ſtudied by Cartaphilus, as we have ſeen) juſtly ſays that the *conſecutive vowel forms*, as in the uſe of V and U, alongſide of each other, ought not to be tolerated,—as one muſt then become a conſonant, and hence requires the *digamma*, in lieu of the V.

ſolve ſo to do,—but only as I feared the remembering and deeply-ſearching eye of Rebecca; who could not fail to ſee her Cartaphilus in the ſtranger, Tacaſulriph, ſhould ſhe be permitted to behold me undiſguiſed—for, in truth, I was now much as I was, when we roamed together on the Kedron's green banks, and often among the flowery and rocky heights of Ramoth-Gilead!

At firſt, I reſolved, ſhould I journey with them to Edeſſa, that my Thaddeus ſhould prepare Rebecca's mind to receive me—and then to urge my ſtrong deſire that my ſecret ſhould remain for ever with her and Thaddeus.

We at length decided to leave Rome for Edeſſa, on the firſt of July,—hoping to be there late in the month following.

And here muſt end my Retroſpective Chronicle, of the laſt eight-and-twenty years, from the day of my departure from Edeſſa, to that in which I am about to return to it. What may be hereafter recorded by me, I dare not now permit my mind to conjecture: the preſent hath ever been ſufficiently exciting, to make me recoil equally from the paſt and future. The Century juſt ended hath had many and varied *ſorrows*—and yet a few *joys*—ſuch, at leaſt, as weak and wicked men moſt do value. If other centuries are indeed my *fixed* deſtiny, ſtill, oh let it be never forgotten, that Hope yet lives in me, and that no ſure and fatal Prescience of future woes hath ever been permitted to viſit me: all, then, that is *certain* are the paſt and preſent; and, as theſe have had their full charge of miſeries, 'twere wiſe to be grateful for the boon of ignorance of coming events—and to permit hope and futurity to be the cloſeſt poſſible allies.

Rebecca I will ſee once more! and *that* might prove a *century* of bliſs, compreſſed into a few of thoſe particles of Time men call Hours!—and yet, O Tacaſulriph! doubt it not, that, of all mortals, Rebecca *might* prove unto thee the laſt and greateſt of all thy ſcourges—never of her will—but of thine own remorſe!

SECTION XLVII.—Palace of Alcæus, near Edessa, Creation, 3863; *Elul* VII. [Auguſt 20th, A.D. 103.]

On the third of the preſent month our domeſtic party arrived near Edeſſa; having been juſt forty-and-ſeven days on our journey from Rome: and oh, with what joy did Alcæus and Cornelia ruſh into the arms of Thaddeus—then into thoſe of Julianus and of Philotera! On Melchior, alſo, they laviſhed the warmeſt embraces—and laſtly towards me, as the cheriſhed friend and expected gueſt of Thaddeus, their welcome was moſt kind and gracious.—But this

ended, we were all deeply grieved to hear that the excellent and ſainted Rebecca could continue with us, poſſibly, not many hours longer—that her time of bliſsful departure was as nigh as ſhe earneſtly wiſhed. My friends therefore ſoon left me for her chamber; where their aſſiduity and ſorrow manifeſted an affection, ſtrengthened by the many years that had illuſtrated her noble career; whilſt her now exemption from all pain, and the joy of her countenance, ſhowed how calmly the Chriſtian reſigns this world, and looks triumphantly on death, when Heaven is in view!

Tacaſulriph arrives at Edeſſa. Death of Rebecca.

During the abſence of my friends with Rebecca, I had ſome hours of meditation on the many well-known objects that met my view, and on the beloved family from which I had been eſtranged ſo long. Theſe awakened my attention, and revived a thouſand recollections that had been latent and almoſt eraſed from memory's tablet. I now ſaw with joy that my Alcæus, and his ſtill lovely wife, were far more youthful than I could well realize—he in his fifty-ſecond year—ſhe in her forty-and-ſixth. Oh, how my eyes lingered involuntarily upon them, until Rebecca's door ſhut them from my view! If there be indeed unmixed bliſs in this life, it muſt ſurely be when congenial ſouls are thus united—when hearts are made angelic by the diſſolving influences of the only religion that has ſubdued man's fierce nature—when their minds, too, are richly embelliſhed by the varied and ſolid learning of our day—and when to all theſe are added healthy, beautiful, and pious children:—ſuch, then, are the bleſſings I now find in my dear Alcæus and Cornelia!

His ſolitary muſings before he ſees Rebecca.

So happy a family never have my eyes reſted on, as that now aſſembled in the lovely little palace built for them by the long venerated Agbarus ſhortly before the ſkies received him. It is ſituate on the border of the limpid but ſmall lake near Edeſſa,—and commands a delightful view of that city, and of the ancient palace and varied gardens of the late Prince Agbarus. All theſe are now likewiſe theirs, as a more abiding reſidence than the ſmaller one upon the lake; and alſo that, in the city, they may the more readily miniſter to the many wants of the poor of Edeſſa: but the ſummer heats had now urged them to the lake and its taſteful abode.

Whilſt ſeated on the portico in ſolitary contemplation, I gazed with melancholy intereſt upon the rich and varied proſpect before me. In the diſtance I beheld the Euphrates—that parent of living waters, forcing its way through the pyla of the mountains—alſo the long chain of the Taurus on the left, which ſkirts the horizon even to where Melitenè, then on the right, and Amidà on the left, were dimly ſeen. Behind me lay the green and luxuriant valley that ſtretches on towards Nicephorium. Watered by many ſtreams

that meandered through the valley, their banks were enlivened by flocks of wandering ſheep,—whilſt others were ſeen by me repoſing under the ſhade of the palm and the cedar that grace the lovely plain. More in the foreground were numerous aſſes, ſome camels; and anon a ſprightly gazelle would flit joyouſly by them; whilſt three tamed elephants, with ſluggiſh motion, would approach the camels, and furtively play their well intended, but too rough antics upon thoſe harmleſs animals,—whereupon the aſſes pricking up their long ears, and caſting up their hind legs with ſeeming contempt, but real fear, were, like the gazelles, ſoon out of ſight.

Nearly under my eye roſe the beautiful little city of Haràn, that lies on the ſtream which empties into the ſmall lake alongſide of which is the palace of Alcæus, in which we now are; and further on, diſtant a few miles, lies Edeſſa. Upon that city my viſion was at length riveted; for the lofty cypreſs and other trees that line the ſpacious avenue and encompaſs the central fountain of thoſe gardens of Agbarus—once ſo familiar to me, were now diſtinctly in my view, the atmoſphere that intervenes being ſo tranſparent! My mind could not but dwell with intenſe feeling upon the many happy ſcenes which years ago had there taken place,—when my Alcæus was united to Cornelia. There it was that Melchior and I firſt met—there, that I witneſſed the firſt Chriſtian marriage—there, that we whiled away, ſo innocently, many hours in ſolving riddles and ænigmas—and there it was alſo that the princely Agbarus, as a father over all, diffuſed his many bleſſings, and charmed us by his venerable courteſy—but alas! it was there alſo, that Priſcilla and Artemas had ſo prophetically announced to me in their laſt words, the infallible *deſtiny* that ſhould await me: and it was likewiſe there that both ſighed for the grave, then eager to claſp them to its ſheltering boſom; but which, as they declared, would ſhrink from *me*, until the time of the *Gentiles* ſhould be accompliſhed—yea, until Shiloh ſhall come *again!*

Such thoughts as theſe but too clearly paſſed through my diſturbed mind as I gazed upon the goodly ſcene that then encompaſſed me: but muſing more deeply, and with my eyes cloſed upon all nature, thus I mentally ſpoke—"O thought inſupportable! O deſtiny, moſt myſterious! muſt I, of all God's creatures, live to ſee earth emptied, perhaps a thouſand times, of all its myriads?—muſt I alone, as a living pyramid, ſtand in the great deſert of time, contending with its rude buffets—yea, with the whirlwinds of capricious fortune, and behold nations and empires riſe and culminate and ſink with years—and then periſh, even to memory, whilſt I outlive the generations and their monuments? Muſt the curſe of God ſtill linger, from age to age, upon me,—and muſt this imperiſhable body grow old and feeble and full of pains, and then be agonized with

more than Death's pangs, only that it may ſpring into youth and luſtihood again—but alas! that it may ſtill endure a loathing *repetition* of life's cares and woes! Oh, if this be indeed ſo, fain would I ſay—*Periſh the thought—for I* WILL *die!*

"There was a time, O Cartaphilus! when, with the fooliſh Sadducees, thou didſt think them moſt wiſe in their conceit that all our actions are ſubmiſſive to our own control, and that deſtiny was but an idle figment of the wicked Phariſees! The ſins of both thoſe ſects are now, as then they were; but doubtleſs, in this matter of free-will, the opinion of the hated Phariſees was *right*, and thou, with the Sadducees, wert *wrong*—for DESTINY now gazes fearfully upon thee—*periſh* thou canſt not, neither in body nor in ſoul; nor canſt thou ſtay thine own waſting, burning, tormenting thoughts! * * * * * But why, O Cartaphilus, thus torture, as if willingly, thy much belaboured ſoul?—canſt thy deep murmurs cure, or mitigate a ſingle woe?—can thy *philoſophy* concoct any balm?—oh no: better, then, were it to turn thy mind *outward*, and joyouſly gaze upon the rich and lovely bounties of nature that here encompaſs thee—better were it to freely uſe them all, and with lively gratitude to the Giver of them, than to cloſe thy eyes on ſo much lovelineſs, and poiſon thy ſoul with repinings and with impious thoughts—far better were it to bow thy ſtubborn head and knee, and even mechanically move thy lips in prayer: for even ſuch poor offerings, though with little of the heart, leave Heaven's door ſtill ſomewhat open.

"Oh, how often do I ſay, '*Prayer is the food of the ſoul*'—'*Prayer can alone change the black current of the ſoul.*' Soon ſhall I behold Rebecca! SHE knoweth *how* to pray.—Oh, beſt of Iſrael's daughters! the weeping with weeping, for my ſins towards thee, ſhall be as ceaſeleſs as the drippings at the fountains: ſummer may refuſe its fruits, and the vintage deny its juices, but thy Cartaphilus will never withhold his inward tears: Niobe wept for her children, as doth Egeria ever yield its cryſtal drops to all the ſurrounding verdure! Oh Daughter of Iſrael, who, as Jephtha's, was never to be a mother! thy griefs have known no let, ſince Judas and Cartaphilus firſt met in that fatal league! Whilſt Tabor and Horeb ſhall abide as mountains—yea, as faithfully as Carmel ſhall ſtretch herſelf by the ſea-ſide, ſo muſt the Wanderer mourn for thee—his only love."

Such were my blended meditations, while ſeated in the then forſaken portico—at one time keenly ſurveying the crowd of beauties around me—and then, anon, looking *inward* on the many odious things of a greatly troubled ſoul.

Alcæus and Thaddeus at length entered. They both perceived

how much was my brow diſturbed, and my eye wildly flitting. Alcæus, of courſe, could not ſuſpect the cauſe; but my Thaddeus read diſtinctly in them the volcanic fires that had been raging within me. He took me affectionately aſide, and thus whiſpered to me. "I would have thee quickly ſee Rebecca,—ſhe learns that Tacaſulriph would be a *Chriſtian;* and is eager, ere ſhe departs, to counſel with us all; and would by no means have us ſuppoſe her parting words could be withheld from thee, our greatly beloved gueſt."

"Thaddeus, I will not fail to accompany thee," I replied, "but I would not have *her* eye reſt upon *mine:* oh no! let me quaff the melody of her laſt words—and take to my boſom her ſweet counſel,—but ſhe, my Thaddeus, muſt not be diſturbed in her now ending bliſsful moments, by the *known* ſight of a wretch like me; for ſurely ſhe would know me, were I to appear undiſguiſed before her."

"I thought it was thy intention," ſaid Thaddeus, "to ſee her alone, as Cartaphilus, praying her that thy ſecret may die with her, and with myſelf as thy adopted ſon?" "That *was* my firſt wiſh, good Thaddeus," rejoined I, "but my now deſire is to ſee her with thee all—to hear her, but to remain then and for ever unknown: and for this purpoſe will I change my attire, and ſo diſguiſe my voice, that ſhe in nowiſe may obſerve me."

At the appointed hour we were all aſſembled in Rebecca's chamber. My dreſs was of the Oriental faſhion,—ſave that I ſo wore a portion of my caracal, that it ſhould ſerve me as a cowl, and thus conceal my face. The ſcene that followed is too impreſſive to be clothed but feebly in words—and to me was far the moſt thrilling I have ever experienced. Ages may be diſſolved in the all-conſuming menſtruum of time—and I may learn to forget the tortures of my burial at Pompeii, or the agonies of my ſeeming death at Pæſtum,—but never can the vivid recollection of the laſt hour I ſpent with Rebecca fade from my burning memory!

His interview with Rebecca.

We were all ſeated round her couch, whilſt ſhe, nearly half erect, was ſupported by many cuſhions. I ſighed involuntarily when the ſilvery tones of her voice firſt reached my ears—tones that were little changed! and, ſnatching an unobſerved gaze upon her ſeraphic countenance, I found her lovely even in old age, and upon the tomb's verge. Her dark locks, but little blanched, were ſtill contraſted with a clear complexion and a hectic ſuffuſion that mantled on her cheeks. "Surely the ſerenity and piety of heaven," muſed I, "have ſo taken their lodgement with her, as to refuſe all alliance with mortality's uſual decay! for never have my eyes witneſſed ſo great a ſameneſs, after ſuch a lapſe of time, as is now in her!"

Rebecca's ſhort and energetic addreſs to us was the eloquence

of a diſembodied ſpirit,—and this was followed by a prayer for us, ſuch as never yet hath reached the ears of mortals—baſed as it was upon that *perfect faith* and *aſſured confidence*, which betokened that Heaven was then preſent with her, and no longer in reverſion! She was much exhauſted; and raiſing her voice, ſhe ſaid, "*Is Jeſus of Nazareth precious to thee, as the true and only Shiloh that was to come?*" They all promptly replied, "*He is, and ſo we believe.*"

Rebecca was ſilent for a moment, and then ſaid—"*But thy* GUEST'S *voice I have not heard—every ſoul is alike precious: doſt thou, O Stranger! ſo believe?*" My feeble anſwer was, "I BELIEVE JESUS WAS THE GREATEST OF ALL THE PROPHETS THAT YET HAVE COME." She heaved a deep ſigh—mournfully ſtretched out her hand, and preſſed mine,—then gently drawing me towards her, ſoftly whiſpered in my ear, "*Oh, Cartaphilus,* LOVE'S *ears are keen—thy* VOICE *reveals thee—I die*"—then gently dropping my hand, ſhe inſtantly expired!

SECTION XLVIII.—ROME, III *Nonæ Jun.*—U.C. 857.
[June 2, A.D. 104.]

THADDEUS and I, accompanied by Julianus and Philotera, had remained at Edeſſa only long enough to depoſit the dear remains of Rebecca in a plain but ever-enduring ſarcophagus,—and alſo to ſee prepared the tomb for its reception; which was executed in all reſpects after the directions left by me with my friends of Edeſſa upon my ſudden departure from them ſhortly before I ſought a ſecret home at Pæſtum. The receptacle for Rebecca's honoured remains being then left in charge of Alcæus and the worthy Melchior, they ſoon departed for Ramoth-Gilead; there to raiſe the tomb on the very ſpot which, as they ſaid, "Cartaphilus had himſelf ſelected full twenty-and-eight years ago, when he had ſo myſteriouſly departed as a wanderer." Thaddeus, at theſe words, eyed me with deep emotion, but was ſilent.

His return to Rome. Rebecca's Monument.

We then parted from our friends with many tears—*they* for Nicephorium, and thence for Ramoth-Gilead,—*we* for Antioch, and thence by ſhip for Rome. * * * * * * * A decade of months have gone by ſince leaving Edeſſa, poſſibly for ever! for my beloved ſon Alcæus by adoption, and his Cornelia, admirable as both are, had become painful to me, ſo ſoon as I realized the dreadful fact that they could never know me but as Tacaſulriph—the Stranger! The tomb to Rebecca had been *vowed* by me before my firſt departure in madneſs towards Nice-

phorium. Thaddeus had given Alcæus and Melchior the *Inſcription* for Rebecca's Monument; which, before their departure for Ramoth, he reminded them had been written by Cartaphilus ſo many years ago—ſave only as to the period of her death. This epitaph was to be ſculptured at Ramoth: few words doth it contain; but they are as truthful now as when written—and theſe are they.

Love's Offering after Death!
CARTAPHILUS,
The
Unfortunate,
to
REBECCA
The
Bleſſed of Heaven!
Iſrael will never know but one Cartaphilus;
THE WORLD
Can never ſee but one Rebecca!
The firſt, a ſon of ſin—the ſecond, a
DAUGHTER of INNOCENCE.
Her Remains repoſe within this Tomb.
Obiit, Elul III. A.M. 3863—4103. Ætatis LXXXVI.
V. S. L. L. M.*

Tacaſulriph and Thaddeus travel into barbaric lands.

The recent awakening events that flooded upon my ever myſterious life, now opened new avenues of intenſe thought, which rendered the gariſh things of daily life too odious to me longer to remain in Imperial Rome. It now ſeemed indeed that Cartaphilus hath no longer "*a nail*" in Edeſſa, or in Pæſtum, or in Rome—no ſettled abode hath he anywhere—no "*wall in Judah*," or elſewhere is his—he muſt *wander!*

* The five initial letters are no doubt alluſive to the ſolemn promiſe Cartaphilus had made to himſelf that Rebecca's tomb ſhould be raiſed by himſelf—and the words *Votum ſolvens libertiſſime merito*—import that his vow was moſt willingly and dutifully performed.

Travels in Barbaric Lands.

Great was the aſſiduity of my Thaddeus to aſſuage my growing melancholy,—but all in vain. We reſolved therefore forthwith to travel, and for many years, in remote and barbarous lands, beyond the reach of thoſe with cultivated ſympathies—and yet with thoſe having ſuch features of humanity, as might refreſh by their novelty, and excite to the ſtudy of our ſpecies, under aſpects ſo freſh and various to us both. We now craved to behold man poiſoned by neither Greek nor Roman luxuries and criminal refinements; and though, as we knew, they could have little or no acquaintance with the Paleſtinian faith, either of ancient or of modern times, yet were they as Heathens better ſuited, than the Roman ways, to the views of Thaddeus, whoſe Nazarene faith was ſtrong, and perhaps to mine own, which need much ſtrengthening—for I knew I was at leaſt no Idolater, though but a ſorry Jew, and a yet feebler Chriſtian.

My worldly means had now become very ample,—as well from the large accumulations that aroſe from my nearly thirty years of ſolitude, as from thoſe derived to me by the rich donatives received at various times from Claudius and from Nero. Thoſe likewiſe of my Thaddeus were now large; in part, from my early ſettlement upon him; but mainly from his co-heirſhip with his ſiſter Cornelia, of the great eſtates of their father Artemas, and of their grandfather Agbarus. And moſt of both were to be now entruſted to the care of Julianus and Philotera at Rome, but under the name chiefly of Thaddeus.

We both had heard much of the ſingular cuſtoms of the barbaric nations of the north and weſt; and eſpecially among the numerous tribes of Germania—Gallia—Helvetia; and particularly thoſe of the remote Albion and Hibernia—iſlands of great note in the yet unexplored Oceanus Atlanticus. We doubted not that in ſuch regions we muſt encounter many hardſhips, and probably ſome fearful perils: but thoſe rude nations are ſtill ſaid to have their virtues; and ſuch, too, as ſeldom forſake that infant ſtate of ſociety,—and which doubtleſs it were better for the peace and happineſs of the world, if Romans and Greeks (who ſo raſhly claim excluſive worth) were in ſome things more cloſely to imitate thoſe children of Nature.

Such rude people, on the other hand, could be taught by us, were any exertion made, much that would be uſeful to them; and add largely to the honour of ourſelves, and to our intereſt in them—ſurely, far more than by enſlaving, murdering, or brutalizing them, as is ſo often done by us! But, unhappily, the Barbarian, even when not thus ſeverely dealt with, is more apt to learn our vices and odious luxuries, than our true refinements, uſeful arts, and our ſoul-expanding ſciences: and hence, as I often have obſerved, the Romans, through their intercourſe with theſe Barbarians, become ſavages—

whilſt the latter, forſaking their only native excellences, ſink into animals more degrading than the brutes of their foreſts :—for, when the Roman, or Greek, dwells in thoſe wild regions, he fails not to neglect the ſterner virtues of thoſe people,—either from a falſe eſtimate of their daring and brilliant vices—or from a deluſive and bewitching fondneſs for a nomadic life—*that* ſeeming to their miſguided imagination as ſweetly exempt from the factitious reſtraints of ſociety and laws, and as ſo expanſively *natural*, as to ſymbolize, as it were, the boundleſs regions over which thoſe *Nomades* wander! But condemned of all ſound philoſophy are ſuch views : for I cannot but think that theſe Barbarians, as we call them, though ſaid to live in a ſtate of nature, and hence a law unto themſelves, are yet as much ſubjected to reſtraints of their ſpecial kind, as are we, amidſt our maſs of endleſs habits, and of our vaunted civilization—for, if ſuch reſtraints be fewer, they are ſtill as onerous,—and are quite as many in proportion to the compaſs of their minds, as were thoſe in the days of the Empreſs Poppœa. Man cannot, and doth not live without laws, expreſs or implied ; nor is it fitting he ever ſhould : and, if the artificial and pampered Greek, or more voluptuous Roman, finds his ſocial, civil, and political rules and habits irkſome, a ſavage and nomadic life would only vary the form and name, without ſubſtantially changing the nature of the real or ſuppoſed burden : for it will be found that no nation, tribe, clan, or family is lawleſs ; and that every individual barbarian is amenable to ſome powers and ſanctions that keep him within the periphery of a ſalutary rule. Be all this, however, as it may, Thaddeus and Tacaſulriph are in purſuit of no viſionary exiſtence—of no condition of ſociety or of life, exempt from rules ; but are reſolved, whilſt penetrating into the depths of thoſe primeval regions, to obſerve all things with an unprejudiced eye—nothing doubting but that we ſhall find therein many laws—inſtitutions—and habits to improve the mind, enlarge our hearts, and make us better men, if not better Romans. And, that we may not be wholly loſt to the, ſo-called, Civilized World, or it to us, we have arranged with our friends at Edeſſa, and thoſe of Rome, that we ſhall often hear of each other—our letters being forwarded to the various Roman Stations : and this has been effected through the kindneſs of *Cornelius Tacitus*, to whom Thaddeus was made known by Julianus—the great Annaliſt being well known of me in all the time of Nero : but now, as Tacaſulriph, my lips were ſealed, and I to him as a ſtranger! This arrangement has made us far happier in the proſpect of our new enterpriſe than we could have hoped for, if parting from Rome for ſuch unfrequented regions, and among people of ſuch rude and warlike habits, we had been without the means of making our condition known to our friends.

A Century paſſed by, for the preſent—The SECOND TRANSFORMATION.

On the Kalends of July, in the year of the City, 857—and of the World, 3864, we commenced our travels—when to return, the Fates, if ſuch there be, muſt alone determine—for Cartaphilus ſeems but the foot-ball of Deſtiny! *

SECTION XLIX. LUGDUNUM,† IV *Idus Martiæ*, U. C. 955. [March 12, A. D. 203.]

SECOND TRANSFORMATION OF CARTAPHILUS.

Mihi mortem minatur—Omnes morti obnoxii, extra te unum, O Cartaphilus!

GRIEVOUSLY tortured hath the "Curſed One" been, and by more pains than are known to many deaths: but they all were welcomed, from the ſweet hope they might bring him to the tomb: deluſive and vexatious threats only were they—for all may die, ſave him who at the Valley Gate was doomed, and whoſe crime was as ſingle as is the horror of his deſtiny!

Niſan's firſt day is juſt paſſed: and two centuries are now ended, ſince the ſon of Mariamne firſt breathed. Theſe ſad years have merged their hours in eternity: they are irrevocably gone—Deo gratias! and, O that no more hours, for ever, could viſit him! —*ſed aliter ſancitum eſt, et ego meas non queror fortunas*—DESTINY

* The Wanderer commenced his travels July 1, A. D. 104—A. M. 3864 of the Hebrews, and A. M. 4104, according to the Chriſtian ſupputation. After ſojourning for a time among the Northern Barbarians, and for very many years in the then almoſt unknown Britannia, he returned full of years; and eſtabliſhed himſelf at Lugdunum in Gallia, now known as Lyons in France. His adventures in Albion or Britannia, and alſo on the Continent, are omitted; and little is noted reſpecting him until after leaving that Iſland,—when he meets at Lugdunum with the then aged Rabbi Iſaac; ſoon after which his *Second Transformation* from the decrepitude of great age, to the luſtihood of youth took place—as will be ſeen in the enſuing ſections.

† This is the ancient name of *Lyons* in France, a city near the junction of the Rhone and the *Saône*, formerly called the Arar. It was named Lugdunum by the emperor Auguſtus, when he made it the capital of Celtic Gaul. The origin of the word is probably unknown: but, as the Celtic word *dun* ſignifies hill, and as Lyons is encompaſſed by hills much frequented by *ravens*, (which are ſaid to have flocked around thoſe firſt engaged in founding the city) Plutarch, and others, called Lugdunum the "*raven-hill-city*," and have been juſtified in deriving the name from two Celtic words—the one referring to its hilly locality, the other to thoſe ominous birds, ſo often ſeen there. The ſituation of the modern city has been mainly changed from the Weſt to the Eaſt ſide of the Rhone,—and at the exact junction of the two rivers. On that ſpot formerly ſtood, in comparative ſolitarineſs, the famed altar raiſed in honour of the emperor Auguſtus,—ſaid to have been the work and homage of no leſs than ſixty of the Gallic nations!

Again a Youth—His agonizing Meditations.

EXISTS!—and in this our Phariſees were more wiſe than the Sadducees: no longer will I doubt it. In the two paſt centuries how much hath my own life realized the wonders vouchſafed my parents in their myſterious dreams, before their ſon had ſeen the light! and thoſe viſions of the night ſhadowed forth the awful Tranſformations their ſon was doomed to endure—the ſecond of which (thanks to the Ruler of all the Deſtinies!) is juſt ended, though with more than the agonies of a preternatural birth—a ſecond birth! ſo may I well call it—yea, a fearful *parturition*, that endured quite fourteen days, each of which caſt pains upon me more varied and ſevere, than all endured by me at Pompeii and at Pæſtum combined!—The eventful moment at length came, and ſuddenly I ruſhed into a new and even ecſtatic exiſtence—into a joyous boyhood of all phyſical ſenſations; and outwardly ſo freſh to look upon, as would ſcarce entitle me to be regarded by others as *ſui juris*; and yet of ſuch full *mental* ſtature, as greatly wondered me: for I at once found myſelf vividly retentive of all my former knowledge, and of the whole varied reſults of my dicentennial experience!

CARTAPHILUS, then, is a youth once more!—oblivious of nothing—freed of all fleſhly pain,—but oh, how full of terrors and of loathings as to the *long future*, leſt ſuch repetitions of life ſhould prove naught but the unmitigated exaggerations of his former woes, and until all the dread viſions ſhall have been exhauſted, that were ſeen by his parents before his natal hour! Even the remote contemplation of theſe brought *them* both to an untimous and ſynchronous tomb, and their guilty *ſon* to ſeek for one, as his ſole refuge.

He meditates upon his then condition.

"And can it be that I, a worthleſs unit, in a boundleſs and beautiful creation, am alone deſtined, through æons upon æons, to have that life of ſin and miſery indefinitely renewed—a life ſo odious to my remembrance—and now ſo cruſhing in the mere thought of its repetition? Shall the ſweets of veritable death, and the repoſe of the ſolitary tomb, never be mine? Shall life's bitter waters flow continually on for me alone of all the ſons of men? Shall eternal extinction (the quietneſs of which my ſoul now craves, as did Hagar and Iſhmael water in the parched deſert) be denied to me, though all things elſe are loſt in mother earth?—and ſhall exiſtence in Gehenna, or in Paradiſe, be the boon of all the ſons of Adam, ſave Cartaphilus? Terrific thought! How many generations have already mouldered into duſt before me, and are now as if they never were! Already have even many goodly cities riſen in deſert places, and others expired with age—or met ſome ſudden ruin—and yet I live in body and in ſoul! Already have monuments of hardeſt marble fallen from their ſtations under the keen edge of time, and

yet Cartaphilus remains intact by years, or by accidents, or even by man's fierce and often murderous doings! He now ſtands as one of yeſterday—yea, ſo full of youthful luſtihood, that nature would prompt to him an ardent ſeeking of life's choiceſt pleaſures, were it not that mind and heart are ſickened at the future, by an odious retroſpection. Oh, what a mockery of vitality is this!—the body young—the ſoul diſeaſed unto nauſea, from the foul deceitfulneſs of all the ages! And why ſhould the future be leſs inſtinct than the paſt with bitters?—why ſhall any thing good for him be more enduring? The ſolideſt arts of man are periſhing around him—the cities of the dead are more crowded than thoſe of the living—and yet I ſtart into freſh exiſtence, memorative of all the ugly paſt, and am forced to witneſs the hated preſent, and to anticipate the no leſs hateful future! Mountains may fall in avalanches and diſintegrate in the plains below—rivers may become dry, and the lordlieſt trees of the foreſt languiſh and moulder quite away,—but Cartaphilus knows no change, ſave that, from age to youth he paſſes on—and from youth to age again!—and yet is he ever the ſame ſon of Seraiah and Mariamne—the ſame accurſed Wanderer, always blending, in odious mixture, the remorſe of the *has-been*, the tedium of the *now*, and the dread of the *coming!*

"And, moreover, amidſt the myriads upon earth, Cartaphilus is but an iſolated One—unlike all others—and unknown of all! Edeſſa's dear and little people—Pella's domeſtic and pious few—thoſe of Ramoth-Gilead—the multitude of claſſic Athens, and of Rome's far greater horde, all ſo valued by him three half centuries ago, are now repoſeful in their tombs: but the Victim of the Valley Gate dies not—reſts not—ſleeps not; for what is ſleep with *dreams?*—it ſtill is but *life*, and worſe, as being without control of action, or of thought. And his pains of mimic death! do not they but rejuvenate him to an exiſtence that doth but drop him here on earth, as if from ſome cold and diſtant ſtar, and upon a deſert world to him, without tie or ſympathy—yea, even *nameleſs* amidſt his fellows! Oh, far worſe than even this! for, though countleſs are the offspring of his former friends, in all the lands, and in all the times, yet, with none of theſe dare he claim acquaintance: for how can *youth* ſpeak with knowledge, as to times and peoples, known but in the chronicles of the long paſt? The hated lineaments of the Jew, moreover, are upon his countenance: and the Nazarene or *Chriſtian* name, if taken, is often ſtill more odious—whilſt the myſterious youth's great *wealth* doth often cauſe foul ſuſpicions, ſeeing that no known progenitors, or cognati of any ſort, can be by him invoked! and alſo, where the aged *Cartaphilus* is beſt known, there *Tacaſulriph* is often leaſt known! And yet a ſtill further ſource of grief have I in the precocious mind, and in the knowledge gained during the

varied centuries—knowledge that can ſcarce be ſuppreſſed: and if not withheld, the ſuperſtitious crowd become dangerous to commune with; or, when harmleſs, ſtill his anomalous and mixed opinions fail not to offend many—or, if friends are gained thereby, they are either the mere fæx populi, or curious and inconſtant infidels, keenly in ſearch of heterodoxies of every ſort, whether of faith, of policy, of phyſics, or of literature! Such, then, are the now griefs of the youth Tacaſulriph!

"Oh, more truly than the ſerpent puts off old age, when he ſheddeth his ſkin, is it now with Cartaphilus:—the feared and withered body is by him caſt wholly off; and Tacaſulriph riſes with all the freſhneſs of the morning flower yet bathed in the dews of heaven! As the mountains go up, and the valleys down to the places aſſigned for each, ſo are found the wrinkled age, and the blooming youth, of the Doomed One—and the bounds of neither can be paſſed over! 'O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wiſdom haſt thou made them all,' and 'thy doings are paſt finding out!'"

Death of his adopted Son.

THADDEUS, my laſt and truſty friend—the only being who knew my awakening ſecret, continued long with me after my firſt transformation: but nature at length gave way in years—no *curſe* was upon him; and now he lies in alien ſoil, remote from the land of his forefathers: ſeventy years ago, I buried that beloved ſon of adoption in *Auguſta Trinobantum*, an ancient and goodly town, long known by the Britons as *Londinium:* there I raiſed his humble tomb, and wept thereon as would a parent for his only child. Peace to his aſhes! and yet *amicum meum præoptarem perire potius* quàm *vivere*—for a purer ſpirit than his ſeldom tabernacled upon earth: but theſe overwiſe Jews, here in Lugdunum, had preſſed me much in regard to their *Gilgul;* and would have perſuaded me that even my Thaddeus muſt have a long and arduous journey beneath the ſoils,—even from his diſtant tomb unto Paleſtine, ere his ſoul can be at reſt, or be bleſſed with reſurrection!

The doctrine of Gilgul.

The Jews that were around me, as the then aged Cartaphilus, were ſtrenuous in their faith reſpecting a marvellous notion, called by them *Gilgul*, as to which, never before had I heard other than a whiſper, when laſt in Rome, more than a century ago; and then, only from the lips of my valued Julianus and Philotera, as they had heard it from ſome learned Rabbins. Now here, in Lugdunum, I early found that the Hebrew doctors had much revived that wild and ſuperſtitious figment: and, as I was far advanced in years when unto Gaul I came, they ſorely urged it on me, ſeeing that my ſoon expected death would leave me ſo remote from Judea, that my ſubterranean toils to reach it after

death would be, as they ſaid, with many tortuous whirlings, and poſſibly during many centuries! But, ſo it was, I lacked all faith in Gilgul; and therein gave them no ſmall offence. In truth, they would hold me ſcarce half a Jew—and I could regard myſelf as ſcarce half a Chriſtian: and, moreover, I greatly contemned all thoſe blind fancies that had become ſo rife among our doctors, ever ſince the time of the new Sanhedrim, and of the Patriarchs of Tiberias, and of Pumbeditha: theſe, however, were as firmly believed in by the multitude of our diſperſed people, as in the wiſdom of Solomon revealed to us in his many thouſand proverbs, or in that of our maſter Moſes; and were far more obſerved as rules of life, than the teachings from Sinai!

This RABBINISM, ſo called, (of which Gilgul is but an example,) hath been but little ſtudied by me, but ſufficiently to know that it has, and ever will have, very many flimſy viſions, many idle brain-creations, though deeply blended with a few profound and heavenly thoughts—for ſuch is man! Oh, how wild and dreamy are the begettings of thoſe deluded ſouls, when poſſeſſed of ſome learning, and bewildered by an erratic ſpirit! My overzealous countrymen would have forced upon me theſe curious deviſings of their diſtempered muſings; and were much vexed that one, ſo ripe for the grave as they ſaw me, ſhould jeopard the repoſe of his ſoul, and rather whirl during many years, and through ſo many paraſangs, than haſten at once to the holy Paleſtine, before death ſhould come upon me in a foreign land. But *Cartaphilus* had ſtill left in him much of the ſpirit of *Tacaſulriph*—he feared not death in Lugdunum; and though oppreſſed with age, he openly contemned their traditional follies. And yet, I confeſs, they ſometimes greatly diſturbed me: for this Gilgul was earneſtly argued with me during many days; and with too much zeal and ſhow of learning by thoſe Rabbis (and doubtleſs, with piety) not to trouble me, at leaſt in my dreams: but mind happily triumphed over the infirmity of matter: the doctors retired from me in diſguſt and anger; but candour bids me now ſay, the victory was gained, in part, by that pride of opinion which never forſook me; and which equally ſerved me in matters of as groſs error on my part, as of the manifeſt truth in that urged by me againſt Gilgul, and other rabbinical refinements.

The doctors had wholly departed; and I found myſelf with the worthy Rabbi ISAAC, who ſuffered me in ſilence to muſe upon this Gilgul—alſo on the ſymptoms I then felt of an approaching diſſolution of ſome ſort. My life was apparently flickering, as doth the laſt drop of oil in the lamp: and thus with myſelf I communed. "If in this Rabbiniſm there be any virtue, and if this Gilgul be a bright exemplar of it, doth it not behove me to inquire into that which may benefit, but cannot injure? If true, Gilgul ſhould then

be avoided by flight to Paleſtine." Deeply would I alſo mourn (when under this fitful deluſion) that my excellent Thaddeus (whoſe remains might be removed thither) ſhould thus be doomed to toil under ground, ſeeing that his great love for me took him to that remote Heathen iſland, from his home and friends. Rabbiniſm is now well-nigh the *religion* of my unhappy countrymen, however denſely or ſparſely ſifted among the nations. And thus again would I muſe—"They are many—I but one: are the multitude fooliſh, and Cartaphilus alone wiſe? It may be ſo—for doubtleſs, Truth is ſometimes with the individual: Cartaphilus cannot unto the doctors yield, merely becauſe they are many: but the worthy ISAAC is learned in this lore; his treaſures will I firſt exhauſt, ere Cartaphilus is perſiſtently recreant, or the doctors ſhall gain the victory." And aged as I then certainly was, I faithfully performed the promiſe I had made to myſelf.

Converſations with Rabbi Iſaac.

"Thou art now very old, my Cartaphilus," ſaid the good Rabbi Iſaac to me, a few days before my late transformation, "but nevertheleſs thou ſhouldſt haſten eaſtward, and lay thy bones as nigh the land of Canaan as well may be." "And why ſo, my ſage Rabbi?" ſaid I, well knowing, however, of what he deſired to ſpeak. "Art thou, O Cartaphilus," anſwered he, "ſo learned, and yet ignorant of what the great Rabbi AKIBA taught? and he, you know, was the venerable Naſi of the Sanhedrim, when the '*Son of the Star*,' called alſo Barcocheba, claimed to be the Meſſiah? This Akiba, as alſo the Rabbi JUDAH, the 'Sinleſs,' and again, the moſt renowned rabbi MEIR, all do declare that none can come to the *reſurrection*, ſave thoſe who are buried in the land of Judea—or, thoſe who dying in other lands are, perhaps through many ages, gradually brought there." "But, my good Rabbi Iſaac," rejoined I, "how are theſe ſouls to reach Judea, after the body hath periſhed in foreign lands, and the ſoul hath departed to Hades—or elſewhere, we know not of?" "Doubtleſs, venerable Cartaphilus, they muſt come there by much *whirling*: for, what ſuch Rabbins, as I have named, do ſay thereon, is as the voice of God: and they hold that thoſe who are buried without the holy ſoil of Judea, do continually whirl round and round beneath the earth, until they paſs within our ſacred limits; and then they repoſefully await the general reſurrection! And, my learned Cartaphilus, I would alſo have thee remember that theſe ſouls do ſometimes, in their whirlings, paſs into other bodies? Did not that of Adam, after a toil of ages, truly whirl into the body of David? And will not the ſoul of King David (which for nigh twelve hundred years hath thus been whirling) come at laſt into

Converſes on GILGUL before the Transformation.

the body of the true Meſſias, whenever he ſhall vouchſafe to appear? Truly, it is all ſo! and hence the initial letters of Adam—David—and Meſſias, or *aleph*, *daleth*, and *mem*, do form the name of the firſt man!—and, as in Adam all died, becauſe of ſin, ſo in Meſſias, (who will be ſinleſs) ſhall all come to the great reſurrection!

"Pythagoras, and Zoroaſter, the wonderful Magian, have but copied their ideas of the tranſmigration of ſouls from the moſt ancient tradition of our forefathers;—and, as the beſetting *ſin* is, ſo is the *body* that the ſoul muſt afterwards inhabit! Hence, if the deceaſed were a ſodomite, then verily doth his ſoul paſs into the body of a *hare*—and, if an adulterer, then into that of a *camel:* and this is clearly ſeen in our Hebrew word *gamel*, which ſignifies, not only the beaſt we call camel, but likewiſe *preſervation*,—for David ſaith, 'I praiſe Jehovah, for that he hath preſerved me.' David, then, who was preſerved, through his repentant prayers, from a more ſevere puniſhment for his adultery with Beerſheba, hath paſſed into a far more worthy animal than a hare—yea, into that of a camel; and hereafter will paſs into the moſt honoured of all bodies, that of the Meſſiah!"

With great aſtoniſhment, and ſome generous contempt, I cynically replied to the excellent Rabbi, "Oh, very learned Doctor, as *my* ſins have been ſo many and grievous, I ſcarce think all the animals of the Ark would ſuffice to ſupply me with idoneous receptacles,—or that any one can be found in all nature, ſufficiently grovelling for me to inhabit: I pray thee, tell me what beaſt, bird, or reptile, may I poſſibly be *whirled* into?" "Ah, my Cartaphilus," gravely anſwered he, "ſo much the worſe for thee—for, if thou dieſt ſo remote from Paleſtine, as here in Gaul, thou wouldſt be moſt happy, rather than whirl ſo many ages, to enter the body of even the vileſt worm that feeds upon the foul fleſh of carrion! See to this, I charge thee, Cartaphilus—ſee to this!" And ſo we parted for that time.*

* It can ſcarce be doubted but that the practice, ſo familiar in the Latin Church, of interments in *Paleſtinian* ſoil, originated in the Jewiſh notion of Gilgul! The holy earth in the Campo Santo at Piſa, and in numerous other places, transferred with infinite labour and expenſe by Chriſtians as well as Jews, and ſometimes by Mahommedans, muſt be referred, more or leſs, to this ſuperſtition: for the whole hiſtory of man, of all faiths, and in all countries and ages, reveals the wonderful paradox that all nations and peoples, however different in very many reſpects, ſtill reſemble one another in points, the often leaſt to be expected: and this is abundantly proved by the facts revealed in the laborious work of *Mons. Picart*, in regard to the civil and religious cuſtoms and ceremonials of innumerable nations, Heathen and Chriſtian—in which *reſemblances* are found that are truly awakening, and which ſhould greatly mortify the pride of man, eſpecially throughout Chriſtendom.

Converſes with Rabbi Iſaac, as Tacaſulriph.

Cartaphilus attends his own funeral.

After we thus ſeparated, I early found renewed ſenſations in me, the end of which I could no longer doubt. Theſe I will not dwell on—nor the iſſue thereof, as both were ſo ſimilar to thoſe experienced by me at Pæſtum —and are they not recorded in the XXXVIIth, and following Sections of theſe my Chronicles?

A week has now elapſed ſince my ſecond body, by Tranſformation, was interred, and with cuſtomary ſolemnities. At that ceremonial, according to all the Jewiſh forms, my kind friend Iſaac, as well as myſelf were preſent,—for, as the change had taken place at midnight, I left my lonely dwelling; nothing doubting but that ſome one would early find that the "*rich old Jew*" had expired, and would need burial.

In returning from the Jews' Cemetery, upon the borders of the Arar, whither my body had been taken, under the direction of Iſaac and the reſt, (on all of which I had been a modeſt, but not unobſerved ſpectator,) I encountered the good Rabbi Iſaac ſtanding in the Forum Trajani, and nigh unto the Imperial Palace. He ſeemed to eye me, though a total ſtranger, as if he would ſpeak: and, as I approached, he mildly ſaid, "Good Youth, this was a remarkable old man, whom we have juſt laid in the tomb—haſt thou known or heard aught of him before? I judged ſo, ſeeing that thou, who art a ſtranger here in Lugdunum, wert with us in this ſolemn duty, and ſeemed much diſturbed in ſoul during his interment."

"I am the only one of his blood in all theſe parts," ſaid I, "and, as he but lately came to Lugdunum, and from a very remote land they call Albion, I knew that his long abſence from Rome rendered his return every way proper, as there he once reſided, and had many loving friends. My name is TACASULRIPH; and I am haſtening to his late dwelling here in Lugdunum, that, with all formality of law, I may take poſſeſſion of his many valuable papers and books: and moreover, he hath large wealth; and of all theſe is Tacaſulriph the ſole heir, as well by blood as by teſtament. He was, indeed, a wonderful man, as thou ſayeſt; and, if his ſoul hath not gone into ſome other body—as of a beaſt, or into ſome "vile worm to feed on carrion," much learning and experience do hopeleſſly die with him. Yet, as Tacaſulriph truſts, that ſoul, if metempſychoſis be true, hath gone into ſome other human form. A venerable Rabbi, here in Lugdunum, troubled the aged man with ſtrange diſcourſes, a week ſince, concerning what he called the Gilgul, or Whirling of Souls!"

"Did Cartaphilus, then, ſpeak unto thee of me?" haſtily enquired the Jew, "for I am Rabbi Iſaac, late his greatly admiring friend:—and, told he thee of our colloquy touching Gilgul?"

Converſations with Iſaac *after* the Transformation.

"He communed much, and often ſilently with himſelf; but ſometimes in audible whiſpers, after thou hadſt left him," anſwered I, and then he ſaid aloud, "but theſe Rabbins have ſo many other wild figments, that Cartaphilus ſees not why *this* one ſhould thus trouble him."

"Well Tacaſulriph, greatly do I mourn his infidelity," rejoined Iſaac, "he hath now left us; and no more ſhall we behold him, until the truth of Gilgul ſhall be revealed to all: but, as thou art a very young man, to be ſo far from thy home and friends at Rome, I pray thee come with me: much did I love thy relative; and if thou wilt ſojourn with me during thy tarry at Lugdunum, we will talk over theſe matters;—for thou, as a green Iſraelite, ſhouldſt not fail to know well, what thy aged relative, amidſt all his learning, ſeems to have much neglected!"

"Cartaphilus, good Rabbi," (ſaid I, unconſciouſly ſolicitous to maintain my poſthumous reputation) was long in far diſtant and heathen lands: many years had he ſpent in the wilds of Germania, in Gallia, in Britannia, and in other northern regions; and hence was it that he knew ſo little of the Jewiſh Patriarchates, and ſtill leſs of the curious myſteries and doctrines of the Rabbiniſts, in all the lands. And 'tis not ſtrange that I ſhould know thereof as little as he, ſince, from my youth—and he being my cloſeſt friend—naught elſe could be looked for than that in nothing ſhould Tacaſulriph be wiſer than the venerable Cartaphilus. Thy kind hoſpitality, tendered ſo graciouſly, I willingly accept, my Rabbi; and to-morrow will I be with thee; and much ſhall I delight in thy inſtructions, in all that the Rabbis have thought and done—though Tacaſulriph hath been ſo much ſchooled by Cartaphilus, that he *may* prove, like him, a dull ſcholar in the matter of Gilgul!"

SECTION L.

He reviews ſome cauſes of his Miſery.

NOW am I living with the kind-hearted and ſimple-minded Rabbi Iſaac—one of the few among men, who ſtand out as diſtinct from their fellows, as do the giant and dwarf: ſuch are ever acceptable and freſh unto the ſoul of Tacaſulriph: for, if in them there be even much of folly's alloy, yet is it ſo *unlike* the great herd, that it doth charm me. Here will I continue to chronicle my varied life, though briefly, from the time Thaddeus and I departed from Rome,

and from our friends of Edeſſa, until the preſent hour—now more than a century ago.*

If the communion of mind with mind energizes the ſoul, and brings with it many charms to ſoften life's aſperities, it is alſo often not without pain, as it generates inordinate ſelf-eſteem in ourſelves, and rancorous feelings between colloquial opponents.

My ſoul remains in deep gloom: the amiable Jew's daily converſations with me crowd my mind with a thouſand diſturbing and curious fancies: my brain is bewildered with the ceaſeleſs mixture of ancient and modern Hebrew notions in religion, in morals, in the philoſophy of nature, and as to the powers of celeſtial entities! At one moment am I memorative of my earlieſt Sadducean teachings —then of the ſublime truths of Chriſtianity—again with the many bold conceptions derived to me from the Celtic Druids—eſpecially thoſe of Albion; anon, I alſo repoſe upon the lovely exemplars I found in Priſcilla, Artemas, Melchior,—in my beloved Thaddeus, in the noble Arcæus, and in the ever matchleſs REBECCA. With all theſe reminiſcences are alſo blended many of the ſoul-inſpiring doctrines of the Magians, as I learned them from Artaxias of Nicephorium; and then again, is my ſoul annoyed by the conflicting hereſies among Jews, Gentiles, and Chriſtians—by the thouſand doubts and marvellous refinements of Greek and Roman and Oriental philoſophers: and now, here in Lugdunum, (a ſemi-barbarous land,) my mind is further diſtracted by the teachings of my worthy Rabbi, in all the wonderful traditions and the mind-racking ſubtleties of the Rabbins, from the days of Simon, a deſcendant of the great Gamaliel, even unto the preſent hour!

My inquiſitive ſoul doth never reſt—it *muſt think*, and as inevitably as the ſtone caſt from the ſling falls to the ground. Long did I dwell among the Barbarians, and found that they, too, have their conflicts in religion and philoſophy—their orthodox, their ſectarians, and their heretics! In the Imperial City, during a long reſidence, my intercourſe was with emperors, captains of great re-

* The retroſpective *perſonal* narrative here alluded to, and alſo his chronicles reſpecting thoſe barbaric countries viſited by him, the Editor has ſeen proper to nearly wholly omit: and this is ſo, as Cartaphilus again viſited thoſe countries, and at periods of greater intereſt, of which he avails himſelf to explain ſufficiently the crude and very primitive condition of thoſe regions during the two firſt centuries of his anomalous life. The hiſtorical theme, however, of his ſecond century, and the ſpirit of that age, are, as we hope, ſufficiently ſuſtained, without either his perſonal narrative, or his cuſtomary hiſtorical details. And, as theſe Chronicles muſt unavoidably be extenſive, all that can be accompliſhed, in *ſome* of the centuries, is to preſerve the prominent hiſtorical facts, and their chief intellectual developments; both of which the Editor truſts are tolerably accompliſhed in the Colloquies ſelected, as occurring between various diſtinguiſhed perſonages, and alſo in the Narrative of the learned Jewiſh Rabbi Iſaac.

nown, philoſophers, poets, orators, juriſconſults—with women of virtue, or of infamy,—with declaimers, factioniſts, miſers, ſpend-thrifts, and with a hundred more of ſuch awakening perſonages! My own ſtudies, moreover, took in the boundleſs Greek and Roman authors—likewiſe all that is known to the Hebrews in all the lands—alſo whatever could be gleaned among the Egyptians and other Oriental nations. Much did I inquire into all that has been ſaid by them reſpecting their gods—the nature of ſouls—the generation, or eternity, of all entities—the many ſources that corrupted their religion, morals, manners, and philoſophy! Years were ſpent by me at Pæſtum and other places, in poring over the writings of Apollonius of Tyana—in communing deeply and often with the works of Philo-Judæus, and of the learned and myſtical Plato. I have conſorted with the *Ebionites*, the *Nicolaitans*, the *Gnoſtics*, and even with the admirers of *Dorithens*, of *Hymenæus*, and of *Cerinthius!* I have converſed with *Carpocrates* and *Saturninus* and *Prodicus*—the laſt of whom ſtands at the head of thoſe called *Adamites:* I have correſponded largely with the excellent Joſephus, with the venerable and moſt pious *Polycarp* of Smyrna—with the great *Ignatius* of Antioch,—and more eſpecially with him in regard to the Holy Trinity, he being the firſt, as well as I remember, who hath uſed this myſtical, and yet expreſſive word. And, now that I have lived among men and books and nature during more than two hundred years, I cannot yet find that I have any *very ſettled faith* upon any ſubject whatever—none that yields to my mind the ſweet repoſe that comes from aſſurance! * * * * * * * And yet, O Cartaphilus! there muſt be a cauſe for this. Do not miſery and doubt ſpring from arrogance—from a craving to be wiſe beyond what is written?—the rivers and the ſeas have their aſſigned borders,—theſe overleapt, devaſtation muſt enſue. Remember how, in thy youth, thou wert admoniſhed that things divine and human—thoſe revealed and conjectured, muſt not be blended and confounded. * * * * * But, hold Cartaphilus! Is man *free* to think and to do as he liſteth? if not free, whence comes *ſin?* Art thou not often ſenſible of an inward as well as an outward control, that may no more be reſiſted than the ruſhing of many waters over a precipice?—and, if doomed to *live*, why not doomed to *ſin*—yea, to all the *hereſies* of which thou haſt been accuſed? * * * * * * Great marvels are theſe—and yet, am I not equally conſcious ſometimes of an abſolute *free-agency?*—do I not many things as I liſt, and have I not often acted as if reſiſtleſſly impelled, when it was only the neglect of my ſoul and reaſon that cauſed the odious act? * * * I now remember that more than a century and a half ago, the pious Areopagite argued with me all this matter of free-will, in a letter to my Alcæus, though deſigned for

me: also that Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, and likewise Polycarp of Smyrna, and Aquila of Ephesus, were all of like opinion: and they counselled me (long after my friends of Edessa had wearied themselves with me on that matter) that man's free-will hath never, in a single case, been disturbed by Him who ruleth the skies; and that, even when the Messiah's death, and the 'Scariot's treason—when Jerusalem's fall, and the scattering of our people to the twelve winds, were all clearly *predicted*, and of course *foreknown*, yet not one of those cases was *doomed* thus to pass—not one that *might* not have been otherwise—not one that did not flow from man's voluntary, sinful, and free-will action! *Foreseen*, indeed, they were by God, who liveth not in *time*, as man always doth; so that, when He declareth what *will* be, He hath but declared what, as to Him, *is*, and as if it already *hath been*—but which, to man, is *future:* for such *declaration*, made only through God's absolute *prescience*, doth no more *control* the actions so predicted, than would man's relation of any *past events* be justly said to have effected, or affected *them!* And, in this fashion, did these earliest champions of the Cross argue this difficult matter with me. Artemas, as I now remember, further argued that, if *omnipresence* and *omnipotence* be perfect in Deity, (as they doubtless are) why shall not *omniscience*, and, of course, *prescience*, be equally so? and if so, then, in fine, *that prediction* can in no degree whatever control, lessen, or affect the perfection of man's free-will, and free-agency. If all this be so, and I know not how to question it, then how soothing to the soul is the conviction that we *can* guide our actions in all things,—and that we are not irresistibly drawn either to vice or virtue—and how consentaneous is this with Justice and Mercy—the supremest of God's attributes! These, however, are the great mysteries that toss the Soul to and fro, as pebbles on the ocean-shore. In such contemplations, Man diminishes into an atom—sinks into fatuity,—now, hath he boundless faith—then vexing doubts—and at length plunges into the abyss of Pyrrhonism! Some again reason, and become as gods—vast in thought, wonderful in execution! but, anon, they go too far—become bewildered—maddened; and, as the beasts that perish, they seem to have lost their souls!—such being the case with most of those, who, in nature see not God, or who presumptuously would scan and question the ways of The Ineffable!

SECTION LI.

THE new exiſtence into which I had ſo lately entered, brought with it the uſual feelings and faſcinations of youthful luſtihood—heightened, on the one hand, by an inordinate mental expanſion, unſeemly to my apparent age; and ſubdued, on the other, by my perpetual remembrance of the curſe that was upon me. My ſecret preſſed ſorely upon my mind: and, whilſt I ſhrank from betraying the leaſt of it to any mortal, I clung to the ſympathies of life with an almoſt maddened tenacity. *Domeſtic Life of Cartaphilus.*

The venerable Iſaac was moſt kind to me; for he early perceived that my heart was ill at eaſe, and that my acquirements and veins of thought were greatly at variance with my tender age, and with the beautiful freſhneſs of my youth.

I tarried with my aged companion at Lugdunum with perfect content; and often ſighed at the anticipation, that his many years muſt ere long ſeparate us for ever. His courſe was nearly run—mine ſeemed to have only begun; and never did I before ſo fully realize the deſtiny that ſo long had guided me, and which might endure as the everlaſting hills! Then was it that a torrent of recollections ruſhed into my mind—the wonderful dream of my parents—the forebodings of Priſcilla and Artemas—the cloſing ſcene with Rebecca—the marvels revealed to me at Pompeii—the miraculous Transformation at Pæſtum; and finally, every event of my varied life, ending with the depoſit of my ſecond body in the ſhaded cemetery of Lugdunum: theſe all have removed the laſt film that had clouded my intellectual viſion, and fully diſcloſed to me the terrific reality that

CARTAPHILUS, THE WANDERING JEW,

will never taſte the ſweets of Death, until the bitterneſs of Sin is wholly purged away—never until the times of the Gentiles ſhall be accompliſhed—never until Paleſtine ſhall bloom again—never until the lion and the lamb ſhall embrace each other!

A world of miſery flooded into my ſoul, when the certainty of my deſtiny had thus fully reached my mind. Thoſe who know not the heart's rebellion againſt fixed miſery and hope extinguiſhed, will marvel at my long incredulity; but the more experienced will judge otherwiſe; and others there may be, who equally would marvel that unmitigated deſpair came not with that certainty. But oh, how plaſtic is the human mind—how accommodating becomes the ſoul to its inevit- *Muſings upon Hope and Habit.*

able condition—how ſubmiſſive, when the laſt ray of God's mercy, HOPE, is withdrawn! Strange anomaly of our wonderful nature! for, after hope hath expired, firſt comes *Deſpair*—ruſhing upon the ſoul as a furious and ravenous beaſt; but its mad career is ſhort,—and then come the *creative* powers of the mind, inventive of a thouſand means to mitigate the evil—to dull its keen edge—to ſteep in oblivion its ſeverer features—to reap comfort from ſmall things—to live in a little world of miniſhed actualities! Next follow *Imagination*, with its varied hues—*Habit*, with its ſubduing influences—and then the *Conſciouſneſs* that our lot is juſt,—and laſtly, comes that Gratitude, perhaps feeble, which is awakened in the ſoul by the reflection that our wretchedneſs might have been yet more extreme: all theſe fortify the mind, and impart to it the power of *Reſignation!* Oh, how merciful, then, are the ways of Providence towards man, that, even in our deepeſt ſorrows, there ſhould be within us fountains, gradually welling up, however ſmall, to bring us ſome alleviation!—for, when even *hope*, as to the chief matter, is clean gone, and the deſtiny is broadly before us, ſtill the mind's fertility gives growth to new and varied ſources of partial mitigation—*habit* reconciles us to even extreme miſery—and *reſignation*, as oil upon the waters, calms the fury of the tempeſt, and ſaves us from overwhelming deſpair and maddening ruin! And ſo was it even with Cartaphilus!

Converſations with the Rabbi Iſaac.

Some weeks after I had been comfortably eſtabliſhed in my new abode, and after the torrent of my griefs had ſomewhat been ſubdued, the venerable Rabbiniſt entered my Muſæolum; and kindly taking me by the hand, ſaid, "I have obſerved thy deep miſery for a moon paſt; but am now happy, my young friend, to find thee calmer, and ſomewhat with thy beloved books again. I rejoice to ſee thou haſt inherited from the great Cartaphilus, not only the extenſive library that ſurrounds thee, but his ſtudious ſpirit withal. Thoſe who are *ſtudiis addicti* may therein find much ſalutary food for the troubled ſoul; and, if the deſire be not a *librorum helluo*, it is God's beſt gift to man—next to a *ſound faith*."

"Moſt true, moſt true, venerable Iſaac," anſwered I, "and ſo I hope to find it. The God of Abraham, who puniſhes with ſeverity, ſtill never leaves us utterly without a refuge. My learned relative would ever have around him many volumes, and, when in the outer world, converſed moſtly with the learned and wiſe: and I being the ſole inheritor of his large properties, it is but ſeemly gratitude in me thus to reſpect his likings."

"Thy faithful remembrance of kindneſs," my Tacaſulriph, "tells me thy heart is in the right place; and we may be ſure that the *grati animi fidelis memoria* is never found without other aſſociated

virtues. I would not praiſe thee in advance of acquaintance, my Tacaſulriph; but thy grief for the departure even of ſo worthy a relative—leaving thee ſo much wealth—is ſo little in the world's faſhion, that thou haſt my heart, at once, good youth."

"Nay, my excellent Rabbi, judge not ſo haſtily; other cauſes of grief are there than the loſs of friends: that I loved Cartaphilus as much as my own ſoul and body, is an abſolute truth: but my heavy mournings, of late, were not cauſed by his departure—the over-ripe fruit will fall to the ground."

"Moſt true, dear Youth; and now I love thy candour as much as thy gratitude: but I will not probe the cauſe of thy ſadneſs—we will ſpeak of other matters."

I warmly thanked the admirable old man; and ſoon had cauſe to believe that my knowledge and experience during two centuries might eaſily, in ſome things, be largely added to by the good Rabbi; wherefore I ſaid unto him, one day, "My beloved friend, much need have I to learn divers things of thee, which I pray thee freely to impart to me. And now, caſting off my griefs as much as may be, I would learn *firſt*, all that thou knoweſt of the doctrines ſo much prized at this time by our people, as taught by the learned Rabbis—and *ſecondly*, many things that have tranſpired in Rome, and elſewhere, ſince the time even of the good Trajan: for, all that is prior to that period hath been much written on, and is within my reach: but the events of our own day, as it were, ſince Trajan reigned, are leſs eaſily obtained. Canſt thou not alſo inſtruct me where the knowledge I now ſeek of thee may be had, ſhould age and time forbid thee to ſerve me otherwiſe?"

Some account of Rabbiniſm.

"It is quite true, my Tacaſulriph," ſaid the Rabbi, "that the hiſtory of paſt centuries is often more eaſy to be known than the events of our own age. Thy inquiries touching the opinions of our Rabbis, and as to Roman matters ſince the time of the good Trajan, may be ſomewhat ſatiſfactorily anſwered by me—eſpecially the latter, as I have lived through moſt of that period; and have preſerved, from my youth up, the memorabilia and reſults of many inquiries made by me, ever ſince that Emperor's bleſſed days. They all are thine to uſe freely, and to tranſcribe, if thou wilt, good Tacaſulriph: and further, dear Youth, ſhould I die before thy departure hence, the manuſcripts ſhall be ever thine. And, as to the opinions of our Doctors, they ſhould be thy careful ſtudy, *diu noctuque;* for Rabbiniſm is the diſtilled eſſence of ancient and of modern wiſdom."

"Tell me then, I pray thee, moſt venerable Rabbi," I quickly added, (though with an involuntary ſmile of incredulity,) "tell me much of thy favourite Rabbiniſm, and of thy admired Doctors, who have for ſome time paſt ruled Iſrael's unhappy and diſperſed flock.

Further inquires into Rabbiniſm.

As to ſome of their opinions I am not ignorant, having communed thereon with the ſage Cartaphilus: but his knowledge ſeems to have been far more in all other matters, than in that of the Hebrew religion and philoſophy of the preſent times—owing, in part, to his wandering life in foreign lands."

"This will I do, my Tacaſulriph: but our colloquies on that ſubject need not be long and minute, ſeeing that my written details as to Rabbiniſm, and eſpecially my hiſtorical narrative, ſhall be thine freely to uſe: and theſe, if they may not ſatisfy thy induſtrious zeal, will at leaſt point thy way into deeper inquiries. And this courſe may be the more neceſſary, as my great age is now ſhort of thy late relative's not ſo many years, if he died as I ſuppoſe, a centenarian! My ſtay, moreover, in Lugdunum, will not be long, good Youth, as I muſt practiſe, and quickly too, the counſel I lately gave unto Cartaphilus, by laying my poor bones in the Shepherd-land—or *Palli-Sthan*." Theſe laſt words of the worthy octogenarian were uttered by him ſo plaintively, and with ſuch deep and ſimple faith, that I forcibly ſuppreſſed the ſmile that was ſtealing over me: for, I confeſs that, as youth in me hath taken place of age, and only two moons have paſſed ſince Cartaphilus is in his tomb, and the young blood is ſtill rapidly courſing my veins, I now find myſelf aſhamed of the uneaſineſs this ſilly Gilgul occaſioned in me, ſo brief a time ago. The ſmile therefore would come, and ſomewhat ironically I replied, "My venerable Rabboni, (for thus would I now call thee,) we will together haſten eaſtward; for, doubtleſs, it muſt be a grievous thing to be whirled under ground for ages—or even to paſs from ſome vile body into another, poſſibly yet more vile! Now, as to what our Cartaphilus would have done, had he lived with us ſomewhat longer, I will not ſay: but, as thou art ſo firm a believer in this tradition—*if it be one*—thou ſhouldſt not tarry another week in Lugdunum." "*If it be one!*" exclaimed the aged man, "who doubts it?—thou talkeſt ignorantly, and therefore raſhly.—But I will not chide thus croſſly thy haſty language, and thy dim faith; for, with knowledge, thy faith will grow: a ſtranger art thou to its wonders, as ſet forth in the MISHNAH—that great work, which all pious and wealthy Jews fail not to have; and thy great relative ſhould have taught thee better out of its luſtrous pages."

"Speak not ſo harſhly of Cartaphilus, dear Rabbi, nor ſo ſeverely to myſelf. The Miſhnah, indeed, was as little known to him, as to myſelf: the world hath known it only about fifty years; and Albion is no place in which to find ſuch a volume. And, though many pious and wealthy Jews, doubtleſs, have it in hand, yet, my Rabbi, all that is *written* need not be read—all that is *publiſhed* is not therefore true—and all that is even *true* is not therefore believed by

all. Faiths differ as well as minds; and freely do I acknowledge want of faith in many of the tales ſaid to be uttered by our Rabbis. In this, Cartaphilus and Tacaſulriph wholly agreed: and remember, moreover, that my great relative was never taught in any of the *illuſtrious* Schools, (if ſuch they really were) that aroſe ſoon after Jeruſalem's deſtruction, and which are believed by Jews to have done ſo much for Iſrael's diſperſed people! I confeſs, moreover, that often have I heard Cartaphilus ſpeak rather lightly of the vaunted learning of the ſchools of Jamnia and of Tiberias, as far forth as he had gained acquaintance of them. Cartaphilus was, moreover, a ſtrict Sadducee, at firſt, and therefore a believer only in the Pentateuch. He afterwards learned far better; and gave full faith to all the Jewiſh Scriptures: but ſtill, no whit of a Phariſee was he; and always rejected the, ſo called, Traditions. His mind was therefore much oppoſed to the Rabbiniſm of our day; which, if at all underſtood by me, is a fungous addition to the ancient Oral Law, and to the Interpretation thereof—ſomething which our forefathers knew not—ſomething that would now ſupply the place of a true religion! And yet theſe are the matters curioſity doth prompt me to learn further of: for, though I may not prove a zealous diſciple, I admit the duty to ſearch into it further; and not to deal contemptuouſly with what is not fully known of me—but only with ſuch parts as have ſhocked my underſtanding and belief."

"For one ſo green in years as thou," rejoined the Rabbi, "it were perhaps wiſer, O Tacaſulriph, to make the faith of our Sanhedrim thine, than hope to faſhion its deep myſteries, and ever according to thine own imaginings!"

"Doubtleſs, my Rabbi, it is the province of youth to be counſelled; and, in matters beyond their reach, to have much faith in the experienced judgment of their elders: but, my venerable friend, myſteries may be beyond our reach for two cauſes—they may be very deep *truths*, or equally unſearchable *follies;* and, if not underſtood for the latter reaſon, youth may reject them, as well as age. And, moreover, Cartaphilus ever taught me that the young ſhould never be *dictated* to in any matter really within their mental graſp; that *facts* ſhould be plenteouſly ſpread before them by their teachers; and that the pupil's unbiaſſed, pure, and youthful judgment, ſhould be rather won for them by grateful confidence, than moulded for them, and with an exacting aſſentation—this he regarded as tyrannous in the maſter, and ſlaviſh in the pupil—as a flattering oblation to the vanity of the former, inſtead of a holy offering by the latter, coming from an original and thinking mind."

"What thou ſayeſt, wonderful Youth! I will not, in large part, deny; and yet, much do I fear the *ſpirit* that ſo well hath faſhioned it.—We do not look for ſuch ſpeech as thine, from ſuch youthful

lips: and the lofty independence it betokens, in one yet ſo *beardleſs*, doth preſage that, if in this regard thy temper be not timouſly checked, Beel-zebul will eventually cauſe thee to doubt all thou canſt not clearly unravel; and, at the ſame time, he will place before thee ſo many difficulties, that thy tender mind will, at laſt, ſink into that fatuous anarchy—into that deep Pyrrhoniſm, that doth wreck the heart as well as mind! I ſay this, not of *thee* in particular, but of that *young ſpirit* I have ſo often ſeen in the world, that would pierce the empyrean, before it hath learned to flutter on the earth—of that ſpirit, which knoweth not that knowledge is of *faith*, as well as of *inquiry:* in fine, of that ſpirit, my Tacaſulriph, which I have never failed to find dangerouſly allied to a damning wickedneſs."

"But, my Rabbi," with ſome quickneſs ſaid I, "if *no* faith be a damning evil, as it ſurely is, I muſt think an *indiſcriminate* faith is likewiſe one. Cartaphilus thought you Rabbins believe too much; and I think that, when he was a Sadducee, he believed too little. I now deſire to be admoniſhed by his experience: and therefore do I ſeek of thee ſome information touching the Rabbinical opinions and tales I have heard; and which, I muſt ſay, ſeem to me vain fancies—and far from being the *diſtilled eſſence of wiſdom*, which thou haſt claimed for Rabbiniſm."

"Bold words theſe!" ſaid the Rabbi, "and unfit to be uſed even by the well bearded; but I pray thee, my young friend, ſtate *one* that thou canſt prove a vain imagination." "Rather, good Rabbi," rejoined I, "one that *thou* canſt prove hath the impreſs of ſober wiſdom: for, if the fact, or the opinion, be approved of thee, and queſtioned by me, thy aſſertion of its exiſtence, or of its conformity to reaſon, is with thee—not me, to prove. But, without contending as to on whom the *onus of proof* ſhall lie—nor further preſſing the folly as to this *whirling of ſouls*, I would aſk thee, venerable Iſaac, what doſt thou think of thy doctors, who refuſe to eat of any fleſh, or to drink of any wine, for that the ſame hath been unlawful ever ſince the deſtruction of our Holy Temple—*becauſe*, as they ſay, there can no longer be any offerings there of either fleſh, or wine?"

"What matter," replied the worthy man, with great mildneſs and a tinge of mortification, "I do confeſs to be too much a fancy; and hence I admit the greater wiſdom of what the Rabbi Judah, ſon of Hananiah, ſaid unto ſuch miſguided Rabbis—he ſaith, 'By that rule, abſtain thou from *bread*, for the ſhew-bread is no longer ſet out—abſtain alſo from *fruits*, for they are no more offered—abſtain likewiſe from *water*, for that is no longer by the altar! See then, good Rabbis, that ye exact no duties from the people they cannot fulfil:' ſo that the caſe thou haſt put, dear Youth, is not largely

to thy purpoſe, as the wiſdom of other doctors countervails the folly of the reſt."

"My venerable Rabbi Iſaac, thou ſhouldſt alſo remember, that the reply of Rabbi Judah, who was but one, was yet ſo much to the purpoſe, that the ſilly multitude of doctors were obliged to yield: but were it not greater proof of wiſdom, had ſuch a reply never been needed? But, if that *one* hath not wholly ſerved me, remember alſo that the famed and ſucceſsful rival of that very Rabbi Judah, was himſelf ſo full of this ſtrange Rabbinic ſpirit, as to be ripe for any belief whatever—unleſs, indeed, the *whimſical miracle* that gave him fame, be as much believed by thee as by him—the choice of the dilemma is now with thee!" "I perceive with grief, my Tacaſulriph," ſaid the ſimple-hearted Rabbi, in a plaintive voice, "what thou wouldſt be at—and that thou haſt little reverence for holy things: for, if thou doſt mean the youthful Eleazar, ſon of Agarias, the miracle *was* doubtleſs wrought upon him."

"I pray thee, then, to tell it unto me, good Iſaac; as thou ſhouldſt know the narrative more correctly than I may have heard it."

"Why, incredulous boy, doſt thou now ſeek to know that great marvel?—if from ſcoffing curioſity, I ſhould be ſilent. The matter, I do confeſs, *is ſtrange:* but, then, no miracle would it be, if not ſtrange: and, as to its being *whimſical*, naught ſhould be ſo deemed that bringeth with it ſome good end. You muſt know, then, O Tacaſulriph, that when the Rabbi *Gamaliel*, the ſecond of that great name, came to be depoſed as Naſi of the Sanhedrim, and was no longer Preſident of the renowned ſchool of Jamnia, there were three rivals for the ſucceſſion: and theſe were Rabbi Judah Hakadoſh, whom I have juſt mentioned; alſo the greatly venerated Rabbi Akiba—and the youthful Eleazar, then but in his twenty and eighth year! The choice eventually fell upon him: who, now that he was choſen, heſitated and feared greatly, leſt an office of ſuch high dignity might not ſuit one of his tender age: and this doubt was inflamed the more by his wife, who thought his *beardleſs chin* ill became ſo venerable a ſtation. The huſband grieved much, and with lamentation mourned over his beard—which truly was wondrous thin, even for one of his age. But his lament, O Tacaſulriph, laſted but a few hours; for lo! it immediately thereafter began to ſprout forth; and, before the day was ended, he ſaw upon his breaſt a *long*, *gray*, *and idoneous beard!* The truth of this miracle will in no wiſe be queſtioned: for well do I remember in my youth, when at Jamnia, how thoſe who ſaw the young Eleazar, doubted it not, and greatly marvelled."

"Well, my worthy Iſaac," ſaid I, "their belief and wonder ſtill would not prove the miracle—for they may only have *heard* earlier, what thou didſt *later:* they doubtleſs ſaw Eleazar; but *ſaw*

they the beard grow in this wife, or only *heard* they of it—the bearded Eleazar they may have feen, but not the fudden growth?" "They told me not of *that*, good youth—but they could not have *marvelled* without a cauſe, incredulous youth!"

Hiſtory of Rabbi Akiba.

"When I arrived at Jamnia, a youth of but ſeventeen ſummers," continued the Rabbi, "the ſchools eſtabliſhed there, more than half a century before, by the Rabbins *Jochanan*, *Gamaliel* II. *Simeon* III. and by *Judah* the Holy, were in high repute. Much then was ſaid to me, and long afterwards, of the wonderful *Rabbi Akiba*, then far advanced in age; and likewiſe of the young *Judah*, a riſing ſtar that promiſed to ſhed an equal light with all that had gone before him. In the aged man, and in the far younger one, my ſoul delighted—for the fame of both was great, though then ſo different. Of this Akiba, I will now tell thee ſome things. When firſt I beheld him, his age was nearly that of the late venerated Cartaphilus: and, as his youthful hiſtory was detailed unto me by the great Rabbis I now daily ſaw, ſo was his life well known of me in his latter years.

"Akiba was but half a Jew, being deſcended on his father's ſide from Siſera, a great general of the King of Tyre. Caba Sheva of Jeruſalem, was rich in flocks; and with him Akiba lived the life of a humble Shepherd, during forty years! Love brooks not diſtinctions of rank and wealth; and Akiba ſighed unto death for the lovely daughter of his maſter, and ſhe in turn had given him her heart. But the haughty Caba Sheva ſpurned the poor ſhepherd; whereupon the lovers were ſecretly wedded. Akiba, then ſhekelleſs, went into retirement, leaving his youthful bride with her haughty and unfeeling ſire. Twelve years was he abſent, occupied in the profoundeſt ſtudies, and then returned to his late maſter, having gained twelve thouſand diſciples, and with them a wonderful fame! But the cruel parent had by that time diſcarded his beauteous daughter. Akiba and his wife then lived together during ſome years, in extreme want,—during which period ſhe bore him her firſt child—and upon a miſerable bed of ſtraw.

"Once more Akiba returned to the great ſchool, and remained twelve years more, engaged in the deepeſt and moſt ſublime ſtudies. He then appeared again before Caba Sheva, but with double his former number of diſciples, and, as ſome ſay, with quite eighty thouſand: certain it is that his fame had now become ſo great, that it was called awful, and Caba Sheva relented; whereupon Akiba received from him his long-ſuffering daughter, and with her an ample endowment!

"Many years after this, Akiba, now aged, was riding with ſome of his diſciples cloſe by the ruins of the holy Jeruſalem. They

beheld a jackal prowling among the fragments of the once glorious Temple! This ſight ſo much pained his followers that they burſt into tears; and would know of Akiba how he would apply to the ſcene before them his great maxim, ſo often urged upon them, '*that everything is ordained of Heaven for the beſt?*' Akiba ſeemed ſomewhat diſturbed by the queſtion; but he mildly replied, '*As the very ſucceſſes of the idolatrous Romans have fulfilled the words of our Prophets, ſo is that fulfilment a ſure ground to God's people of a much loftier hope in the future.*'"

"The reply of Akiba, good Rabbi," ſaid I, "was doubtleſs the beſt that could then be made. But, were a *Chriſtian* to have aſked him, whether a portion of the wickedneſs thus grievouſly puniſhed was not to be found in the murderous Crucifixion of the Nazarene?—and, if not, what had ſo long delayed the coming of the long promiſed Meſſias?—and, if I ſhould alſo aſk thee, my Rabbi, the ſame queſtion, now full two centuries after the Sceptre hath departed from Judah, what reply, think you, Rabbi Akiba then would have made—and what wouldſt *thou* now make?"

Rabbi Iſaac was ſilent; his countenance experienced many changes, a large tear was in his eye, he gave me a piercing look—then caſt his eyes upon the ground, and the tear fell to it: at length he ſaid, "Tacaſulriph! thou aſkeſt unſeemly queſtions, and far beyond the warrant of thy age;"—and then, with renewed ſternneſs, "yea, queſtions, I ſay, that ſavour of hereſy, and abandonment of thy Hebrew faith—I tell thee, boy, they will better be anſwered by thine own mind and heart, when thy *beard* is longer.—But I have not yet done with what I have to ſay of Akiba."

"Nay, my venerable Iſaac, thou art harſh upon me: Jews may well think as I do, without hereſy—they may believe the Nazarene no Shiloh, and yet murdered—they may venerate Akiba, and yet not regard him as infallible. The queſtion put by me appears in thine eyes unſeemly, becauſe of my tender age: and, if my *beard* be not yet ſufficiently grown to comprehend thy looked-for reply, I pray thee let thy anſwer ſtill be given—that it may repoſe in my now ſlender down, which, as it ſeemeth, is with thee the *ſeat of the intellect*—after it is grown! I promiſe thee thy anſwer ſhall there remain and be nouriſhed, until the beard ſhall reſt upon my boſom by age; for Tacaſulriph hath no hope of ſuch a *miracle*, as was wrought for the young Eleazar."

"Thou art a ſtrange and myſterious youth, Tacaſulriph, and will never be a Rabbi, if thou haſt ſuch *Chriſtian* hankerings," ſaid the Rabbi, with a gentle tone. "Young Jews have often a leaning towards ſuch fancies; which, notwithſtanding thy ſportive humour, I again repeat, are all diſpelled when the beard is much lengthened.

Many have I known, who, when quite young, were half Chriſtians; but became ſturdy Jews at thirty—and ſo will it be with thee, my Tacaſulriph."

"Well, my kind friend, I crave forgiveneſs for my incredulity, and yet more for my ſportive humour on matters ſo grave: and now, let me have ſomewhat further of this marvellous Akiba."

"I cannot now tell thee," ſaid the Rabbi, "of Akiba's unhappy connexion with that wonderful man *Caziba*—ſo often alſo called *Barcocheba;* who, inſtead of proving himſelf the Meſſiah, and the '*Son of a Star*,' ſhowed himſelf the ſon of Satanas, and the prince of Liars! Suffice it to ſay, both periſhed in the war that Hadrian waged againſt us,—Barcocheba, at the ſiege of Bither, and the aged Akiba, at the dreadful maſſacre that enſued! And further, I will only note, that Barcocheba fell on the anniverſary of the memorable ruin of Jeruſalem, and about ſixty years after that fatal day; whilſt the venerable Akiba was flayed alive, and under circumſtances of horror, too painful to be now detailed: but thou wilt find them, as alſo what relates to the ſiege of Bither, in thoſe Chronicles of my ſomewhat eventful life, which I have promiſed thee."

"My worthy Rabbi," ſaid I, "that ſo many of Iſrael's miſeries ſhould have happened on the *tenth* day of *Ab*, hath often ſurpriſed me. Doubtleſs, thou couldſt name to me as many ſignal ſlaughters of our people, on that myſterious *tenth of the month Ab*, as there are days in the week! The greateſt of all was that of Jeruſalem: but ſome were ages before, poſſibly *typical* of that crowning event; and others ſince—perhaps, as *memorative* of that ſaddeſt of all our calamities."*

* As ſtated in a former note, there ſeems to be no little confuſion in the books, in regard to this remarkable day—ſome naming the 10th of *Ab* and the 10th of *Auguſt* as identical! and others ſtating the event as of the 9th of Auguſt, or as of the ſame day of the month *Ab*. The ſiege of Jeruſalem endured about five months; in which many authors have been either little regardful of dates, or equally inattentive to the correſpondence of the ancient Jewiſh dates with thoſe of modern times. Was the Temple deſtroyed on the 10th of Ab, and did that correſpond then with our 10th of Auguſt? If either the ninth or tenth of the month Ab be adopted, do theſe correſpond with our 14th and 15th of July, or with the fourth and fifth of Auguſt? Joſephus ſays the Temple was burnt on the 10th of Ab; and moſt authors agree that this correſponds with our 5th of Auguſt. The *City* ſeems to have been *fully taken* on the 8th of *Elul*, or the 5th of September. A biblical ſcholar of note, whoſe name is not remembered now, ſays that the ſiege *commenced* on Sunday, 22nd April, A. D. 70, V. E. at the cloſe of Paſſover; which, in that year, began on the 14th of April—that the Temple was deſtroyed alſo on Sunday, Auguſt 5th—and that the Upper City was taken and deſtroyed on Sunday, September 2nd, juſt a week before the great day of Atonement—which could not be offered that year, as the time of Atonement was now paſt. The deſtruction of the *firſt* Temple is commemorated on the 9th of Ab, though Joſephus, following Jer. lii. 12, aſſigns the ſame day,

"So alſo, my Rabbi, is not Niſan's *fifteenth* day ſignal for miſeries, not only before the wonderful event on Mount Calvary, but likewiſe in years ſince that dreadful day?

"Much do I note thy ſearching mind," replied the Rabbi, with a thoughtful tone, and with a ſomewhat frowning brow, "and thy careful regard for the hidden ways of Providence. Thou, good Youth, may become a great Rabbi, if thou wilt but avoid the Chriſtian ſhoals—ſo fatal always to ſound Rabbiniſm. But, my Tacaſulriph, again am I drawn from Akiba, whoſe long life was ſo full of marvels, and of wiſdom, though I am bound to ſay, not wholly free of errors.

"Now, my Tacaſulriph, liſten further to our Akiba: for, though my preſent little hiſtory chiefly concerns the boundleſs charity of the excellent *Aben-Judan*, it was Akiba's toils in the work of love towards the poor, that brought to light and perpetuated the renown of actions, which Aben-Judan's humility would have kept in darkneſs for ever. *Story of Aben-Judan and Rabbi Akiba.*

"Akiba and two other Rabbis were uſed, every year, to journey over Iſrael's devaſtated land, ſeeking money for the children of miſery: and never did they leave the doors of Aben-Judan without rich preſents from him, for the holy purpoſe of their miſſion—his wealth being very great, and his heart as wide and verdant and well garniſhed with the goodly flowers of benevolence, as were his many fields with graſs and trees, with ſhrubs and bloſſoms! But, ſo it chanced with Aben-Judan, as with the Arabian Job, ſtorms and peſtilences came—calamity followed upon calamity; all of his ample poſſeſſions vaniſhed; and now was he well-nigh as impoveriſhed as any—he having but a ſingle plot of ground, upon which he and his virtuous wife lived, ſtriving for a humble ſubſiſtence. But Aben-Judan was rich in contentment—rich even in cheerfulneſs: daily did he toil, and often would ſay, 'Let His great Name be for ever praiſed—the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.'

"At length the time came round, when Akiba and the two others ſhould appear, to receive their accuſtomed offerings for the poor; and the heart of Aben-Judan, for the firſt time, ſank within him at the thought of his now poverty.

"Seated one evening at the door of his wretched houſe, he

10th of Ab, to the deſtruction of both the Temples. But, though modern writers may not agree as to whether the 9th and 10th of Ab correſpond with our 15th and 16th of July, or with our 4th and 5th of Auguſt, yet all agree that the two Temples were deſtroyed on the 10th of the Jewiſh month Ab—and alſo that the remarkable *coincidences*, ſo often alluded to, in the progreſs of theſe Chronicles, by Cartaphilus, Melchior, and others, actually took place. See ante, pp. 433—435, and Note*—and alſo p. 441, Note*, and p. 458.

beheld at a diſtance the Rabbis, and knew they would ſoon approach him, poſſibly in ignorance of his preſence there, and of all the miſfortunes that had befallen him. A tear came into his eyes, and he exclaimed, 'They are coming! but what hath Judan now to give? Where are his herds and vineyards, his many fields and houſes, his gold and his ſilver? alas! the poor muſt take the ſighs of his remembrance of what once he was, and behold him as he is—for naught hath Aben-Judan to beſtow.'

"The good wife came forth, and perceived his ſudden melancholy. 'What ails my beloved ſpouſe—tell me, that I may ſpeedily miniſter unto thee.' 'Would to God it were in thy power, good wife: formerly we had the hungry to feed, and our corn was plenty—the naked were clothed from our fleece—oil and wine and figs had we in abundance, wherewith to refreſh them—the orphans, moreover, ſmiled when they beheld us, and the widow's heart was made by us to ſing with joy: but now, my beloved, we have nothing for the Rabbis, who ſoon will be here.'

"'My excellent and honoured Lord,' ſaid the wife, 'repine not; we ſtill have one field left,—ſuppoſe we ſell half of that, and give it to Akiba?' A heavenly ſmile of approval was inſtantly upon Aben-Judan's countenance; and incontinently he haſtened away, ſold half of the field, and hurried to meet and place the money in Akiba's hands! The gift was quietly received by the Collectors—when Akiba whiſpered, as he departed, into the ears of Judan, 'May the Lord reſtore unto thee thy former proſperity:'—and ſo repeated the other two.

"On the following morning, Aben-Judan took his plough into the ſmall field that remained: and, as he went on with his toil, ſtill rejoicing, the foot of the ox he guided ſank ſuddenly into the ground, which ſtopped the plough, and the poor beaſt ſeemed greatly maimed. But this in truth was no freſh calamity ſent of heaven, as firſt he thought, to ſink yet deeper in miſery the good Aben-Judan. His firſt care was of grief for the pain of the patient ox—when lo! his endeavour to relieve the beaſt, revealed unto him a countleſs treaſure of gold and of precious ſtones! All were taken to his humble home—ſoon was he again in poſſeſſion of a ſplendid manſion, and of yet more ample fields and flocks and vineyards! All the eſtates of his fore-fathers, that had been wreſted from him by creditors, were now again his own; and the poor as uſual gathered around him, and joyouſly were they fed and clad.

"At length the time once more came round, for the Rabbi Akiba and his companions to appear. They ſought for the hovel that had ſheltered Judan, but found him not there. In apprehenſion for his ſuppoſed ill-fate, the pious Rabbis anxiouſly inquired after the once wealthy, then poor, and now perhaps deceaſed, Aben-

Judan. 'Oh no, venerable Akiba,' ſaid the worthy people, 'Judan liveth, and know that his riches are again as boundleſs as are his former and preſent charities! Behold thoſe flocks and herds—they are Judan's! See all thoſe fine buildings, and extenſive fields—they all belong to Aben-Judan!'

"Soon after, the Rabbis met and accoſted the proſperous Judan; who ſaid unto them, 'Maſters! thy prayer hath brought abundant fruit. Come unto my houſe, I pray thee, and partake abundantly of what thou wilt. I will make up, and to the full, the deficiency of my contribution laſt year.' Akiba and the two followed, and were moſt bounteouſly entreated at the manſion of Judan,—who likewiſe gave unto them his cuſtomary preſent, the inability to beſtow which, when laſt he ſaw them, he had ſo much lamented.

"And, as the Collectors were again about to depart, 'Behold this roll of the laſt year!' ſaid the Rabbi Akiba—'for, though many, at that time, exceeded thee, O Aben-Judan, in their donations, *thy name* is firſt placed thereon—for the ſmallneſs of thy gift was then only from thy ſore lack of means. It is to men like thee, that the wiſe King alluded, when he ſaid, 'A man's Gift extendeth his Poſſeſſions, and leadeth him before the Great.'" [Prov. xviii. 16.]

"This is indeed a pleaſing tale unto the heart, my pious Rabbi," ſaid Tacaſulriph, "and cauſes in me a willing ear to ſuch virtues as thoſe of Akiba, and Aben-Judan." "Little further have I to narrate," rejoined Rabbi Iſaac, "as to Akiba, than that his numerous followers wholly periſhed, and during the fifty days that intervened between Paſſover and Pentecoſt!—and this, my Tacaſulriph, is ſurely one of the greateſt marvels in the whole life of Akiba: they all, with Akiba and his wife, lie buried at the foot of the great hill that borders upon Tiberias!"

"That ſynchronous death and burial of ſuch a multitude, is ſurely wonderful," ſaid I ſmilingly, and with an incredulous voice I could not ſuppreſs; "but wert thou, my Rabbi, preſent at the miracle?" "No, Tacaſulriph; at Jamnia I then was; but had means of ſoundly hearing all things: and ſince that day, I have not been at Tiberias. Many learned Rabbins, however, aſſure me the mound is vaſt; and that Akiba's death *was* as ſtated, and was in this wiſe. Hadrian's war had then been in progreſs more than two years; and ended ſoon after the death of Barcocheba at Bither; which, as thou knoweſt, is the lower *Beth-horen*, built by Solomon, but which took the name of Bither, as being the abode of thoſe ſpies who, after Jeruſalem's deſtruction, reſided there, that they might inform againſt ſuch Jews as viſited the ruins contrary to the Imperial order. In this war fell more than half a million of Jews—not counting thoſe who periſhed by famine, fire, and diſeaſe,

—there being probably in all a larger number of Iſrael's people that then periſhed, than came from Egypt with our Maſter Moſes!

"Hadrian's manner was, not to war in perſon at any time: but his cruel lieutenant, *Tennius Rufus*, ſpared neither age nor ſex nor condition; and thoſe who eſcaped with life were ſcarce more fortunate. Oh, how agonizing were the ſcenes that followed! Though ſo young, thou haſt probably heard of the venerable *Terebinth* tree,—the ſame, under which our father Abraham pitched his tent! Under the ſacred ſhade of that tree, did the infamous Rufus hold a great mart, for the ſale of his wretched captives. In countleſs droves were they daily brought there, and ſold as worthleſs beaſts, and for a few ſhekels a head!—thouſands more were ſent to Gaza, and other places; and diſpoſed of in like manner.

"At length the renowned Akiba was ſummoned by Rufus, and cloſely examined touching his agency in the rebellion, as well as in the falſe Meſſiahſhip of the odious Barcocheba: and, whilſt the examination was proceeding, the pious Akiba ſuddenly remembered that his hour for prayer had arrived; whereupon he fell upon his knees, unmindful of the iſſue as to his life or death, and of the powerful Judge then before him! Being remanded inſtantly to priſon, and then parching with thirſt on that ſultry day, his ſupply of water was too ſmall to allay it, and alſo to perform his cuſtomary holy ablutions,—he heſitated not, but uſed this ſcanty remnant of water for that pious purpoſe. His mercileſs death quickly followed—he was, as before I have ſaid, flayed alive!

"This Rufus hath been to Iſrael a fatal name, my Rabbi," ſaid I, "for, if I remember aright, it is the ſame with him who, ſhortly after Titus left Judea, ploughed up our holy Jeruſalem?" "Thou art right, my Tacaſulriph, as to the *nomen;* but the *prenomen* of him who ploughed the City was *Turnus*, or *Terentius;* whereas this Rufus, Hadrian's lieutenant, was *Tennius*. Now, what thou haſt ſaid reminds me of another event in Akiba's early life, which muſt not be paſſed by. When Terentius Rufus was ſent into Judea by Veſpaſian, Akiba, then as gentle and beautiful as a young and tamed lion, had an interview with that fierce Roman, and alſo with his too amorous wife. She was ſo much ſtruck with the blooming youth, that ſhe much deſired to win him to her arms—but the pious Jew, looking upon her, *ſpat* upon the earth, then *laughed*, and finally, *wept!* The woman gazed upon him with deep aſtoniſhment, and ſought to know the cauſe of ſuch ſtrange demeanour: and though Akiba's maxim ever was, '*Abſtrahe carmen à muliere gratioſa, tanquam à carne punarum*,' yet would he have obtained her, if poſſible, in lawful marriage, ſhe being very beautiful,—and therefore he replied to her, 'O Roman lady! I was reminded of impure water by thy preſent *Heathen* condition,—and hence I

ſpat: alſo, foreſeeing, that, if a *Jeweſs* thou ſhouldſt become, then might I wed thee, cauſed me to *laugh* with joy; but, when I mourned the unholy influences of thy admirable beauty, I was forced to *weep*—and theſe are the cauſes ye do ſeek.' Akiba's endeavours, however, to make a proſelyte of the ſtern Roman huſband, or of his fickle wife, proved unavailing—and hence never more did he ſet eye upon the *mulier gratioſa.*"

The Narrative given to Tacaſulriph.

On the following morning, my generous and ſimple-hearted Rabbi entered my ſtudium, and ſaid, "Here, my Tacaſulriph, into thy hands I place the volumes, that picture my life and my inquiries during many years, even from boyhood unto the preſent day. Make what uſe of them thou liſteſt: they contain many ſignal events in Roman and in Jewiſh ſtory—and alſo matters perſonal—ſhowing the weakneſſes and ſins and ſtrivings of a man, that deſired wiſdom always—but who ſeldom found it—deep are its abodes!—the volumes will be beyond thy need: but, as thou haſt ſaid, and truly, 'all that is written need not be read:' yet, be cautious of thy other ſpeech, 'all that is *true* is not believed by all.'

Theſe volumes were indeed beyond my needs—but were alſo, in moſt of their pages, redolent of benevolence towards man, and hateful of all injuſtice and perſecution for opinion's ſake: and moreover, to me they were ſpecially valuable, as ſupplying for me that void in my mind, which long abſence and a nomadic life during ſome years had occaſioned. From them I have collected ſome of the public matters recorded by him, and alſo not a few of the private life of one, ſo long and worthily known in many lands, as my valued friend,—for whom my affection muſt ever endure—he being the moſt enlightened and liberal of all the Rabbins ever known of me.

SECTION LII.—Narrative of the Rabbi Isaac.

His early life.

MY grandfather was the memorable John of Giſchala; who, after the utter ruin of his country, and his own perpetual ſlavery, by the order of the emperor, Veſpaſian, left to his ſon, my father Hachaliah, the ſame miſerable condition.

When quite a youth, I fell into the hands of *Serenius Granianus*, proconſul of Aſia—a man of great juſtice; who, in the ſeventh year of the Emperor Hadrian, (as many years afterwards I learned) induced that warlike and auſtere monarch (Iſrael's greateſt foe) to extend to the Chriſtians throughout the provinces, the

kindeſt protection. Hadrian had previouſly been ſevere to them; and the change in their favour was wrought by many letters and apologies on their behalf, ſent by Granianus to that Emperor,—and alſo by a defence of the New Faith, written by Quadratus and Ariſtides.

My maſter became early informed of my diſtinguiſhed parentage; and would often converſe with me reſpecting the daring bravery of my wicked, though renowned anceſtor; and he likewiſe took a ſpecial fancy to me, in conſequence of my ſurpriſing fondneſs for books—my almoſt preternatural memory—and my devotion to the traditions of our holy religion; which, at that time, were communicated entirely by oral teachings.

I had alſo the good fortune to render, in various ſmall ways, ſuch pleaſant ſervices to Granianus, that, when he returned to Rome a ſhort time thereafter, he took me with him—liberated me at once, and had me ſo highly educated, and with ſuch marked care, that the Roman Jews began to hate me—ſaying that I "would ſurely become either a Heathen, or a Chriſtian—which, for a *Giſchalite*, would be a great abomination." But of either there was little to apprehend,—becauſe Granianus had often ſaid to me, "Iſaac, thy religion is thy only birthright—thou wert born a ſlave in all other reſpects—but not in this, my little Jew: and *now* art thou a freed-man, *ex dono Graniani;* and, if thou wert not, no concern would I ever have with thy faith: but, my Iſaac, I would counſel thee to take ſpecial care that, as I to thee have been generous, thou doſt curb thy hot temper towards the Chriſtians; they are much to *my* mind—but, of that, have thy finger upon thy lip; it might bring me into peril." Thus ſpoke Granianus to the humble youth Iſaac; and his counſel have I ever borne in mind: for, though a Jew of the ſtricteſt faith, I have ever ſhunned hatred, or even unkindneſs to the Nazarenes.

My Hebrew faith was likewiſe ſtrengthened by my conſtant attendance on the cuſtomary ſecret meetings of the Roman Jews; whoſe ſlavery hung heavily upon them, and whoſe hatred of the numerous gods around them, was only equalled by their keen remembrance of the evils brought upon them in moſt of the perſecutions of the Chriſtians, with whom they were ſo often confounded. In theſe meetings our traditions were daily taught,—there being at that time ſome learned Rabbins at Rome, many of whom were in high favour at Court: and from theſe oral inſtructions, I had learned much of the hiſtory and great excellence of our traditional faith—"*the written law being only as ſalt,—the traditional interpretations as the ſtrongeſt pepper, and as the ſweeteſt ſpices!*"—for ſo ſay our learned Doctors. In theſe meetings I alſo ſoon convinced my young countrymen of the great injuſtice they had done me, in ſuſpecting my

full Jewiſh faith: and my acquirements and ſurpriſing memory had, at length, commanded their admiration and confidence; ſo that they now urged me to haſten eaſtward—there to avail myſelf of the great ſchools eſtabliſhed by the Patriarchates.

At an early age, therefore, I bade farewell to the Imperial City, and became a ſtudent at Jamnia, and afterwards at Tiberias, under the famous Rabbi JUDAH HAKADOSH, the ſon of Simeon III. whom he ſucceeded as Naſi of our Sanhedrim.

In theſe ſchools we were taught that Iſrael ever hath had two laws—the one *written*, and the other *oral;* both given to our Maſter Moſes from Mount Sinai,—the former whereof is obſcure, ſcanty, and defective—the latter a full and perfect interpretation,—adding much, and reſolving all difficulties, in the like manner as doth the radiant light; which, in the morning, is let in upon the feebler rays of the luminaries of the night! Hence is it that the Covenant with Iſrael hath been made chiefly upon this oral and traditional law; and hence likewiſe is it, that the teachings of our Scribes and Doctors are far more lovely than the meagre words of the written law; which, though made viſible, are, indeed, both weighty and light; and differ much from thoſe of the memory, as handed down by our Rabbins, which are truly all weighty! The written text is but as water—the oral interpretations are as good wine,—yea, like unto a delicious and ſtrengthening hippocraſs,—the one, in fine, is the inert *letter*, the other an awakening *ſoul*, that giveth to all an eſſence, and a long-preſerving vitality. [*But here I, Cartaphilus, would aſk my Rabbi Iſaac, why Iſrael's God ſhould have taken ſo much pains to perpetuate the written law, firſt upon enduring tablets, and then, in our Scriptures, if that law be the mere letter and ſoulleſs word,—and yet leave to fallible man the oral tranſmiſſion of that, which the Rabbins declare is the eſſence and life of all? And, I would further aſk, what reply did our forefathers make to the pious Nazarene, when he accuſed the Phariſees of making the Word of God of none effect through their* TRADITIONS?]

Written and Oral Law.

In theſe ſchools I learned that God, at the time he revealed the written law to our maſter Moſes, alſo communicated to him the entire *interpretation* thereof; and commanded Iſrael to preſerve it by *oral* teachings, from generation to generation—and that, when Moſes deſcended from the Mount, he ſummoned Aaron unto his tent, and there inſtructed him in both theſe laws. Aaron, thereupon, ſeated himſelf at the right hand of Moſes; and his ſons, Eleazar and Ithamar, were ſeated at his feet,—whilſt Aaron taught them according as he had been taught. In theſe ſchools, I was further inſtructed that, immediately after Aaron thus taught, the Seventy Elders of the Sanhedrim received the Oral Law in the like

manner—and they, in turn, taught it to the people at large, that it might be preſerved in all their generations.

These teachings by Moſes and Aaron, and by the Sanhedrim, were repeated four times; whereupon the Law of the two ſtone tablets was then put into a written book; but the oral interpretations were ſtill left to tradition alone. Of the text or written law, thirteen copies were delivered by Moſes; one to each of the twelve tribes, and the thirteenth he gave to the Levites—the whole to be preſerved for ever.

But Moſes becoming aware of his approaching end, repeated the whole of the Oral Law anew unto Joſhua, as his ſucceſſor; and then departed unto Mount Nebo; where he died. Joſhua, faithful to his truſt, imparted this traditional treaſure to the Seventy—they, in like manner, to the Prophets,—and, paſſing through Jeremiah and Baruch, it came to the famous Rabbi Ezra, who taught it to the Great Synagogue, where Simeon the Juſt became fully poſſeſſed of it.

From Simeon this law deſcended through many diſtinguiſhed Rabbins; among whom was the renowned *Hillel*, the greateſt of all the Rabbins even unto this day,—for this Rabbi Hillel was of the royal houſe of David; and in learning was like unto Moſes—yea, nigh unto Solomon in his acquaintance with all creation, from the hyſſop on the wall, unto the trees that are upon Libănus! In rule, Hillel was the chiefeſt—in age, moſt venerable—in genealogy, moſt illuſtrious, being of the tribe of Benjamin, as well as of David's line. When aged *forty*, he came to Jeruſalem—*forty* years ſtudied he the Law—*forty* more years was he Naſi of our Great Sanhedrim,—and, after living one hundred and twenty years, his poſterity continued to be our Naſis during many generations!

As a teacher of our Law, Hillel raiſed one thouſand diſtinguiſhed ſcholars!—of theſe, *eighty* became ſo great that our Rabbins declare that *thirty* thereof, like Moſes, were worthy to have the Divine Glory reſting upon them—*thirty* more, like Joſhua, were worthy that the ſun ſhould for them ſtand ſtill; and the remaining *twenty* were as bright ſtars, though of leſs magnitude! But the moſt eminent of the whole eighty was Jonathan, ſon of Uzziel, whoſe Targum is equalled only by that of the great Onkelos; and, in traditions, is far its ſuperior.*

* Rabbi Hillel probably became Naſi, B.C. 22, then in his 80th year; and died about A.D. 18, that is, about fifteen years before the crucifixion. He was ſurnamed *Haſſaken*, and was grandfather of Gamaliel, teacher of Saul of Tarſus. The Rabbiniſts (with their uſual fondneſs for myſtery, and their perception of it in either *even*, or in *odd* numbers) aſſure us that he became the Naſi juſt 100 years before Jeruſalem's deſtruction! which would make his birth B.C. 30. Some ſay he was born at Babylon, B.C. 112, which would make him aged 130 at the time of his alleged death!

Rabbi Iſaac's Narrative.

Upon the death of Hillel, the Oral Law came to his pious ſon *Simeon* * who tranſmitted it to *Gamaliel* the elder, † then to *Simeon* the ſecond; who, during the ſiege of Jeruſalem was ſlain. It then came to *Jochanan ben Zaccai*, the ſame wiſe Rabbi who ſo much deſired peace with Titus; and the ſame who witneſſed the great Eaſtern Gate of the Temple ſuddenly and miraculouſly burſt open; and who, in the language of the prophet Zechariah exclaimed, "*Open thy doors, O Lebanon, that the fire may devour thy cedars—howl, fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen; becauſe the mighty are ſpoiled:—howl, O ye oaks of Baſhan; for the foreſt of the vintage is come down!*" ‡ Theſe prophetic words had been uttered five hundred years before Jochanan thus ſpoke; and yet did he then clearly ſee in them that the days of our holy Temple were about to be ended,—that the goodly cedars and firs of Lebanon, and the oaks of Baſhan whereof it was built, were ſoon to be utterly conſumed! Then did the holy man feign death, and was laid out upon a bier; and his loving friends and ſcholars carried him forth—yea, that he might eſcape the fury of my cruel anceſtor, John, the Giſchalite: but the ſeemingly dead one reached the camp of Titus in ſafety; and was permitted to depart to Jamnia: where, in a few years after, he became the Naſi of our fugitive Sanhedrim!

The Oral Law next came to his ſon *Gamaliel* II. of Jamnia; and then to his ſon, *Simeon* III.—and he was the firſt PATRIARCH of Tiberias, and then to *Judah*, his ſon, who was the renowned Rabbi Judah Hakadoſh, my maſter; and then to *Gamaliel* III. who was the ſon of this Judah. Now, Gamaliel II. had likewiſe eſcaped the miſeries of Jeruſalem by the kindneſs of Titus. And finally, the Law came to *Judah* II.—who is the now Patriarch.

But Rabbi Judah I. called *Hakadoſh*, had preſerved the Oral

* This Simeon, ſon of Hillel, and father of the excellent Gamaliel, was far advanced in age, (faithfully looking for the incarnation of the Meſſiah) when he was miraculouſly aſſured that his pious wiſh ſhould be accompliſhed before his death. When the Divine Infant was brought to the Temple, Simeon was moved by a ſupernatural impulſe to go there; and, ſeeing the babe, he claſped it in his arms, and exclaimed with rapture, "Lord! now let thy ſervant depart in peace—for mine eyes have ſeen thy ſalvation, which thou haſt prepared before the face of all people—a Light to lighten the Gentiles, and the Glory of thy people of Iſrael." Luke ii. 25.

† This is the ſame Gamaliel at whoſe feet Paul was brought up; and who, when the Sanhedrim propoſed ſeverity againſt the New Faith, admoniſhed his countrymen that, if the works and doctrines of Jeſus were from Beelzebul, they muſt periſh—but if from God, they could not be ſuppreſſed. "*Et nunc itaque dico vobis*," ſaid he, "*diſcedite ab hominibus iſtis, et ſinite illos; quoniam ſi eſt ex hominibus conſilium hoc aut opus, diſſolvetur. Si verò ex Deo eſt, non poteritis diſſolvere illud, ne fortè et Deo repugnare inveniamini.*"

‡ Zech. xi. 1, 2.

Law through wonderful difficulties; and he it was who, about the tenth year of the emperor Antoninus Pius, reduced the whole of the traditionary law into a great written volume, which we name the MISHNAH.*

Thus has the whole Jewiſh law been made viſible; and is no longer entruſted to the memory only; and this is the more fortunate in the preſent ſtate of our much diſtracted people—their wandering and unhappy life—their ſlavery, and their perſecution in many and remote nations, all of which enſued upon the deſtruction of our Holy City, and ſeems deſtined to endure,—but Iſrael will ſtruggle—as there is yet a *promiſe* for her!

But the blotting out of Jeruſalem—the abſolute ſway of the Roman authority in all Paleſtine, and in ſo many of the nations—the ſlaughter of nearly two millions of our people—the captivity and baniſhment of ſo very many—and the wandering of our myriads into the remoteſt lands, were powerful indeed to diſhearten; and yet Iſrael remained a mighty people *in numbers*, not only in the very land that God had given them, but among the nations not remote from Paleſtine! Our rich ſoil ſeemed only to need ſome

* About 150 years after the Miſhnah was given by Rabbi Judah I. that is, about A. D. 300, certain Rabbiniſts gave a ſeries of Commentaries upon it, which are called the *Gemara*; and theſe two, viz. the text, or Miſhnah, and the commentary, or Gemara, now form the TALMUD. This, in after times, took the name of the "*Jeruſalem Talmud*," in contradiſtinction to that Miſhnah and Gemara prepared by the Jews of Babylonia, about 200 years later; and which received the name of the "*Babylonian Talmud*."

The entire body of Jewiſh Law, then, conſiſts of, 1ſt. The *Holy Scriptures*, commencing with the Moſaic Pentateuch, in 1490, B. C.—the Hiſtorical, Prophetical, and other parts of thoſe Scriptures, ending with the prophet Malachi, about 400 B. C.—2nd. Of the numerous *Targums*, or paraphraſes of theſe Scriptures; theſe being tranſlations from the Hebrew into the Chaldee, or other languages, deſigned for the people; who, after their captivities, had in a large degree loſt their vernacular tongue. Theſe Targums are not mere tranſlations; nor yet, in all caſes, even paraphraſes. Thoſe which remain are eight in number—the Targum of Onkelos on the Pentateuch, and that of Jonathan on the Prophets, being the moſt famous; and they appeared only a few years before Chriſt. The other Six Targums embrace the other portions of the Bible. 3rd. Of the *Miſhna* and *Gemara* that now form the Talmud of Jeruſalem, the former about A. D. 150 by Rabbi Judah Hakadoſh, or the Holy—the latter A.D. 300, by various Rabbins; all uſually in one large folio volume. 4th. Of the Miſhna and Gemara that form the Talmud of Babylonia,—compiled about A. D. 500, under the direction of the Rabbi Aſchi, in fourteen folio volumes—and perhaps, 5th. of the Rabbinical writings in general; the moſt noted of which are the *More Nevochim*, and other works of *Maimonides*, born in Spain, A. D. 1131—thoſe of *Aben Ezra*, alſo a Spaniard, born A.D. 1167—the works of *David Kimchi*, A. D. 1160—thoſe of *Solomon Jarchi*, of Troyes, A. D. 1170—the Commentaries of *Abrabanel*, in the fifteenth century; and of many others,—ſuch as thoſe of the Rabbis *Elias Levita—Moſes-ben-Nahman*, *Ben Aſher*, &c.

tilling, and our hearts to be ſomewhat revived and united, to make us ſoon a powerful and dreaded people: but alas! theſe came not. Nero and Domitian, in the beginning of our calamity, had ſlaughtered very many of our people of the new, as well as of the old faith: our rebellions alſo againſt Trajan had brought with them great loſs of Jewiſh blood; but the ſoreſt of all, which was that under Hadrian, ſeemed to threaten our extinction! Our Sanhedrim had well nigh expired; our ſpirits were greatly broken; and yet Abraham's ſeed was not deſtroyed—far from it—ſtill were they as the ſtars of heaven in number,—though ſo greatly ſhorn of their luſtre by the many dark clouds that environed us: Iſrael, indeed, was no longer a *nation*—our political power was annihilated; and the Children of the Diſperſion were compelled to reſort to other ties of union, and to various other means (would they preſerve their moral exiſtence and religious identity) than by thoſe that are ſtrictly national and political. As I have intimated, the Jews ſtill remaining in the land of promiſe were indeed many millions; whilſt thoſe diffuſed among the nations of the earth, were yet more; but numerous as they were, they muſt continue impotent, unleſs united by ſome pervading tie, ſome binding principle, to take the place of their loſs of territorial influences, and their conſequent want of unity of action, ſo nearly loſt by our calamities. Hence our Rabbins never doubted that, if the Faith of Iſrael was to be maintained againſt the gods of the Gentiles, and againſt the Nazarene ſuperſtition, it could only be by reaching the heart and mind of our people individually; and alſo by ſome authority, that might penetrate whitherſoever they were ſpread. The great object, then, of our learned doctors was thus to unite them: and how that, in a good degree, was eventually effected, will now be ſhortly told.

Nerva was kind to us throughout his reign; and though it laſted only about ſixteen months, I well remember the peace and hope it inſpired in the hearts of my countrymen. About this time were commenced the foundations of that Patriarchate by Gamaliel II.; which Simeon III. expanded towards the cloſe of Hadrian's reign; but which, in the more powerful times of Antoninus Pius, cauſed Tiberias to be much reſorted to; and the dominion of the Patriarchate to inſpire, in the Jews of all the lands, joyful viſions as to the future, ſuch as Iſrael had not experienced during more than half a century!

A few years after the full eſtabliſhment of that ſpiritual authority in Paleſtine, and which extended its influences over all the Weſtern Jews, there alſo aroſe among thoſe of Babylonia, a like patriarchal power; clothed alſo with a temporal authority of commanding, though ſomewhat of local operation; and which was accompanied with no ſmall degree of Oriental ſplendour. This is called the

Resch-Glutha, or dominion of the Prince of the Captivity. By means of theſe two high powers, all the Jews of the world are now ruled, in whatever nation found,—ſave only thoſe who dwell among thoſe remote and ſtrange people called Seres—a nation wonderfully populous and wiſe; and which borders upon that great Eaſtern ſea of Aſia, in which the ſun becomes daily renewed, as if riſing in vigour from that ſleep and darkneſs he is in during nearly half of his exiſtence! *

The *ſacred* matters of our people, will require of me ſome account of the Patriarchate in the Weſt—then of the Glutha in the Eaſt; and of both, up to the time of our preſent emperor Septimus Severus. A like ſhort detail of the chief doings of the emperors, who followed ſince Nerva's genial rule, will unfold ſufficiently the *civil* proceedings, we may ſay, of the world; for Roman power abſorbs nearly all; and things without the pale of its influences, ſeem of little moment to Jew or Gentile.

Flights of the Sanhedrim.

And here I premiſe that, before Jeruſalem was blotted out, our Great Sanhedrim had convened at the Holy City—at Jericho—Gadarà—Amathus—or at Sepphoris. During the ſiege by Titus, the Sanhedrim were obliged to *fly*, (from the *Gazith*, or Hall of the Temple; where, during ſo many years it had repoſe,) and ſeek a brief refuge in the *Khanoth* of the Outer Court. From thence, preſſed by the Romans, it eſcaped into the *Upper City*—which being ſoon aſſailed, it fled unto *Jabuch*, or Jamnia—thence to *Oſha*—thence to *Shepharaan*—then to *Bethſhaarain*—then to *Sepphoris;* and at laſt found a more enduring reſting-place at *Tiberias;* where the Patriarchate aroſe in connexion with it; and which hath flouriſhed to this day. Theſe eight flights of our Sanhedrim occupied about eighty years.

THE PATRIARCHATE OF TIBERIAS.

This ſeat of the patriarchal power is a famous city of Weſtern Galilee, built by Herod Antipas, in honour of the emperor Tiberius. It lies on the ſouth-weſtern ſhore of Lake Geneſareth,

* The Jews were ſettled among theſe remote Eaſtern people called *Seres*, ſome time before the deſtruction of their City, and probably even before the birth of Chriſt. They have been, perhaps erroneouſly, ſuppoſed to be the Chineſe; but more probably they were of the region of the Ganges; and were there before they reached China,—though there can be no doubt they were in China at a very early date after their diſperſion. The people called *Seres* by the Greeks and Romans, were remarkable for the culture of ſilk—and ſeveral ancient authors have no doubt as to the identity of Serica and China: that opinion ſeems to be gaining ground at the preſent day; though, as the Editor thinks, with but feeble ſhow of correctneſs.

twenty paraſangs north of Jeruſalem's ruins—ruins ſo lately deſecrated by Hadrian's wicked efforts to rebuild the city, and then to call it by the Gentile name of Ælia—or *Adria-Capitolini!* Impious, and hence a vain attempt, was thine, O Adrian! for, though with labour and great charge, thou didſt raiſe many vaſt and comely ſtructures—and among theſe, the ſplendid temple dedicated to thine own Capitoline Jupiter; and though thy Edict, under pain of death, prohibited all Jews from entering the gates of thy New City, and though thou alſo didſt inſult our people, by raiſing thy odious image of a ſwine upon the gate that leads to Bethlehem, and yet permitted the Nazarenes to dwell within thy walls,—yet, O Hadrian! the City of Ages can never be raiſed as thine—will never endure as thine; nor will even thy *name* long adhere unto it: Ælia will periſh: and ſhould Jeruſalem's bones be ſomewhat gathered, and moulded into any form, it can only be that they may bear along, feebly through the ages, the remembrance of Iſrael's once high renown; and to preſerve the ſpot, where Jeruſalem in glory will riſe again!

Tiberias was ſelected by our Rabbins for their Sanhedrim—alſo for their Schools, and as the ſeat of their Patriarchate. Shortly after this, it was remembered that the city had been built by Herod Antipas, in part, upon an ancient cemetery; which fact greatly diſturbed many pious Jews; ſince all uncleanlineſs is, unto the Hebrew, an abomination. But, by ſome cabaliſtic art, unknown to me, our good Simeon-ben-Jochai aſcertained the exact boundaries of that Aceldama; and carefully marked it off,—ſo that all the reſt was received as pure. Here, as I have ſaid, Simeon III. was conſtituted Patriarch of all the Jews, and hence *Naſi* of the Sanhedrim; the Rabbi Nathan was made the *Ab-beth-din;* and the renowned Rabbi Mier became the *Hachim*, or great Officer of the Law.

Very ſoon thereafter, the Jews in all the Roman empire, of whatever condition, yielded a willing obedience to the ſpiritual rule of our Patriarch; whoſe apoſtles (ſent to all the provinces) were received by our diſperſed countrymen with the higheſt honours; and the large contributions ſent in from the remoteſt parts, ſoon elevated the Patriarchate to ſuch a height of power, and of almoſt regal ſplendour, as gave it renown throughout the world!

But the Jews were ſtill excluded from Jeruſalem—or Ælia, as ſometimes it is yet called—fortunately, however, they were largely reſtored to their ancient privileges by Antoninus Pius,—the moſt important of which was Circumciſion, of which Hadrian had ſo impiouſly deprived them! They alſo were permitted to maintain in various parts of Paleſtine—in Italy, and in the provinces generally, large eſtabliſhments; and, through their Sanhedrim, their ſchools, their ſynagogues, and their Patriarchate, to exerciſe an extenſive and

efficient spiritual, moral, and domestic jurisdiction,—nay, even some temporal or political power: and all these were openly displayed, and with no little magnificence, and imposing ceremonials,—so that, under the mild Antoninus, Israel had so far recovered from her low degradation, as to see many bright visions of hope penetrating the future! Still, in all Palestine we were closely watched; and were forbidden, everywhere, to admit any Roman into the faith of Abraham's God; the fact was, however, that some of the Christians still continued to circumcise even their Gentile converts; and the Romans, confounding them with Jews, prevailed upon Antoninus to proclaim a general edict against the circumcision of any Roman, under a severe penalty—a prohibition of little necessity in respect to us, as Jews seldom aim at making proselytes to their faith,—and hence would have no occasion to inculcate the circumcision of either Gentiles or Christians.

The power exercised over the Jew by the Patriarch, is a deeply pervading one; for it operates through Synagogues, Schools, and Apostles, on individuals and communities or settlements of Jews, wherever found, and however otherwise allied: but more especially upon the individual mind,—for, be the Jew a solitary wanderer in distant lands, selling or exchanging there his small wares—or, be he a worker of magic in little villages, to gain a daily pittance; or, be he a lounger amidst poetic groves and fountains, (as I have seen in those of Egeria,) there vending matches, and broken glass; or, be his tabernacle the open field, and heaven his only canopy, whilst poverty urges his begging a little billet of straw for a pillow!—still is he faithful to the God of Moses—to the mandates of his Patriarch, submission to the orders of his Apostles, and willing to contribute his mite to the cause of Israel! When, in each successive year, the trumpet is sounded on Sivan's eleventh day, by any of these messengers, the tribute due unto the Patriarchate is freely paid,—not by the wealthy Jew alone; oh no, but by every soul that would live in hope, and have a share in Israel! and this exemplary and willing submission to the authority at Tiberias, serves as a national tie; and is the only one which now binds all Israel on this side of the Euphrates!

The Synagogues and Oratories.

During the Temple's existence, our synagogues, everywhere, were neither large, nor splendid. Jerusalem then contained more than five hundred; but little were they adorned, that the Temple might be all in all, as being God's own work, and peculiarly His House.

But, now that Israel hath been sifted as grain among all the nations; and but thinly in many of them, our synagogues are still smaller and more humble,—as better suited to our now lowly condition, and to the pervading poverty of our means: and this is

every where ſo, ſave when the Patriarchate ſpecially requires in a particular place, a more than cuſtomary ſplendour, correſpondent to the exerciſe there of unuſual power. Where even *ten* Jews are aſſembled, there a ſynagogue may be held; for the Shekinah cometh not (though in its now miniſhed form) to any leſs number: and when there be fewer than ten preſent, regular worſhip muſt not be had; but the pious few muſt then ſeek the Oratories.

The entrance into our Synagogues is ſtill from the Eaſt. In the centre we have the Tribune, for the offering of prayers, and for the reading of our Holy Book,—ſince there is now no Altar of ſacrifice. At the Weſt end is a repoſitory for the Holy Book—for we have no longer a *Holy of Holies*; neither have we any *Veil*, or *Cherubim*, nor *Mercy Seat!* * * * * * O Iſrael, from what a heavenly loftineſs, unto human lowlineſs, art thou fallen! Patience and humility are now thy only refuge. In thy ſadly miniſhed ſtate, let not Satanas tempt thee to murmurings and to deſpair; but remember thy many captivities, and the outſtretched arm that failed not in thy reſcue! The Gentiles are indeed thy maſters now; but forget not thy ſufferings in Egypt, when thy oppreſſor Thothmes would not let thee depart; and yet was Moſes raiſed for thy deliverance in due time, and for the Phrah's deſtruction! Remember alſo thy captivities in Babylonia; and yet, in due ſeaſon, thou wert reſcued! And ſo, infallibly, will it be again: the Children of the Diſperſion will not be ſcattered for ever—they ſurely will be gathered from all the winds of heaven, when the times of the Gentiles ſhall have been accompliſhed! Oh, how great is the deſolation that deſolates all the cities of Paleſtine! Jeruſalem is in heaps—thy green valleys, O Judea, have faded—thy ſtreams are drying up—where corn and oil and wine moſt abounded, there the lizard, and many reptiles and loathing inſects are moſt at home!—and yet, thy words, O Lord! will ſtand faſt—the "*Sinful kingdom*" is not deſtroyed "*from off the face of the earth*," and the houſe of Jacob is not utterly gone: a "remnant" is yet left; and that diſperſed few thou wilt, in thine own good time, bring together; and then will Judea, as the roſes of Engedi, bloom again, and become as verdant in all her hills and valleys, as were Jehoſhaphat's once! Now, indeed, is Canaan almoſt a deſert; the ruined and forſaken cities are yet mouldering away; howling jackals and ravenous hyænas delight there to dwell; the owl sits ſolitary on their walls—none being preſent to diſturb her: and there the gorgeous ſerpent and ſprightly lizard baſk, or gambol, in the bright ſunſhine, or repoſe in the ſhade of the many fragments of thy once proud columns! Are not Maſada and Machærus, which were nigh the great Lake in all their ſtateline ſs, now even with the earth, and perhaps to riſe no

Rabbi Iſaac mourns over the ſtate of Iſrael.

more for ever!—ſo it is; and Jotapata, on the mountain, is equally low in the duſt, and may continue for ever on a level with its eaſtern valley: ſo likewiſe, Gamalà and Gadarà, once ſo haughty in their ſtrength, are now in dead ſilence, and ſo may remain until the laſt trump ſhall ſound!—but thou, O Jeruſalem, wilt ſurely riſe from thy aſhes! and all Paleſtine will glorify thee, when Iſrael ſhall be gathered from the Heathen lands, under the protecting wing of the true, but long delayed Meſſias! Our wickedneſs hath been great; but the mercy of the Lord of Hoſts is yet greater. Abraham is ſtill a mighty name; and is alſo ſo in Arabia—the land of Iſhmael, his once forſaken ſon: and our Patriarchate, a faded flower compared with Solomon's glory, may ſtill be deſtined to preſerve our Iſrael through ages of affliction, until the day of the gathering in our people ſhall come!

Powers of the Sanhedrim.

That Iſrael might learn obedience, in her now diſperſed condition, Simeon was unwearied in ſtrengthening himſelf. The Sanhedrim, and all the ſynagogues were wiſely ruled and guided by him: he gave them power over life and death—and, through the Patriarch, theſe ſynagogues bring offenders to perfect obedience, by the fourfold means of the *Trochécha*, the *Niddui*, the *Cherem*, and the *Shemmata*.

In general, the offender is at firſt ſubjected to the Trochécha; which is a formal and public reproof or cenſure,—in which, at four ſucceſſive ſabbaths, his name and offence are ſtated to the congregation, accompanied with a ſolemn admonition to repentance. Should the offender hold out after the fourth reading of the reproof, it is then ſucceeded by the impreſſive and ſevere Niddui or interdict—whereby he is wholly ſeparated, during thirty days, from every privilege and hope of Iſrael. If he ſtill perſeveres, the alarming Cherem is then pronounced againſt him,—whereby he is rendered *civiliter mortuus:* his religious, as well as his civil exiſtence are wholly gone, *until he makes amends:* and laſtly, if he remains utterly contumacious, and his crime be foul, he is viſited by the terrific Shemmata, or final Excommunication—which is *irrevocable!* This is but ſeldom reſorted to; and is ſo deſtructive of all hope from God, or from man, that many of our Rabbins (and oh, let me ever be one) have doubted its lawfulneſs in any caſe. The dreadful anathemas which attend it cut off the offender for ever, alike from the Iſrael of God, and from every aid and ſympathy of life—and, he being a loathed outcaſt, the curſes become to the ſoul what the fouleſt leproſy is to the body! With all the public and appalling ſolemnities that a fiery and illimitable indignation can deviſe, the miſerable excommunicate hath hurled upon him the terrific maledictions of Joſhua againſt Jericho—alſo the anathema of Eliſha againſt the impious and mocking children—yea, all the curſes of the

Ninety and Three Precepts—and all that are known in the Holy Book of the Law! The Spirits of eternal Darkneſs, under whatever names, are invoked in aid of his proſtration and everlaſting ruin!—the Earth and the heavenly Orbs, and Heaven itſelf, are all entreated to unite in the great work!! Dreadful ſentence for Man to utter againſt his fellow-ſinner!—and oh, what ſcenes do ſometimes enſue upon this overwhelming denunciation! No mortal, ſave his wife alone, dare approach the moral leper with the leaſt kindneſs—he muſt bury the dead of his own houſehold—he muſt perform the dangerous office of uſhering into exiſtence his own offſpring—he muſt adminiſter to his own ſons the rite of circumciſion; and, when death hath ſummoned him to the grave, none dare mourn for him; but his deteſted remains are publicly ſtoned whilſt lying in their rude coffin; and the miniſters of Juſtice are directed to place thereon many maſſive ſtones—as if to ſeal him for ever from the power of reſurrection—or, as if they would ſymbolically perpetuate on him an infamy as onerous and enduring, as the ponderous weights they ſo carefully load upon his hated body!

[*And here, I Cartaphilus, will for a moment interrupt the narrative of the worthy Rabbi, whoſe half-Chriſtian heart ſo wiſely rebels againſt this hideous power exerciſed by the Patriarch of Tiberias. Much doth it pleaſe me to find the kind Jew of this mind: but I mourn that all Chriſtians are not as free from ſome liking towards this Shemmata, as were the early followers of the ever benevolent Nazarene. The Chriſtians, indeed from the beginning, have claimed a power under the ſame name; but, happily, it degrades not man to the level of the beaſt, and below it. From all church communion he is indeed excluded; but it doth not transform him into an odious leper, hateful for ever in the ſight of his ſpecies, an alien to all the charities of life, however penitent he may be, and the victim of God's eternal wrath, and of man's unending indignation. And yet, how much muſt I deplore that Chriſtians have of late ſometimes dared to proclaim the Church's* SECOND *Excommunication to be* IRREVOCABLE!

Among the barbarous nations of Gallia, and of Britannia, with whom I have ſo long reſided, nothing ſo filled my ſoul with horror, as the terrific ſentence pronounced by the ARCH-DRUID, *on rebels againſt their religion, ſo like unto this Jewiſh ſhemmata. Strange! that Iſrael's Patriarch ſhould bind men to Abraham's God, by a force which, even among thoſe Heathen prieſts, excites terror and pity; and which ſeemed to me ſo unnatural, and only worthy of demons, becauſe in conflict with nearly all the reſt of their character; for truly, I found in the religion of theſe Druids, and in their domeſtic morals, very many bright and holy features: and ſo with Jews and Chriſtians. Whence, then, ſprings man's unrelenting ſeverity, his utter want of mercy towards his fellows, in this matter of* Religion? *and when will*

*man, in all the lands, and of all the faiths, learn to be leſs ſavage to his race than are the beaſts, when famiſhed, towards their prey?**]

We now ſee the Roman Emperor preſiding over numerous provinces and cities, and over an almoſt boundleſs empire,—communities and nations of divers faiths, laws, and languages being ſubmiſſive to his ſway: and we alſo behold the Jewiſh Patriarch, by his ſynagogues, legates, and rabbins, exerciſing a rule almoſt co-extenſive with the Roman territorial domain; and yet mainly over the morals of individuals—over private and domeſtic life—over religion, and the conſcience of every ſon of Abraham—but not as a nation; nor yet even as tribes, but more as diſperſed ones, having no ſure abiding-place! Neither birth, nor circumciſion, nor marriage, nor ſickneſs, nor death, nor burial, but a *Rabbin* muſt be preſent! —the days, and hours of the day, have their appointed regulations; all prayers, ablutions, and meats,—all that are clean, and all that are unclean,—every article of dreſs, yea, even the calls of nature, are all under Rabbinical dominion! If Iſrael, then, proſpers not, ſurely it muſt be becauſe Beel-zebul hath more power over man, than the God of Abraham—and this cannot be.†

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* Cartaphilus breathed, at this time, a truly Chriſtian ſpirit, though his faith was crude and blinded by many unſound dogmata, and vain notions of his own philoſophy. It was his fate, in after centuries, to find that the comparatively mild excommunication of the early Church, perhaps eſſential in its infancy, aſſumed to itſelf a far more tremendous authority, both civil and religious, than the one he reproved in this third century—and that it became much conformed to the pattern of the Jewiſh Shemmata, as well as of the ſentence of the Arch Druids among the Keltic nations! and that, after thoſe barbarous people embraced the Goſpel, they could not readily diſabuſe themſelves of reſpect for the terrific powers, ſo long exerciſed by their own prieſts; and, therefore, eaſily yielded to the fatal opinion that the Roman Pontiff, as ſucceſſor of a yet higher power than that of their Arch-Druids, neceſſarily poſſeſſed the boundleſs dominion in matters of faith and conſcience, then claimed by the Roman See. The Pontifical excommunication, derived from theſe two ſources, became in after times, a more fertile cauſe of rebellions, of wars, and of cruel perſecutions, than any *other* opinion, right, or power, ever exerciſed by the Papal Dominion. But all ſuch matters more rightly belong to Cartaphilus, than to the humble Editor of his Chronicles: and of them the Wanderer fails not to ſpeak, when, in after centuries, he became ſubjected to all the furies of the Inquiſitions; and which he reſiſted with almoſt ſuperhuman energy and perſeverance. Happily, he may again ſay, "*tempora mutantur*;" for Cartaphilus hath lived to ſee the ſalutary excommunication of the Apoſtolic age revived; and without its *irrevocable* clauſe, as to which he ſo juſtly complained,—and alſo entirely denuded of its Jewiſh, Pagan, and Papal horrors.

† As Cartaphilus has given, in his Polychronicon, no ſmall portion of the Rabbinical notions and their hiſtory, but which we are obliged to omit, retaining only ſuch a due portion as may harmonize with our Selections,—the more learned reader may conſult Michael Neander's "*Linguæ Hebrææ Erotemata, cum veterum Rabbinorum Teſtimoniis de Chriſto—Apophthegmatibus veterum Hebræorum, et notitia de Talmude, Cabbala, &c.*, Baſil, 1556." The Preface to this

Rabbi Iſaac's Narrative.

[*And here, once more, excellent Rabbi Iſaac, muſt Cartaphilus record his opinion againſt thine: for, how ſlaviſh and phariſaical is the control of that ſelf-created, minute and torturing dominion, which thou ſeemeſt to value, as Iſrael's hope againſt Beel-zebul! It reacheth not the* HEART, *but maketh religion a body of onerous forms, and of Heathen devices, rather than of that pure and ſimple love towards God—charity towards man—and deep repentance for ſin, which the Baptiſt, and the Great Nazarene ever inculcated; and which alone can bring peace unto the ſoul. Herod's Victim, and He of Calvary, were truly much wiſer men, than thy vaunted Rabbins. And if the Baptiſt and the Nazarene, be regarded only as enthuſiaſts, nay, as impoſtors, yet do their counſels ſavour more of Heaven, and do more ſurely fortify the mind, than all thy boaſted Miſhnah, and all thy Six Hundred and Thirteen Precepts of the Law, and all the countleſs regulations of thy moſt learned doctors of the Sanhedrim!*

Oh, how do truth and error, faith and infidelity, repentance and ſin, continually wage their angry wars in the boſom of man—and in mine more than in all!—how greatly do they vex me with their deluſive hopes, their deep deſpair!—when, O Cartaphilus, will thy ſoul have quiet?—for all is ſunſhine now—and then, anon, a fearful and moſt odious darkneſs! Unceaſing thought, endleſs ſtudy, flickering, gleaming, varied faiths, do nearly madden thee: but ſtill, happily, all hath left thee proof againſt the folly of Rabbiniſm,—the very dregs of man's moſt fertile fatuity! And yet thy own vain Philoſophy—thy thouſand creeds—thy queſtioning all celeſtial counſels, unfathomable of thee, (which was Lucifer's firſt crime, for Heaven endureth not DEMOCRATIA,) *have ſhut out from thy ſoul that ſublimeſt of all teachings; and which Artemas, in life, and after death, aſſured thee would bear no mixture. Thy own foul coinage is as fatal to thy ſoul's repoſe, as would be the poiſonous hemlock, or aconite to the currents in thy veins. Remember, Satanas may work in two ways: the deep* FOLLY *of Rabbiniſm may delude them, and be juſtly contemned of thee—the plauſible* PHILOSOPHY *of Cartaphilus may confound, and excite wonder and admiration; and yet may be a greater foe to Truth, than all the vanities of the Jewiſh doctors!* *]

work contains notices of the moſt eminent Oriental ſcholars—the writings of the Rabbins, &c. Alſo, we refer him to "*Lexicon Chaldaicum, Talmudicum, et Rabbinicum.* Baſil, 1639, 1644, folio," which the Author was compiling during thirty years. Alſo to Buxtorf's "Tranſlations from Rabbinical Works,"—the author died 1704. Alſo, "*Celebrorum Rabbinorum Vitæ*, by Julius Bartolocei. Traj. ad Rhen. 1702. 8vo.

* The extenſive writings of this wonderful man, as has been ſeveral times noted by the Editor, are full of the like conflicts of thought, and agonizing muſings upon his deplorable condition. They exhibit a faithful picture of the endleſs doubts, and cloſe approximations to truth, that rage in the unregenerate

The famous Miſſion of Rabbi Iſaac.

In a little more than twenty years after Simeon III. had eſtabliſhed his ſacred power in Tiberias, (he being abſolute in his dominions, which embraced all the Jews of the Roman Empire, then bounded by the Euphrates,) he found the condition of Iſrael beyond thoſe limits, in no wiſe to his mind.

At the head of the Babylonian Jews was *Ahia;* and in their ſchools were the renowned Rabbins *Hananiah* and *Judah*, both of Naharpakod; and theſe were men of great worldly ſhrewdneſs. Simeon thought that, as Iſrael is *one*, ſo ſhould the government thereof be only *one;* and that every Jew throughout the world was bound to hold, as well in ceremonials, as in doctrines, *quod ſemper quod ubique, quod ab omnibus:* whereas, the Eaſtern Jews, from their independence of the Patriarch of Tiberias, ſought to conform neither in ſpiritual, nor in temporal matters, to thoſe known to, and practiſed by their Weſtern brethren.

In what manner to remedy this great evil, and to bring all within one fold, were the daily and hourly thoughts of Simeon: and this was at length brought to a determination on his part, when he reſolved to ſend a peremptory miſſion to the Eaſtern Jews. He found, at this time, that *Ahia* conformed not, among other things, to the true time of celebrating the Feaſt of the Paſſover, a matter that no true ſon of Abraham, if aſſured of the fact, could be indifferent to. Simeon, therefore, haſtened to appoint two legates; the Rabbi Nathan, and myſelf. To us were entruſted *three letters;* with ſpecial inſtructions to repair inſtantly to the city of Naharpakod, and there to commune with Hananiah and Judah; and to bring them and Ahia to a formal and full ſubmiſſion to the juriſdiction of the Patriarchate, or compel them to avow ſuch a neglect of Iſrael's duty in the matter of the Paſſover, and other things, as ſhould prove a dangerous rebellion in them againſt Jehovah's laws!

Arrived at Naharpakod, the Rabbi Nathan delivered to Hananiah the *firſt* letter; who ſeeing himſelf addreſſed "*To His Holineſs*," was greatly pleaſed thereat; and moſt civilly inquired as to the cauſe of our miſſion. "We are come, O Hananiah!" ſaid the legate Nathan, "to learn thy ſyſtem of inſtruction." This yet more pleaſing news was at once followed by Hananiah's preſenting to us his regards before the aſſembled people, as "legates in every way

breaſt; and faithfully reveal the fleeting and alternate repentances and relapſes, and the perpetual ſtruggles of the Holy Spirit with the Prince of Darkneſs, which ſo thinking and conſcientious a mind muſt have experienced. We have retained many of them in the preſent "Selections:" but theſe, probably, are few in proportion to thoſe that occur even in the ordinary life of moſt men; and therefore fall infinitely ſhort of thoſe found in the original voluminous Chronicles of ſo anomalous a perſon as Cartaphilus.

worthy of their higheſt honours, no leſs for our own great merits, than as Ambaſſadors from the Patriarch of Tiberias,—a High-Prieſt of the lineage of Aaron." Thus far our miſſion was indeed moſt proſperous. But, in a few days thereafter, Hananiah was ſorely vexed at our controverting ſo ſtoutly ſome of his judgments: and thereupon he again convened the people, and proteſted unto them that we were but impoſtors! The people, however, ſtood firmly by us; and replied to Hananiah thus: "*What thou haſt built up, O Hananiah! thou canſt not now at pleaſure demoliſh: the hedge thou didſt plant, but a few days ſince, cannot now be rooted up, but with injury to thyſelf.*" "What then are thy objections to our teachings?" exclaimed Hananiah to us. Rabbi Nathan replied, "Thou haſt eſtabliſhed thy intercalations, and thy new moons, in ſuch wiſe that the Jews of Babylonia, and thoſe of Paleſtine and elſewhere, can no longer conform in the *times* of their holy feſtivals!" "And ſo likewiſe did the great Rabbi Akiba, when he was in Babylon," rejoined Hananiah. "But Akiba had not his fellow in all Paleſtine," ſaid Nathan. "True, and neither have I left mine in all that land," exclaimed the now greatly enraged Hananiah!

The people ſtood wondering and fearful at the ſcene: whereupon we produced our *ſecond* letter; which contained at its opening theſe pregnant words. "*That which thou didſt leave but a little kid, is now grown to be a ſtrong-horned goat!*" Hananiah at once perceiving the import of theſe words, and the ſure power that now belonged unto the Patriarch of Tiberias, and to the Sanhedrim of the Weſt, was almoſt ſpeechleſs for a time: whereupon, I inſtantly ſeized the propitious moment, and mounted the Tribune from which the Law is read: and there I invoked the people's earneſt attention. I then recounted unto them the Holy-Days, as God hath eſtabliſhed them, and as the Jews of the Weſt do honour them, in obedience to our Patriarch: and then was ſet forth by me thoſe days which erroneouſly were taught by Hananiah, and which Ahia had practiſed among his people.

The aſſembled ſynagogue was much diſturbed by my addreſs; and, deſcending from the Tribune, I was ſucceeded by Rabbi Nathan, who read from Iſaiah theſe words. "*Out of Zion goeth forth the Law—and the Word of God from Jeruſalem;*" and he then added, "*but now, out of Babylon goeth forth the Law; and the Word of God from Naharpakod! Judge ye, therefore, who hath right.*"

The multitude deliberated not; but vehemently cried out, "*The Word of God cannot be changed.*" We then produced our *third* letter; which threatened with the dreaded *Shemmata*, all who oppoſed the patriarchal mandates; and to all this we added, "Behold! We are Apoſtles from the moſt learned—and we are commanded to declare unto all, that, if ye ſubmit, 'tis well—if ye oppoſe,

let the Niddui be at once enforced—and ſo of the reſt, until the Shemmata! If ye ſtand by us, good: if ye depart from us, go ye then unto thy high places, and let thy AHIA build ye an Altar—and thy HANANIAH ſing at the ſacrifice!—and do ye all at that time openly declare, "*We have no portion in the Iſrael of God!*"

The uproar at theſe words of the legate Nathan, became tremendous; naught was heard but the cries of "*Heaven ſave us from all hereſy! We truly have a portion in the Iſrael of God.*"

The whole matter was then ended. Hananiah and Judah fully ſubmitted to the juriſdiction of the Patriarchate; and we returned to Tiberias with the happy news that Iſrael, everywhere, was now but one.*

Rabbi Judah Hakadoſh.

And now Simeon died, being very aged; and was ſucceeded in the Patriarchate by his ſon, the moſt illuſtrious of all the Rabbins, ſince the time of Hillel,—and that ſon was Rabbi Jehudah—Judah—or Joſhua; who, when he came to his authority, was well advanced in years and fame; for he is the ſame who, ſome time before, had reduced to writing all of our Oral Law, that now forms the great volume called the *Miſhnah;* and who being as wonderful for piety as for learning, hath ſince been called HAKADOSH.

The early life of this great Rabbi was eventful: but not ſo marvellous as that of Rabbi Akiba. When a young man, he attracted much notice at Trajan's Court; and though at firſt, ſomewhat jeered for a ſlight deformity of perſon, he ſoon won for himſelf, by his aſtoniſhing mind, by his vaſt acquirements, and by his pleaſing manners, the Imperial confidence, and with it the moſt ſignal favours.

The Princeſs Imlah's Love for Rabbi Judah.

IMLAH, the emperor's lovely daughter, was among thoſe who, at firſt, ſported with the Rabbi's awry perſon: but it is ſometimes dangerous for haughty maidens to taunt thoſe who have many rare jewels in a rude caſket; and ſo, as 'tis ſaid, the matter proved with the ſportive

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* This miſſion from the Patriarch of Tiberias, conducted by the Rabbis Nathan and Iſaac, probably occurred A.D. 160, when the authority of the Eaſtern Jews was far leſs, than it ſhortly after came to be under the Reſch-Glutha, or Prince of the Captivity. If the power exerciſed by Ahia at the time of the miſſion, be regarded as that of the Reſch-Glutha, in its infancy, that which aroſe ſome years after, when the Eaſtern and Weſtern Jews again ſeparated, was extremely different. That ſeparation took place upon the reſtoration of the Perſian monarchy: but, from the time of the Rabbi Iſaac's ſucceſsful miſſion, until the change in the government of Perſia, the Patriarchate of Tiberias was ſupreme over the Jews of the world, except in China, where the Jews probably had never heard of either power.

Imlah: for, in a little time, the defective perſon of Judah was quite loſt ſight of amidſt the dazzling effulgence of the ſoul that animated it—and Imlah loved!

When the witty Princeſs ſaw early the youthful Rabbi, ſhe ſaid to him, "And how happens it, good Jew, that ſuch profound wiſdom as thine is depoſited in ſo poor a veſſel?" "Lovely Princeſs!" replied he, "I will alſo propound to thee a queſtion: Why doſt *thou* put thy precious wines into earthen amphoras, inſtead of into ſilver or golden ones,—which thou, to be conſiſtent, ſhouldſt value ſo much higher for that purpoſe?" Imlah made no reply; but, repoſing on his exalted wiſdom, ſhe ſuppoſed that amphoras made of theſe precious metals, would far better preſerve her moſt coſtly and luſcious wines; and nothing doubting, ſhe placed them therein—but they all ſoon turned ſour! Trajan, hearing of her misfortune, and being much vexed at the cauſe, ſummoned the young Jew into his preſence, and ſeverely queſtioned him concerning what was called "his counſel." The Rabbi, nothing diſturbed thereby, thus firmly replied to the Emperor's accuſation. "What thou ſayeſt, mighty Trajan, is indeed moſt true, had the princeſs rightly conceived my parable: I ſo adviſed the maiden; or rather, ſhe thus underſtood me: but ſhe had taunted me upon my deformity; and I deſired to impreſs upon her youthful and lovely mind the important leſſon, that treaſures are ſometimes depoſited by the Creator of all things, even in the moſt rude of earthen veſſels; and, in following my miſunderſtood apologue, the ſplendid amphoras, of her own procurement, were found leſs ſuited to the luſcious treaſures poured therein, than the earthen veſſels ſhe ſo haſtily forſook." The Emperor was too wiſe a man, not readily to perceive that the wiſdom was with the Rabbi—the folly and injuſtice with the maiden.

How far Imlah learned to love intenſely that brilliant ſoul, though but poorly enſhrined, it is not for me here to record; but the rumour is, ſo deep was her paſſion, that ſhe ever after ſhunned all uſeleſs ſplendour; and, even in her apparel, to pleaſe the Rabbi, ſhe was far more a daughter of Iſrael, than a Roman princeſs!

Trajan's conſent to the rebuilding of the Temple, how defeated.

The young Rabbi Judah, however, never loſt ſight of Iſrael's welfare: and he ſo urged his influence with Trajan, as to obtain permiſſion for the rebuilding of Jeruſalem's Temple! But that which *Man* was willing ſhould be done, the God of Abraham ſeems to have forbidden,—and therefore it was not done: for inſtantly thereon, Trajan was beſet by many who alarmed his fears,—reminding him of our rebellious ſpirit—the fierceneſs of our bravery—and that our tributes would ſoon be withheld, and that then we would revolt! The Emperor replied that his royal word had

been given; and that we had already been acting thereon. "Do thou, then, command the Jews to make their Temple a few feet longer, or a few feet ſhorter than their former one," ſaid the wily courtiers—and this was done!

Our Rabbins, then in council at Rhumon, were in great conſternation when this unexpected order reached them: but a renowned Rabbin argued the matter with them, and concluded with ſaying, "O Men of Iſrael! remember the apologue of the wiſe Phrygian, in which the ſick lion ſummoned the beaſts and birds to his aid: and when the ſtork had extracted the bone from his throat, they were all moſt happy to relinquiſh the promiſed reward of the royal beaſt, and to eſcape with life from his ravenous jaws! We are now moſt fortunate in living in peace among this heathen nation; and we ſhould therefore be content." The ſage counſel was taken; and the project of rebuilding our Temple was forthwith abandoned.

Gamaliel III. ſucceeded his father Jehudah Hakadoſh; and after him came Jehuda II. who is now the Patriarch: but matters promiſe not well under his rule: he loves power more than learning—his body-guard ſhows weakneſs more than confidence; the Rabbis *Jochanan* and *Simon-ben-Laches* are more reſpected for their wiſdom and knowledge than he:—the great Ariſtotle wiſely thought that ſupreme rule ſhould ever be in the wiſeſt and moſt virtuous individual among all the people—a patriarch—an emperor—or king ſhould never be overſhadowed; and ſo the people now ſeemed to think.*

Iſrael and its more ſacred concerns I muſt now leave, except ſo far as they are connected with her deadlieſt foes—the Romans.

During thoſe early years of my ſomewhat eventful life—the years ſpent with the excellent Granianus, I neceſſarily learnt much concerning the Emperor Hadrian, and indirectly, alſo much of his illuſtrious predeceſſor, Trajan. Such, indeed, was then the inquiſitive ſpirit within me, that, when I firſt came to Rome with my maſter, every ſource of information reſpecting them both that could be brought within my reach, I failed not to make my own,—and to record it upon a tablet more faithful than my memory, wonderful

* The progreſs and gradual decline of the Patriarchate of Tiberias, until its extinction (more than two centuries after) in the perſon of Gamaliel, is noted by Cartaphilus at the time. The hiſtory, alſo, of the Oriental Jews, under their Princes of the Captivity, from A.D. 202, when Rabbi Iſaac ceaſed to notice them, is briefly traced down to the early part of the *tenth* century, by Cartaphilus; who then witneſſed its termination, in the perſon of *David Ben Saccai*, A.D. 934—or rather in the Rabbi Hezekiah, a few years after, who was the laſt of thoſe Princes: but moſt of theſe matters are omitted in the preſent Selections, and this brief notice of the facts muſt ſuffice. Vide alſo *poſt*, § 82—by the Rabbi Joachim, and §§ 93—95, by Cartaphilus.

as that was regarded even by the marvellouſly remembering Hadrian. But what I have now to record of them, and of the other emperors of my time, down to the early years of Septimus Severus, muſt be ſomewhat briefly told—this narrative not being *hiſtory*, for the eye of ages, but a haſty and private chronicle, for mine own.

TRAJAN.

When Nerva adopted him as his ſucceſſor, Trajan was ſobered by age and by no ſmall experience; and being, in war, moſt valiant and perſevering, and in peace equally mild, generous, and watchful of the general good, the empire greatly flouriſhed under him.

The manner in which Trajan conducted the Dacian war, and made that country a province, in the ſixth year of his reign, would alone be ſufficient to tranſmit his name to poſterity as one of Rome's greateſt generals. [A. D. 104.]

On my firſt departure from the Imperial City, about thirty years after that memorable war, my journey led me acroſs Trajan's famous bridge, erected by him over the Danube during his conteſt with the Dacians. How greatly was I ſtruck with admiration and wonder at its extreme beauty—its ſolid maſonry, and the carefulneſs of its workmanſhip—all accompliſhed, moreover, in ſo ſhort a time, and for the attainment of only a military object that might ſoon paſs by! But the Romans have boundleſs wealth, and unite perſeverance with a moſt perſpicacious regard for the future; things temporary never being found among them, where things enduring ſhould be. Trajan, moreover, doubted not that Dacia muſt fall, and that a bridge over that great river, though it would only ſomewhat haſten the event, yet that a ſmall preſent benefit ſeldom fails to promote others of more value in long after times.

As I gazed upon that majeſtic ſtructure, the might of the peerleſs Empire ſeemed there made viſible in a ſingle ſublime object—and how much more ſo, by the many ſtupendous works in which Rome and her provinces ſo perpetually abound! Surely, in grace, in magnificence, and in uſeful ſtrength, the world hath not the equal of this bridge. In height, it is full one hundred and fifty feet, excluſive of the foundation; and in breadth it is quite ſixty feet—the whole being ſuſtained upon twenty lofty arches, each with the ſpan of one hundred and ſeventy feet!

The triumph decreed to the Emperor for his victory over thoſe ferocious people was boundleſs in ſplendour, in expenſe, and eſpecially in enthuſiaſm towards the Conqueror: the feſtivities continued a hundred and twenty days,—during which time no leſs than eleven thouſand wild and tame beaſts were ſlain, after the Roman and Grecian faſhion: numerous gladiators, alſo, achieved their won-

derful feats,—and other warlike pastimes filled up every hour of those days of triumph.

And here, once for all, I may state that these *civilized* Romans are more cruelly wasteful of all animal, as well as human life, than are any of the Barbarians! These *venatiæ*, as they are called, were first instituted in honour of their goddess Diana; and consist of sports of three kinds,—in the first of which they send deer, oxen, sheep, and the like, into the arena of an amphitheatre,—where the rude multitude may pursue them in their own fashion, making those they capture their own—should they themselves escape so great a peril, as it often proves to be! In the second kind are many greatly more ferocious animals, procured with much expense and toil,—and these combat with each other, often with more than all the fierceness of their untamed natures, provoked as they are by other causes! —and the third kind, yet more cruel, is where men are forced to contend for their own lives against such savage beasts—these men being sometimes slaves, but more often malefactors condemned to death,—and who are most willing thus to strive for their lives, even with those fierce and hungry animals!

The third Persecution.

The three years that followed Trajan's return from the Dacian war, were years of tranquillity, and of great glory: many renowned scholars flocked to Rome; and the emperor seemed to delight in the flourishing condition of those arts and pursuits of life, which peaceful times alone permit. But unhappily, all that is beautiful and bright and glorious in a mild government wisely administered, may be, like the sun, suddenly obscured, and its genial warmth withdrawn; for Trajan was to the empire, as the Orb of day to man, until his mind became obscured by the many black accusations that were made against the Christians; and these ended at length in that dread decree he issued, in the ninth year of his reign, for the persecution throughout the empire of these, in truth, the best of his subjects! Now this, though a Jew, I cannot deny,—for *Israel*, goaded by her numerous sore calamities—with no hope in the future, and detested by the Romans equally with the Christians, can scarce be as harmless, or as faithful subjects, as are these greatly persecuted Nazarenes. In this *third*, of what may be called the greater persecutions, the Jews, as usual, suffered in some degree by that decree; for, what with the ignorance that confounds Jew with Nazarene, and the contempt the multitude cherish against both, I often found my countrymen, as well as myself, in great peril, when Trajan and his Proconsuls in no way designed to molest the Jews. [A. D. 107.]

In Rome and elsewhere, there are certain unlawful societies called Heteriæ, which the Emperor was made to believe had been established, or much sustained by the Christians! Attendance upon

any of theſe was puniſhed as treaſon; and all colleges and corporations of every kind, if not created with all the legal ſolemnities, were embraced by the penalties of the decree againſt the Heteriæ! The Chriſtians, in truth, were falſely confounded with the Heteriæ, and other agitators; whereas they ſought aſſociation more for heavenly, than for any earthly purpoſe whatever.

The perſecution raged with violence for a time, and in ſome places; and a few of its more notable victims will be but ſhortly mentioned by me.

Phocas, a biſhop of Pontus, being commanded to ſacrifice to Neptune, on his refuſal was caſt into a burning lime-kiln, and then into a veſſel of boiling oil; where he inſtantly after expired—and this is ſaid to have been under the immediate order of Trajan! About the ſame time, there was alſo a poor widow, named *Sympho-roſa*, who, with her ſeven children, were likewiſe ordered to ſacrifice to ſome heathen deity: death was preferred by them all; the mother was taken to the temple of Hercules, and there ſcourged—then ſuſpended by the hair of her head, and finally caſt into the river, with a heavy ſtone faſtened on her neck! Her ſons each were bound to a poſt, and their limbs drawn by pullies: but they ſtill perſiſting in their faith, ſix of them were ſtabbed,—and *Eugenius*, the youngeſt, was ſawn in twain!

Next came Clemens, biſhop of Rome—a famed writer in the Church; and he was caſt into the ſea, with an anchor faſtened to his neck! [*In the ſecond year of Trajan's reign;* A. D. 100.] Symeon was biſhop of Jeruſalem; and, at the extreme age of 120, he was ſcourged, and then crucified, by being nailed to the croſs! But, of all the victims, none was ſo famous as Ignatius, ſecond biſhop of Antioch, where theſe Nazarenes firſt received the name of *Chriſtians*. It is ſaid that this great man had the misfortune to incur the Emperor's ſpecial diſpleaſure at Antioch; and that he was ordered by Trajan to be ſent to Rome for trial. It ſeems, that Ignatius, when called into the preſence of Trajan, and queſtioned as to his faith, and alſo as to the trouble he and his people were giving in Antioch, that biſhop replied to the emperor with offenſive boldneſs; and eſpecially, when for himſelf and all the followers of the Chriſtus, he took the title of *Theophorus*, *or God-hearing* Chriſtians! No marvel is it that perſons deeply poſſeſſed of a faith ſo ſtartling as this, ſhould ſpeak with boldneſs, and in a way to offend imperial requiſitions. Trajan could not endure to think that Jupiter, and all the gods of his Pantheon, were but the phantoms of man's folly, and that this Chriſtus was not only the ſupreme, but the only god; and that he vouchſafed to tabernacle on earth, viſibly in the fleſh, and then continues his abode in the body, inviſibly, of every devout believer in him—and hence the title of Theophorus! Now,

although my own Jewiſh faith cauſes me, as it did Trajan, to ſhrink from ſuch a belief, and ſuch a preſumptuous claim, yet was it no leſs than foul murder in that emperor, thus to deal with the excellent and deluded Ignatius.

Upon Trajan's arrival in Rome, the biſhop of Antioch was ſubjected to many ſevere trials,—and finally was caſt to the wild beaſts—a martyrdom eagerly embraced by him! The loving attendants upon Ignatius gathered his mangled fragments—moſtly broken bones—conveyed them to Antioch, and there interred them in their cemetery, which lies ſomewhat beyond the Daphnè gate. It is further ſtated to me that Ignatius, whilſt he journeyed from Antioch to Rome, wrote ſix or ſeven Epiſtles reſpecting the Nazarene Faith; and theſe ſeem to be now greatly valued by the Chriſtians.* [December 20th, A. D. 115.]

This perſecution was inſtigated and became the more ſevere, by reaſon of Trajan's being made to regard the Chriſtians as traitors not only to the Empire, but as propagators of a religion that muſt terminate all his imperial influences as the Pontifex Maximus. It ſo happened, however, that early after his arrival at Antioch, whither he had gone to proſecute the war againſt the Parthians and the Armenians, he received a letter from Pliny, his proconſul at Bythinia; which aſſured the emperor of his miſtake as to theſe deluded people being traitors,—and that their only offence conſiſted in their worſhipping this Chriſtus as a God, and in abſtaining from all wickedneſs by reaſon of ſolemn vows to maintain their faith: whereupon Trajan promptly countermanded all *active* proceedings againſt them, ſo that the perſecution thereafter greatly ceaſed. Trajan was alſo the more willing to ſee an end to thoſe horrors, as he had likewiſe received a letter from the governor of Paleſtine, which aſſured him, in like manner with Pliny, that the Galileans had wearied him out, ſince they crowded to martyrdom joyouſly, and much faſter than he could deal out death!

* There are ſome other epiſtles attributed to St. Ignatius; and, among the reſt, the eloquent and well-known one to St. Polycarp, then biſhop of Smyrna. But the authenticity of theſe additional epiſtles, beyond the ſeven, has been ſtrongly queſtioned. As to the ſeven mentioned by Rabbi Iſaac, with the exception of that to Polycarp included in the ſeven, all concur as to their genuineneſs. As to the one to Polycarp, very many have no doubt concerning it: there ſeem then to be ſix fully admitted—one partially denied—and ſeveral wholly rejected, as the productions of the diſtinguiſhed martyr. It is related of the Saint, that, when an infant he was taken by Chriſt into his arms, and ſhown to the diſciples as one who would be eminent for Chriſtian piety: and the event recorded in Matt. xviii. 2—Mark ix. 35, and Luke ix. 47, is ſuppoſed to allude to this Saint; but, doubtleſs, this is a beautiful fiction of more recent times. Vide *Acta S. Ignatii, a Ruinart*, 1689. St. John was his inſtructor; and the zeal, learning, and devotion of St. Ignatius were never exceeded.

Rabbi Iſaac's Narrative.

From Antioch on the Orontes, the Emperor marched with a powerful army to Armenia,—the offence taken againſt the Armenians being that its king, *Partamitaſites*, had violated the treaty between Nero and Tiridates, in having accepted the inſignia of royalty from Parthia's king, inſtead of from the Emperor. *Conqueſts in the Eaſt.*

As Trajan approached Armenia, all the intervening countries humbly acknowledged him their ſovereign Lord; and laviſhed upon him the moſt rare and magnificent preſents,—among which was a horſe of ſuch aſtoniſhing beauty in colour, ſize and form, and likewiſe of ſuch ſagacity and inſtruction, as cauſed him to be regarded as the moſt curious and valuable in the whole world! As the emperor approached, the noble animal was accuſtomed to kneel moſt gracefully in his preſence—to bow down his head to the earth, and not to riſe until the monarch was firmly ſeated: and this act of obeiſance, as 'tis ſaid, the horſe did, when firſt he ſaw the Emperor —thereby owning Trajan as the world's ſovereign!

Armenia could make no reſiſtance—Parthia and Meſopotamia ſoon followed,—but not without ſome battles and ſieges, in which Trajan diſplayed infinite valour, and military diſcipline, accompanied alſo by many noble acts of generoſity to the vanquiſhed.

After a long abſence, the Emperor returned to Antioch, in the ſeventeenth year of his reign, deſigning there to ſpend the winter. [A. D. 115.] Shortly after he had reached that noble city, a great concourſe of Eaſtern kings and ambaſſadors arrived to pay him court, and to attend upon this mightieſt of monarchs! In Rome, the Senate and people rejoiced greatly at his victories,—the fame of which had ſo often reached their ears,—and they ordered many great ſacrifices —alſo thanksgivings and feſtivities. They alſo conferred upon him the title of *Optimus*, and the ſurnames of *Armenicus* and *Parthicus*.

In the midſt of all theſe honours and rejoicings, and thus ſurrounded by many crowned heads, Trajan was deſtined to ſee the lordly Antioch viſited by the foreſt of all calamities—a terrific earthquake, which deſtroyed many thouſands of her people, and levelled to the ground many of its nobleſt ſtructures! The tremendous phenomenon commenced with a furious whirlwind, that tore up as ſtraws the largeſt trees, and engulphed many houſes of the ſurrounding country: to this ſucceeded the moſt awful lightnings—then a withering heat, that compelled the people inſtantly to diſrobe themſelves of all veſture, and to ſeek a haſty aſylum in the darkeſt places that could be found! The ſea roared with deafening fury—the birds, ſcared from their ſhady retreats, ſought the heavens, but ſoon fell lifeleſs to the earth; the wild beaſts, as alſo the domeſtic, howled piteouſly; and everywhere men and women, ſlaves and freemen, young and old, were *Earthquake at Antioch.*

ſeen anxiouſly ſeeking after thoſe they moſt loved, and for ſome temporary ſhelter from the encompaſſing terrors, which all things in ſkies and earth portended as ſurely cloſe at hand!

At length came the fearful and nauſeous tremblings of the earth—and then its tremendous outbreakings; which inſtantly laid low ſo many goodly cities—ſunk ſome hills and even mountains—and which, in Antioch, left little elſe to be ſeen than mingled ruins, the moſt appalling deaths, and dreadful manglings of bodies,—all accompanied with the craſhing noiſes of falling houſes, and the ſad moanings of the wounded and the dying! Trajan eſcaped, indeed, but as if by a miracle. He had leaped from a lofty window, and hurriedly ſought the open fields,—where he remained under a tent, in great miſery and peril during ſeveral days!

Shortly after this dreadful calamity, a rumour aroſe that it had been brought upon him, as a viſitation for the cruelties he had authorized againſt the Chriſtians, and alſo as againſt the wickedneſs of Antioch. How this may be, no Jew nor Gentile can ſay; to Iſrael's God alone are known ſuch things: but certain it is, that Trajan had no little remorſe; and that he moleſted thoſe harmleſs people no longer.

Antioch and the other cities having ſuffered greatly, the Emperor was prompt in affording to them the moſt liberal contributions.

The Emperor, early in the ſummer, gathered his numerous forces and ſet out for Aſſyria,—reſolved to make captive the remains of the once powerful Babylon. In his progreſs thither, the great city Arbela could make but feeble reſiſtance to his arms,—and Babylon's once maſſive walls were equally unavailing: next came *Seleucia*, which is nigh unto Babylon, and built out of her; and this likewiſe quickly fell.

Paſt now of Chaldea, and of all Aſſyria, Trajan deſired to make a vaſt canal, that ſhould paſs his veſſels and troops from the Euphrates into the Tigris: but this being found impracticable, he tranſported his veſſels over land to the Tigris,—and haſtening on to the yet powerful city of *Cteſiphon*, he became maſter of that likewiſe—and thus made for himſelf an eaſy paſſage into the very heart of Perſia! Deſcending the gulph of that name, Trajan had heard much of the Indian country from thoſe who navigate the merchant ſhips that trade between that country and the Perſian Gulph. The Emperor then greatly deſired to ſubdue that vaſt region beyond the *Indus!*—but news having reached him of certain revolts in the countries he already had conquered,—and feeling, moreover, the admonitions of a ſomewhat premature old age, the Emperor ſurveyed the great ocean then before him—and, with earneſtneſs, he thus exclaimed: "*Oh, had the Divine Powers but preſerved to me my former health and vigour, I would not have repoſed, until the con-*

*fines of the world had bound me! How infinitely happy was the great Macedonian, in having commenced his reign ſo very young! And yet would I paſs ſtill further than he!"**

India being denied to Trajan, as neceſſity was more powerful than even ambitious reſolution,—the Emperor haſtily aſcended the Perſian Gulph, and diſpatched forthwith ſome of his forces, under Lucius, to ſubdue the revolting Meſopotamians: this was accompliſhed, and *Niſibis* and *Edeſſa* were laid in aſhes. All was early regained, and by much wiſdom ſecured, to the entire ſatisfaction of Trajan,—ſo that he was haſtening on to Rome, and with a magnificence and triumph that greatly excelled all that had previouſly been known in this way: but, as the Emperor approached Syria, he heard of the alarming rebellion of the Jews, firſt in the province of *Cyrene* in Africa,—and which, during his long abſence in the Eaſt, had penetrated into various other provinces, and was ſtill far from being ſubdued. *Rebellion of the Jews.*

Of this great rebellion I may truly record that, in deſtruction of life, and in the atrocities of my fellow-countrymen, and alſo of the Gentiles, the world hath never witneſſed its like,—and much do I fear that it has already done more to deſtroy the hopes of Iſrael (feeble as they always are) than all that hath ever happened to our much-afflicted people, ſince the days of even our firſt captivity in Babylonian times; and this will appear more fully in the few details I ſhall preſently give, as to thoſe calamities which Trajan's ſucceſſor, Hadrian, inflicted on our race; and which, indeed, might

* Trajan has the glory of being the only Roman general who ever penetrated that then remote gulph, or rather ſea. In his time, Babylon's power and fame had almoſt expired, and her ſtrength been abſorbed by her more powerful modern neighbours, Seleucia and Cteſiphon,—the former built by Seleucus Nicator, one of the renowned generals of Alexander the Great—after whoſe death, and the diviſion of his vaſt empire, Nicator built Seleucia, at about forty miles diſtant from the previouſly long-declining Babylon: and doubtleſs, in ſo doing, had made Babylon largely contributory to the raiſing and adornment of his new city. So rapid, indeed, then became the decline of the ancient and once illuſtrious Babylon, from the third century before Chriſt, to the end of the firſt century after Chriſt, that it may be ſaid to have been during the whole of thoſe four centuries, and for ſome after centuries, the general quarry, unceremoniouſly reſorted to for the erection of other cities! Seleucia, Cteſiphon, Al-Modain, and Kúfa were built moſtly with Babylonian materials,—the two firſt by the Greeks and Parthians, (ſome centuries before our era,) and the other two by the power of the Khaleefehs, after Babylon had nearly if not quite ceaſed to be inhabited. Seleucia is now often called Babylon; and the renowned City of Nimrod and Ninus, of Semiramis, of Nebuchadnezzar and of Belſhazzar, remained a nearly unknown and extinguiſhed maſs, even the locality of which had been for ſome ages doubtful,—until the enterpriſe of modern travellers has once more excited the curioſity of a world as to whatever of Babylon can now be known.

never have taken place, but for the events that occurred during Trajan's long abſence in the remote Eaſt.

The Emperor's enterpriſes in thoſe far Eaſtern regions, and the withdrawal of ſo many legions from the provinces, inſpired the Jews of Cyrene, a city of Lybia, with the ſtrong hope of a ſucceſsful rebellion! The inſurrection having commenced, ſoon ſpread to Alexandria—to the whole of Lower Egypt—the Thebais, and finally to the iſland of Cyprus, where the Jews were then ſo very numerous and wealthy. At firſt, the Cyrenians were quite ſucceſsful, and ſlaughtered very many Egyptian-Greeks, and not a few Romans: but a large number having eſcaped to Alexandria, wreaked their vengeance upon the Jews of that city, all of whom were put to death! The Cyrenians, in return, committed dreadful havoc in Egypt, under the command of their diſtinguiſhed leaders *Andrew* and *Luminum*,—where they deſtroyed no leſs than 220,000 of the Roman ſubjects! So furious had become their rage, that *Lupus*, the Roman governor, could make no reſiſtance whatever.

Luminum then aſſumed the title of *King of the Jews;* and his troops having become as demons, exhauſted every horrid and diſguſting means of ending life, that even a legion of Molochs could not have excelled! They caſt their victims to wild beaſts—they crowded the theatres with them as gladiators—they ſawed them in twain from head to feet—they flayed their bodies in other ways, drank their hot blood, ate their reeking fleſh, beſmeared themſelves with the yet living current as it flowed from the bodies, wore their entrails as girdles—and even clothed themſelves with their ſkins!

The Jews of Cyprus, under *Artemion*, were no leſs deſperate and wicked; and the murderous ſtrife there continued, until not leſs than 250,000 were ſlain by every ſpecies of atrocious cruelty! In that dreadful carnage, ſcarcely a Pagan ſoul throughout the Iſland eſcaped: but happily, the revolt was there ſubdued by the arrival of the Roman general Hadrian—not, however, until after the city of Salamis, on the eaſt of the iſland, had been alſo wholly deſtroyed by the infuriated Jews!

The ſucceſs of Hadrian was eventually complete; and thus preſerved from extinction one of the moſt proſperous and lovely among thoſe iſlands, and indeed of all the iſlands in the world; for, if man were only mortal, and his abode the earth, ſurely would Cyprus then have been my choſen abode,—and the groves of Idalium, at the foot of a lofty mountain, and the two temples of Venus, as alſo that of Jupiter, muſt have been ſought by all who would have ſenſuous enjoyments, and without meaſure or alloy! But, to the ſons of Abraham, all ſuch things are odious to think of, and find a place upon my papyrus only as ſhowing the fierceneſs of man againſt man, in thus making a ſhoël where an earthly paradiſe exiſted!

Hadrian found thoſe once voluptuous groves and ſmiling valleys, then reeking with human blood; and the magnificent temples ſunk into vaſt mounds of ſmouldering aſhes! A ſhort time thereafter, a decree was iſſued by him, that "*No Jew, even though driven in by tempeſt, ſhould ever ſet foot in Cyprus—upon pain of inſtant death—for the ſoil of the Iſland hath been tainted by the deadly venom of thoſe people!*"

The revolt in Africa was alſo ſuppreſſed, after many deſperate conflicts between the Roman general, *Martius Turbo*, and our great captain Andrew. Turbo was then in purſuit of Luminum; and thus were matters at the inſtant of Trajan's arrival from the Eaſt.

In this greateſt of all the revolts ever known, the Roman Empire loſt more than half a million of her ſubjects—and Iſrael yet more!*

Death of Trajan.

The arrival of Trajan at Rome was daily expected; but, on his way thither, he became ill at Seleucia, a city of Cilicia. The triumph then in preparation for him at Rome, exceeded any that had been deſigned ſince Rome's exiſtence. The mighty Emperor, however, waited not for it—he died within a few days thereafter, in the 63rd year of his age, and in the laſt half of the 20th year of his reign—but, great and good as he was, not without the ſuſpicion of his having been poiſoned!†

Rabbi Iſaac's view of Trajan's character.

How difficult, if not impoſſible, is it, for a Pagan monarch to be truly wiſe and virtuous! Through a reign of extraordinary ſplendour, of merited popularity, of great mildneſs, (ſave in his dealing towards the Chriſtians,) and of many exemplary virtues, as well private as public, TRAJAN ſtill ſullied, occaſionally, the general glory of his character, by vices ſo entirely oppoſite, as ſeemed dropped there by ſome malignant demon envious of his good name! With his army he was a model of ſelf-denial—expoſing himſelf, without ſtint, to the fatigues of war, and not heſitating to croſs the wideſt deſerts even on foot!—and yet, in private, he was not free of incontinence, and by no means exempt from exceſſes in the pleaſures of Bacchus. His ſeverity to the Chriſtians, though mild, compared with the active and perſonal dealing of ſome of his predeceſſors towards the Nazarenes, remains ſtill a deep ſtain upon the renown of Trajan's name. Some allowance, however, is ſurely due for the influences of a ſtrictly Pagan education; alſo inflamed, not a little, by the

* This rebellion occurred late in A.D. 115, and continued about two years.

† Trajan reigned 19 years, 6 months, and 15 days, according to Caſſiodorus, and Dion Caſſius.

groſs miſrepreſentations of cruel and over-zealous enemies of Jews, as well as of Chriſtians; and likewiſe by the very prevalent error, that theſe Nazarenes are implacable foes to the dominion of the Empire, and, indeed, to every other rule than that of Chriſtianity! It is alſo due to Trajan's memory not to forget that, ſo ſoon as the proconſul Pliny had ſtated how matters really were in Bithynia, and that the proconſular opinion favoured the mitigation of the ſeverity, ſo long practiſed towards the deluded Nazarenes, Trajan's reply was prompt, and manifeſted even a yet kinder feeling: and this is additionally ſhown by Trajan, when he anſwers Pliny's account of the liſts of Chriſtian names ſent to him, that the accuſed perſons might be condemned by Pliny, but which liſts were vouched by no name—the Emperor ſays, "*As for the liſts ſent to you without an author, they ſhould have no place in any accuſation whatever,—for that would be a thing of very ill example, and no way agreeable to my reign.*" It is further to be remembered that this Chriſtian ſuperſtition, though of ſcarce eighty years' growth, had ſo increaſed, (and in ſcarce forty years after Jeruſalem's deſtruction) that no province of the vaſt Empire was without theſe Nazarenes; and alſo that in Bithynia, where Pliny then was, they were ſo numerous that people of the higheſt rank and power, and others of all conditions, ages, and ſexes, had embraced this New Faith,—and to ſuch an extent that the greateſt among the Heathen temples were nearly forſaken, and the ſacrifices to the Roman gods were well-nigh ended! Before Pliny's explanation, therefore, the Emperor's alarm for the ancient religion was great; and he regarded it as a duty to the gods to check this religious rebellion; and he ſuppoſed that perſecution was the only and the propereſt means. Pliny's deſire, then, to mitigate that perſecution aroſe from his conviction that the *more martyrs the more Chriſtians* had been the *proved* reſult of the Emperor's decree! Pliny alſo *then* found the Heathen temples ſomewhat more frequented, and believed the Chriſtians would be leſs zealous, as they ſhould be the leſs obſerved. The Emperor poſſeſſed the good feeling and the good ſenſe to agree with his Proconſul. And alſo, I am the more lenient in my judgment of Trajan, knowing, as I do, my own holy zeal and devotion in the religion we Jews have from the God of Abraham,—and, in which devotion, I would have no perſecution of any faith. The Pagans, though without a revelation, are ſtrongly devoted to the only religion they know; and, although many of their philoſophers have at all times doubted many particulars of their wild mythology, the people muſt have no ſuch doubts, having no means to reſolve them; and any doubt in them muſt ſoon end in total infidelity—and hence in diaboliſm! Such, probably, were the reaſonings and fears of Trajan; and they largely mitigate the ſin of that perſecution, which

conſigned ſo many to the tomb. Emperors, moreover, though they may not differ ſecretly in opinion from the philoſophers, are compelled to ſuſtain the religion of the multitude,—for that lies at the very foundation of all political rule, and of all ſalutary civil power: and hence was it that Trajan, on finding the prejudices of his people ſo largely aſſailed by the faith of the Nazarenes, naturally believed he was contending no leſs for his Empire, than for his Gods.

Trajan's triumph after his death.

The deceaſed emperor was the only one who, from circumſtances, had the triumph of his ſucceſſes in life, moſt elaborately executed *after his death!* Hadrian being choſen his ſucceſſor, was haſtening on to Rome, when he heard that the Senate had decreed to him a triumph as magnificent as the one deſigned for Trajan; and that this was due to him as well for his conqueſts in union with the late emperor, as of his own moſt happy termination of the great conflict with the Jews. But Hadrian, on his arrival in Rome, wholly rejected the honours they would laviſh upon himſelf,—and inſiſted that they all ſhould be paid to *Trajan's Image!* and this being as heartily aſſented to by the Senate, as it had been generouſly ſuggeſted by Hadrian, the triumph was performed with matchleſs pomp and imperial magnificence. Trajan's aſhes were placed in a golden urn,—and in due courſe were depoſited in a cellule within the pedeſtal of that gorgeous pillar, that had been previouſly erected to his memory—the beautiful workmanſhip on which pillar, diſtinctly repreſents, in ſpiral lines, the noble exploits of the emperor over the Dacians.

At the time of this triumph, the games called *Parthian* were alſo eſtabliſhed in honour of Trajan; and, ſo long as Rome ſhall endure, the name of Trajan muſt be revered, though no veſtige of pillar, or of arch, ſhall remain to perpetuate his fame.*

* More than 1700 years have paſſed ſince the beautiful Column and Arch, alluded to by Rabbi Iſaac, were raiſed to the memory of that diſtinguiſhed Emperor; and yet the former ſtands in majeſty, in the centre of that noble Forum which formerly lay at the foot of the Quirinal, between the Capitol and Nerva's Forum—and the Arch, though under a different name, continues but little impaired by the lapſe of ages! The column is about 116 feet in height; and was ſurmounted by a coloſſal ſtatue of Trajan,—which, with its pedeſtal, made the entire column, according to Eutropius, 140 feet. It is compoſed of thirty blocks of white marble from Carrara,—each nineteen feet, or of the diameter of the pillar, uniformly throughout its elevation. The figures, deeply carved in ſpiral lines round the column, are all about two feet in height; and conſequently were faſhioned with no reference to the rule of perſpective, that demands an increaſe of magnitude in the ratio of their elevation. The ſculptures on this column afford to antiquarians ample materials for ſtudy,—being extremely various in devices illuſtrative of the dreſs, arms, encampments, bridges, ſtandards, forages, &c. of the warriors of thoſe times.

Through a ſtrangely miſguided Chriſtian zeal, the ſtatue of the Emperor was

HADRIAN.

ÆTIUS HADRIAN, as the greateſt general of his day—as nephew of Trajan—as huſband to Sabina his niece—alſo the intimate friend and companion in arms of the illuſtrious emperor—born in the ſame city—and as being at the time of Trajan's death at the head of all the Roman forces, ſeemed poſſeſſed of ſuch undoubted claims to the Imperial rule, that he was at once proclaimed by the Army; and the choice was as promptly confirmed by the Senate.

Hadrian may be appropriately deſignated as the *travelling* Emperor, ſince nearly fourteen of the twenty-two years of his reign were ſpent by him in viſiting almoſt every ſection of his extenſive dominions,—not, indeed, from any vain deſire of imperial diſplay, but that he might perſonally and thoroughly know its reſources and its wants, and alſo ſee whether juſtice were impartially diſtributed. In thoſe extenſive travels, his winning manners and great condeſcenſion ſubdued all hearts. In war, he was Trajan's equal—in learning and accompliſhments of every kind, greatly his ſuperior:—but Hadrian had more ſeverity of character, and was more emphatic in his vices. His reign was nearly as brilliant as that of his uncle, though not in conqueſts, or in the extent of his empire; for Hadrian's early policy was rather to reſtrict his empire to within its ancient limits, than to manifeſt the leaſt ſolicitude as to its extenſive recent additions, made beyond the Euphrates. Parthia and Media, therefore, with Meſopotamia and all beyond the Euphrates to the Indus, were virtually abandoned by him; and his legions were ſtationed nigh the banks of that great river, as the boundary of his Eaſtern empire.

His learning and memory.

Hadrian's memory, like my own, was regarded as almoſt ſuperhuman: and, when I was quite a youth, towards the cloſe of his reign, I was admitted into his preſence, as one, like himſelf, poſſeſſed of the faculty in a very remarkable degree,—but Hadrian's memory very far exceeded mine.

After greatly amuſing himſelf with me, Hadrian jocoſely pointed to his own flowing beard, and ſaid, "*Well, my little Iſraelite, canſt thou number all theſe—give them each a name, and then recount all of them to me?*" I bowed low unto the emperor, and acknowledged my inability ſo to do,—whereupon Hadrian turning to Granianus, ſaid, "*If that youth hath all his other faculties thus bright, thou haſt parted with a rare jewel in making him a freedman.*"

removed by Pope Sixtus V. to give place to a bronze one of St. Peter—an extraordinary aſſociation this of war and religion! It is quite probable that Trajan never beheld either the magnificent Forum, or the Column,—both being the Senate's doings, as it is believed, during thoſe years of his abſence that intervened between the end of his Dacian and Parthian wars and his death, before he reached Rome, and whilſt he was upon his return from the remote Eaſt.

Rabbi Iſaac's Narrative.

Hadrian knew every man in his army by name—remembered every incident of his own life—was a great mathematician, orator, poet, phyſician, muſician; and likewiſe was much ſkilled in herbs and minerals! His expertneſs in arms, in racing, and in hunting was equally marvellous; and, moreover, the great taſte he had acquired in all things, by reaſon of his comparing all human productions during his varied travels, enabled him greatly to adorn Rome and other places, and cauſed him to eſtabliſh that famous Villa at Tibur, which, in extent, beauty, and variety of garniture, hath not its like anywhere, except in Daphnè, upon the Orontes—and yet this villa differs greatly from that near Antioch, which it reſembles only in ſome things.

Hadrian's Villa at Tibur.

In circuit, the villa is more than ſeven miles; and abounds in temples, theatres, porticoes, libraries, fountains, hippodromes, groves, grottoes; and in all of which are countleſs ſtatues, paintings, and other embelliſhments! Here alſo is a *Prytaneum*, after the faſhion of that at Athens; and a *Temple of Canopus*, with a *Naumachia*, in imitation of thoſe he ſo juſtly admired in Egypt. The Canopus is filled with rare things collected by him whilſt in that wonderful land,—and alſo with other wonders executed by Greek and Roman artiſts,—many of which are in beautiful imitation of things ſeen by Hadrian in that ancient country of Cuſh and of Miſraim: and, in ſome of thoſe ſculptural devices, the Emperor has blended the Grecian with the ſtrict Egyptian manner!—a combination, methinks, like the dolphin in the woods—and the bee in the waves! Cloſe by this temple lies the *Naumachia*, ſix hundred feet in length, and abundantly ſupplied with water,—which, in imitation of the one at Alexandria, gives to the mock-encounter of the little marine a very impoſing effect.

The Vale of Tempè.

A few days after the Emperor had honoured me with the interview as touching my much-famed memory, I was roaming, as was uſual with me, among the lovely groves of the Vale of Tempe, in his Villa; and came moſt unexpectedly into his preſence. Hadrian, as was his cuſtom, was bare-headed; for, whether at home among his trees, or abroad with his army on the longeſt marches, the Emperor often was on foot, and never wore anything on his head, either for protection or ornament! As Hadrian ſurveyed me ſilently for a moment, he kindly ſaid, "Iſaac, thou art a youth of *taſte*, it would ſeem, as well as of *memory*, judging by thy affection for this vale,—which, though artificial, ſhrinks not in compariſon from that of Theſſaly: true, we have not Olympus and Oſſa to gaze on in the diſtance, nor yet the lovely Peneus flowing into the Ægean: but *art* here, hath far excelled *nature* there, in many things!"

My obeiſance to the Emperor was low; and kiſſing his hand, I

replied, with trembling lips, "Illuſtrious Hadrian! this Vale of Tempè is indeed a moſt delightful creation of thine, and ſuch as *thy* gods might well revel in—did they ever vouchſafe to viſit Earth: but alas! none but *Iſrael's* God hath ever done ſo."

The youth Iſaac's logical proof as to the Jewiſh Scriptures.

"'Thou art a bold youth, thus to ſpeak unto Rome's Emperor,' rejoined Hadrian; 'but it is the way with all thy race, from the egg up—and yet, what thou ſayeſt I cannot contradict,—ſave that, as far as I know, thy and our gods are, in this reſpect alike—there being no authentic record that any of the gods ever cared ſufficiently for man, to viſit his abodes!'

"'We Jews, O Hadrian! hold differently,' I modeſtly rejoined, 'and have a ſure oracle—a certain record of that fact.' 'And ſo likewiſe do the Chriſtians ſay,' added the Emperor, 'and thoſe Nazarenes or Galileans go much further, as even thou, my little Iſraelite, well knoweſt.'

"'True, moſt true, dread Hadrian!—and, though a Jew, I will in no wiſe pronounce as to who this CHRISTUS really was. That he was a wonderful man, and endued with marvellous powers, honeſt Jews cannot, and do not deny. I am not bound to explain that great modern myſtery,—but the *ancient* one, revealed to our Maſter Moſes, we have had for near ſixteen centuries! Theſe SCRIPTURES, O Emperor, muſt be either from God, or Man, or from the Devil:—from the laſt they cannot come—being ſo contrary to his whole plan, and condemnatory of his whole conduct:—ſo, if from man, they muſt then come from good men, or bad men,—they cannot flow from the latter, becauſe they condemn all vice,—nor yet from good men, becauſe ſuch men would commit no forgery—would not aſſume the powers of a God—would not deceive their fellows—and hence, as theſe Scriptures *do exiſt*, they muſt come from God—and, if from God, all things therein recorded muſt be true.'

"'Well ſpoken, and as a dialectician!' exclaimed the Emperor. 'But ſee, my young *Plato*, that thou diſturb not our people with thy ſubtle logic. I, indeed, love all argument, and even from beardleſs youths—but others have not heads to bear theſe things.'

"'The Jews, mighty Hadrian,' I replied, 'are not given to making of proſelytes to their faith—nor to the meddling with the faiths of others; and in this they differ greatly from the Nazarenes—faithful ſubjects, as I truly believe them to be.'" The Emperor graciouſly waved his hand, and thus we parted.

Upon Hadrian's brow I ſaw, or fancied that I ſaw, a deep frown at my remark concerning Chriſtian loyalty; and greatly did I blame my ſeeming imprudence, when, upon leaving the Vale of Tempè, I paſſed cloſe by the *Encœnia*,—and remembered how, as

often I had heard, Hadrian had on that ſpot ſo mercileſſly ſlain many of thoſe deluded people! In that Encœnia, a few years before, many Chriſtians were offered as ſacrificial martyrs to Hercules; and my ſoul was much troubled at the thought that, in a villa dedicated to all that is lovely in art and nature—to all that is taſteful and delightful to each of the ſenſes, there had been tortured and foully murdered theſe helpleſs Nazarenes, and for mere opinion's ſake,—for the very name of Chriſtian, without any known act, was often ſufficient cauſe of death! * * * * * * *

Hadrian carried on the Third Perſecution.

In the ſecond year of his reign, Hadrian had continued for ſome time, and with great ſeverity, the *Third Perſecution*,—Trajan's edict having never been expreſſly revoked. The number of Nazarenes that periſhed at Rome, and in the provinces, can ſcarce be accurately eſtimated; but they may not fall ſhort of twelve thouſand: a few only of theſe need be ſtated by me. Manhood and proſperity were at length mine,—and ripened years have made me obſervant of the preſent and ſearchful of the paſt.

Euſtachius was a favourite and ſucceſsful commander, who had been ordered to unite in ſome idolatrous ſacrifice, and in celebration of his own victories; but, unknown to the Emperor, he was a Chriſtian! The faith of Euſtachius was ſtronger than his vanity, or than even his love of life; he promptly refuſed obedience; and the enraged Emperor, forgetting his long ſervices, ordered him and his whole family, they alſo being Chriſtians, to inſtant death!

In the country around Mount Ararat, ſome hundreds were crucified,—and, in imitation of the great Nazarene, they were crowned with thorns, and pierced with ſpears! About the ſame time ſuffered *Zenon*, a Roman nobleman, and *Alexander*, biſhop of Rome, together with his two deacons. At Brixia, a city a little weſt of Mediolanum, the perſecution raged with extreme violence. In all places, the Nazarenes diſplayed ſuch patience and even triumph under torments, that a certain Pagan, named *Calocericus*, filled with admiration, exclaimed with involuntary ecſtacy, "*O great is the God of the Chriſtians!*" and for this imprudence he was inſtantly doomed to the like fate.

At length, when Hadrian was at Athens, he was induced to liſten to Quadratus, a biſhop of that great city; who addreſſed to him an eloquent and learned apology for the Nazarenes: and, at the ſame time, the philoſopher Ariſtides ſent to the Emperor a maſterly Epiſtle in their behalf. My late maſter Granianus alſo interfered,—and with him ſome others,—ſo that Hadrian (who really poſſeſſed a deeply reflecting mind) became friendly to the Nazarenes, and cauſed the perſecution to ceaſe: and ſome have ſaid that he even deſired to enrol the Chriſtus among the gods of Rome! This,

however, is probably not true; for, a short time thereafter, Hadrian still seemed to confound Christians with the Jews: the latter had again rebelled,—whereupon the Emperor showed no respect for the Christians, in having ordered a statue of Jupiter to be erected upon the spot where the Nazarene is fabled to have arisen from the dead; and he likewise placed upon Mount Calvary a statue of Venus!

Travels of Hadrian.

The travels of the Emperor Hadrian are far too extensive for me to record with any detail: suffice it, then, to state that he passed first into *Gaul;* where he made a lustration, and examined with care the chief cities, and the fortifications. He thence proceeded into *Germany*,—where he reformed the legions, and gave to the army his own example of a soldier's hardy life. The Emperor next visited *Britain;* and there corrected many abuses that had crept in, since the time of the illustrious Agricola. To secure the Romans against the incursions of those fierce people in the northern part of the island, who are called Scotti and Picti, he built a stupendous earthen wall, said to be twenty parasangs in length, reaching from a great Western estuary and *Axellodunum*, to the mouth of the river Tina, near to the town of *Segedunum*, on the eastern sea.* [A. D. 120.]

Journeying once more through Gaul, the Emperor reached Spain, where he convened a provincial council, in the city of Taragon: there his life was greatly endangered by a man, who rushed upon him with a drawn sword, whilst sauntering in a garden. Hadrian instantly disarmed him; and the guards supposed there would be an order for his immediate death,—but the Emperor quietly sent for his physician, and said, "*this man needs to be bled:*" for, as I suppose, Hadrian at once perceived some malady in his wits.

The whole Western Empire being thus passed over by Hadrian, he returned to Rome: but, soon thereafter thinking that, like the Sun, Rome's monarch should diffuse his light and heat through all the regions and corners of his Empire, he early departed from the City, for a like survey of all his Eastern provinces. The winter was spent by him in Athens,—where he received more favourable impressions as to the Nazarenes: from thence he passed into Sicily, and visited the burning Ætna—then into Africa, where he rebuilt Carthage, a city of great renown destroyed by the Romans, about two hundred, seventy and seven years before Hadrian's order: and this new city he called *Hadrianople*. Great may be the power of

* This wall extended from Solway Firth to the mouth of the Tyne, a little below North Shields, across the Island, through the counties of Cumberland and Northumberland. The good Rabbi seems somewhat at a loss for a name to the estuary, as was natural enough at that time—A. D. 120.

Rome's Emperor to rebuild, and to confer new names—but greater yet is the glory of Carthage even in ruins, than Hadrianople though in palaces—and Iſaac will not marvel ſhould the former triumph for ever over the latter.

And now, in this ſame year, Hadrian returned to Rome, for the fifth time in a number of years; during all of which his travels were moſt extenſive: and again, at this time, Rome retained him but a few days,—and next is he ſeen on his journey to the Eaſt, viſiting the Leſſer Aſia—Syria—Paleſtine, and portions of Arabia,—receiving and communing with kings, tetrarchs, ambaſſadors and meſſengers of all thoſe countries, and divers others. To the king of Parthia, he freely ſent back that captive daughter, whom Trajan had made his own in the late war. This generous act cauſed very many to viſit Hadrian, who otherwiſe might have had ſome fears; and they laviſhed upon him unmeaſured honours.

The Emperor then gave orders for the rebuilding of ſome parts of our holy JERUSALEM; but to which he would impiouſly give a new name!—and, ſtill more impiouſly, a few years thereafter he erected a temple on Mount Moriah to Jupiter Capitolinus—which firſt order was given in the fifty-ninth year after the city's deſtruction under Titus, and in the fourteenth year of Hadrian's reign. [A. D. 131—135.]

Honours paid to Antinöus.

In the ſame fourteenth year of Hadrian, the Emperor was once more in Egypt,—where he cauſed a ſplendid monument to be erected over the decayed tomb of the great Pompey; and there he alſo deeply mourned over the death of that wonderful youth ANTINOÜS—whoſe beauty has noiſed his fame over the world, and which Hadrian ſeems reſolved ſhall never periſh. The ſtory of this Bithynian prodigy of ſuperhuman grace and lovelineſs, is more marvellous than, perhaps, any other recorded in all preceding times! My eyes once reſted upon that wonder of human elegance—that perfection of manly, feminine, and youthful beauty combined; and ſuch as I then beheld him aſſures me, that the Creator of all things may ſometimes depart from his almoſt inflexible rule,—which is, always to permit the preſence of ſome one or more imperfections, though in the midſt of a crowd of ſhining excellences! and this may be deſigned only to make the contraſt the more ſtriking,—and alſo to teach man that God alone is perfect, or without a blemiſh,—and that ſin, in this world, hath brought into all nature ſome viſible defect. Be this as it may, exquiſite beauty is ſeldom if ever found in nature; and, artificially, can ſpring only from a harmonious concentration of all that hath been obſerved to be perfect. Nature hath avoided that concentration in the human form, and, indeed, in moſt of her works; but the ſculptor's art may ſometimes impart to lifeleſs marble forms more

perfect in the outline, than the Creator hath ever vouchsafed to man, beast, bird, or flower!

In this surprising youth, however, just twenty years of age, when my delighted eyes reposed on him, I found all that the mind can fancy in the harmonious blendings of form—complexion—expression—health—and grace of motion!

Now, it so happened, that, when the Emperor was in Upper Egypt, he came to the city of Abydos, where is the oracle of the famed Besa, whom the Egyptians greatly reverence. On consulting that oracle, as was Hadrian's superstitious practice, he was amazed and grieved to be informed that he, his whole court, and his army then around him, were in imminent peril,—and that this could be averted only by the immolation of some one most dear to him, and by whom he was equally beloved! All knew, at once, to whom the oracle alluded; and Antinoüs was not slow in earnestly offering himself as the appointed victim! The sacrifice was mournfully and wickedly (because superstitiously) accepted by Hadrian; and the generous, the supremely beautiful youth hastened to the summit of a lofty rock, and thence precipitated himself into the deep waters of the Nile!

The Emperor was deeply grieved, nay inconsolable; and all that a mortal could do to honour a favourite's memory, and to efface his own odious and double crime, was promptly done. There he built a goodly city,—which, in honour of the victim, he called Antinoë, or Antinopolis; and this he embellished with beautiful temples—forums—porticoes—groves—fountains—grottoes, and with every rare and lovely production of nature and of art! Hadrian also instituted games and sacrifices to his memory; and everywhere were raised many statues, in marble, porphyry, and bronze, to immortalize the name of Antinoüs,—all being executed by the most famous of the Grecian artists,—and such statues were ordered to be regarded as sacred.

The two principal streets of the new city, now one of the most delightful in the world, are filled with palaces,—along which, on both sides, is a roofed colonnade of lofty Corinthian pillars; and under these, how often did I love to join the people in their long and shaded walk, that extended from gate to gate at either end; and when there, to admire their solidity and great magnificence! And yet so it was, Antinöe, with all of its crowd of splendours and tasteful embellishments, satisfied not the tender and deep-seated sorrow of Hadrian for the loss of his Antinoüs! And hence was it that he influenced the Greeks to place his Favourite among the Immortal Gods! and soon thereafter, the Astrologers gave out that they had discovered a new Constellation, and that Antinoüs had now been changed into a Star!

Rabbi Iſaac's Narrative.

The whole Eaſt was ſoon filled with temples, chapels, and ſtatues, dedicated to his memory—oracles were uttered in them, as proceeding from Antinoüs: and, at Antinoë, the gorgeous mauſoleum erected over his remains is, even now, reſorted to, under the faith that many wonderful miracles are there wrought! Rome, alſo, is now filled with ſtatues, buſts, and other devices, in honour of that matchleſs youth; and, in whatever form he is preſented, the chiſel has not failed to exhauſt its reſources in making him, as he was, the loveliеſt of mortals. Oh, the ſupreme infatuation, the unutterable wickedneſs of the pagan heart and mind! When will theſe Heathens learn that man is but duſt—vile and periſhable, however lovely and perfect in form, or even luſtrous in intellect, the man may be; and when will the Pagan know that the ſoul, though ſteeped in worldly knowledge, and poſſeſſed of great power, is yet moſt odious in the ſight of its Creator, when defaced by ſuch ſins as everywhere abound? But, of ſuch things, Hadrian ſcarce knows more, than any victim offered by him in Mantinea's great temple: for, both the Emperor and Antinoüs, in the eyes of purity, are alike infamous.*

In the twentieth year of Hadrian, who then was again at Athens,

* It is conjectured that the Roman Empire once contained nearly as many ſtatues and buſts of this famous youth Antinoüs, as of the goddeſs Venus—though her's was the fame of more than a thouſand years, and in all the nations! Some of thoſe ſtatues, buſts, and relievos are ſtill extant,—the moſt noted of which are the Belvidere Antinoüs of the *Vatican*—diſcovered in the XVIth century upon the Eſqueline hill—that of the *Capitol*, and laſtly, the one at the *Villa Albani*.

The Antinoüs of the Vatican has been doubted; and ſometimes is called, though erroneouſly, a Meleager; but its reſemblance to all the other memorials of the famed youth has probably ſettled the queſtion. It is indeed an exquiſite ſtatue, though deficient in the right arm, and in the left hand; but is without the ſlighteſt blemiſh in other reſpects. The Antinoüs of the Capitol is very different,—being an unnatural combination of the Egyptian and Grecian ſtyles, owing to the peculiar taſte that ſo greatly vitiated Hadrian's judgment in things of art, after, what may be called, his Egyptian monomania! It is ſuppoſed that this ſtatue was, at firſt, compoſed of a ſolid block, (alſo after the manner of ſome Egyptian ſculptors,) wrought upon, to a certain extent, by one artiſt,—and then ſawed in twain; after which they were carefully elaborated by diſtinct maſters, and then again united!

The *baſſo-relievo* of Antinoüs, at the Alban Villa, is very noble: and alſo the buſt of him in the Farneſi Palace, as likewiſe that formerly in the Palazzo Juſtiniani, are valuable delineations in confirmation of the features of the remarkable victim. That Hadrian was poſſeſſed of great talents, and of large acquirements, is not to be doubted: but the accuracy and delicacy of his taſte may juſtly be queſtioned, perhaps firmly denied. And, though Roman taſte had greatly declined at that time, Hadrian himſelf muſt have been largely inſtrumental in that decadence, judging from various works, the reſult of his ſpecial care, and from ſome other circumſtances,—among the reſt, that he would have ſuppreſſed Homer, and have ſupplied his place by Antimachus, an impoveriſhed Greek poet, then, and ſince, of no reputation!

The Jews again rebel.

a dreadful rebellion of my countrymen once more broke out in Judea. The firſt cauſe of this war was, that the Pagan and Chriſtian worſhippers in the New City, called *Elia*, had certain privileges denied to the Jews: but the greater cauſe was, that the minds of the people were much inflamed by that great deceiver *Barcochaba;* who, aſſuming to be the "*Star*" foretold by Balaam, ſaid to be now the true Meſſiah, came forth with vaſt power, and with kingly magnificence; and promiſed great things to our deluded and Meſſiah-ſeeking people! This terrific rebellion endured more than two years, during which Iſrael loſt fifty of her ſtrongeſt cities—alſo nearly one thouſand of her towns and villages—and more than one million of her people! Theſe complicated miſeries, ſo ſoon following upon thoſe which happened ſo lately under Trajan and Hadrian, have laid Iſrael low in the duſt—never more to riſe, till the time of the Gentiles ſhall be indeed accompliſhed! Then will the true Emanuel come—then will Meſſias ſhine in his promiſed glories, cauſing Iſrael to forget all her ſorrows. Oh! may we, in the mean while, learn wiſdom—and may we have no more of thoſe wicked and miſchievous *pretenders* to the divine miſſion!

In that ſad war was our land (or rather, that which once was ours) laid utterly waſte—every Jew was driven out of Judea—Elia Capitolinus, then but four years old, ſank as low, as did Jeruſalem, after ſhe had flouriſhed, as the world's glory, during more than two thouſand years! Wolves and hyænas ſoon roamed all around the impious Elia; the *plough-ſhare* hath turned up the Temple's cloiſters—and Hadrian's magnificence, forced upon that holy ground, could be now ſeen only from afar. [A. D. 136, the 20th year of Hadrian's reign.]

But theſe Nazarenes are ſurely growing apace—Abraham's ſeed, though ſtill numerous, muſt hide their heads: and ſhall this New Faith be ſeated, after a time, even upon the grounds where the God of Iſrael ſeems now to forbid this Elia to be planted! Will *they* revive Jeruſalem, and poſſeſs it, until, in ſome after ages, Iſrael ſhall be once more recalled? It ſo may be! Oh, how doth this thought of Jacob's long degradation now preſs upon the ſoul of Rabbi Iſaac!—and yet, well am I aſſured that our City of Melchizedec would be more fitly in the keeping of thoſe *Chriſtians*, than in that of Roman Pagans, or of any other faith, ſave that of Abraham's offſpring.

Death of Hadrian.

In the laſt month of the twenty-firſt year of Hadrian's reign, he lay dangerouſly ill at *Baiæ*, near Neapolis; and his end ſeems to have been as miſerable, as his life had been glorious, in the Pagan opinion. The diſeaſed emperor's tortures were ſo extreme, that he urged his attendants to deſtroy

him. His phyſicians adviſed him, at length, to abſtain from all ſuſtenance; and ſoon after, upon finding himſelf in the arms of death, he ſeveral times ſcowled upon his attendants and ſaid, "*a crowd of phyſicians will but kill the Emperor:*" and then muſing upon his condition, he indulged for a ſhort time his uſual poetical vein, and apoſtrophiſed his ſoul in theſe few lines.

"Animula! vagula, blandula,
Hoſpes comeſque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca—
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut ſoles, dabis jocos."

"*My little, lonely, fluttering ſoul!—the body's hoſt and cheriſhed companion—whither now wouldſt thou go—ſo pale, and trembling, and naked?—no more, as was thy wont, wilt thou in jibes indulge!*"——
And theſe were the expiring words of Hadrian! *

* The proſe tranſlation now given by Cartaphilus, from that of Rabbi Iſaac, of theſe celebrated lines uttered by the dying Emperor, can ſcarce be ſaid to breathe any portion of the delicate ſpirit ſo univerſally attributed to them in the Latin original. This, indeed, may be neceſſarily incident to any proſe, or even poetic rendering. Every verſion we have ſeen, in various languages, is deficient in the purity and ſententiouſneſs that are *ſaid* to mark the Latin verſe. The poetic renderings by *Prior* and *Pope* are, perhaps, the beſt extant: and, of the two, the reader, we preſume, will give the palm to that of Prior. Both, perhaps, are as cloſe to the original, in ſpirit and words, as can well be attained,—and yet with that weakening amplification, ſo unavoidable from the difference of the two languages.

"Poor little, pretty, fluttering Thing!
Muſt we no longer live together?
And doſt thou prune thy trembling wing
To take thy flight, thou know'ſt not whither?
Thy humorous vein, thy pleaſing folly
Lies all neglected, all forgot:
And penſive, wav'ring melancholy,
Thou dream'ſt, and hop'ſt, thou know'ſt not what!"—PRIOR.

"Ah fleeting Spirit! wandering fire
That long has warm'd my tender breaſt!
Muſt thou no more this frame inſpire—
No more a pleaſing cheerful gueſt?
Whither, ah whither art thou flying,—
To what dark undiſcover'd ſhore?
Thou ſeem'ſt all trembling, ſhiv'ring, dying,
And wit and humour are no more."—POPE.

Lord Byron's Tranſlation is faithful, but we think not ſo pleaſing as either of the foregoing.

"Ah! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring ſprite,
Friend and aſſociate of this clay!

Iſaac's Opinion of the Emperor.

Great is the fame of Hadrian; and loud are the praiſes beſtowed on him for learning, taſte, and munificence, as diſplayed in his truly magnificent public works, in various cities, and eſpecially at his Villa. But, had that emperor never erected any other edifice, than his gorgeous, and incomparable Temple of *Venus and Rome*, on the Via Sacra, cloſe by the Flavian, he had need done no more for eternal renown in that way. But, if the fame of Hadrian's great works ſhall brightly tranſmit him to a remote poſterity, will not the infamy of his cruelties likewiſe paſs down the ſame long ſtream of time? The Temple, I have named, is indeed moſt lovely—yet, was not his dealing with the artiſt who built it, (but who innocently ventured to point out ſome fault in the emperor's plan of that temple,) a moſt heartleſs and foul murder? Truly, the tyrant, whoſe Laws and Penates were the mere baubles of his own mad fancies, and whoſe Supreme God was of ſuch metal, ivory, or wood, as he had ſelected, and on whoſe cruelties there were no ſuch reins as thoſe that Iſrael knows, might eaſily be both monſter and madman, amidſt all the luſtre of his other doings! And, if Hadrian, in that diabolic act of ſuddenly ſlaying his architect, were crazed by ſome ungovernable paſſion at the moment,—even that poor excuſe would ſerve him not in the matter of his excellent wife,—for her he *deliberately poiſoned*—adding to that careful murder the blackeſt ingratitude; for that wife had been the chiefeſt ſource of his power, and of all his worldly greatneſs! *

MARCUS ANTONINUS PIUS.

When this great and excellent emperor came to the throne, in

To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou now wing thy diſtant flight?
No more with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerleſs, and forlorn."—BYRON.

On the whole, however, the Editor has never been able to appreciate the original to the extent of its known celebrity.

* The architect, here alluded to by the Rabbi Iſaac, was the ſame *Apollodorus* who, in Trajan's reign, was ſo diſtinguiſhed as the builder of the great Forum in honour of that Emperor,—and alſo of the bridge over the Danube—the greateſt work of the age. But Apollodorus had the misfortune to be enviouſly regarded by Hadrian as his rival in architecture, the Emperor having furniſhed the beautiful plan of the temple of Venus and Rome, ſo much and juſtly praiſed by the politic artiſts of the day—but unhappily, ſomewhat found fault with by Apollodorus! The Rabbi, however, is probably miſtaken in ſtating the death of the architect as being ſuddenly ordered by Hadrian, in a fit of jealous paſſion: it appears that the too candid opinion of Apollodorus had only then cauſed his exile: but what induced Hadrian ſubſequently to order his death—and under what circumſtances inflicted, are probably little, if at all known.

the fiftieth year of his age, my own was but twenty-four. I had ſeen him at Smyrna, when he was Proconſul under the Emperor Hadrian. Antoninus then lodged with a celebrated Sophiſt, whoſe ſtrange humour it was to requeſt the Proconſul to retire from his houſe at night, though the hoſpitalities of the day were the moſt generous! Some years after this, the Sophiſt viſited Rome, and was received at the Imperial palace of Antoninus, in the moſt courteous way,—who ſmilingly ſaid to him, "I pray thee to uſe this palace as thine own, and be not uneaſy, when *night* cometh, as to thy need of ſeeking a lodging elſewhere!"

Antoninus poſſeſſed all the mild virtues of Trajan, with nearly the acquirements of Hadrian, and none of the vices of either. He eminently merited the ſurname of *Pius*, conferred on him by the Senate; for never did man cheriſh a more gentle temper,—never was one better entitled to be called the "*Father of Virtues*." The graces of his perſon, moreover, correſponded with thoſe of his mind: and his eloquence was of ſo high an order that he never ſpoke without winning the heart, as well as underſtanding. Unlike Hadrian, he loved not travel; but thought he better could ſerve the empire by never quitting Rome.

The Empreſs Fauſtina.

The domeſtic peace of Antoninus was much diſturbed by his empreſs Fauſtina; who, though gifted with talents and great beauty, devoted them more to others, than to her huſband; and in ſuch debaucheries, ſhe was imitated by her daughter of the ſame name, who was wedded to Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, his ſucceſſor. The Empreſs, however, died in the third year of his reign: whereupon the pious Emperor, oblivious of her great faults, erected to her memory that beautiful Temple in the Forum, on the Via Sacra, near the Forum of Cæſar: and ſtatues of gold and of ſilver, as alſo games, were erected and inſtituted to her memory. It is, however, ſuppoſed by ſome, that all theſe were the doings of the Senate, more out of regard for the Emperor, than for the deceaſed: and ſo the inſcription on the frieze may be interpreted, which ſeems to be the act of the Senate, and in honour of the living, as well as of the dead.

DIVO. ANTONIO. ET
DIVÆ. FAUSTINÆ. EX. S. C.

This temple riſes in great majeſty from the Via Sacra, by a flight of twenty-one marble ſteps. The portico has ten Corinthian columns, of about forty-three Roman feet in height. The ornaments upon the frieze are rich, and of various devices,—as griffins, candelabra, &c.*

* Another doubt has been expreſſed as to this Temple: ſome believing it was

Justin's Apology for the Christians.

About this time, an unauthorized persecution of the Christians broke out in some of the provinces; which was promptly followed by an able Apology for them, written by Justin, formerly a Stoic, then a Peripatetic, next a Pythagorean, afterwards a Platonist: but finding no repose in the doctrines of any of the philosophers, he became a devoted and exemplary Christian. Born at Sichem in Samaria, Justin, after all these changes, arrived in Rome, filled with zeal against all opposed to his faith, and with confidence in Antoninus Pius, that the Apology, so specially addressed to him, would at least cause the good emperor to allow none to be molested but the *active* or more turbulent among the Christians,—for the punishment inflicted on a class —a family—a *name*, was always ruthless cruelty, and often causeless murder. It seems that a short time before this persecution broke out, a commotion was raised against the Nazarenes as the supposed cause of the recent earthquake! and the people finding that the magistrates had lately decided that under Hadrian's law, the mere name of Christian, or the quiet holding of that faith, was no crime they would take cognizance of, brought forward a new accusation, and insisted that Christianity was *atheism*, or in connexion with some *evil spirit*, that caused earthquakes and other mischiefs! But, with the merciful and enlightened Antoninus, no defence against such charges was needed—he knew them to be a harmless people, save that their faith could not but interfere with that in all the Heathen temples. Justin's vindication, therefore, fell upon a good soil,—and, not only did it remove such errors and prejudices as still had remained, but planted some new feelings in the emperor's mind. Antoninus then addressed a Letter prohibitory of further persecution; and admits that Christians triumph over their foes, by that ready submission even to death, which manifests their sincerity; and further, that, if any shall molest them merely because of their name and faith, their accusers shall be punished, and the accused be promptly discharged.

Antoninus was also a great patron of all the arts, and of all learned men; and his exalted liberality, as well as refined taste, are manifested in those really wonderful *havens* built by him at Terracina, and at Cajeta; also in the aqueducts at Antium—the baths at

raised to the memory of their successors M. A. Antoninus, and his wife Faustina; and of this opinion is Nibby, a celebrated modern antiquarian; but, as we think, without any just grounds. The temple is yet in tolerable preservation; but has suffered by various conflagrations, and by mutilations,—and probably by earthquakes. The Via Sacra, also, has been so filled up by the débris of the City, that there is now no flight of steps. It also has been converted into a church, under the name of *S. Lorenzo in Miranda*; but is far better known by its ancient name.

Oſtia—the temples at Lavinium,—and particularly, in the beautiful one juſt finiſhed in the Campus Martius. The *cella* within that temple is ſuſtained by eighteen magnificent Corinthian pillars; and the noble architrave in its front and rear, as alſo on the ſides, is ſupported, each by fifteen columns—making in all ſixty,—which give to the edifice a moſt impoſing effect.*

Antoninus Pius died in the 75th year of his age, and in the 23rd year of his reign, deeply lamented by the whole empire: for all admit that "*he never did any thing raſhly in his youth—never any thing negligently in his old age!*" *Death of the Emperor,* A. D. 161.

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS PHILOSOPHOS, AND LUCIUS VERUS.

And now, for the firſt time, we find the empire governed by two ſovereigns!—a delicate experiment, and one that occaſioned no little ſurpriſe,—as the choice of a ruler is more often ſignalized by cruel jealouſies and the ſhedding of blood, than voluntarily ſhared by him who could eaſily have retained all.

It was, however, the misfortune of this *ſeventeenth*, and perhaps on the whole, beſt of all the emperors, to unite his brother with him in the empire—for never were brothers more unlike each other,—the one, as profound and pious a philoſopher, as a heathen can well be—the other a reckleſs, wicked, and vain-glorious debauchee. Rome endured very many miſeries during their joint reign, of about nine years; and, as the conſequence of that union, many afterwards. And, had it not been for the ſupreme wiſdom of Aurelius, the empire muſt have ſunk under its misfortunes.

During the abſence of Verus in the Eaſt, (whoſe Lieutenants ſucceſsfully fought his battles, whilſt his exceſſes at Daphnè amazed even the Voluptuaries of thoſe much famed groves,) Antoninus Philoſophos was worthily occupied in promoting a moſt enlightened public adminiſtration.

The firſt care of Antoninus was for the Senatorial wiſdom,

* A portion of this great temple remains; and is ſtill the admiration of all beholders. Eleven of the fifteen pillars in front are in tolerable preſervation, and the whole of the maſſive architecture that repoſed on them. The columns have ſuffered by conflagration in the early centuries. The intercolumniations being filled up, and other additions and repairs made, give to this portion of the ancient temple an impoſing appearance; and the building in that form is now the Cuſtoms' Houſe! It is ſituate in that part of modern Rome called *Piazza di Pietra*. The number of columns aſſigned to this temple by the Rabbi Iſaac confirms, on this ſubject, the opinion of Palladio.

His political Wisdom and Justice.

dignity, and justice,—wisely judging that no nation should be governed by one man; and that safety may only be found where there are many independent and enlightened counsellors, such as he much desired that Roman Senators ever should be. His next solicitude was as to the choice of governors and magistrates, even to the most inferior,—also soundly judging therein that the people's happiness more largely depends upon the wisdom and mercy with which subordinate offices are discharged, than upon those of much superior rank,—for these, comparatively, reach but the few: and are too much under the eye of intelligent vigilance, and selfish interest, to be much neglected, or grossly violated; and lastly, his golden rule was, to be faithful to his *word*,—and that a wise prince must sacredly respect every public obligation, though followed by heavy sacrifices of his personal interests. But unhappily, as, in a luxuriant valley filled with nature's loveliness, we sometimes find a foul and boggy spot, as offensive to the eye, as is a verdant oasis grateful to it when encountered in a desert, so was it in the mind (though not in the heart) of Philosophos, when we were compelled there to witness the odious stain of *superstition!*—for that, if not restrained, may spread as wide a ruin as intentional crime.

Martyrdom of Justin—his Works.

The first apology of Justin for the Nazarenes was scarce needed for *Antoninus Pius*, but afterwards was more than needed for *Antoninus Philosophus!* Both were pious; but the latter, with no more zeal for his gods than the former, understood not the nature of divinity as well. Justin had embraced Christianity late in the reign of Hadrian; [A.D. 132] and, besides his "Apology," addressed to the first Antoninus, he had written against Marcion, a heretical Christian, and son of the bishop of Pontus. He likewise wrote certain Dialogues with Tripho, a distinguished Jew of Ephesus, respecting his views of the true Messiah. Now, when Justin came to Rome, it was his misfortune to have many angry disputes with the notorious *Crescens*, a most violent and cruel Cynic; which occasioned him to publish his second Apology; and this he presented to Philosophos, in the second year of that reign.

Crescens became greatly enraged at this; and seemed resolved to destroy the zealous Justin; and hence he accused him, not of Christianity, but of Impiety against the Pagan gods—which was much urged upon the too superstitious Emperor; and, perhaps, when his mind was greatly disturbed concerning the then recent earthquake in Asia, ascribed to Christian influences!—a matter also firmly believed in, or wickedly used, by the Asiatic persecutors! Crescens, the infamous, became in this the victor: Philosophos, in the fourth year of his reign, and afterwards, blotted out much of

his glory; for Juſtin, in the 75th year of his age, was beheaded! [A.D. 164.]

In the Eaſt, victory continued to crown the Roman arms. *Artaxata*, of Armenia, was taken, alſo *Seleucia*;— *Verus returns to Rome in triumph* —dies, A.D. 170. *Babylon* and *Cteſiphon* were burnt, and yielded to the army an immenſe plunder: but famine and ſickneſs came, and reduced them greatly. Verus had there continued to indulge in exceſſive and even brutal diſſipations; but the tender regard of Philoſophos towards his brother was ſuch, that he diſpatched his own daughter *Lucilla* into Syria, hoping that her marriage with Verus, baſed on their previous betrothment, would reform him! Lucilla, however, though beautiful, was a poor medicament—ſhe being, in truth, as diſſolute as her mother Fauſtina had been: but, it ſeems, that Antoninus Philoſophos knew little of the irregularities of his own wife, and nothing of the character of his daughter.

The ſix Roman commanders, then with Verus, faithfully diſcharged their duty; but their example, and poſſibly their remonſtrances, had no effect upon the voluptuous Emperor, who, during the whole of that four years of war, never once appeared at the head of his army—Daphnè—Antioch—and Laodicea having wholly conquered him! At length, Verus reſolved to return to Rome,—which he did in great triumph!

The return of this infamous Emperor brought with it every ſpecies of calamity, not only to Rome, but to a large portion of the world. His army introduced the plague into all the provinces through which it paſſed—this was followed by dreadful earthquakes —alſo by ſore famine—terrific inundations—and by devouring caterpillars! And, during theſe complicated miſeries, the northern provinces revolted, and even made inroads into Italy. Antoninus haſtened in perſon to the ſcene of rebellion, and quickly ſubdued it: but, on the following year the plague reappeared, and the revolt again broke out in much greater fury and power.

To counteract theſe calamities, in which ſupernal powers now ſeemed united with man to overwhelm the Empire, Antoninus had exhauſted every means that could be deviſed by the wiſeſt. Everywhere, the prieſts was directed to be unſparing of ſacrifices to the gods; and every ſacred foreign ceremonial pleaſing to the gods of other countries were ſought after, and in vain adopted. At length, the fatal ſuperſtition, as to the Nazarenes, again took poſſeſſion of the mind of Antoninus, and of the multitude; the numerous evils they were enduring were imputed to thoſe really unoffending people, who lamented over the woes of the empire as ſincerely as did the Pagans: but the fatal decree had gone forth; and, in the ſeventh year of the *The Fourth Perſecution.*

reign of Antoninus Philoſophos, and the 920th ſince the building of Rome, commenced that great *Fourth Perſecution*, which raged with unexampled violence during more than ſeven years!

How far Lucius Verus may have inſtigated the Emperor to this fierce perſecution may not be fully known: but the ſounder opinion, as it ſeems to me, is that Verus was the chief, if not the ſole cauſe of the decree, and eſpecially of the fury and perſeverance with which it was executed. He had juſt returned from Aſia, where hatred towards the Nazarenes was exceſſive, from the idle notion, ſo prevalent with the multitude, that even the elements were controlled by that people! The virtuous and truly wiſe adminiſtration of Philoſophos would not have been thus perverted, but for the influences which Verus ſtill retained over the Emperor: and how the virtues of an Aurelius may be blended with the actions of a Nero or a Domitian, can only be explained by that weak ſuperſtition that cauſed him to believe he was doing the gods a ſervice, by exterminating thoſe whom he imagined were magicians, working by the power of evil ſpirits! It has been the occupation of my prolonged life, and during my extenſive travels and much reading, to *ſtudy man* in all the nations: and, how often have I found that *philoſophers* may be wiſe and learned and kind on all ſubjects ſave Religion! With the Jewiſh, Chriſtian, and Pagan multitudes, throughout all the nations, I have much communed, and ever with that kindneſs towards them all, which was the firſt leſſon I received from Granianus, at the moment I became a freedman at his hands. I have carefully obſerved them in all lands, in their knowledges, their philoſophy, and in their religion. I have alſo ſeen man in his moſt refined, as well as in his moſt barbarous conditions: the Jew I have ſeen enraged to madneſs againſt the Chriſtian and the Heathen: the Sabæans and the Magi of Arabia I have beheld in controverſies with each other, more fierce than thoſe of hungry tigers for their prey,—I have converſed with many who were the leading murderers in thoſe terrific ſcenes that deſolated the lovely Cyprus—and I have read of all the horrors of Jotapata, of Tiberias, and of our Holy Jeruſalem in the days of Titus; and alſo of Maſada, Gamalà, and of all Judea, in thoſe memorable days,—and likewiſe I have witneſſed no little of the cruelties practiſed in divers other wars of my own times,—and in each and all of theſe, never have I failed to find that Superſtition, the Fear of the gods, the Dread of Devils, and Ignorance of the only true God, have been a more abundant ſource of theſe evils to man, than all the ambition, the avarice, and the other fountains of wickedneſs known to our race! The perſecutions waged againſt thoſe unoffending Nazarenes, and ſometimes againſt the ſtill leſs offending Iſraelites, have ſhown to me the ſuperlative cruelty of man towards his fellows in a far darker

light, than all the combined ferocity I have ever known practiſed from other cauſes! Oh, thou God of Abraham, and Maſter of our maſter Moſes! whence cometh this fury of man in this matter of religion—why have Lucifer and Moloch, and all the Powers of Gehennom been let looſe, to make thy glorious creation ſo like their own—dread abodes?

Rabbi Iſaac's opinion of the Primitive Chriſtians.

Though a Jew, my ſoul can find no fault with the *heart* of theſe deluded "*Brethren*"—"*Diſciples*"—"*Believers*" "*Nazarenes*"—"*Chriſtians*"—"*Saints*"—or by whatever other name called at any time: their deep faith can be no more ſhaken than the eternal hills!—their morals are as pure as the limpid ſtreams that once flowed from Judea's fountains—and their "*crime*" ſurely is not the impiety, or the atheiſm, or the magical conſortings with devils, that ſo often and long have been imputed to them!—but, to the Romans, it is only that theſe people are *not* idolaters like themſelves; and to the Jews, that they worſhip this Chriſtus, *as well as* the God of Abraham! If this be worthy of perſecution and of death, it is more at the hands of the Jew, than of the Gentile:—but ſurely, no crime ſo deep againſt Heaven can it be, as to demand the torturing vengeance of ſo fallible a creature as man: "*Vengeance is mine*," ſaith the God of Abraham: and, moreover, theſe Nazarenes have ever been feared for their good—not their evil deeds.

Horrors of the Fourth Perſecution.

It has been my miſery to ſee much of all theſe terrific perſecutions, and, though no whit the leſs a Jew thereby, I have become ſtill more faithful to the promiſe made by me, in early youth, to my kind maſter Granianus. How often have I loathed my countrymen, when they were found exulting as demons over the tortures inflicted on the much vilified diſciples of Calvary's Victim! How often have I ſhuddered on beholding the artful contrivances for diabolic tortures—the many ingenious inſtruments of death—the mechanical devices to produce the largeſt amount of lingering pain! and all theſe often on the bodies of venerable old age, of youthful luſtihood, of infantile innocence, of wonderful female lovelineſs,—and ſo often diſſolving likewiſe the holieſt and tendereſt relations of life, and conſigning all ſexes, ages, and conditions to ſome rude and ſhallow ditch as their mingled graves,—and ſometimes without even that degrading ſepulture—yea, utterly tombleſs!

I have ſeen them caſt to wild beaſts—ſome compelled to walk with naked feet over thorns and nails—others were flayed alive, or ſcourged till their veins and ſinews were laid bare! I have gazed on them while burning over ſlow fires, or thrown from lofty precipices, or preſſed to death with heavy weights. I have beheld them tortured by plates of red-hot braſs, applied to the tendereſt parts of

the body! I have seen them seated on iron chairs, so heated as to broil their flesh! Some were sewed up in nets, and then fastened to the horns of wild bulls—others were torn to pieces by iron hooks and scrapers—some again, were cast into burning limekilns; and some placed in the earth, waist high, till they were starved to death! And yet, oh how wonderful! never did I witness, or seldom have I heard of any falling off from their faith; nor even any murmur against their savage tormentors!

Martyrdom of St. Polycarp.

Present was I, also, at the martyrdom of Polycarp, the excellent and venerable bishop of Smyrna. Born late in the reign of Nero, he became a Nazarene, and a disciple of that wonderful man named John, who wrote the Book called REVELATION. At the time of his martyrdom, he had been a Christian eighty and six years; and he exceeded the age of one hundred when, in the eighth year of the reign of Philosophos, he was consigned to the flames. [A. D. 169.]

The death of so aged and holy a man moved me deeply; but the conduct, on that occasion, of Israel's sons filled my heart with pangs and loathing; for I found them using towards the dying man hideous and exulting threats—taunting him with their mock groans,—and brutally encouraging those who were attendant upon the fires!

But, if I found in the *aged* Polycarp an almost superhuman firmness when he scorned the counsel of those entreating friends, who would have him save his life by pronouncing only a few words of feeble recantation,—I also saw in the *youthful* Germanicus an equal contempt of death,—for the Proconsul desired greatly to save him by the like means: but the ravenous wild beasts, ready to devour Germanicus, could in no wise appal him; and the youth met them so valiantly, that some of the Pagans, who had come as scoffers, were forced to cry out with exultation to the God of the Nazarenes. And, regardless of consequences, they became converts, and also speedily shared the same fate.*

* It will be perceived that the Rabbi Isaac, in his account of the martyrdom of St. Polycarp, makes no allusion to the miraculous manner in which the flames are said to have encircled the body of Polycarp, without touching him,—and which caused the executioner to pierce him with a sword—whence issued a gush of blood so large as to extinguish the fire! nor yet is any mention made by him of the dove that suddenly appeared, to direct the course of Polycarp to heaven! Nor does the Rabbi confirm the statement as to the delicious odours, as incense, that arose from the Saint's blood amidst the burning faggots! All these, are no doubt, the pious fancies of a misguided church-policy, and the enthusiasm of after ages. And yet, except as to the dove, they are detailed by Eusebius, in a letter quoted by him as from the Church of Smyrna,—and which is said to have been written immediately after the death of Polycarp. Eusebius himself lived only about 150 years after the martyrdom—a period, however, sufficiently

Rabbi Iſaac's Narrative.

About this time died the conceited and infamous Lucius Verus; who, during a reign of nearly nine years, had done nothing worthy of record: and yet this pompous man hath employed more of the ſculptor's art—in ſtatues and buſts of himſelf,—than are to be found of any Roman emperor! [A. D. 170.] *Death of L. Verus.*

The occaſion that had recalled Verus to Rome a ſhort time before his death, was the war with the Northern Barbarians, eſpecially *Marcomanni*. Moſt of the nations, from the ſhores of the Mare Atlanticus even to Illiricum, had united againſt the Empire; and all now agree that this war was one of the greateſt and moſt alarming that Rome has ever ſuſtained. The two emperors were then, for the firſt time, heartily united in their mental and phyſical energies for the ſervice of the State; and, after many difficulties, for a ſhort time, the Barbarians were ſignally defeated,—but with no credit to Verus, who had relapſed into his wonted debaucheries; and died at *Altinum*, in the 39th year of his age,—from whence his body was conveyed with marvellous pomp to Rome, and depoſited in Hadrian's mauſoleum.

Philoſophos was now ſole emperor; and being relieved from the miſchievous counſels, neglects, and diſſoluteneſs of his aſſociate, a new life ſeemed to actuate the ſurvivor,—which was greatly needed, as the Marcomanni were ſoon again in arms, and with them the Quadi, the Vandals, and other barbaric nations.

Moderation, wiſdom, and valour were now the perpetual guides of Philoſophos; but the perſecution of the Chriſtians, unhappily, ſtill continued in the provinces: and all the wiſe counſels and energies of the emperor ſeemed unavailing,—for the Barbarians were victorious—the ſlaughter of the Romans was terrific—and devaſtations were all around them,—Aquileia having been taken, and Italy invaded by the Marcomanni! Philoſophos, however, was not diſmayed: incredible were his exertions, and perſonal ſacrifices, for raiſing the means of conducting the new war: he ordered the ſale of Hadrian's immenſe collection of pearls, of golden and embroidered garments, of ſtatues, paintings, and innumerable other valuables—the ſelections of his long wandering life! The ſale laſted during two months, and raiſed an immenſe ſum: the war was vigorouſly proſecuted—the Emperor was preſent everywhere—the battles

long, and alſo prolific in ſuch pious frauds, to juſtify the refuſal of all credence to the ſtatements, beyond the ſimple detail as given by Rabbi Iſaac.

In the vicinity of Smyrna there is yet to be ſeen, upon an eminence, an ancient caſtle, on which is engraved the Roman eagle,—and cloſe to which caſtle is the tomb of Polycarp. It is ſaid to be venerated and carefully preſerved by all the faiths.

were desperate and bloody, and often very destructive on both sides; but victories perpetually succeeded each other,—the Marcomanni, and the other hordes fled in confusion,—were pursued by Philosophos, and wholly overthrown.

Miraculous preservation of the Melitine Legion.

During that war an extraordinary, if not miraculous event occurred. At one time the Romans were victorious everywhere; but being cunningly drawn into an ambuscade by those wily barbarians known as the *Quadi*, the whole army was so enveloped by barren and almost impassable mountains and ravines, as to be in imminent peril of destruction by thirst. The *Pagan* deities were invoked by every solemnity—but all in vain. At length the *Melitine Legion*, composed in large part of Christians, were permitted to call for succour from *their* God—when lo! prodigious quantities of rain fell; the fainting soldiers held open their parched mouths—filled their helmets and shields with the life-reviving streams,—the dykes were soon overflowing, and the entire Roman army was thus wonderfully preserved! The heavens continued in dreadful commotion; the lightnings flashed terrifically in the faces of the enemy—the hail descended on them with fury, and the thunders crashed around them; but the Roman forces were in repose,—and soon after gained a most decisive and exterminating victory! Such is the account we have from Pagan, as well as from Christian testimony—with this only difference, that, whilst some of the Heathens ascribe the *admitted* miraculous event to the *magic* powers of the Christians, others impute it to the Emperor's own prayers, and give the glory to Jupiter Pluvius!—but the Christians are faithful to the opinion that the marvel came alone from the God whom they serve: and doubtless, of the twain, it must be so. [A.D. 174.]

That a very extraordinary preservation of the Roman forces did take place, and whilst the Barbarians were sorely assailed by the elements, no one questions, nor is it at all denied that the Melitine Legion were mostly, if not wholly, Nazarenes! It is also equally admitted that Philosophos had resorted to many sacrifices, and that the prayers of the Christian Legion were offered up to the God of the New Faith!—and to this, I must now add that the persecution ceased, from that time, in all the provinces more immediately under the Emperor's inspection; and also that the Senate erected to Marcus Aurelius Philosophos (immediately after his return to Rome) a lofty Pillar,—on the summit of which is his Statue: and we now see the figure of *Jupiter Pluvius* placed there, in commemoration of the sudden relief brought to the Roman army; and which, doubtless, came in so marvellous a way, as to force upon the Senate and People a deep conviction of some supernatural agency. But the ways of Abraham's God are often such, that it is as unwise to

magnify the ordinary diſpenſations of his providence into miracles, as it is criminal folly to regard his veritable miracles as the reſults of merely natural cauſes—or of magic—or, far worſe, as the work of ſome evil ſpirit!*

The "Meditations" of Philoſophos.

The deeply philoſophical character of this Emperor is ſhown by the fact that, even during the perils of the Marcomannic war, he found time and inclination for his favourite ſtudies—a portion of his admirable "MEDITATIONS" bearing date in the country of the Quadi,—and afterwards at Carnutum!

This beautiful ſummary of the Stoic philoſophy, and of the wiſe maxims of his experienced and thoughtful life, is in harmony with his general bright and lovely character—which, were it not for his ſevere dealings towards the Nazarenes, would be as perfect as the heart and mind of a Pagan might well be.†

Perſecutions in Gaul.

A year or two paſſed after the termination of the Marcomannic war, when a dreadful perſecution broke out in Gaul, and raged with violence, eſpecially at Lugdunum. *Pothinus*, the venerable biſhop of that city, then ninety years of age,—alſo the deacon *Sanctus*, of Vienna upon the Rhone —and likewiſe *Blandina*, a matron of exalted virtue, together with about fifty others of leſs note, periſhed for religion's ſake. [A. D. 177.] It is, however, but juſtice to the memory of this worthy

* This pillar is ſtill in tolerable preſervation, in what now bears the name of *Piazza di Colonna*. It is ſcarcely 100 feet high, with a diameter of about 13 feet; and, like Trajan's beautiful column, it is crowded with *relievi* that encompaſs the ſhaft in a ſpiral form, from the baſe to the ſummit. The ſculptures, however, are much inferior to thoſe which grace the more famous pillar of Trajan. The mythological repreſentation of Jupiter Pluvius, alluded to by Rabbi Iſaac, ſhows the watery god as extending his right hand over the army, then periſhing with thirſt, and which the god is refreſhing with copious rain,—whilſt, with his left hand, he is repelling their enemies! The ſtatue that crowned the ſummit has been removed, and its place ſupplied by a bronze one of St. Peter! The pillar has ſuffered by lightning, and was otherwiſe greatly damaged by time, and poſſibly by conflagrations. The baſe has been repaired; but the inſcription now ſeen on the pedeſtal, (the work of Pope Sixtus V.) erroneouſly aſcribes the column as being dedicated by Philoſophos to Antoninus Pius! The miſtake of Sixtus has been ſomewhat recently corrected, by the diſcovery of the obeliſk dedicated to Antoninus; and it is now conceded that the pillar called "Antoninus' Column," in the Piazza di Colonna, is the one erected by the Senate to Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Philoſophos,—and that it is the one which records the marvellous preſervation of the Melitine Legion.

† The "Meditations" of this Emperor were tranſlated from the Greek, and publiſhed at Glaſgow in 1764, in two volumes; and again at Bath, in 1792, with notes by R. Graves. It appeared in a French garb, in 1531, under the appropriate title of *Livre Doré*. It is probable theſe Meditations were aſſigned only for his private uſe; and that they never received thoſe final corrections an author is uſed to make, who addreſſes himſelf to the public.

emperor to ſtate, that during the eight preceding years he had been conſtantly abſent from Rome, and from this province, engaged in many haraſſing wars with the Northern nations, and painfully occupied in the Eaſt with the famous rebellion of *Avidius Caſſius*, alſo in the correction of many great abuſes, and no little diſturbed by the extremely diſſolute life of his empreſs Fauſtina,—ſo that the perſecutions in Gaul were, perhaps, wholly unknown to him: and this is the more probable, as his leniency towards Caſſius and the whole family of that *republican*, as alſo towards all the rebel cities that united with him, evince the great mildneſs of Aurelian's tempers,—and that ſuch fierce cruelties as thoſe practiſed towards the Chriſtians would not have been ſanctioned by him. And I muſt again ſtate that Aurelius, during his long abſence, was alſo greatly deceived by the repreſentations of the Pagan magiſtrates, and prieſts; who filled his ears with the monſtrous tales that theſe Nazarenes murder and eat their own offspring!—that they practiſe the moſt inceſtuous impurities,—that, in their ſecret meetings, they blaſpheme the gods—are atheiſts, and are inſidious enemies to the ſtate!

That the philoſophical Aurelius ſhould have liſtened to ſuch marvellous ſtories, without the cloſeſt ſcrutiny, and concerning a people, too, whoſe lives are ſo full of ſelf-denials, and of prayer, was his greateſt fault during a moſt illuſtrious reign; for, however idle the Nazarene faith may be, its diſciples are not enemies of Abraham's God—they are exemplary in their lives, and believe what they practiſe,—nor have I ever ſeen juſt cauſe to think that the God of Iſrael frowns upon them: they indeed ſuffer perſecutions, but ſo have the Jews; and that the Nazarenes have often been greatly favoured cannot be denied—ſeeing that the *fact* is ſo often imputed by the Heathens to the agency of evil ſpirits and of magic!

Aurelius was the firſt who raiſed a temple to the goddeſs of Benefits, although, before that time, nearly every virtue had its temple. The Empire, upon his return to Rome, reſted in profound peace for a time—the Emperor having abandoned his own military trappings, cauſed all his ſoldiers to do the like. None were permitted to appear in Italy but in their gowns,—and he diſtributed to the ſoldiers liberal ſums—forgave to them all debts due to the treaſury for the paſt ſixty years! The Emperor alſo raiſed many ſtatues to thoſe who fell in his wars; he greatly encouraged all learned men; and then retired into the boſom of his own darling philoſophy,—often ſaying, at his villa near Livinum, "*Philoſophy is my own mother—the Court my ſtep-mother.*"

During this ſweet repoſe, he finiſhed his "Meditations;" and ſeemed to revel in the bliſs of his own thoughts. About this time

came a letter to Aurelius, which detailed the great calamity that had juſt befallen Smyrna—in its almoſt total deſtruction by fire, and by an earthquake. The narrative ſo moved the kind emperor that he wept over it; and inſtantly ſent forward a ſum ſufficient to reſtore the city to its former ſplendour! He had previouſly been equally liberal to Epheſus, and to Carthage,—both of which had ſuffered a like calamity.

Death of Philoſophos.

But Aurelius (at that time in the 59th year of his age) was ſuddenly called from his delightful retirement, to all the miſeries of war; for the rebellious Marcomanni were once more in arms! Again at the head of his army, the Emperor fought ſeveral ſucceſsful battles, when he was ſuddenly arreſted by death, at *Vindobona*,* not without the ſuſpicion of having been diſpatched by his phyſicians, to pleaſe his ſon Commodus! [March 17—A. D. 180.]

Thus terminated the life of perhaps the beſt prince that ever ſwayed a ſceptre—his only faults being thoſe of a too confiding nature. Aurelius knew no guile—forgave all enemies to himſelf, unleſs the ſtate ſhould greatly ſuffer by his clemency: his charities were boundleſs—his generoſity noble—his hatred of vice deep,—but his affections were too firm to diſtinctly ſee the vice of thoſe he

* Now erroneouſly called Vienna, in Auſtria,—but Tertullian ſays the death occurred at Sirmich, in Sclavonia,—the ſtronger authorities ſuſtain Rabbi Iſaac: and Cartaphilus rejects the idea of *Vindobona* and Vienna being the ſame place. The Vindobona, here named by the Rabbi, and elſewhere mentioned by Cartaphilus, can ſcarce be ſaid to be the ancient name of *Vienna*, the metropolis of Auſtria,—though doubtleſs that great city was founded in long-after times upon the very ſite of the ſame Pannonian town on Mons Cetius, in which Philoſophos died, and where Caracalla ſojourned for a time, indulging in his characteriſtic follies and diverſions.

It would ſeem that whilſt Vindobona takes its name chiefly from the river, anciently called Vindo, on which it was ſituated, ſo is Vienna now known only as *Wien*. Vindobona, however, being utterly deſtroyed, quite five centuries before Vienna came into exiſtence, the latter city can ſcarce claim the former as its parent, or be at all entitled to its ancient name.

It is well known that St. Leopold, Marquiſs of Auſtria, early in the twelfth century, raiſed a palace for himſelf on Mount Cetius; and that from thence gradually ſpread ſome humble cottages, which in time extended themſelves into a town, and finally into the magnificent city of Vienna! It would ſeem, moreover, that during moſt of the intervening centuries, between the extinction of Vindobona, and the erection by Leopold of his palace, the ſite of Vindobona had grown thickly up with birch trees; and the ſpot, from that circumſtance, had been familiarly known only by the name of Birkhoff,—and even for years after the princely reſidence on the hill had cauſed many of the trees to be felled, for the raiſing of huts and cottages. All this might well have been paſſed over, but that the love of very remote paternity and names does ſometimes lead to grave miſtakes in hiſtory, as well as in geography; which, though the original Chronicles of Cartaphilus amply correct, yet the comparative narrowneſs of our ſelections therefrom would ſeem to demand an occaſional Editorial explanation.

loved,—his valour was great, but discreet—and the death, even of a Verus, was a veil that shut out all remembrance of the wrongs he and the empire had received from him.

The grief at this good Emperor's death was universal; and the honours paid to his memory filled Rome with statues and pictures of the "Good Emperor"—which it was the people's delight to call him. The senate declared all houses sacrilegious that had not some memento of the "Protector and Father of his Country."

Equestrian statue of the Emperor.

If the "Meditations" of this philosophical monarch be a faithful picture of his own virtuous heart, future ages may also contemplate the graces of his person and of his fine expression, in that noble equestrian statue we now see near the dwelling of Annius Verus, the emperor's grandfather. This beautiful statue is of Corinthian brass, gilt with thick leaves of highly burnished gold,—so that, when the bright rays of the sun are upon it, the war-horse and his Imperial rider are shining, as the gorgeous luminary whose rays they reflect! This, of all the equestrian statues to be seen in any land, is the most beautiful: the animal seems in very motion—the Emperor's graceful limbs have the repose of a firmly seated rider, blended with the required action: and, in its gilding, the statue far surpasses all that heretofore has been known in Italy: but, as is so often the case, it is the work of an *Athenian* artist. Wealth can command all things, save genius and virtue—these are the gifts of heaven,—or, if of circumstances, Rome hath never yet manifested either that thorough knowledge of the arts, or those refined virtues, that have so distinguished the land of Pericles and of Plato! In this statue, the Athenian has as skilfully portrayed the admirable externals of this great man, and the mind that ever beamed in his face, as he has also embodied the very spirit and graces of the noblest of all the animals given to man.*

COMMODUS.

The elements frown upon his Birth.

I am not willing to soil my papyrus by recording much as to this *lusus naturæ*—this monster of loathsome wickedness—this hideously compounded human demon,—whose aggregate vices were those of Tiberius and Nero, of Domitian and Caligula and Vitellius combined!

* This statue is now to be seen in the Capitoline Square. It was excavated from near the *Scala Santa*—that probably being the spot where it was first placed, near the residence of Annius Verus, as stated by Rabbi Isaac. After it was brought to light, it had been much neglected, until the year 1471; when Sixtus IV. placed it before the Church of St. John Lateran; where it remained until Paul III. in the year 1538, removed it to where it now stands. The gilding has almost wholly disappeared; but may yet be recognized in the mane, and in a few other places. In all other respects it is in perfect preservation,

Rabbi Iſaac's Narrative.

An unnatural cruelty, voluptuouſneſs, and other diſguſting vices, ſuch as Commodus manifeſted from early youth, ſeem to have cauſed the very elements to recoil in anticipation of his natal hour, and of the diabolic career he ſhould purſue,—for it is related, and upon no doubtful authority, that at his birth (juſt nineteen years before he reached the throne) the parturition was ſignalized by many wonderful diſorders in nature, and by many other deplorable calamities! On the day of his birth, the Tiber ſwelled ſuddenly; and ſo great was the inundation, that half of Rome was overflowed—multitudes of people and of cattle were deſtroyed—houſes were torn down, and the ſurrounding country was ſo devaſtated, that many periſhed by the famine that enſued! Then came the earthquake; peſtilence ſoon followed; and this was accompanied by myriads of noiſome and deſtructive inſects; the conflagration of ſeveral cities early added to the miſery,—and laſtly, the whole world ſeemed filled with rumours of war; which ſoon thereafter broke out in dangerous rebellions, and nearly at the ſame time in many of the provinces! All of theſe fearful calamities failed not to make a deep and melancholy impreſſion upon the mind of his virtuous father; who, when Commodus had reached only his fifteenth year, ſaid to ſome of his friends, "*I much fear the Roman Empire will ſcarce be large enough to contain the vices of my ſon Commodus!*"

A few years after this, and at the time of his own laſt illneſs, the venerable Philoſophos ſummoned to his couch his friends, and the officers of his army; when, taking Commodus by the hand, he made to them all an addreſs—ſo full of wiſdom, of piety, and of paternal feeling, that, had not this graceleſs ſon poſſeſſed a heart of more than adamantine hardneſs, he never could have forgotten ſuch heaven-inſpired counſels. But he who ruleth the nations ſaw that it would be ſeed caſt upon a bare rock.

Rome had been greatly bleſſed by five good emperors ſucceſſively; who, during full eighty years, had done all that Pagan minds could accompliſh for the happineſs and ſolid grandeur of their people: but unhappily, it is ſometimes in the power of one miſcreant to deſtroy, in a few years, what even angels may have raiſed with care, in almoſt as many ages!—and ſo was it with Commodus; who, during a miſchievous reign of only twelve years, hath planted wounds in the empire that may never admit of cure!

A concentrated View of his vicious Life.

So many and various were the vices of this emperor, that even a ſtale enumeration of them would fill many leaves, and crowd them with ſuch horrors that, methinks, the words, when flitting through my pen, muſt ſhrink and bluſh, and even weep at being ſo ignobly uſed! Truly,

and is the more valuable, as it is the only bronze equeſtrian ſtatue that has come down to us from theſe ancient times.

language doth hate to embody thoughts ſo foul, as thoſe that muſt ariſe when Commodus is ſpoken of,—for he was anomalous in every abominable iniquity—unnatural in his incontinence—ſhameleſs in his lewdneſs, in his feaſtings, and in his bathings—loathſome in all his follies—utterly odious in his inceſtuous outrages—and often ſo gratuitous in his homicides, that the very demons rejoiced at his reckleſs waſte of life, and doubtleſs were envious that a mortal ſhould be more prolific in cruel devices than they! He deſecrated his temples by blood, by voluptuouſneſs, and by filthy crimes—he frequented the forums as a vagrant pedlar of ſmall wares—he openly rioted with ſilly and hateful courtezans—he gambolled with idol gladiators—he drove his chariot in his menial's coarſeſt attire—he fought with toothleſs lions and tigers, for the amuſement of the merely vulgar—he reckleſſly diſplayed his great ſtrength and varied ſkill upon every occaſion,—and his feats of agility and of ſuperhuman proweſs and power were at the option of every gaping ſpectator,—all of which, had they been directed by a noble ſpirit, would have given aſſurance that he might have been as ſignal a bleſſing, as he conſtantly was a foul curſe to his ſuffering country.

Commodus maintained no leſs than three hundred concubines—encountered the gladiators not leſs than ſeven hundred times—gloried in the daily diſplay of his odious impieties and fearful cruelties, eſpecially in the fencing ſchools—he bartered away his provinces for gold—ſeized upon and confiſcated to his own uſe the eſtates of the moſt worthy citizens—murdered his wife Criſpina—alſo his couſin Fauſtina, and many of the moſt illuſtrious of the nobility—permitted condemned criminals to eſcape, for money paid to himſelf, or to his favourites—he ſold the right of private revenge to thoſe favourites—caſt one of his ſervants into a burning furnace, merely for accidentally overheating his bath—and cauſed a certain learned man to be thrown to wild beaſts, only for the offence of reading the life of Caligula by Suetonius! Some perſons he mutilated in a foot, or in an eye,—and then would ſportively name them his *monopodii*, and his *luſcinii!* The factitious ſervices of Mithras and of Bellona he commanded to be real woundings, and actual homicides—the Prieſts of Iſis being compelled by him to lacerate their breaſts, not ſeemingly, but truly—and the barbers were ordered to cut off ears and noſes, as if by accident!

Commodus forſook his own, and his father's name, and took that of Hercules the ſon of Jupiter,—and, in conformity thereto, he abandoned the Imperial habiliments, and aſſumed the lion's ſkin, and the maſſive club! He collected all the cripples, and the poor ſick of Rome,—tied to the feet of each ſuch appliances as made them look like the fabled giants; and then giving them large ſponges, bade them defend themſelves againſt the Emperor—who in turn beat them to death with his ponderous club!

The tyrant, wearied with theſe diabolic fancies, next aſſumed the habit of an Amazon; in which he diſplayed much valorous agility: he changed the names of Auguſt and September to thoſe of "Commodus" and "Hercules;" and to the remaining months he aſſigned other names!

At ſome public ſolemnity the demented Commodus, fancying that the people derided him, ordered a maſſacre of all preſent; and that fire ſhould inſtantly be ſet to the City,—which, fortunately, eſcaped, through the intrepidity of one of his guards! Growing ſtill more mad with Satanic influences, this monſter reſolved to diſplay himſelf naked before the whole city,—and, in that condition, to fence as a gladiator! This reſolution, however, though in perfect harmony with his odious character, ſeems to have been the only thing that awakened thoſe around him with a loathing indignation. His favourite concubine, Marcia, and alſo Electus, his chamberlain, and Lætus, his general, remonſtrated openly againſt the diſguſting exhibition of himſelf, as a degradation that even imperial power could not endure. The enraged tyrant ordered them inſtantly to quit his preſence,—and then recorded their names with ſome others, whom he deſtined for death that night! This done in ſecret, he retired at noon to his chamber, and ſlept, as was his daily cuſtom.

Death of Commodus.

But the demon's hour had come,—for a little boy, whom he much loved, and who was the only being who ever had acceſs to his private apartment, had been playing there before the Emperor repoſed on his couch; and the door was cloſed without the youth being ſeen. When Commodus ſlept, the boy innocently took up the fatal ſcroll of names, and this fell into the hands of Marcia, who at once underſtood its import! Lætus and Electus were ſoon appriſed of their common danger: their minds were promptly made up that the Emperor ſhould die,—whereupon they firſt contrived to poiſon, and then they ſtrangled him. Thus periſhed Commodus, in the thirty-firſt year of his age, and the thirteenth of his reign. In him were extinguiſhed the Ælian and the Aurelian families—as the Julian had been in Nero—and the Veſpaſian in Domitian. [A.D. 192.]

PERTINAX.

How called to the Empire.

Commodus had been a favourite with none, ſave with the venal Prætorian cohorts, whom he had further corrupted, as the neceſſary miniſters of his deſpotic power, and of his exaggerated vices. It therefore became eſſential to conceal from them the cauſe of the Emperor's death; and Lætus gave out that he had died of apoplexy.

Pertinax, in the 69th year of his age, was then living in retire-

ment in the vicinity of Rome—daily looking for death at the tyrant's summons. At midnight, he was roused by Lætus and others; and, as they entered his chamber, Pertinax bade them "*strike him without further delay*"—he supposing them to be messengers of death from Commodus! Being informed, however, of all things, and of their earnest desire to make him Emperor, he yielded with great reluctance, and was forthwith proclaimed with acclamation,—for his renown was very great, as he had raised himself by wonderful merit from obscurity and poverty,—he being the son of a manumitted slave, and himself, at one time, a coal manufactor, and then a teacher of Greek—his education having been very liberal, and from one of those circumstances that sometimes fortunately cherish the dawning career of genius.

Pertinax afterwards took to the study of Law; in which he made great proficiency; but shortly after he had become a public pleader, he forsook it for a military life, for which his impassioned soul had long ardently panted; and Antoninus Pius was quick in perceiving his extraordinary merit. Becoming soon distinguished in arms, he was made consul by Philosophos, and next governor of Mœsia and Dacia. Commodus, early after he came to the throne, banished him; but soon recalling him, he was sent to Britain, thence to Africa; in both of which countries he corrected many abuses in the army. On his return to Rome, the tyrant made him præfect of the City.

Pertinax, however, early perceived that his life was held at the hourly caprice of his nominal patron—and this was the state of things, when he was thus suddenly called to the Empire.

The reign of Pertinax lasted only three months,—but they were marked by a continued succession of wise enactments and good deeds, that promised glory and happiness to his much-exhausted country. The senate and people sincerely loved him; but virtue was odious to the Prætorians—and especially *that virtue* of Pertinax by which the public revenues were preserved; and they hated him the more, as they had recently ascertained the true cause of the death of Commodus, who so largely had ministered to their vices,—but of whose sudden death they could accuse neither Pertinax nor his friends, until the fact was revealed (sufficient for them) that though Pertinax was wholly innocent, his friends had robbed them of their diabolic Emperor!

Death of Pertinax.

Rome is too vast and various not to generate deeds that should shame humanity; but these happen so often, that astonishment can never be of long continuance. The death of Pertinax was, indeed, a political phenomenon. Wonderful! that in open day—in the face of all Rome—with no special exciting cause, a beloved and merciful ruler, the successor of a hated tyrant—a great captain—a venerable old man, one who

ſought not the Empire, ſhould be murdered by a few Prætorians, in all not exceeding three hundred, and this, too, when they and all Rome knew that the city teemed with his friends! Truly was Pertinax called the *Tennis-Ball of Fortune;* for his life was full of brilliant ſucceſſes, and unmerited reverſes,—and his death, at a ripe old age, was met by him with that dignified ſubmiſſion, which an exalted virtue can alone confer. [March 28, A.D. 193.]

DIDIUS JULIANUS.

A nation that had not virtue enough to ſhrink with horror from the crimes of a Commodus, nor courage and conduct enough to puniſh the murderers of a Pertinax, was deeply corrupt, and ſeemed on the very confines of a degrading political death. The ſenators and nobles were panic-ſtruck; they haſtened to their dwellings, and fortified them: others retreated to their eſtates and caſtles in the country—hourly expecting that the furious Prætorians would aſſault them,—whereas, theſe very ſoldiers were themſelves greatly alarmed, and had precipitately ſought their camps, and fortified their ramparts and trenches—looking for the juſt vengeance of their natural maſters! But the Empire was diſeaſed—its vital energies were ſuſpended—a foul corruption (during the odious twelve years of miſrule under Commodus) had palſied every nerve, and degraded the general mind.

The Empire expoſed to ſale!

The Prætorians, however, were quick to perceive who were now the actual maſters of Rome's deſtinies: for, though theſe ſoldiers of many wars, and now of the voluptuous camps, had ſuffered much by their great privileges, and by their relaxed diſcipline, yet the Senate, the Nobles, and the People were themſelves without energy, and wholly deſtitute of unity of action. Hence, in two ſhort days, all alarm had ceaſed in the camps,—and the inſolence of theſe Prætorians became as ſupreme, as was now their actual power! None dared to attack them—none even ventured to whiſper that Pertinax had been unjuſtly ſlain: and what immediately followed this panic, hath not its prototype ſince government firſt began,—for theſe now lawleſs and daring ſoldiers iſſued a Proclamation, and diffuſed it over the whole city, declaring "*The Empire to be on ſale, and would be diſpoſed of to whomſoever would give the moſt for it!*" Gold, vile gold was now their ſole mammon—their country—their god!—Roman valour and virtue and patriotiſm were all extinct.

But riches, too, were well-nigh gone; for Commodus had left but few wealthy perſons in all Rome! Sulpician and Didius Julianus, however, were rich *merchants*,—and the latter was by far the moſt wealthy individual in the whole Imperial City!

When the Proclamation reached Rome, I was then ſeated with Julian, his wife, and daughter, together with ſome friends at dinner. My intimate knowledge of the Greek language had introduced me into his family, as his daughter's inſtructor. The gueſts, no little excited by the luſcious wines that freely circulated,—and ſtill more by the ſelfiſh expectation of reaping great advantages, ſhould Julian become Emperor, immediately beſet him with flattery and much entreaty that he ſhould offer for the empire!

My advanced age, and the great reſpect Julian bore me, cauſed him to eye me keenly for a moment, and he then ſaid, "My venerable Rabbi, the Jews are much ſkilled in all bargains; would this, which my friends now urge upon me, be a profitable purchaſe?"

"Didius Julianus!" ſaid I firmly, "it is foul ſacrilege:—all government, whether of Jews or of Pagans, is of God, through the unbiaſſed expreſſion of the People's will,—or, by other known means of His appointment, or permiſſion:—all others are of Báal-zebul, and muſt ſoon periſh. Money may buy cattle, and lands,—yea, all the goods of life, ſave two things—a good conſcience, and lawful empire!"

A loud and contemptuous laugh burſt forth from the gueſts; and then all were ſilently gazing upon their hoſt, eager for ſome expreſſion of his opinion.

Julian was grandſon of the great lawyer of that name; and was not without talent and education. He had filled offices, military as well as civil,—but money was now the idol of his heart—avarice had made great inroads into his otherwiſe fair character; and Julian, in profound ſilence, received the flattering gaze, and the eager expectation of all around him.

"I pray thee not to loſe the opportunity of ſo noble a purchaſe," at length, ſaid his ſon-in-law, the impatient Repautinus—"for the Roman Empire is truly a priceleſs jewel: but thou, O Didius Julianus, haſt more of ready money than any other Roman,—haſten thee to the camp, and bargain inſtantly with the ſoldiers—then will the diadem and power and money, all, ſurely be thine!" Julian's eyes ſparkled with delight; for though avaricious and even penurious, he loved power; and hoped that, even as an *inveſtment*, the ſum to be paid might bring him large uſury!*

The Empire purchaſed.

The Prætorian camps were ſoon reached; and there Julianus found his competitor Sulpician, actively engaged in ſoliciting the ſoldiers, and in laviſhing on them promiſes of a large ſum, and of many favours and rewards ſhould

* The Rabbi Iſaac's ſhort account of Didius Julianus' career is ſuſtained in every particular by the hiſtorians of the time, except as to the preſence of the worthy Jew in the family of the aſpiring merchant.

the empire become his. But Sulpician was feared by them, not only as being the ſon-in-law of the very Pertinax whom they had ſlain,—but eſpecially as they doubted his ability to pay the required price. Julian had no ſuch impediments; and his immenſe wealth being known, his liberal promiſes inſtantly decided the matter.

Julian being proclaimed emperor, entered Rome in military array at the head of ten thouſand cohorts, and amidſt the ſhouts of the venal ſoldiers, whoſe warlike implements were brandiſhed by them in wild exultation. The delighted Emperor paſſed on to the Senate Chamber, with the undoubting confidence that wealth alone could now inſpire—deigning not to waſte his breath in a ſpeech beyond a ſingle line—"*You need an Emperor, and Didius Julianus is the fitteſt perſon you can chooſe!*" for theſe were his ſilly words—though Julianus generally was not ſilly, but was then beſotted with the hope of power and of boundleſs wealth.

Thus was the vaſt and once moſt glorious of empires purchaſed, as a thing of mere traffic: and at that great ſale were found but two bidders, who either deſired, or had the means to effect the purchaſe, paltry as the ſum really was!

As the new emperor entered the palace, he encountered the forſaken and mutilated body of Pertinax, and likewiſe the frugal ſupper that had awaited him at the moment the hoſtile Prætorians had ſuddenly ruſhed upon him!—for neither the corpſe nor the repaſt had been obſerved by any, amidſt the panic mixed with exultation, which the ſad event, and the quick elevation of a ſucceſſor had occaſioned! Julian now was too much dazzled by the rich jewel he had bought, to heed the lifeleſs body he had juſt paſſed: and the ſimple entertainment prepared for the good Pertinax, in no way ſuited the newly inflamed mind of the Merchant-Emperor!

A magnificent banquet was ſoon in readineſs,—at which Julian and his friends feaſted till a late hour,—and afterwards amuſed themſelves with dice, and the performances of ſome noted dancers.

Julian, nevertheleſs, could not diveſt himſelf of his darling avarice,—and though mild and courteous, and given to no cruelty, (for theſe coſt no money,) he could not be as faithful to his promiſes made in the prætorian camps, as had been relied on, and which poſſibly were then made in perfect ſincerity. This early occaſioned diſcontent; and, moreover, the public mind now began to *think* and to *reaſon;* which could not but prove unfavourable to the ſtability of a throne ſo obtained. Roman pride and patriotiſm feebly revived—and the people ſoon learned to hate Julian, when compared with Pertinax. They alſo ſuſpected him, though with no cauſe, of being ſomewhat acceſſary to the death; and ſome were prompt to declare that "Didius Julianus ſtole the Empire"—others openly inſulted him; his foes daily increaſed,—and at length even the Prætorians

began to detest him for avaricious meanness, and for the cowardly endurance of the people's insolence.

These manifestations were quickly followed by the people's acclamation, at the public games, that *Picenius Niger*—then governor in Syria—should be emperor; and Julianus seemed entirely submissive to the popular will!

Three Emperors proclaimed.

About the same time, however, SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS, an experienced warrior at the head of the German legions in Pannonia, resolved to revenge the death of Pertinax, and to rid the country of the foul stain cast upon it by the purchase of the empire. The Pannonian legions instantly proclaimed Severus emperor,—who then assumed the revered name of Pertinax; and with the utmost expedition he hastened towards the Imperial City. Here, then, were three Emperors!—Julian, at Rome, terrified, indeed, into almost total inaction. Niger, at Antioch, rioting in luxury, and nothing doubting but that the honours paid him by the army, and by all the surrounding kings and governors, had made the diadem irrevocably his,—and lastly, the energetic Septimius Severus, speeding on with his army to the gates of Rome, the avowed avenger of the death of Pertinax!

The matter was soon decided. The Senate wisely decreed that "*He was unworthy to govern, who, not only failed to defend by his arms the Empire, but who had basely sought protection even from the Vestals, and had prayed that Severus should unite in the empire with him.*"

Resort to the Virgins had never been made by any one—save in the last extremity,—and hence Severus well knew that Julian must now be wholly powerless.

Death of Julianus.

The Senate lost no time in unanimously disposing of the fate of the impotent Merchant-Monarch, and in ratifying the selection made by the Pannonian army. But the outrage done to the Empire in the murder of Pertinax, and the purchase of the diadem at auction, could not be appeased by the mere deposition of the venal Julianus: the Senate went further, and promptly dispatched persons to slay him. As the messengers of death entered his palace, they found him already forsaken by all but a few friends,—and he weeping as an abandoned child! When his executioners announced to him their errand, Julianus exclaimed—"*What crime have I committed—whom have I slain?*"

Thus ended the short reign of Didius Julianus, Rome's twentieth emperor,—after possessing the throne only sixty and six days,—who, had he remained content with his more humble station of a *wealthy merchant*, would have lived happy and honoured,—and have saved Rome an ignominy, the remembrance of which will never perish. [June 5—A. D. 193.]

SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS.

The difficulties and miſeries that came upon me by the death of Julianus, (who had remained kind to me during his fleet and fatuous dream of royal power,) together with the infirmities of my faſt approaching old age, admoniſhed me that Rome could now no longer be my abode: and this was ſoon confirmed, when I early perceived in Severus not merely the rigid diſcipline of a good ſoldier, the induſtry and activity of a Hadrian and Antoninus combined,—but the ſeverity and cruelty of a revengeful, crafty, and jealous tyrant. I therefore ſought retirement here in Lugdunum,—where I have reſided, now more than a decade of years—moſt willing to forget the unholy three years I had ſpent in the family of the rich merchant at Rome,—and, for a few months, in the palace of an Emperor—ſo ill ſuited for empire as the deluded Didius Julianus. *Rabbi Iſaac's retirement.*

In Lugdunum, peace and health cheated age, for a time, of her infirmities: my hours were devoted to my former Rabbinical ſtudies, ever watchful, however, for an opportunity to lay my body within the limits, or as near the confines, of Paleſtine, as well might be—for no Jew fails to ſigh for burial in the "*land of delights*"—a country on which the God of Abraham hath laviſhed—and for our ungrateful people—more beauties than may be found in any other region known to man, though it might be of twenty times its extent! But the unſettled ſtate of Roman affairs, and the many dangers I ſhould encounter, have ſtill detained me here.

The new Emperor had the earlieſt intelligence of Julian's fate, and of the Senate's promptneſs in regard to himſelf,—both of which occurred whilſt he was approaching the City: and before he entered the walls, he had ordered the Prætorians inſtantly to appear before him, and without their arms! This command was promptly obeyed; and they came with branches of laurel, to do him homage, fearing for their lives, but yet hoping that their joyful obſervance of his order would ſo pleaſe him, as to win his clemency. All gazed upon the ſcene with intenſe anxiety; for to none were the Emperor's deſigns in the leaſt known. *Severus puniſhes the Prætorians.*

Severus addreſſed them in a ſhort ſpeech, ſeverely reproaching them for their cruel perfidy to his venerated friend Pertinax—a bleſſing and an honour to the empire—their beſt friend, and Rome's devoted friend. He then directed that they ſhould all be inſtantly ſtripped of their military habiliments—deprived of the very name of ſoldiers, and be forthwith baniſhed for life, not leſs than one hundred miles from Rome. This done, Severus entered the gates with his whole army; and received from the Senate the cuſtomary honours.

Faithful to his word, the new Emperor made a ſolemn and gorgeous funeral for the lamented Pertinax; and declared that he not only now aſſumed his revered Name, but would imitate his ſignal Virtues; and that the maxims of Antoninus Philoſophos ſhould be his guide in all matters of juſtice and of clemency! Promiſes, however, are eaſily made—they are but breath; performances are difficult, and are enduring ſubſtances: and ſo was it with Severus,—for his now two names, and in their moſt odious ſenſe, ſoon became faithfully deſcriptive of his character,—ſo that what Spartianus ſaid of him was well ſaid—that "he is *vere Pertinax—vere Severus;*" and yet this Emperor, though thus laconically and accurately portrayed, had ſome virtues of another ſort.

P. Niger and C. Albinus.

The firſt care of Severus was to cruſh *Picennius Niger* in the Eaſt—who there was ſtill called Emperor. He alſo feared *Clodius Albinus*, commander of the legions in Britain. Both of theſe men were diſtinguiſhed ſoldiers, ambitious, and at the head of powerful forces,—though the former had lately been more of a voluptuary, than a general.

The Emperor's policy, therefore, was to promptly war with the one, and to conciliate, for a time, the other: and hence he appointed Albinus Cæſar, and his ſucceſſor—ſending him a moſt flattering letter,—but againſt Niger, he marched with a vaſt and well appointed army. The ſtruggle proved more deſperate than had been expected; but Niger fell. Antioch, the ſeat of his empire, was nearly demoliſhed—the enemies of Severus were ſorely dealt with—his friends moſt generouſly rewarded: and, after a ſucceſſion of great victories, and the eſtabliſhment of all the Eaſtern provinces in their allegiance, Severus next reſolved to deſtroy Albinus, who ſtill continued in the Weſt. Haſtening towards Italy, the Emperor paſſed through *Byzantium*, which he levelled to the earth, for having impeded his progreſs when marching againſt Niger.*

The war with Albinus was a fierce one,—much of which greatly moved me; for, though Severus was a great ſoldier, and the empire then needed one, his character was odious to me, and I feared him. Here, in Lugdunum, five years ago, I beheld from the city walls the two armies in dread preparation: a bloody conteſt for empire was about to enſue,—and ſuch a one ſoon took place—one that Roman chronicles can, perhaps, ſcarce record its like. From

* Byzantium remained in ruins more than 130 years; when it was rebuilt by Conſtantine the Great, with extreme magnificence, who then gave it his name, and transferred to it the ſeat of his empire. Rome never ſurvived the ſhock conſequent upon the removal of the Court; and 146 years after this, the Weſtern Empire fell a prey to the Barbarians. Conſtantinople became a great city, and continued under the Byzantine emperors until the year 1492, when the Saracens became its maſter, and all things were changed.

the City walls we beheld the Imperial troops retreating in much confuſion, though 150,000 ſtrong! We heard the ſhouts of victory from the enemy; the Emperor's horſe fell under him, and all ſeemed loſt: but ſuddenly, Lætus appeared with new forces,—Severus was again on horſe,—he charged upon the enemy with ſuch fury and exactneſs, that the victory was inſtantly plucked from the hands of Albinus,—who ſought refuge within the walls of Lugdunum! Severus ruſhed into the city—Clodius Albinus was made priſoner,—his head ſevered, and his body caſt into the Rhone, with thoſe of his wife and children; whilſt his head was ſent in triumph to Rome! [A. D. 197.]

The Emperor returned to the Imperial City in great glory—the empire was now his—no leſs by conqueſt, than by free gift,—all was ſecure, and nothing remained but to reap the legitimate fruits of his triumph: and yet Severus, like Commodus, baſely ſtooped to corrupt the Prætorians, on whom he laviſhed bribes, and unuſual honours—permitting them to marry; and, even as knights, to wear golden rings—a privilege before unheard-of! Theſe innovations upon the ancient diſcipline are now regarded by very many as the ſureſt preſage of Rome's ſpeedy downfall—a fact more alarming, indeed, to the few who reflect, than are all the other outrages committed by the *ſevere* Severus.

To the aſtoniſhment of all, and the grief of many, Severus has lately honoured the memory of the infamous Commodus—called him brother, and even ranked him among their gods! Rome then indeed had triple cauſe to tremble; for the adherents of Albinus, and alſo the Niger faction, were ſtill numerous and wealthy,—many of both ſexes were therefore put to death by Severus,—and others were robbed of their ample poſſeſſions,—for the Emperor worſhips mammon with far more devotion than any other of his gods. His victories were indeed brilliant; and for theſe he had conferred upon him the titles of "*Arabicus*"—"*Parthicus*"—and "*Adiabenicus;*" and the Senate and people alſo erected to him a magnificent Triumphal Arch, near the entrance from the Forum into the Capitol,—upon which are recorded the hiſtory of thoſe famous victories,—but in ſculptured devices of leſs artiſtic merit, than may elſewhere be ſeen.*

* This Arch was alſo dedicated to the Emperor's two ſons; but after Caracalla had murdered Geta in the arms of his mother, the inſcription as to Geta was eraſed—and probably by his unnatural brother, when he became full Emperor. This ſtructure conſiſts of a grand central arch, with a ſmaller one upon each ſide,—and of four columns on both fronts. The whole arch is highly decorated,—but, as the good Rabbi intimates, the ſculptures are quite inferior, and ſeem to indicate either great haſte, or a manifeſt decline of the art. The ſolid parts are yet perfect; but the inſcriptions and ornaments are much de-

And here I have again the painful duty to record the terrific cruelties once more revived againſt the Nazarenes. During the emperor's late abſence, *Plautian* (whoſe daughter *Plautina* had married the Emperor's eldeſt ſon Baſſianus Caracalla) was made præfect of Rome. Severus had long been greatly attached to this Plautian; and repoſed in him an entire confidence.

Perſecution of the Chriſtians.

It ſeems that ſome Chriſtians, and a few of the nobility, had given Plautian great offence,—and, without conſulting either the Emperor, or the Senate, this Prefect ordered many of them to inſtant death! This great outrage by the mere governor of a city, excited the Chriſtians deeply,—and cauſed the famous *Tertullian* to addreſs an Apology reſpecting Chriſtians to the Senate and Magiſtrates of the empire. Fortunate for this valiant champion of the Nazarenes, Tertullian was a man of great influence, and highly beloved in Rome. By birth an African, (as were alſo Plautian and Severus,) his genius and learning were well known; for he had been educated to the law—was a popular and ſpirited reaſoner, though not a very profound one,—was extremely eloquent and impaſſioned,—and alſo a moſt able writer in the language of the Romans, and well verſed likewiſe in the learning of the Greeks. The "Apology," moreover, being boldly and zealouſly written, and with all the burning eloquence which the ardent ſun of his native country ſo uſually imparts, was well received by thoſe to whom it was addreſſed,—and greatly tended to mitigate the erroneous and inflamed notions, entertained by ſo many, reſpecting theſe Chriſtians.

About this time was it that the Emperor returned; and never having countenanced any ſeverities againſt thoſe people, he ſeemed diſpleaſed with what Plautian had done. But, in the following year, it being then the *tenth* of his reign, Severus, to the ſurpriſe of all, and without any admonition, or apparent cauſe, iſſued a moſt ſevere decree againſt the Jews, as well as the Chriſtians—which is now the *Fifth Perſecution* of the Nazarenes by formal decree, or of a general nature.

Thus far, the emperor's decree has been ſo zealouſly executed, and with ſuch ſavage ferocity, as to cauſe thoſe unhappy people to regard Severus as, what they call, *Antichriſt*, —this being, according to the Nazarene faith, either ſome great, but falſe prophet, or prophets, that would appear under pretence of being the true Meſſiah,—or, ſome powerful ruler—a

Severus called Antichriſt.

faced. At one time it was almoſt buried by the débris of the ſurrounding buildings; but it has recently been entirely relieved of them, and cleanſed. The accurate and beautiful engravings of *Bartoli* will preſerve, for ever, the appearance of this ſtructure,—and poſſibly to more advantage than as it came from the hands of the ſculptors.

foe and persecutor of their religion: and this latter idea is now attached to the Emperor, and is said to have been first given out in that Book of John, that is called REVELATION! With these matters I, as a Jew, would have no concern: but, with these persecutions, be they of Christians, or of Jews, I am bound as a man to abhor them; and therefore do I greatly venerate Tertullian, for the earnest and intrepid defence he hath made.

Martyrdom of St. Irenæus.

During the two years that have passed since this persecution commenced, I have witnessed scenes of atrocious cruelty, and heard of others, that often made me think that men and demons differ but in name. With Irenæus, the late bishop of Lugdunum, my acquaintance was not slight during my whole sojourn here; and, though he a Christian and I a Jew, he ever shamed me by the sweet harmony with which he blended uncommon firmness, exalted genius, and varied learning, with an equally pure humility, charity, and benevolence towards the whole human family! When first I came to Lugdunum, I found the good Irenæus had been established here many years; and that, as the successor of that *Pothinus* who suffered martyrdom near the close of the reign of Philosophos, the pious Irenæus was ever prepared to share the fate of those who become eminent in the Christian cause. He was a disciple of the great Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna; and came to Rome in the time of Antoninus Pius, nearly twenty years before he was made bishop of Lugdunum. The greatest of his works is that written by him against Christian Heresies, consisting of five books—portions of which I have read, from my great respect for Irenæus, and to the no small surprise, and sometimes anger, of my countrymen. His very *name* (which imports *peace*) truly indicates the native mildness of his tempers, and the softness of his demeanour: but neither the name nor the virtue could save him: and, in the first year of the present persecution, I witnessed the beheading of that venerable old man!

Victor, bishop of Rome, and *Leonidas*, father of the well-known Origen, perished in support of their faith a short time before Irenæus. But, of all the painful scenes of those fearful times, none will compare with the death of *Rhais*—her mother *Marcella*, and of her virgin sister *Potameina!* So terrific were the orders given as to all of them, that *Basilides*, the officer appointed for their execution, peremptorily refused obedience! The fact, however, was, that Basilides was himself more than half a Christian: and, when the people heard him so boldly reject the customary oath, and also declare that no faith had he in any of Rome's gods—but much in that of the despised Christians, their surprise and rage became so furious, that they instantly dragged him before the magistrate; and soon after he was numbered among the beheaded. The order,

however, reſpecting Rhais, her mother, and ſiſter, was then fiercely executed: boiling pitch was poured over them; and in that ſtate they were ſet on fire, and conſumed to aſhes!

The Plautian Conſpiracy.

And now to return to Plautian, who was doubtleſs the author of the firſt move againſt the Chriſtians,—and afterwards ſtimulated the Emperor to iſſue the fatal decree. Plautian's influence over Severus was very great; and, as he had cauſed the miſchief, I muſt not forbear to detail his own ſudden and merited fate,—which happened only a few weeks ago.

The marriage of the Emperor's ſon Baſſianus (ſometimes called Caracalla) with Plautina, the daughter of Plautian, had ever been againſt the wiſhes of that ſon,—who had yielded only to the ſtrong deſire of Severus, and from his great attachment to the maiden's father. The huſband's neglect of his wife, which ſoon followed, cauſed Plautian's deepeſt hatred of Caracalla, which was not ſlow to extend itſelf to the Emperor, ſo long the Præfect's moſt confiding friend! Plautian then faſhioned what he thought an artful conſpiracy, for the ſure deſtruction of both, and for his own elevation to the throne! But the treaſon was revealed to Severus; who, at firſt, made very light of it—believing it to be little elſe than a baſe fiction of his own deſperately wicked ſon Caracalla, that he might be revenged on Plautian. When the matter, however, was made too obvious for doubt, the Tribune, who had been faithleſs to the traitor, was ordered by the Emperor to bring Plautian, on a certain occaſion, with him to the palace. The Tribune thereupon appeared ſuddenly before Plautian; and with apparent joy, blended with alarm, told him that he had juſt ſlain Severus and Caracalla! and that, if he would pleaſe accompany him forthwith to their well-ſecured chamber in the Imperial Palace, he would find their bodies there, ready for ſecret removal! He then ſaluted Plautian with exulting flattery, and hailed him as Emperor! That which is ardently deſired is often eaſily believed—ſo that Plautian was ſoon with the Tribune at the chamber-door: it readily yielded to their means of opening it;—and lo, in the midſt of a blaze of light ſtood Severus and Caracalla, among many friends!

The Emperor at once ſaw the traitor's deep confuſion; and demanded to know "*what great concern of ſtate, or otherwiſe, had brought Plautian into the Emperor's chamber, in the depth of night?*" Reply was, of courſe, impoſſible—and, confeſſing his odious ingratitude, he ſtill ſued for mercy: but the furious Caracalla waited not his father's anſwer, and inſtantly plunged his ſword deep into the traitor's body. [A. D. 203.]

HERE ENDS THE NARRATIVE OF THE RABBI ISAAC, AND THE RETROSPECT OF CARTAPHILUS.

APPENDIX.

A.

*** *See ante, page* lii. *for the Editor's reasons that caused this Letter to be inserted here out of Chronological Order.*

LETTER CCIX.

ISAAC LAKEDION TO HENRY CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

Paris, December 5th, 1535.

TWICE only have we met, since, in *Colonia Agrippina*, thy wondrous fame first urged me to come into thy presence unbidden—and then to seek of thee a revelation of a matter (through thy somewhat *Eleusinian* mysteries!)—a revelation very dear to me, though at that time the matter sought of thee had been clothed during many ages by the usually oblivious veil of time,—but which, the multitude around thee said and believed, was fully within thy competency to clearly unfold to me by thy *Magic Mirror;* and which my then diseased mind caused me to yield the fullest credence unto thee! Much didst thou wonder and disturb me thereby, for a time: but it ended, as thou wilt never forget, in my unfolding a far greater marvel unto thee, than the one I sought of thy magic, when thou wert told who LAKEDION truly is; but which won from thee only an ungracious intimation that thou didst greatly *dread* me, and far more than ever thou shouldst probably *love* me! *

But, my Agrippa, (thanks to our subsequent interviews at *Antwerp*, and at Grenoble—as likewise thanks to the growing enlightenment of our times, and to the increasing charities of the intervening years) thou hast since learned to know me somewhat better; and hence to regard me more justly: but still, whether my tale thou believest more than I do thy Necromancy; or, whether thou dost yet regard what I first told thee, as only a rank hallucination of bad digestion, and of a foul brain, I wot not; nor would it in any wise surprise or vex Lakedion,—who hath seen too much of man's ano-

* See ante, pages xi. to xvi. of the LEGEND for the matter alluded to.

malous mental developments, through all the ages, to expect either credulity, or incredulity, from his fellows—since extremes so often meet,—the credulous-ignorant becoming often the most incredulous, and the incredulous-learned equally often the most credulous!

I have also found, O Agrippa, that sometimes the learned (as thou surely art) are more than credulous in all that regards *physics;* and yet are overflowing with rank pyrrhonism in all that concerns mind and *morals*—and especially in things divine: hence would I not quarrel with thee or others, for looking upon the tattered and much despised and ever "WANDERING JEW," as nothing else, or better, than some poor and mind-besotted creature, whose early life had overcharged his brain with knowledges, which the feebleness of his after years could ill sustain, and under which he now hath sunk! If such be thy thought of me, 'tis well; and Lakedion will not strive to dislodge it: but that it is not wholly thine *now*, I do believe; (though day unto day, and night unto night, give assurance that others so regard him) for ISAAC, whom the street-boys, and the hangers-on around cathedrals, do so rudely sport with, is now happy in learning from thy letter, that *knowledge* is sought of him, even by *thee*—as thou wouldst know of him his matured thoughts respecting some matters, of high moment unto thee and others during these troublous times.

Thy recent letter invites from me some further particulars in regard to the views intimated by me, and which then so greatly wondered thee, as to the *Necessary Origin of Sin*—the *Essential Free-agency* of man—the *Absolute Oneness of Deity*—and yet the essential *Tripersonate Nature* of God!—opinions (except the *third*) at one time, abhorred by me,—as thousands during the early Roman empire, and myriads since, in all Arabia, could have testified of me, had they but known who Cartaphilus, at divers times—Ahasuerus at others—then Josephus, and now Lakedion, was, and is!—a revelation to be fully made by him, only when he is on the confines of the latter days, not, indeed, of the world, but of those that border upon the ante-millennial period.*

At all this, my Agrippa, thou wilt smile; but not with more incredulity than I do, and possibly thyself, at all of thy so called magical, but most ingenious, devices and incantations, by thy famed *Mirror* †—especially those

* [From this it would seem, that Cartaphilus designed the present ample revelation of himself, more than three hundred years ago.]

† In that remarkable volume, issued by Mr. George Sinclair, as late as 1769, (then Professor of Philosophy in the College of Glasgow) entitled "THE INVISIBLE WORLD DISCOVERED," we find the marvellous *cullibility* of Man—the false *philosophy* of the thing called Witchcraft—and the little *Common Sense* that guided the judicial mind of most countries, and the then lamentable ignorance in all classes of life, from the throne to the hovel! The Professor's work contains forty-two distinct "RELATIONS" of the wonderful *Doings* of Satan and his attendants: to all of which the worthy philosopher accords his unqualified belief! and this, too, in the early part of the *Third* George's reign! But more modern observation, a little Science and Art, a little more knowledge of *Ventriloquism*, and some acquaintance with the mischievous contrivances of needy and wicked persons, reveal the solution of all that so much disturbed the then public mind, and which a short time before had consigned so many to the fagot and flames! The revelations of Carta-

His promised Orthodoxy—Opinion as to the Reformation.

of thy earlier life; which, if they wonder the world, cause the people to ascribe to thee yet ampler powers; and which, for a time, though they so greatly dismayed even Lakedion, are still destined to pass as unstaining from posterity's mind, as they soon did from mine own.

But, my Agrippa, as thou wilt see and hear of me no further after this, I will now freely communicate unto thee, (but not elaborately in a volume,) my views on the questions sent of thee—trusting that the "CURSED ONE," hath not erred now in either of the three matters sought of him by thee—and believing, moreover, that his faith in all others, will eventually become as orthodox, as he feels himself to be wholly so in these,—and yet further, that the unhappy Jew, whose home hath been in every region, and whose faiths have been various, like men's specific forms and complexions, will then continue as stable as the rock of Calpè, and become as famed for purity, as once they were for every poisonous mixture!

And now, O Agrippa, let me assure thee that even the great "REFORMATION," so rife at this time, and glorious as it surely is, doth still partake of *humanity;* and that although some ages may be lost in time's abyss, before Luther's mighty work shall be wholly purged of dross, and leave naught but a pure residuum,—the time *will* come when it shall ripen into that perfect copy, whose prototype can be found only among a few who lived and taught in the first, or Holy Century!

Doubt it not, my Agrippa, that the Latin Church, and its early offspring, the Greek Church, as likewise all of the Oriental christian faiths, together with Luther's, and all that may spring from its loins, lineally or collaterally, must yield to a far brighter faith—and a yet holier practice, than have been ever known, save in the Apostolic times—a resemblance to which is perhaps yet to be found only among those wonderful, and much persecuted people of the valleys,—so that, if many popish errors have been amended by that holy

philus, early after the *French Revolution* of the last century, will disclose to the reader his own agency (during the *darkest* period of his life) in many of Mr. Sinclair's "Revelations" from 1640, and for more than a century after! The reader is now referred to only the Xth Revelation, given by Mr. Sinclair, entitled "*A true narrative of the Drummer of Tedworth*"—one of the most remarkable of his tales of the "Invisible World"—even at this hour read in Scotland, possibly by very many thousands, and with full belief!—though the astounding tales are nothing more than those of *Ventriloquism*, and of a little ingenious contrivance, now so well understood in France, and Germany, and far more extensively in the United States of America. But in the tale of the condemned "Drummer of Tedworth," we find a *physician*, (one Mr. Crompton, of Somersetshire,) a stanch believer, in the whole narrative, and likewise in no wise doubtful as to the "*Mirror*" of Cornelius Agrippa! And a Mr. Hill states therein, that Mr. Crompton exhibited to him a magic "Looking-Glass," bidding him to look therein and he would see his wife, then far away—which done—"*he saw the exact image of his wife, in the habit she then wore, and working at her needle in a certain part of a room,* all likewise, *distinctly seen;*" which, upon subsequent inquiry was found to be precisely so! The whole tale of the Drummer is certified to Professor Creed, then Doctor of the Chair in Oxford! It will be remembered also that the Jew and Cornelius Agrippa again met at *Antwerp*, which may possibly account for the singular statement given in those times as to *Tindal* (the first translator of the Bible into English) who is said to have encountered at Antwerp a wonderful magician, whose artifices were defeated by Tindal's presence!—See also, as to the *Magic Mirror*, in the Legend—ante, &c. page xi. to xvi.

His theory of the Oneness of Deity—of Original Sin—and of Free-agency.

man of Eisleben, and by others who followed him, or soon shall follow, we shall also find that some excesses and deficiencies that mark the new teachers, who now so greatly agitate all Europa, must infallibly yield to time's meliorating influences; and that they, in turn, will be largely amended; and *must* be, before Peter and Paul, were they now with us, would fully take them to their bosoms! The world now, and for some ages to come, may glory in the fruits of the pious Luther's toils—but, I tell thee, and without prophecy, even they must yield their earthy drosses, before the millennial times shall *dawn* upon the world!

And now, O learned Cornelius Agrippa, thus much only as prolegomena to my response unto thy several inquiries,—which concern *first*, ORIGINAL SIN—FREE-AGENCY—and—THE ONENESS OF DEITY—*secondly*, the TRI-UNE-GOD: and these, as to me it seemeth, are matters, each and all, of more easy solution, and worthy of a brighter faith, than even the learned-pious are wont to admit,—the unhappy fashion in this regard having ever been, to deal with them all as matters of mere blind faith—hopeless of any approximations towards the results of human reasoning, though aided by all the divine illuminations we do possess! And now as to the first division.

Theory of the three first named topics.

I. As the Zodiac hath *twelve* signs—so have the matters in hand,—not, indeed, in the way of consequence, nor even in remote connexion; for I believe not in Astrology. Know then, my very learned Agrippa that,

1. The word "GOD" doth, *ex vi termini*, signify essential supremacy, relatively to all other Intelligences: for, if such Intelligences existed not, the word *Supreme* would be without meaning, except potentially; and hence,

II. God is an Unit—that is, there *cannot* be more than one God,—though, in him, there may be divers *personæ*.

III. If there *be* other Intelligences, or moral and intellectual entities, (as we know there are,) they cannot be *superior* to God; for then *they*, not He, would be the God. These, also, cannot be his *coequals;* for then, all combined would still be but one God—and therefore such entities, (as they do exist,) *must* be to Him *inferior*.

IV. Such existent inferior entities, whether angels, or men, must have been *prior* to God—*coeternal* with God—or *subsequent* to God. Neither priority, nor coeternity, *can* be predicated of inferior intelligences: *divinity*, *per se*, excludes the very idea; and hence it follows that inferiority, *in se*, must imply, not only *subsequency*, but also *obedience*, in fact—or *resistance*, in fact, to the Superior; and such obedience, or resistance, must also imply, *in se*, the existence of LAW. Now, a *perfect* obedience would make the inferior equal with the superior; which is impossible, and a contradiction—and therefore obedience, if it exist at all, must always be *imperfect*. All inferiority implies, also, either a *necessary* OBEDIENCE, or a *voluntary* obedience—a *necessary* DISOBEDIENCE, or a *voluntary* disobedience: and, be it necessary, or voluntary, still always an *imperfect* obedience: but, as to *disobedience*, it is ca-

pable of an almost infinite extent!—not, indeed, of efficient *power*, but of a diabolic *will!*

v. Now, all the intellectual and moral entities being necessarily *inferior*, there *could* be in them no *necessary* obedience,—since a necessary obedience to GOD, must, as necessarily, be a *perfect* obedience: and a perfect obedience is, in itself, at variance with *inferiority*——therefore, the obedience is neither a necessary, nor a perfect one,—but *must* partake of the nature of the inferior being itself; and consequently can only be a *voluntary*, and an *imperfect* obedience.

vi. The inferior Intelligence, then, is bound, not by a compulsory, but only a voluntary, or Free-will, obedience—and merely because all inferiority begets Law, and all law (though it implies *sanctions*) as necessarily implies *freedom.*

vii. A sanction must be either of *reward*, for obedience, (though *necessarily* imperfect,) or, of *punishment*, for disobedience,—since Law, without a sanction of some kind, (remuneratory, or punitory) is wholly inconceivable.

viii. God being a *perfect* Being, must be perfectly *just*—therefore he would not *reward* obedience, if necessary; nor *punish* disobedience, if there were no freedom. The sanctions, therefore, imply, in themselves, that the agent is not *forced*, but is a *free* one,—and, in the strictest sense, so far forth as it regards not the *mere imperfect* obedience only that is demanded—or, that is possible, from the very nature of all inferiority.

ix. MAN, then, subsequent to God, and hence *created* by, and consequently inferior to Him, *must* be subject to Law; and if so, then a free-agent, —whose obedience *cannot be perfect*, because the obedience must be consentaneous to the *nature* of the being. Hence, springs an inferiority of obedience, and also a disobedience, in every conceivable degree, *because* the Agent is free, (but still only within the whole range of an inferior obedience,) the former being VIRTUE—the latter SIN,—and hence, O Agrippa, the Origin of Sin—taking its rise, as it doth, from the *mere fact* of an intellectual and moral entity existing *at all*, who is *inferior* to GOD; and such it *must* essentially be.

x. God, therefore, must have either 1st, not created *at all;* or, 2ndly, have created a being *as perfect* as himself, because necessarily and perfectly obedient; or 3rdly, created one inferior to himself,—and hence, of necessity, but imperfectly obedient: and here, my Agrippa, we clearly see why the CHRISTUS was *not* created—why he flows, in fulness, from the Father—and finally, why the Son and Holy Ghost do proceed from the Father!——But, of this hereafter—and now as to the above three. Now first; *not* to have created *at all*, would have rendered even DIVINITY profitless; and indeed inconceivable. Secondly; To have created a *perfect* being seems equally in conflict with the idea of Creation. And thirdly, *Inferiority*, therefore, seems the necessary result of their being *any intellectual being besides God.* In the sight of Jehovah, angels are imperfect—but the Christus *was not* imperfect, and hence not created—but was himself the Godhead *bodily!* But of this, also, hereafter. Now, if the created intellectual entity be, in any degree what-

ever, inferior to God, (as we have seen he *must* be,) then Law, as we have also seen, flowed as the essential result,—and even of the *least degree* of inferiority: and, if Law, then free-agency—and that again, with only an imperfect obedience; and *Sin* will arise from the *sole fact* that, as there cannot be two Gods, or any more than one, all other moral entities must be inferior, and hence, in a degree, sinful—the degrees of sin being from infinitely small, to intensely great—and only when there is *knowledge*.

XI. As all of this flows from the *essential nature of things*; it can with no propriety be said that God is the *author* of sin, any more than that he created himself, or was the author of his own nature, or that he can change his nature—neither of which can be predicated! With God, there is absolutely no variableness—He never departs from his nature; *that* is perfect, and needs no change. If nothing existed *at all*, but Himself, it could scarcely have been predicated that he would have been GOD!—and, if he created at all, he could not create a being equal to himself—the creation of a God being impossible, as the *created* cannot be equal to the Creator. GOD, then, is *essentially* WHAT he is; and his power, though omnipotent, *lato sensu*, hath still its *own* limitations—flowing from its own inherent nature, and even though it be GOD'S nature! Every thing, indeed, that exists *must* have *a* NATURE: and that nature cannot at all be deviated from, without becoming another entity. Hence, even God hath no variableness; and He *is* what he is, *ex natura ejus naturæ!* He never acts *præter naturam*, as to any thing: and here must I *again repeat* (and hesitate not so to do, with some enlargements, wouldst thou, my Agrippa, fully understand me) that God must have wholly failed to create,—or have created such an Intelligence as would be inferior to himself, and *hence* subject to law; which can be neither without free-agency, nor without sanctions: for, if a necessary agent, then certainly to do only *perfect good*—or *perfect evil!* The latter *will not*, and the former *cannot* be, predicated, because perfect good can only flow from perfect *knowledge* and perfect *power;* which would imply, not inferiority, but coequality,—which, as we have seen, is impossible—for God creates not a God!—and there cannot be two Gods.

XII. Now, as God is truly omniscient, he must have *known*, (before he created man a free-agent) that he nevertheless would sin—nay, that sin, in some degree, flowed as the mere result of man's necessary inferiority—but He also knew that His own omnipotence was, in that respect, *not* limited—but that He was competent (and He *alone* competent) to endure the *sanction* of his own laws—and therefore, He himself instantly provided the remedy; and, as was promised in Eden, He appeared in the world at the appointed time, and in the fashion of Man, to make good and to vindicate the violated Law!

Some of the Intelligences had previously sinned—and infinitely *beyond* the mere measure of their necessarily imperfect obedience: and *they* are called "Fallen Angels"—or "Diaboli." Myriads, also, in Heaven, and on Earth, conformed to the Law, so far forth as their inherent inferiority permitted: but, the *special* law being also violated by Man, and the

boundary between the imperfect obedience of his imperfect nature, and *that* which surely occasioned *imputable* sin, being then exceeded by our first Parents, and continually after by their descendants, that special Law, and other special laws, *could not* be made good by Man himself —nor yet the *general* one, flowing from his essentially imperfect obedience, (were *that* also imputable—as to which, perhaps, we have no means of judging,) it then pleased God, that an ETERNAL FOUNTAIN of passive mercy, of perfect love, and of perfect obedience, should be *provided*, so as to meet that eternal flow of transgression, (possibly of both kinds of sin,) and in all of its infinitesimal degrees, varying from *mortal sins*, to those that fade away almost into brightness—such being so venial that they amble on the very borders of that *mere inferiority* of our first parents, and before their actual transgression of a specific law —and which inferiority of obedience comes, as I have often said, from the fact that man is a *created* intellectual entity!

Now, my Agrippa, unto no mortal is it given to know, or to define, the boundaries of sin of either kind—nor how the provision made doth exactly meet each—nor how it doth provide for those who transgressed *before* the Law of Sinai—or for those in a mere state of nature—nor what was done by the Great ATONER, in the region of departed Spirits —nor yet what may now be there doing for the rescue of those without *either law*, or possibly, for those who have had both! As for the abstract doctrine of *Purgatory*, Lakedion *will not* dogmatically say for, or against it: and yet abhors the Romish doctrines of "*Satisfaction*"— "*Works of Supererogation*"—*Indulgences!* But doubt it not, my Agrippa, that, for sin of every kind, and in all the ages, the remedy provided by the Great Atoner is *perfect*—and that there *was* a glimmering Christian Faith, even from the Adamic Age—and that this, together with His descent into Hades, will prove wholly sufficient,—all of which interesting mysteries will be fully revealed, either here, when man shall be better able to value them than now—or hereafter, in *hades*—in *gehenna*— or *in cœlis!*

And now, O Agrippa, to enforce somewhat further the foregoing views, (though already with many repetitions, caused by my desire to be fully understood of thee) Lakedion would still add, that he can find nothing but *mercy*—and also a high probability—nay, he would fearfully say, an essential *necessity*, that the taint of Original-Sin—and After-Sin, should be thus, and thus only, blotted out! God, as we have seen, saw fit to *create* man: inferiority was the unavoidable result: from this flowed Law, and an imperfect obedience—and finally, (man being also an *admonished* free-agent,) there came gross and strongly imputable sin. The created entity was, in itself, unable to make any amends—it being tainted *in se:* and, after transgression, if the entity were not *annihilated*, Sin must be *perpetuated*—when *like would beget like!* Now, my learned Agrippa, I would ask thee, (in the thought, and somewhat in the language of the pious SAINT BERNARD, when contending with the reckless Abelard,) "Why may I not have another's "*righteousness* imputed, since I have another's *sin* imputed to me? Is there "not sin in the seed of the sinner?"

His theory of the Oneness of Deity—of Original Sin—and of Free-agency.

And suffer Lakedion also to ask thee—if there be bodily generation, is there not spiritual generation? If like begets like in all visible nature,—and if the fruit of the tree is yielded according to its kind—and if the progeny of all animate things be after the fashion, more or less, of its parents, must we not look for the presence of this law in the *spiritual* birth also?—will not the essential similitudes, that belong to the original, be seen, at least in its proclivities, in the offspring? Suppose you that those who yield to Satanas, and who are, as it were, *generated* and *born* of him, can do good, or any acceptable works, unless they be *born again?* surely not: and so of all the children of grace—their works follow, as doth the shadow the substance.

Now, if sin hath its own offspring, so hath purity: and also, as there is sin in the seed of the sinner, so is there righteousness in the blood of Christ: for, as in Adam all die—so in Christ may all be made alive.

As the seed, moreover, of every fruit may contain within itself the seed of all other fruit of its kind, so did Adam contain within himself all that were ever born, or who shall be; and not bodily only—but spiritually also: and, though all men be still under a law, and the violated first law is atoned for; yet is it only unto all that have faith; so that the perfect righteousness of the God-Man must be imputed to every individual soul, before the original taint can be removed, and the sins of after acquirement be blotted out.

As God, then, hath created what man hath dared to call the "*hard case*," He hath also provided the *only*—and yet *easy* remedy!—easy for man—*heavy*, beyond the utterance of speech, for the great Atoner, in his humanity—and yet it was triumphantly accomplished on the Cross—in the Tomb—in Hades—by the Resurrection—by the Ascension, and by the sending of the Holy Ghost! Remember, O Agrippa, how prompt, after the *sin* committed in Eden, was the *promise* of the remedy!—forget not that God, *without creating*, and in his absolute Self, is scarce conceivable—remember that the creation of an intellectual being, destined for Earth, (possibly six thousand years after the first fiat was given for any such creation) was necessarily the bringing forth of an *inferior* moral entity,—who was subjected to law,—who violated it,—and that, when sin *was* thus committed, it then was a *past fact*, not to be atoned for by him—nor blotted out by any *repentance* whatever; and that the sin necessarily affected the *creature*, and in its *entirety*. Remember likewise that Man was not a mere individual that terminated in himself, but one that had within himself the seed of all the human race—for *that* was the *nature* of his creation! And remember lastly, my Agrippa, that no other scheme *could* exist, than the *very one* so promptly announced to our race, viz. that the Creator of man should in all things assume man's very nature, sin excepted—and thereby make the required atonement perfect!

Possibly, moreover, and for aught we know, this wonderful Exemplar secured the faithful obedience of myriads of other worlds, peopled and governed by a law similar to our own; so that our little one, in its merciful rescue, (if indeed any thing be *little*, or *great*, in the sight of God,) may have diffused joy unutterable, throughout the illimitable regions of God's Em-

pire; and Heaven itself may have echoed the peals of gladness! Oh, how poor, how very narrow are the thoughts and feelings of our ungrateful race! and how shallow are man's views, when he dares to say, "God would not condescend thus to rescue our tiny world, lost as it is amidst the vastness and glories of creation!"

II. The xii insignia that mark the proof of Sin's true origin—of man's free-agency—and of God's essential oneness, being fixed and bright, like the signs of the zodiac; so would I now remind thee, O Agrippa, of the three stars of Orion, to symbolize the three-fold lustrous points which declare the origin, and essentiality of the THREE-ONE GOD! * *A Triune-God essential, and demonstrable.*

There *cannot* be three gods—but there must be one only—and He *must be threefold!*—Startle not at this, O Agrippa! for God exists only in DESIGN—in EXECUTION—and in DIFFUSION. No Intelligence whatever *can* exist for a moment without design; that *design* need not exist, but for *execution;* and that execution would be profitless, but for *diffusion:* and hence God, the Designer, is called *God the Father;* God, the Executor, is known as *God the Son;* and God, the Diffuser, hath the name of *God the Holy Ghost!* Still, my Agrippa, it would be as idle to declare that hence there be *three* gods, as it would be to say that the King, who is legislator, expounder, and enforcer of his laws, is therefore, not one, but three kings!—for there must be design in the making of a law—execution in its particular application—and diffusion in the results of its enforcement: and were that king, in all of his external insignia, and in every visible manifestation of his power, to be ever so emphatically *distinctive* in each of the *three* named matters of his essential regality, he still would be but one king in the conception—execution—and diffusion of his laws. Now this, O Agrippa! is only to shadow forth my meaning, though feebly by a similitude, and only *parvis componere magna.*

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* The apparent astrological cast of Lakedion's mind, as is here indicated by his allusions to the signs of the Zodiac, and to the stars in Orion's belt, seems to have affected at least his language and figurative illustrations, although he was avowedly averse to all the occult sciences of the day: and this conformity in language is no way surprising, seeing that, not only his earlier life had made him so familiar with the Magian and Sabæan faiths of the remote East, but also, as Judicial Astrology was so much in favour in Europe at the time this letter was addressed to the renowned Agrippa; who was himself accused not only of implicit faith in stellar influences, but of the practice of magic and of the necromantic arts. But even Agrippa seems to have been somewhat anxious, at times, to free himself of those charges; especially when fierce superstition made them inconvenient; and yet the charm of mystery, and the power it conferred on him, rendered his efforts in this respect but feeble. If we look at his character, as unfolded in his popular and charming work entitled "Vanity of Arts, &c." and especially in Chap. xxxi., we know not how to reconcile his theoretic rejection of the occult arts, with the opinion entertained of him by most of his cotemporaries as to his practising them. As to Lakedion's astrological allusions, they are nothing more than figures, and can in no way impair the weight due to his judgment, and to the soundness of his main argument.

A New Theory of the Trinity—Doctrine of Triads.

In contemplating Jehovah, the three manifestations, or essential *hypostatic* constituents, or *personæ* of his essential nature, are lost in the effulgence of the only One—in the abstract: but this trifold personality (arising *ex natura divinitatis*) maketh not three gods—but only three hypostatical persons,—and yet each is *distinct*, only as Design, Execution, and Diffusion, *lato sensu*, are distinct.

Now, as there can be no *diffusion* but of an existent or executed thing, so there can be neither a making nor *execution*, but of a previously *designed* thing—these *three* being *essentially* united and *one*, when contemplated up to their original or divine source!—and this is equally so, whether we contemplate his nature analytically, or synthetically.

Even *man* (surely an emanation or effluence of divinity and formed in His image,) first *thinks*, then *executes*, and finally *diffuses:* and yet is he but one man; and all his works, moral, intellectual, and physical, flow from but *one source*, though he be, like his Maker, essentially *threefold*—and no more! And, should man be invariably clad in wholly *diverse* habiliments, whenever he thinks, or executes, or diffuses, still would he be the same one man, though thus officially and abstractly individualized in each of the three cases,—and also though he should think, without executing, or execute, without diffusing.

Thought is essential to every intelligent entity: man cannot exist without it: his nature is made up of it: and when he thinks rightly, he usually and naturally strives to execute rightly; and if he succeeds, he as earnestly endeavours to diffuse its results: he may fail in the two last, from the want of power: so likewise, though he strives, he may fail in the first, as he may think *unrightly;* and he may also execute and diffuse his *erroneous* thoughts; but he cannot *exist* at all without thought of some kind—and so of Deity in some respect. His nature, doubtless, consists of eternal thought—and equally of eternal execution, and of eternal diffusion!—but, as He never fails in *correct* thought, so never in *perfect* execution, nor in *illimitable* diffusion,—and hence the truly infinite and boundless extent of His creations, and the coequal excellence of them all—minute, as well as great! And here, my Agrippa, the mind of *finite* man is utterly merged in the vastness of the contemplation! These are indeed great mysteries, *in imo pectore;* but the essential *oneness* and yet equally essential *triunity* of the divine mind, is not without its *likeness* in nature as well as in man; and this is illumined to our comprehension and belief by divers other things, in mind and matter, which we do entirely believe. Never, indeed, hath this doctrine seemed to me a mystery beyond credence and evidence—never contradictory of reason; and yet there was a time, I confess, in which I believed it not—but not because to Lakedion's mind it seemed impossible. Why, then, oh Agrippa! should this Trinity in Unity have been regarded, in all the ages, as the *opprobrium theologicum*—the *experimentum crucis*—the inexplicable *secret*,—and as a matter of mere *blind* faith, and *above* all reason, if not also wholly *contradictory* of it? And why, finally, should some insist that we do hold to three gods? Is it not because they *will not* look on the doctrine *diverso intuitu*, and as it must ever be contemplated? Behold how many things there are that absolutely end in *trinity*, and in which there is neither

duality alone, nor any further number than three! Are not the *sources* of all knowledge but three—the *senses*, *reason*, *faith?* Doth not all religion consist of but *doctrine*, *sacraments*, *charity?* the first having its fountain in *design*, the second in *execution*, and the third in *diffusion?* TRUTH, also, hath been declared only in three *places*, in the Synagogue, in the Church, and in Heaven: and the same TRUTH hath been shown only in three *ways* —first, by shadows mainly—then by shadows feebly, and by broad teachings mainly—and lastly, without shadows, and by open Truth alone!—the first in the Synagogue, the second in the Church, and the third in Heaven! Again, we have the mystery of the Christus in three ways, viz., in the Manna, in the paschal Lamb, and in the holy Eucharist!

And still again, my Agrippa, when the mind contemplates the source of all *actualities*, how naturally has it, in all the ages, been cast into this identical vein of thought—beginning with the *monad*, and ending with the *triad!* Almost instinctively, we think of the primal capacity—or MOVER; the primal exertion, or the MOTION; and of the final result, or the MATTER, created or fashioned, through the united triad of mover—motion—and result!

In contemplating a first cause, and its action, we unavoidably think, first of Unity, or God, in the abstract; then of Duality, from the Logos; and finally of his *gifts* (sometimes more correctly translated *diffusion*—as in Hebrews ii. 4.) Unity — Duality — and Diffusion, therefore *compel* us to think of *design* or thought—of the sequence *execution*—and of the grand result *diffusion*, in all its boundless beauty and endless variety!—and all such thoughts seem necessarily to terminate at the *third* stage of their progression! We cannot conceive of a GOD, distinct from the idea of Unity—nor of that unity, as without design or thought—nor of that thought, as unproductive (hence the Logos); nor of that productive Logos, as wanting in zealous diffusion and endless variety—(and hence the glories of the Universe!)

And yet still further, my patient Agrippa, we cannot realize the thought, or at all embrace the idea, of any of these *three*, as being distinct from their necessary relation to the *other two!* So likewise, if we commence our thoughts at the *end* of the series, and gaze upon the Universe, the conception of an endless *diffusion* and variety compels us to think of the previous *execution* (or making)—*that* conducts us next to the previous *design;* and thus the *three* centre in the ONE—and the argumenta *a posteriori*, and *a priori* harmonize; and bring us thereby from the Triad to the Duad, and finally, up to the Monad—or to the only One-God!

And so, as thou well knowest, the illustrious Plato was *obliged* to think; and all just and deeply meditating minds do the same at this day—and so will all hereafter, though Plato and all his works should for ever be blotted out, and henceforth remain unknown!

JEHOVAH, then, is the only source of all Design—Execution—and Diffusion: and these three embrace all His varied powers and attributes—each and all absolutely perfect! All of his power (called Omnipotence) His absolute wisdom, (called Omniscience,) and unceasing diffusion, (called Omnipresence,) are thus comprehended in the Ineffable THREE-ONE! And hence the most intense thought of man would for ever be unable to conceive a single idea of Deity, that shall not be found in that TRIAD! and hence

the Trinity in Unity is *not* so sealed a mystery, as very many pious and thoughtful men have been too wont to yield to the enemies of the true Faith. It is founded in nature; and is a truth most welcome to the soul of an unperverted reason. Lakedion is therefore forced to believe that this much vexed doctrine, when rightly understood, will cause the carping objection of three gods to vanish—will manifest the coëternity and coëquality of the Christus—and will show that his human personation is neither contradictory to, nor above reason—and no more so than the creation and fashioning of any other *cogitative* entity. When angels and men were created, both mind and matter had previously existed—Mind from all eternity, in God—Matter, not from eternity, but created by the Logos, in execution of the great Design: and the divine combination of these two formed angels and men, at divers times: and finally, the divine union of the Logos with matter gave to the World the Christus—who thus was Very-God, and Very-Man; and differing from other men as the Christus, only in the measureless effusion of Divinity, which excluded the possibility of sin!

And now, my Agrippa, I would not urge upon thee too dogmatically this matter of the Triads—so variously manifested throughout the world of Nature, as well as of Grace. To enumerate them would be nearly endless, —but to point out some is the duty in hand, and may be profitable as *hints*, that may give assurance that these triunities are, and cannot be accidental—but are symbolical, and designed to awaken attention to the ineffable Being, who is thus Three in One! And this I am further prompted to do, that thy own fertile mind may thereby be set to extract a volume of proofs in regard to these analogies, that point so plainly to so sublime a truth—naught of which analogies, is the fancy of my own too zealous brain, but the undoubted symbolizing of the greatest and most awakening of primeval facts!

Such *triads* are too infinite and harmonious and applicable to be, as I have said, *fortuitous*, even were such a thing as *fortuity* at all predicable in regard to any of the works and doings and sayings of God—and hence *ex paucis disce omnes*.

1st. We have Life—Death—Resurrection.

2nd. We have the *Creation* of matter—its *Formation* into infinitely various shapes of wondrous beauty—and its *dissolution*, which ends the laws of its particular existence, but which annihilates not its primordial atoms.

3rd. We behold the *Past*, as replete with design—the *Present* with executions of those designs—and the *Future* brings forth their interminable results and diffusion.

4th. In *Omniscience* we find the source of design—in *Omnipotence* the only means of its execution—and in *Omnipresence* the ever-flowing fountain of diffusion.

5th. In Man himself, we have but three cardinal and distinctive natures —a *Corporeal body*—a *rational Spirit*—and a *sensitive Soul:* the second flows more immediately from the divine source, and hence it *designs:* the first flows more immediately from the Logos, and *executes* all of man's designs: and the third (which man has in common with all other animals) is perpetually engaged in *diffusing* all executed designs.

6th. As a spiritual being, Man was created in the likeness or image of God: and though his nature endured a sad change after the Fall, yet we find him still possessed of something that may remind us of Omnipotence—Omniscience—and Omnipresence: also of Wisdom, of Moral power, and of Goodness: and, though possessed of these two classes of triads (as being in the image of God) yet is he only *one man*, and not, intellectually *three men:* but who doubts the Trinity in Unity possessed by man, irrespective of his body?—for there are sometimes triads within a triad.

7th. If we look from man, into boundless space, we have throughout the Universe (according to the idea of nearly all the Ages) only three grand material divisions of that Universe—viz. the *Olympus*, the *Kosmos*, and the *Ouranos!* Now, as thou, my Agrippa well knowest, the Ouranos is said to be that first region situate between our world and the moon—both included; and this space is variable and less orderly; next comes the Kosmos, or planetary region—invariable, and replete with harmony and great beauty: and finally comes the Olympus, or region of light and heat; and this diffuses vitality and efficiency unto all things,—now, as to the precise generation and order and import of this sublime physical triad, I wot not; but doubtless, like the spiritual, intellectual, and other triads, this hath its own vast symbolic import.

8th. So also do we find in every intelligence whatever, from the Great Supreme, to the smallest, that intellectuality is *manifested* in three ways only—viz., in the motive power or the MOVER, for Design—in the MOTION itself, that caused creation and formation, which is Execution—and lastly, in MATTER infinitely varied and omnipresent,—which is the boundless Diffusion! Now, in Deity, as a triune-first and only cause, He hath delighted in them from all eternity, and for ever will so continue to delight.

9th. In like manner we have, in each of the *hypostases* of the Original Triad, three distinct triads: for we fail not to find in each division, (not an absolute unity, but)

First, in that of DESIGN, we have Law—Virtue—Vice; but these only *in posse:* for *mere* design may be an intellectual and unproduced entity.

Second, in that of EXECUTION, we have an Express Revelation—a Typical Revelation—and a Prophetic Revelation,—each being seen by the Divine prescient Mind, as executed facts—or, as being to Himself, *in esse.*

Third, in that of DIFFUSION, we have the Universe (*stricto sensu*), also, the Gehennon, and lastly the Cœlum (*not* the Shamayim, but the *Rakiang* beyond it—and the peculiar sanctuary of the Eternal). And, within this triad of a triad, there is still another triad—viz., *Probation* in the world—*Punishment* in the Gehennon—and *Reward* in the Cœlum!

10th. So also in the world of Grace, there are but three DISPENSATIONS for the completion of God's providence towards man—viz. *first*, before the Law, (for man's thoughts or designs as the source of Natural Religion;) *second*, under the Law, (for the execution of God's Revealed Religion—whether express, typical, or prophetic,) and *third*, under the Gospel, (for the diffusion of all!)

11th. Likewise, there are but three PRIESTHOODS for the accomplishment

of the Redemption—viz. that of Melchisedec—that of Aaron—and that of the Christus—the last being in the similitude of the first, and in final execution and diffusion of it. The Melchisedecan was the original great *design:* the Aaronic was the partial and but typical *execution* of it—and the Christian is, and will continue to be the endless *diffusion* of all the results of the wonderful plan!

12th. We have, moreover, but three kinds of Sabbatisms—or rests; viz. the *Express Sabbath-day* (whether septennial, or jubilean), the *typical* rest in Canaan—and the *Eternal* rest in Heaven! And my learned Cornelius Agrippa, Lakedion would only now intimate unto thee that the Jubilean sabbatical period implieth a deep mystery—scarce likely to be clearly revealed to man, until the blessed millennial days shall be close at hand!

13th. We have also the Covenant—the Crucifixion—and the Resurrection: the *first* revealed the great design in Paradise—the *second*, its execution in the brightest period of man's then historic development—and in the *third*, we behold the diffusion of their mighty results throughout heaven and earth, and so to all eternity!

14th. There were designed to be, and will be, only three Resurrections, viz. that of the Christus and of those raised by him during his abode here in proof of his mission—next, the Partial or millennial resurrection—and lastly, the General Resurrection, when Time shall be no more!

15th. There were also three Ascensions of the Christus; viz. first, early in the morning after the resurrection, invisibly from the vicinity of the tomb, and before Mary, or any one, was permitted to touch his body: (for so he declared unto the penitent malefactor—"*this day* thou shalt be with me in paradise"). The second ascension was from Bethany, on the same day, also invisibly, and after he had been handled by his disciples—and the third took place from the Mount of Olives, in the presence of many, and forty days after the resurrection: and doubtless, each of these ascensions has its own pregnant meaning!

16th. The Triune-God designed but three manifestations of Himself in the Christus; viz. as the *Prophet*—the *Priest*—and the *King:* the first *revealed* (by prophecies and types) his designs for the future; the second *executed* them on earth, as the king of a spiritual kingdom; and the third will *diffuse* them all throughout the universe!

17th. So again, there are but three bodily dwellers in Heaven; viz. Enoch—Elijah—and the Christus: the first before the Law was given—the second, under the Law—and the third under the Gospel: and moreover, the ways of their translation are also three—Enoch's insensibly—Elijah's by the visible ministry of angels—and that of the Christus by his own inherent and triumphant power! He ascended as the son of God—as God—the others, as servants: and all three to illustrate the three Dispensations—the last alone perfect, and also the symbolic antitype of the three Resurrections, and of the three Ascensions of the Christus!

18th. When Jehovah spoke to Moses saying, "The Lord bless and keep thee—the Lord be gracious unto thee—the Lord give thee peace, we there have revealed, though feebly, the mystery of the blessed Trinity: that *thrice* repeated word is no mere form of speech—is not fortuitous only—was

no Hebraic *norma loquendi*: God the Father peculiarly *blesses and keeps* us —God the Son is emphatically *gracious* unto us—and God the Holy-Ghost, or Comforter, was sent to *give us peace*. [See *Numbers*, vi. 24, 25, 26.]

19th. Nor is the Apostolic Benediction to be regarded as only an ardent triplication—but shows forth the trifold nature of the One-God—as in 2 Cor. xiii. 14, where the words are "*The Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ—the Love of God—and the Communion of the Holy-Ghost be with you all.*"

20th. There were only three BAPTISMS—each referable to a distinct source, and yet centering in *one* out of three—viz. first that of *John*, designed and ordained by the FATHER—second, that of the SON, through his Apostles and the Seventy, and before his death—and third, that which is emphatically the Christian Baptism, performed in the name of the three *Personæ* of the Trinity—but still more specially referable to the HOLY-GHOST! John's baptism was never in the *name* of the Father, nor of the Son; and it had wholly ended, when the baptism of the Apostles and of the Seventy commenced. That *second* baptism also was not in the *name* of the Father, nor of the Son: and *thirdly*, the more special Christian baptism, after the death, resurrection, and ascension, was then distinctly *in* the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy-Ghost! Those three baptisms, in order of time, and of object, had each its substantive import: but the two were merged in the third, or Great Trinitarian Baptism, which consummated the originally *designed*, and now *executed*, and *diffused* object—proceeding from the FATHER, executed by the SON, and energized and diffused by the HOLY-GHOST. As to the *Persons*, these baptisms were distinct—but, as to the God-head, they are but one: that through John, His witness, is expressly declared by John to be from the Father, (though not named,) and also to be a baptism unto repentance and faith in Him that *was to come*: the second baptism is as expressly declared by the Apostles and the Seventy, to be unto the Kingdom then at hand—and wholly embraced John's: and the third one is proclaimed by the Son, after his resurrection, to be a threefold baptism, and (for the first time) was in the *name* of the three persons! Nor can these three baptisms, (so distinct, and yet so resolved finally into one,) be ascribed to any other than a meditated cause, as we find in them respectively the palpable elements of DESIGN—*that* EXECUTED—and then DIFFUSED. The two had achieved their office—the third will remain to be spread abroad for ever!

Now, my deeply thinking Cornelius Agrippa, the above illustrations of the matter in hand are but as the pinch of saffron in an amphora of water —they are but suggestions in a boundless subject: they do of themselves fully satisfy Lakedion: but they may not thee, or some others of a more doubting nature than thee: and hence I will not yet part with what I promised unto one who asked and who now relies upon me.

21st. Now I would ask thee, O Agrippa! are there any more than *three* kinds of Entities in all the Universe? And are not these

1. Cogitative, or Spiritual only—viz. GOD.
2. Incogitative, or Corporeal only—viz. MATTER.
3. Cogitative *and* Incogitative blended—viz. ANGELS, and Men?

And canst thou, with thy utmost wit give me one other, that may not be

justly embraced in the above triad? for Satanas, doubtless, was not a merely cogitative entity; but, like man, hath a corporeal body—though, as being an angel, that body is far more ethereal than that of man; for so thought the admirable St. Basil—St. Augustin—St. Athanasius, and others—this is the Voice of all antiquity. Now all angels and men think only through the soul, or cogitative principle. No organization of matter can ever produce a thinking entity. Angels are never wholly disembodied—nor will man ever be, though hereafter his body may be far more ethereal than when first in paradise: and hence, after death and resurrection with the "spiritual body," the thoughts of men (and of angels at all times) will be far more clear than they now can be, impeded as they at present are by the bodily coils. What there is in matter, or, in the blending of spirit and body, that doth cause a proclivity to sin, Lakedion wots not; and will not strive to resolve it: but certain it is that matter is, in some way, the mark of that *inferiority*, which doth so essentially belong to angels, as well as, men. Matter, no Manichæan of the present day can assert to be evil *in se:* for it can be neither good nor evil, *ex natura rei*—because not cogitative: and yet it may be a *veil* that, in degrees, shuts out the full effulgence of God's ineffable Truth: it may be His designed means whereby man is subjected to the law of a perpetual vigilance, and to all the obligations that flow from an essential inferiority! And hence *Satanas* is immeasurably wicked,—because, though nearly *unveiled*, and knowing the Truth far better than man, he yet exultingly disregards it!

22nd. There seem to me but three cardinal sources of Sin; which, though only *quasi* distinct, do, as a unit, act antagonistically against all virtue—and unitedly with tremendous power,—viz. the Devil—the Flesh—and the World, for thus I state them, though so usually by others in an inverted order: for, in the first, we find the great fountain of wicked *designs;* in the second, a large source of the *execution* of those designs; and in the third, the prolific means of a thorough *diffusion* of all the sinful contrivances of Satanas. And though Manichæus greatly erred in imputing to *matter* an essential principle of sin, it is a great instrument, abundantly used by the *diaboli*, within the body of every individual; and so the matter of Flesh, like the World in the aggregate, doth serve as the prolific source of all sensuousness—and this last is the universal *diffuser*. Nor, my Agrippa, can this triad be in any way added unto, nor be diminished; and yet these *three* are essentially one!

23rd. There were only *three* signal Captivities of Israel, and only three of Judah—each, however, is distinctively marked, and each adumbrates Design, a partial Execution, and a final Diffusion of the ultimate views of Providence in respect to those captivities respectively. But these are too broad for me to expatiate on, especially in an Epistle, intended to be but an outline of a great and very pregnant subject.

24th. Moses—Joshua—and David seem to me the only three eminently intended human *types* that adumbrate the scheme of Providence in respect to the great antitype of the Christus: in them alone, we find the typical *design*—the typical partial *execution*—and the typical *diffusion* allusive to the Antitype of the stupendous plan, accomplished through the Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost!

25th. For the establishment of Faith in God's purposes towards man, we have only three great sources of knowledge productive of that faith—viz. His Old and New *Express Law*,—His system of *Express Prophecies*—and thirdly that of *Types*, or of virtual and symbolic prophecies. In the first, by the Father, we have the whole *design;* (for, though the New Testament *Law* is revealed by the SON, it evidently is not in his *human* character, but only as the divine lawgiver—and after the design of the Father). In the second and third, we have the *execution* and *diffusion*, whilst the express prophetic revelations, and the symbolical revelations are respectively and gradually fulfilling: for all types are also prophetical as to their antitypes. And, my Agrippa, all this is likewise too mysterious and deep and extensive to be more than thus briefly noted by me.

26th. There were but three Temples destined to carry out the vast scheme towards Man—viz. that of Solomon, more specially to unfold the typical *design* of the Father: the second, that of Zerubbabel, in part, to *execute* that design by the presence and action of the Son—and lastly, the Soul of man, as a temple to receive the Holy-Spirit, and to universally *diffuse* its influences! Its commencement (in that aspect) was only after the final Ascension of the Son, and upon the coming of the Paraclete or Comforter, on the Pentecostal day: but it will continue throughout all eternity.

27th. The perfect scheme of Grace is likewise a triad only—viz. FAITH—REPENTANCE—OBEDIENCE; and these three are as one. The three, separately, are profitless, and perhaps impossible. The *first* is the origin of all design—the second necessarily executes—the third perfects and effectually diffuses. The essential fruit of Faith is Repentance; the necessary fruit of repentance is Obedience: in Abraham the whole were combined and executed and diffused. The "Father of the Faithful" is diffusing to this hour, and will continue to grow brighter through all time. WORKS avail nothing without faith and repentance and obedience: and it is the nature of the three, when real, to act as a unit productive of complete results.

28th. The LAW from Sinai, though revealed in but ten short Commandments, embraces the whole compass of our duties to God and to Man—for, short as they certainly are, they still take in the whole—and this is done in just *three* comprehensive classes, and no more!—viz. in *thought*—*word*—and *deed*. The first reveals all designs—the second, every execution—and the third, their effectiveness and complete diffusion over the soul! The mere naked precept of the Law would indeed be barren, did it not embrace the *deed* and anterior thought: and hence the great comprehensiveness of the Decalogue, and its universal obligation on mankind, and not on Israel alone: from the combined *thought*, *word*, and *deed*, it receives its vitality and great unction; and this trifold division will also be found to equally apply to *each* of the ten commandments—giving to them, as a whole, their wonderful efficacy, and their undoubted application to man in all of his varied relations—to man of every region, age, colour, sex,—and to man throughout all times! Now this, O Agrippa, is a matter not so well understood, and thought of, by those who have been disposed so narrowly to regard that Decalogue, as not only to doubt its comprehensiveness, but its

obligation in many important ways—and who seem disposed to resign its signal blessings to Israel's dispersed flock!—as if seemingly content with the New Law alone, as being full and complete—surely forgetting that the House, however well built, and otherwise goodly, must fall, if its solid foundations be removed. Now, even in this our *triad* of Thought, Word, and Deed, we find the trinitarian principle full of wisdom, of power, and of goodness; and, like all of Jehovah's dealings towards man, instinct with a pervading efficacy, however few may be the words—or however small may be the visible entity!

29th. As a *spiritual* being Man was created, as we are expressly told, in the likeness or image of his Creator! Now, although his nature must have undergone a sad change after the Fall, yet we even now find he is in himself a Trinity, possessed of something that may well remind us, occasionally, especially in the aggregate, of Omniscience—Omnipotence—and of Omnipresence!—nay, even of a divine Wisdom—of a vast Moral Power, and of a holy Goodness! Possessed of these classes of triads (as being in the image of God) we know that he is, thus considered, but one man, and not, intellectually, three men.

30th. Is not Language necessarily a triad? It must first be *cogitative*—next *organic*—and lastly, in some way, *pictorial*: and these three connections are so *inherent*, that if the triad be dissolved, or, if its integrity exist not, the faculty of language itself might as well not have existed.

Cogitative or mental language begins and terminates *in* the *first* person. Organic language, whether *lingual*, or otherwise, (as by the motions of the deaf and dumb,) imparts the cogitation to the *second* person *present;* and lastly, the province of the pictorial language, whether alphabetical, or otherwise, is to transmit to the *absent*, and to all the ages, the combined results of the other two. Here then, is mere thought embraced by mental language—which is *design;*—then comes utterance of some kind, which is partial *execution*,—and lastly, both are consummated by their *diffusion*,—that being the life and very object of the original thoughts or designs.

Now, every human being, free of disease or of mutilation, must *think* and must *clothe* his thoughts with *mental* language, and must naturally seek to give them utterance, either by lingual sounds, or by other organic means, audible or inaudible; and nature prompts him further to their diffusion: and all this he does as a triad in himself; whilst his *thoughts*, and *language*, and *organic* action, likewise constitute another triad! Neither the one series, nor the other, can be a mere unity, nor a mere duality, nor a mere trinity; but, in fine, each must be essentially a trinity in unity, each being in itself of small comparative value—and the two last impossible without the first. No living being ever existed, but that it manifested, not only *thought*, but also the desire to impart it by language of some kind; and, in proportion to its measure of intellectuality, it evinces a desire to diffuse that thought: the meanest insect communes not with itself alone—nor with one or a few alone—nor is any found so low in the scale of mentality, as to possess no language—no means of imparting such thoughts as it has.

31st. The following triad, and two more in conclusion, must end this my dissertation: and I give thee the present one, seeing that thou, my Agrippa,

hath probably been more studious of *physical* nature, than of spiritual matters. As it cannot but be that the act of CREATION was preceded by the most perfect *designs*, and also that all the FORMATIONS were in exact conformity to those ideal prototypes, so we must conclude that the *execution* of them was by a simultaneous act of perfected creation, and of perfected formation—and also by that infinite *diffusion* of the results, which grace the Universe, and which manifest the wisdom, power, and goodness of the Creator! Nor can I regard it as being in any degree probable, that this creation, and this formation, and this boundless diffusion (so manifestly in execution of previously perfected designs) could have resulted in the creation at first of a mere *Chaos*, and from which beauty and order and perfect adaptations were gradually to arise from the operation of *secondary* causes or laws—so different from the delightful idea or doctrine of *final causes:* for, if so, how could the Creator have at once pronounced all as "good," and unless simultaneously made so by the combined act of creation and of formation, and, as it were, *uno flatu?* Oh no, my Agrippa! this is but a Heathen figment, and better suited for the poetical Ovid, than for the philosophic Christian: Lakedion believes that design, creation and formation were completed doings; and, as it were, *instantaneous*, proceeding from that other and self-existent TRIAD of a combined Wisdom, Power, and Goodness;—the latter triad being in such exact harmony with the former triad! We know that all nature teems with life; and that this is as boundless for enjoyment, as are the varied things of creation boundless in supplies for that enjoyment. Nor is the force of those two harmonious triads in the least diminished by even the assumption that the three acts of design, creation, and formation were *not* contemporaneous—but followed each other at intervals of exceeding great length, instead of the comparative moment in which, as I conceive, all was effected. Surely, my Agrippa, an *undesigned* creation must have been a Chaos, suitable enough for the Heathen fancy; and never could have been *fashioned* into such marvellous beauty, by what hath so absurdly been called the VIS NATURÆ! The one is a sublime Truth, worthy of that Deity, who so complacently beheld his great work, and then pronounced it "good"—the other is a foul absurdity—and the offspring of man's ineffable arrogancy.

In this harmonious double triad of causes and effects, who perceives not in them a natural progression of the three Kingdoms of nature in all their perfection, and of all the created and fashioned entities that constitute the three, which we name the Mineral—the Vegetable—and the Animal kingdoms?—the first, or mere *matter*, being denominated (*lato sensu*) mineral—second, the vegetable organization, (not inert, but with a species of life)—and lastly the animal organization (with its actual life and spirit, and finally, its immortal soul!) And still further, the two latter kingdoms perpetuated, (and not created, as was the first, merely to *endure*, and which, if not disturbed by agencies *ab extra*, does continue, as first it came from its Creator's hands) and thus are these two caused perpetually to exist in their likenesses by seeds, by offshoots, by procreations, and possibly by other means—but never, my Agrippa, by what some have ignorantly attributed to Equivocal Generation—surely an absurdity as great, in the opinion of Lakedion, as is

the present alchemical folly that would strive to make gold, or an elixir vitæ! In this triad, therefore, we find that the first in its series, viz. the mineral, remains the same as when first called into existence: it *grows* not, nor is it *propagated;* whereas the other two kingdoms of that triad are destined to endure only for a time, and are continued, only through their respective likenesses, in the ways I have intimated. Brute matter, if it be made to turn to dust, and its individuality be thus destroyed, so remains for ever—but, if let alone and as nature created it then doth it also remain so for ever; their particulars needed *duration* only—not *perpetuation* in any way, as the other two divisions of the triad: but, my learned Cornelius Agrippa, in neither of the divisions of our present triad, can we find the least evidence of anything but a trinity—no duality—no quinary number—no unity, or absolute oneness,—in fine, nothing but a triunity: the mineral is never a vegetable—the latter is never an animal—nor is that ever really both; but each is essentially different. And, if we examine all the ostensible triads in the worlds of Spirit, as well as of Matter, it will be found just the same! How numerous are those, no doubt essential triads: and how difficult, nay impossible, to conceive any addition thereto, or any subtraction therefrom!

Man's limited knowledge must fail to discover all those triads; the *intimate* nature of any one of them he may never know entirely: he also may, from the same ignorance, produce erroneous triads; but still their palpable multitude, and their equal perfection, clearly manifest that the idea I so long have dwelt on, is no vain imagination, but an indisputable fact; and that all of them are designed to symbolize and to illustrate the Ineffable Trinity in Unity!

And who can doubt that these three pregnant actions have reference to the three distinct, but perfectly harmonious actions of the Father, as the source of all *design*—of the Son, as the fountain of all *execution*—and of the Holy Spirit, as the eternal spring of all the efficient and sanctifying *diffusions?*

And now that I shall enumerate but two more of these Triads, permit me previously to refer you to only one very ancient *authority*, as being more expressive of my general meaning, than any other that occurs to me in the times of the Apostolic Church: I mean the answer given by Dionysius, of Alexandria, to Dionysius, the then bishop of Rome. The former had been unjustly accused of heresy in the matter of the Trinity: and having received an Epistle from a Synod of the Latin Church, at the instance of its Bishop, the pious Alexandrian was not slow to reply—the substance of which is as follows—"That there never was a time when God was not Father: and so "there cannot have been a time when the Son was not (existent). That "God was never without his Word—Wisdom—and Power; and therefore "Christ, as being these, always existed,—not, however, deriving his being "from himself, but from his Father;—that the Father is the light—the Son "its radiance—and hence co-eternal with the Father."

Dionysius further maintained that he "did not object to the term Ho-"moüsius, but only had remarked that it existed not in Scripture, that his "opinion was consonant with its use, and that he had illustrated it by the

" analogy of human generation—saying that parents were other than their " children, simply by not being the children—by analogy also of the plant, " and root or seed—also of the stream and the fountain—of the *word* on " the lip, and the *sense* in the heart, whence it went forth, and with which " it is *one*—while, at the same time, they are two,—one existing in the " other, and yet other than that other: and, in fine, that his opinions extend " the unity without division in the Trinity—and again reduce the Trinity " without diminution to the Unity."*

That these numerous triads (always in wonderful consistency with the idea of a triune-deity) cannot be regarded as being what men so ignorantly denominate *chance*, and can never be approved as such, by so soundly thinking a mind as thine, is what I venture to strongly hope. And, whilst it is quite possible to sully a great and intensely interesting truth, by indiscreetly applying to it a too exaggerated fancy through over-zeal; yet hath Lakedion earnestly striven to avoid this. Amidst a mass of lights now given, there may be found opaque spots: but he claims for himself exemption, at least, from all presumptuous folly, and especially from any intentional undevout dealing with a hidden subject. Lakedion firmly believes it not to be hidden, but open to the full extent of the views he here hath unfolded: and that, as to the *positive distinction of persons*, he claims to be as firm in *that* faith, as if the Orthodox Creeds had been given by himself: for surely Omnipotence and Omnipresence might be, in *personæ*, even infinite, had the Almighty so willed—why, then, not in the declared ineffable THREE? Lakedion is not aware that any Scripture, any Creed, or any Man, hath ever, in all the ages, declared that the number *Three* can be the number *One*—or that *One* can be *Three:* for *that* is not *the idea*, and never was: and yet One may be Three, or Three may be One *diverso intuitu*, and in a way perfectly known to God, though it may be but feebly understood or conceived by Man.

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* After a careful examination of all that Cartaphilus has stated in respect to his views of the Trinity, and of his analogical doctrine of Triads, the Editor, whilst he prefers to express no very decided opinion on the entire matter, does not hesitate in the belief that those views do contain a closer approximation to the deeply interesting and intensely sublime Truth, than elsewhere may be found; and also that the same is equally remote from any tincture of Arianism, or of Sabellianism. The Athanasian Creed, and the Apostles' Creed do not conflict with those views, as the Editor is persuaded; and yet the subject possibly is, and so may remain, quite too recondite for the heart and head (fearful of its judgments) not to welcome the following language of JEREMY TAYLOR: " He that goes about to speak of the " mysteries of the Trinity, and does it by words and names of man's invention—" talking of essences and existences, of hypotheses and personalities, &c. may in-" terest himself, and build a tabernacle in his head, and talk something he knows " not what: but the good man, who feels the power of the FATHER, and to whom " the SON has become Wisdom and Sanctification and Redemption, and in whose " heart the Spirit of God is shed abroad—*that* man, though he understands " nothing of what is unintelligible, yet he alone understands the doctrine of the " Trinity."

The Editor desires to repose not upon Cartaphilus alone, nor upon Jeremy Taylor alone, but upon that combined spirit of adventurous thought, but of modest submission to judgment, that seems to have characterized each.

Dost not thou well know, O Agrippa, that this dogma of the Trinity hath been floating down the stream of time among all the Nations, and in all the Ages? Its progress may be seen throughout the Hebrew Scriptures—also in the writing of Philo-Judæus,—in the New Testament—in the Apocryphal books—in the early Fathers of the Church—in the Philosophy and Religion of all the Oriental tribes and nations—in the Mythology of nearly every Heathen land—and lastly, even in the Koran of the ever mysterious Mohammad; who, though he justly denies three gods, and insists upon one only, hath never said that God cannot appear as man to his creature man! Whence, then, proceeds this universal tradition of a dogma so profound, but from its essential truth; and, no doubt, also from an *original revelation* in Paradise, and for ever perpetuated by reason and faith, because of its inherent conformity to nature and truth?

32nd. And here I may incidentally add that nearly all the cosmogonies, and the mythological genealogies, during all the Ages, and in all lands, have a seeming eye to the idea of Triads. Not only have their primary gods been thus arranged, but even their attributes; as to the former of which I shall only state a few instances. We have in this triad connexion *Isis*, *Horus*, and *Nephthys;* also *Osiris*, *Horus*, and *Sheth;* likewise *Chronos*, *Rhea*, and *Vesta*—also *Dies*, *Saturn*, and *Jupiter*—also the "Good," the "Evil," and the "Averter." This triad again appears elsewhere in a different form, as Isis and Osiris—or the *Giver of Life*—the Arimanius, or *Source of Evil*—and the Sheth, or *Averter of Evil:* the same, or similar idea we find in the god ON or Aon—called the "*Enlightener*," or *Designer;* the god PETHAH, "Maker of things and the people"—or the *Executor;* and in the god RHEA (the Sun), or the *Diffuser* of *physical* light, whereby all *mental* knowledges may be admitted into, and diffused throughout all the regions of darkness, whether physical or intellectual—all these being but corruptions of the great Hebrew type of the JAH—the LOGOS—and the SPIRITUS. So likewise, in the arrangement of the mere *attributes* of their gods, we sometimes find them divided into a series of triads; and even the Rabbinical Jews of the darker ages (adopting this oriental fancy), have arranged all the supposed twelve natures of the One-God, into four triads, so as to form a diagram indicating the outlines of a man! Such wild notions, my Agrippa, may suit other less experienced and thoughtful minds than yours and mine, and will never receive from either aught but the emotion of pity—and yet it inculcates (corruptly) the sublime idea of triads.

33rd. And my Agrippa, though I add one more example of the doctrine of triads, as symbolical of the mighty Antitype, yet would I call upon *thee* to seek out some of the hundreds more that may be found in God's most varied and wonderful providences towards man—as if the Creator, from the beginning, designed to impress upon all entities whatever, the great mysterious truth of a Triune-Divinity!—and in the whole of them, as also individually, to illustrate the fundamental principle of the essential nature of the Triune-God as flowing from Design—Execution—and Diffusion—the point from which I started.

And now as to the Triad with which I must conclude the task thou hast imposed upon me.

The TRINITY—Illustrative Examples of the Doctrine of Triads.

Are not all SACRIFICES based upon the threefold idea of *first*, the choice of the victim—*secondly*, the imposition of hands, and *thirdly*, of the sprinkling of the blood? And is not the Selection of the victim referable to the whole *Design*—also the Imposition of hands to the partial *Execution*—and the Sprinkling of the blood to the effectual *Diffusion* of the inestimable blessing to be conferred? And, in these three distinct actions (though by representation), have we not the essentials of the whole sacrificial symbol of the Tripersonate Deity? and doth not the symbol there terminate; and finally, did not the Great Antitype exactly accomplish the Sacrifice—the Imposition of hands—and the Diffusion of the blessing through the Holy Spirit? Who, O Agrippa, amidst the numerous other triads, can believe the present one imaginary only?*

I have now performed the task imposed by thee—less satisfactorily than I wished, but with no minished zeal as I advanced. I pray thee, do thou ripen into full maturity these my imperfectly expressed opinions; and I mean, moreover, those expressed throughout the whole of this Epistle—for all the matters therein are but as one. Thou, O Cornelius Agrippa! as the author of those learned Orations that so greatly have charmed the world—as the author also of that admirable work thou hast given us upon the "*Vanity of Arts and Sciences*," (that is, according to the mistaken fashion of the times) ought to warrant Lakedion in the hope that the foregoing matters, in this Epistle, as to God's essential Oneness—Man's essential inferiority—his free agency—also as to the necessary Origin of sin—the remedy provided therefore—and especially as to the essential tripersonate nature of Divinity, may all be placed of thee beyond the sphere of future cavil, should this my humble endeavour have planted in thee the desire so to do. Thou wouldst then give to Lakedion's meagre outline all the strength, and all the grace, as it were, of a pyramid, amidst the perishing tents of the now degraded nomades of the Egyptian land. Truly doth it wonder me that from, even before the days of Arius unto the present hour, the world hath found

* Solomon, in his "Book of Wisdom," ix. 16, 17, 18, manifestly alludes to this Trinity in Unity, when he says that man comes to the knowledge of heavenly things in three ways—viz. by the counsel of GOD (the Father) which giveth WISDOM (that is, by the Logos or the Son) through the HOLY SPIRIT—so that the spiritual things may be pleasing unto thee (God) and men be thereby saved through Wisdom"—or the Christus.

Here then we see that God gives the Logos or Wisdom—and sends the Holy Spirit from above, that men may be *saved* through the Wisdom and the Holy Spirit so sent.

Had God been the *absolute* ONE (as claimed to be the fact by Mohammad, and by all other Unitarians) his acts towards all Creation must have been stated as done without any reference either to the Son, or to the Holy Spirit: OR, any *instrumentality* must have been stated *as such:* but the Son and the Spirit are never regarded as *Angels*, or as Instrumentalities—but the language (so often used) always excludes the *Sabellian* notion of but one person, acting by mere angels or instrumentalities—an idea wholly foreign to that of Cartaphilus: for, though all proceeds from one fountain—and that fountain is only three-fold, yet *all the powers* are ascribed equally to *each:* what is pleasing to God the Father is so to God the Son, and to God the Holy Ghost: the Wisdom and the Spirit could not exist separately and independently!

and proclaimed in these matters so many difficulties, and as if those difficulties could find no even plausible solution, but involved almost a *contradiction!* And yet, my Agrippa, (as I formerly revealed unto thee,) Lakedion, of all mortals, hath erred most grievously in them all, than any one before or since! But a new light eventually came unto him: and, if Mohammad (so called) hath gone beyond Arius, and if both were in the main sincere, (as they may have been) marvel not that Lakedion should now have eyes that reject his own great errors, and likewise a heart to expose the enormous follies and blasphemies that have arisen since the Apostolic times.

And though this matter of the Triads hath been stated by me, in *words*, to even a larger extent than I designed,—yet I have added thereto a few symbols and *diagrammatic* lines, that possibly may more clearly unfold my meaning, or give strength to the feebleness of language: and now, for ever, FARE-THEE-WELL.

ISAAC LAKEDION.

DIAGRAM THE FIRST.*

Cogitative, *ex natura.*

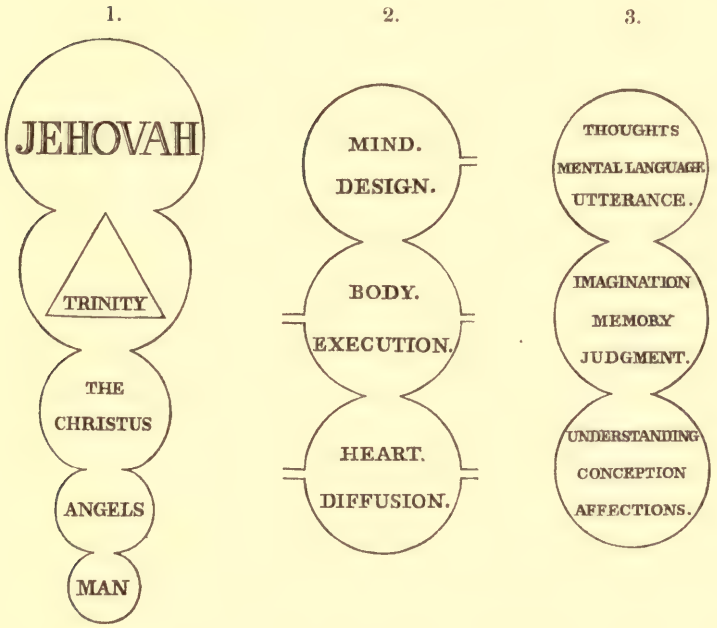
Incogitative, *ex natura.*

Cogitative through the *outlets* of incogitative matter.

* In Diagram the 1st is shown the only *three* entities in the universe.

Illustrative Diagrams of The Triads.

DIAGRAM THE SECOND.*



* In this 2nd Diagram, No. 1 shows *Jehovah* to be the source of every Triad—He being essentially a Triad: and the *contraction* of the *four spaces* manifests the several natures of the four entities. No. 2 carries out the idea, as the three flow into each other, as shown by the *outlets* in each of the circles: and No. 3 is illustrative of the Mental *Faculties*, as triads.

Illustrative Diagrams of The Triads.

DIAGRAM THE THIRD.

1.

DESIGN.

2.

3.

MIND Conceives.

DIAGRAM THE FOURTH.

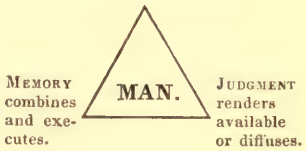
FACULTIES.

1.

THOUGHTS conceive, or design.

2.

IMAGINATION conceives.



3.

UNDERSTANDING originates.

APPENDIX B.

On the Death of Saint Paul, and of his Second Epistle to Timothy, Chap. iv.
See pages 218 and 219.

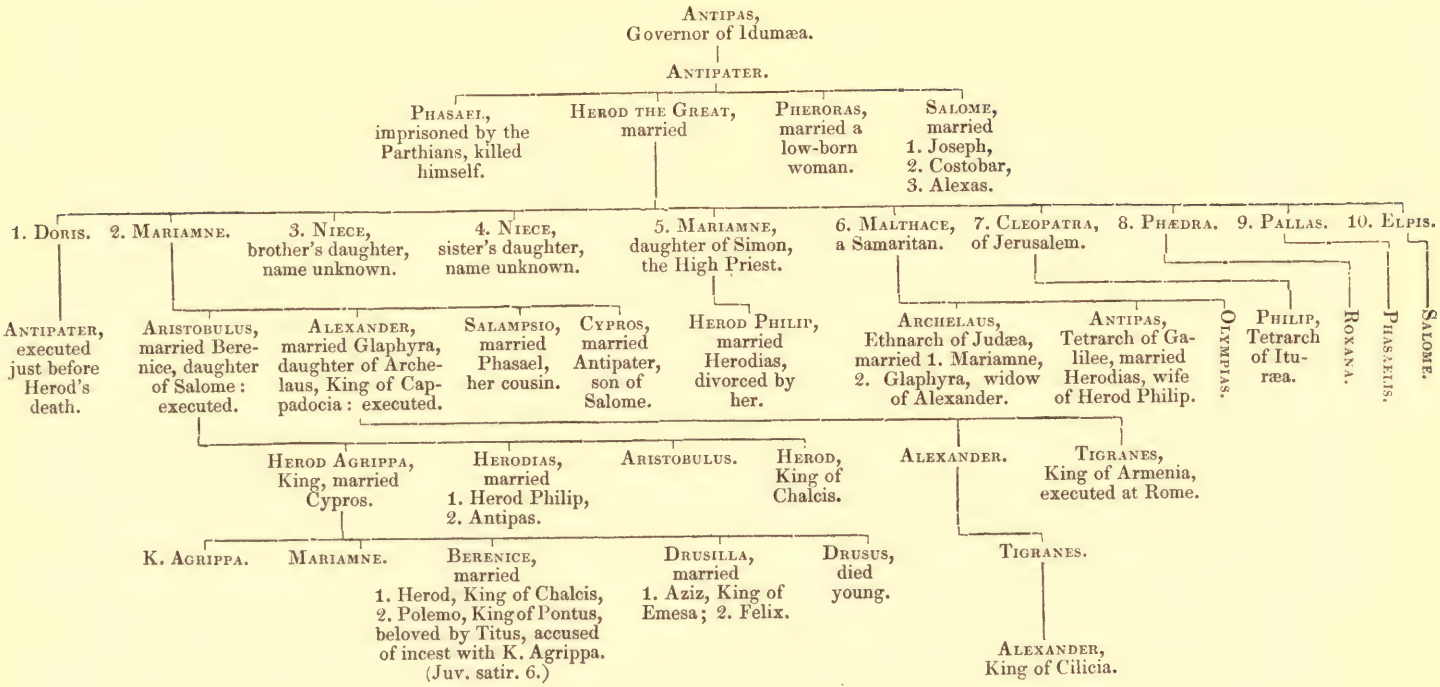
We would here additionally remark that the Commentators appear to have greatly mistaken the object of Paul's request in the *thirteenth* verse of this Second Epistle, in regard to his mantle, books, and parchments, but that their views are still more erroneous as to the interpretation of the *seventeenth* verse of the same epistle. Some have strangely supposed that St. Paul was not beheaded by Nero, but under the authority of Tigellinus, Sabinus, and Helius, during Nero's absence in Greece (the particulars of which sojourn in Greece are so specially recorded by Cartaphilus in his NERONIANA). The Commentators maintain that this *seventeenth* verse—"Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me, that, by me the preaching might be fully known, and that all the Gentiles might hear. *And I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion*," had reference to the monster *Helius*, to whom the government had been more specially entrusted by Nero during his absence in Greece! We conceive this to be impossible; and that, at no time did Helius subject Paul to the fury of a "lion"—nor that Helius was symbolically called a lion, nor that he had any agency whatever in the death of Paul, and finally, that Paul's death took place *before* Nero's expedition into Greece, and *not* by Helius during the emperor's absence, though all history concurs in the fact of Helius' oppressions, as governor, whilst Nero was upon that fantastic travel. Cartaphilus, therefore, gives no countenance whatever, as we have seen, to the modern notion. But, independently of the internal evidence afforded to the contrary, by this seventeenth verse itself, all tradition and history negative the idea of Nero's *absence* at that time. We know that Nero was certainly in Greece from October, A.D. 66, to near the close of the ensuing year: and if so, we further know that the martyrdom could scarce have taken place during the short interval between Nero's return and death.

We further have good reason to believe that the martyrdom of Paul did take place in the summer of A.D. 66, at which time Nero was certainly at Rome: and the second Epistle to Timothy was doubtless written shortly before his death, and in firm anticipation of the event. We therefore, independently of the facts stated by Cartaphilus at page 218, and also of the remarks made thereon by the Editor in his Note on said page, have further to remark, in support of our view, that this seventeenth verse conclusively shows the "*delivery from the lion*" alluded to, was a delivery that had taken place during Nero's presence: for, if by an *actual lion*, instead of by Helius, a *symbolical* lion, either must have taken place some time before Nero's expedition into Greece. The traditional date of Paul's martyrdom is the 29th June, A.D. 66—about four months before Nero's departure. The popular idea is that the Epistle was written during warm weather, and the Commentators strangely suppose that Paul anticipated remaining in prison during the ensuing winter, and would consequently need the mantle! But

this conflicts with the very spirit of that Epistle—he certainly expected an early death, and desired everything from Troas that might enable him to establish his privilege as a Roman, and also when on trial, to appear with the customary mantle. Paul therefore needed (as we contend) his *mantle* (but not for warmth) and also his *books* (but not for study) and "especially his *parchments*" (but not his *diary* or common-place books) as his modern commentators have so erroneously interpreted the *thirteenth* verse. All the explanations of these two verses, conflict either with the epistle itself, or with history and tradition. Paul could not have said, in the *seventeenth* verse, that he *had been delivered* out of the mouth of the lion, consistently with the notion of one commentator, who supposes that lion to be Nero—nor with the idea of another, who thinks that Paul expected to be delivered to the lions instead of to the axe—nor is the opinion of another commentator more happy, viz. that "delivery from the lion" was a mere *proverbial* expression, for if so, it removes no difficulty. In fine, the 17th and 18th verses seem to us nothing more than a consolation he takes to himself, after he had in the previous verses lamented his loneliness, in being forsaken by all save Luke—and *that* consolation is the recollection that God had heretofore sustained him, and delivered him from the mouth of the lion (neither a beast, nor man) but the general persecution of Christianity—which, *then*, may be properly regarded as an idiomatic or proverbial expression. And finally, as to the 13th verse, we must insist that it is free from all those difficulties that appertain to the customary solutions, as we think is made sufficiently manifest by the Note on page 218—219, and the remarks now made in continuation of the same.

APPENDIX C. See pages 138 to 146.

GENEALOGY OF THE HERODIAN FAMILY.


ANTIPAS, Governor of Idumæa.
ANTIPATER.
PHASAEL, imprisoned by the Parthians, killed himself.
HEROD THE GREAT, married
PHEROras, married a low-born woman.
SALOME, married 1. Joseph, 2. Costobar, 3. Alexas.
1. DORIS.
2. MARIAMNE.
3. NIECE, brother's daughter, name unknown.
4. NIECE, sister's daughter, name unknown.
5. MARIAMNE, daughter of Simon, the High Priest.
6. MALTHACE, a Samaritan.
7. CLEOPATRA, of Jerusalem.
8. PHÆDRA.
9. PALLAS.
10. ELPIS.
ANTIPATER, executed just before Herod's death.
ARISTOBULUS, married Berenice, daughter of Salome: executed.
ALEXANDER, married Glaphyra, daughter of Archelaus, King of Cappadocia: executed.
SALAMPSIO, married Phasael, her cousin.
CYPROS, married Antipater, son of Salome.
HEROD PHILIP, married Herodias, divorced by her.
ARCHELAUS, Ethnarch of Judæa, married 1. Mariamne, 2. Glaphyra, widow of Alexander.
ANTIPAS, Tetrarch of Galilee, married Herodias, wife of Herod Philip.
OLYMPIAS.
PHILIP, Tetrarch of Ituræa.
ROXANA.
PHASAELIS.
SALOME.
HEROD AGRIPPA, King, married Cypros.
HERODIAS, married 1. Herod Philip, 2. Antipas.
ARISTOBULUS.
HEROD, King of Chalcis.
ALEXANDER.
TIGRANES, King of Armenia, executed at Rome.
K. AGRIPPA.
MARIAMNE.
BERENICE, married 1. Herod, King of Chalcis, 2. Polemo, King of Pontus, beloved by Titus, accused of incest with K. Agrippa. (Juv. satir. 6.)
DRUSILLA, married 1. Aziz, King of Emesa; 2. Felix.
DRUSUS, died young.
TIGRANES.
ALEXANDER, King of Cilicia.

APPENDIX D. TABLE OF ROMAN DATING. See page 473.

JANUARY.		FEBRUARY.		MARCH.		APRIL.		MAY.		JUNE.	
Calend. Jan.	1	Calend. Feb.	1	Calend. Mar.	1	Calend. Apr.	1	Calend. Maiæ	1	Calend. Juniæ	1
IV. Nonas	2	IV. Nonas	2	VI. Nonas	2	IV. Nonas	2	VI. Nonas	2	IV. Nonas	2
III. Nonas	3	III. Nonas	3	V. Nonas	3	III. Nonas	3	V. Nonas	3	III. Nonas	3
Prid. Non. Jan.	4	Prid. Non. Feb.	4	IV. Nonas	4	Prid. Non. Apr.	4	IV. Nonas	4	Prid. Non. Jun.	4
Nonæ Jan.	5	Nonæ Feb.	5	III. Nonas	5	Nonæ	5	III. Nonas	5	Nonæ Juniæ	5
VIII. Idus	6	VIII. Idus	6	Prid. Non. Mar.	6	VIII. Idus	6	Prid. Non. Maias	6	VIII. Idus	6
VII. Idus	7	VII. Idus	7	Nonæ	7	VII. Idus	7	Nonæ	7	VII. Idus	7
VI. Idus	8	VI. Idus	8	VIII. Idus	8	VI. Idus	8	VIII. Idus	8	VI. Idus	8
V. Idus	9	V. Idus	9	VII. Idus	9	V. Idus	9	VII. Idus	9	V. Idus	9
IV. Idus	10	IV. Idus	10	VI. Idus	10	IV. Idus	10	VI. Idus	10	IV. Idus	10
III. Idus	11	III. Idus	11	V. Idus	11	III. Idus	11	V. Idus	11	III. Idus	11
Prid. Idus	12	Prid. Idus	12	IV. Idus	12	Prid. Idus	12	IV. Idus	12	Pridie Idus	12
Idus	13	Idus Feb.	13	III. Idus	13	Idus	13	III. Idus	13	Idus	13
XIX. Cal.Feb.	14	XVI. Cal.Mar.	14	Prid. Idus	14	XVIII.Cal.Maias	14	Pridie Idus	14	XVIII. Cal. Jul.	14
XVIII. Calend.	15	XV. Calend.	15	Idus	15	XVII. Calend.	15	Idus	15	XVII. Calend.	15
XVII. Calend.	16	XIV. Calend.	16	XVII. Cal. Apr.	16	XVI. Calend.	16	XVII.Cal. Junias	16	XVI. Calend.	16
XVI. Calend.	17	XIII. Calend.	17	XVI. Calend.	17	XV. Calend.	17	XVI. Calend.	17	XV. Calend.	17
XV. Calend.	18	XII. Calend.	18	XV. Calend.	18	XIV. Calend.	18	XV. Calend.	18	XIV. Calend.	18
XIV. Calend.	19	XI. Calend.	19	XIV. Calend.	19	XIII. Calend.	19	XIV. Calend.	19	XIII. Calend.	19
XIII. Calend.	20	X. Calend.	20	XIII. Calend.	20	XII. Calend.	20	XIII. Calend.	20	XII. Calend.	20
XII. Calend.	21	IX. Calend.	21	XII. Calend.	21	XI. Calend.	21	XII. Calend.	21	XI. Calend.	21
XI. Calend.	22	VIII. Calend.	22	XI. Calend.	22	X. Calend.	22	XI. Calend.	22	X. Calend.	22
X. Calend.	23	VII. Calend.	23	X. Calend.	23	IX. Calend.	23	X. Calend.	23	IX. Calend.	23
IX. Calend.	24	VI. Calend.	24	IX. Calend.	24	VIII. Calend.	24	IX. Calend.	24	VIII. Calend.	24
VIII. Calend.	25	V. Calend.	25	VIII. Calend.	25	VII. Calend.	25	VIII. Calend.	25	VII. Calend.	25
VII. Calend.	26	IV. Calend.	26	VII. Calend.	26	VI. Calend.	26	VII. Calend.	26	VI. Calend.	26
VI. Calend.	27	III. Calend.	27	VI. Calend.	27	V. Calend.	27	VI. Calend.	27	V. Calend.	27
V. Calend.	28	Prid. Cal. Mar.	28	V. Calend.	28	IV. Calend.	28	V. Calend.	28	IV. Calend.	28
IV. Calend.	29			IV. Calend.	29	III. Calend.	29	IV. Calend.	29	III. Calend.	29
III. Calend.	30			III. Calend.	30	Prid. Cal. Maias	30	III. Calend.	30	Prid. Cal. Julias	30
Prid. Cal. Feb.	31			Prid. Cal. Apr.	31			Prid. Cal. Jun.	31		

JULY.		AUGUST.		SEPTEMBER.		OCTOBER.		NOVEMBER.		DECEMBER.	
Calend. Juliæ	1	Cal. Augustæ	1	Calend. Sept.	1	Calend. Octob.	1	Calend. Nov.	1	Calend. Dec.	1
VI. Nonas	2	IV. Nonas	2	IV. Nonas	2	VI. Nonas	2	IV. Nonas	2	IV. Nonas	2
V. Nonas	3	III. Nonas	3	III. Nonas	3	V. Nonas	3	III. Nonas	3	III. Nonas	3
IV. Nonas	4	Prid. Non. Aug.	4	Prid. Non. Sept.	4	IV. Nonas	4	Prid. Non. Nov.	4	Prid. Non. Dec.	4
III. Nonas	5	Nonæ Aug.	5	Nonæ Sept.	5	III. Nonas	5	Nonæ Nov.	5	Nonæ Dec.	5
Pridie Nonas	6	VIII. Idus	6	VIII. Idus	6	Prid. Non. Oct.	6	VIII. Idus	6	VIII. Idus	6
Nonæ Juliæ	7	VII. Idus	7	VII. Idus	7	Nonæ Octob.	7	VII. Idus	7	VII. Idus	7
VIII. Idus	8	VI. Idus	8	VI. Idus	8	VIII. Idus	8	VI. Idus	8	VI. Idus	8
VII. Idus	9	V. Idus	9	V. Idus	9	VII. Idus	9	V. Idus	9	V. Idus	9
VI. Idus	10	IV. Idus	10	IV. Idus	10	VI. Idus	10	IV. Idus	10	IV. Idus	10
V. Idus	11	III. Idus	11	III. Idus	11	V. Idus	11	III. Idus	11	III. Idus	11
IV. Idus	12	Pridie Idus	12	Pridie Idus	12	IV. Idus	12	Prid. Idus	12	Prid. Idus	12
III. Idus	13	Idus	13	Idus Sept.	13	III. Idus	13	Idus Nov.	13	Idus Dec.	13
Pridie Idus	14	XIX. Cal. Sept.	14	XVIII. Cal. Oct.	14	Pridie Idus	14	XVIII. Cal. Dec.	14	XIX. Cal. Jan.	14
Idus	15	XVIII. Calend.	15	XVII. Calend.	15	Idus	15	XVII. Calend.	15	XVIII. Calend.	15
XVII. Cal. Aug.	16	XVII. Calend.	16	XVI. Calend.	16	XVII. Cal. Nov.	16	XVI. Calend.	16	XVII. Calend.	16
XVI. Calend.	17	XVI. Calend.	17	XV. Calend.	17	XVI. Calend.	17	XV. Calend.	17	XVI. Calend.	17
XV. Calend.	18	XV. Calend.	18	XIV. Calend.	18	XV. Calend.	18	XIV. Calend.	18	XV. Calend.	18
XIV. Calend.	19	XIV. Calend.	19	XIII. Calend.	19	XIV. Calend.	19	XIII. Calend.	19	XIV. Calend	19
XIII. Calend.	20	XIII. Calend.	20	XII. Calend.	20	XIII. Calend.	20	XII. Calend.	20	XIII. Calend.	20
XII. Calend.	21	XII. Calend.	21	XI. Calend.	21	XII. Calend.	21	XI. Calend.	21	XII. Calend.	21
XI. Calend.	22	XI. Calend.	22	X. Calend.	22	XI. Calend.	22	X. Calend.	22	XI. Calend.	22
X. Calend.	23	X. Calend.	23	IX. Calend.	23	X. Calend.	23	IX. Calend.	23	X. Calend.	23
IX. Calend.	24	IX. Calend.	24	VIII. Calend.	24	IX. Calend.	24	VIII. Calend.	24	IX. Calend.	24
VIII. Calend.	25	VIII. Calend.	25	VII. Calend.	25	VIII. Calend.	25	VII. Calend.	25	VIII. Calend.	25
VII. Calend.	26	VII. Calend.	26	VI. Calend.	26	VII. Calend.	26	VI. Calend.	26	VII. Calend.	26
VI. Calend.	27	VI. Calend.	27	V. Calend.	27	VI. Calend.	27	V. Calend.	27	VI. Calend.	27
V. Calend.	28	V. Calend.	28	IV. Calend.	28	V. Calend.	28	IV. Calend.	28	V. Calend.	28
IV. Calend.	29	IV. Calend.	29	III. Calend.	29	IV. Calend.	29	III. Calend.	29	IV. Calend.	29
III. Calend.	30	III. Calend.	30	Prid. Cal. Oct.	30	III. Calend.	30	Prid. Cal. Dec.	30	III. Calend	30
Pridie Cal. Aug.	31	Prid. Cal. Sept.	31			Prid. Cal. Nov.	31			Prid. Cal. Jan.	31

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